

## **An understated Dominance – Dahlia and Dustin Chapter 1201**

### **Chapter 1201 Extraordinary Lad**

“Wow... how can this be?!” Ronald’s eyes widened, staring at his torn body, his face filled with astonishment.

He never imagined that, even with the incredible power of ‘Celestial Ascendant Immortal Fist’ and ‘Evershadow Blade,’ he would actually be defeated. And not just defeated, but defeated so terribly.

Why?

Why is this happening?

This was his mightiest strike!

Throughout Balermo, no one could withstand it, no one could break it, and no one could conquer it!

Why?

Why could this young kid in front of him defeat him?

\*Puff!\*

Ronald’s body quivered, and he coughed up a mouthful of blood.

Then his knees buckled, and he collapsed to the ground, his face turning pale.

Dustin’s fearsome sword not only severed his arm but also shattered most of the energy pathways in his body.

At this moment, his body was in shambles, and he had no more strength to fight.

...

Silence filled the air as everyone watched Ronald, seriously injured and fallen on the ground, like a pin dropping in an empty room.

In this moment, everyone was stunned.

They were stunned, their faces displaying utter disbelief.

This outcome was too unexpected, too shocking, and too hard to accept.

When Ronald unleashed his astounding sword, they had all thought Dustin was done for.

Because it was a divine punishment from heaven, impossible to resist.

But no one could have foreseen that faced with this terrifying “God’s Punishment,” Dustin not only survived but also turned the tables, leaving Ronald severely wounded.

This incredible turn of events was akin to a mortal challenging the gods themselves!

It was unbelievable!

“Am I... am I seeing this right? Leader Ronald... actually lost?”

“No... it can’t be... how could the esteemed leader of the Martial Arts Alliance, the unrivaled figure in the Balermo martial arts world, be defeated by this youngster?”

“Oh my goodness! What just happened? Was it magic?”

“The marvels of the world! Truly wondrous!”

...

After a brief period of silence, the entire martial arts arena erupted into a frenzy!

It was like a bomb had detonated in a peaceful pond, sending ripples of shock throughout.

“How could this happen? Dustin actually won?”

The smile on Jan Crane’s face froze, replaced by sheer astonishment.

“No, no, there must be some mistake... The grandmaster is unbeatable, how could he lose?!”

Asher turned ashen, as if struck by lightning.

“What kind of extraordinary being is this young lad?!”

Derek stood there, stupefied, his heart in turmoil.

“Victory? Dustin actually defeated Leader Ronald? Am I dreaming?”

Liam’s eyes widened like saucers, his face unable to conceal his disbelief.

“Unbelievable! Is this fellow using some sort of trick?”

Cameron was rooted to the spot, utterly dumbfounded.

As ardent supporters of Ronald, they found it almost impossible to accept the outcome before them.

Who was Ronald?

He was the ruler of the Balermo martial alliance, a towering presence in the world of martial arts, the unassailable giant of Balermo!

For all martial artists, Ronald was an insurmountable mountain.

An understated Dominance – Dahlia and Dustin Novel

**Score 10**

## **Chapter 1202 A Crumbled Mountain**

But now, the mighty mountain had crumbled.

All the legends and glorious tales had been shattered in this moment.

“Victory, victory! Senior Brother Dustin has won! Amazing!” Aria cheered enthusiastically after a brief moment of astonishment.

“As expected of the man I’ve fallen in love with, he truly is peerless!” Serena exclaimed, her excitement making her cheeks turn rosy. Though she didn’t understand exactly what had transpired, she was certain that Dustin had emerged victorious, and it was a magnificent victory.

Under the watchful eyes of all, he had vanquished the martial arts grandmaster, Ronald, and from that moment, his name would resound throughout the world. A brilliant ascent to fame! Unmatched by anyone!

“Bravo! Bravo!” Even Eldric, a powerful figure in the city, couldn’t help but applaud. He had been held down by Ronald’s dominance for a decade. Now, with Dustin’s unexpected triumph and the severe injury dealt to Ronald, the path to his own success had been paved.

\*Tap, tap, tap...\*

Ignoring the commotion in the audience, Dustin walked step by step towards Ronald, Sky Sword in hand, its black blade still slowly dripping with blood.

“The Leader of the Martial Alliance? The unbeaten legend? Hmph... it’s all a joke,” Dustin’s eyes turned red, his demeanor taking on an eerie and formidable presence. He appeared like a demon emerging from the depths of hell, terrifying and overpowering.

“You... how can you be so strong? How did you defeat me?” Ronald knelt on the ground, lifting his head with difficulty. His face bore a mixture of shock, fear, and amazement, but above all, it was filled with doubt and confusion.

He couldn’t comprehend why he had failed.

With his current level of cultivation, he should have been invincible against anyone below the Grand Master.

“You underestimated me and overestimated yourself, and that’s why you lost,” Dustin replied coldly, raising his sword and looking down at Ronald. “Now, do you have any last words?”

“Don’t... please don’t kill me,” Ronald’s voice quivered as he gazed into Dustin’s cold and heartless eyes. Panic overwhelmed him, and he began to beg earnestly, “I can give you the Sky Spirit Orb; I can relinquish my position as the leader of the martial arts alliance; I can impart all my knowledge and skills to you. Anything you desire, I will provide it. Just spare my life, and I will

dedicate all my power, status, and wealth to you. Whatever you want, it's yours!"

He had worked tirelessly to reach his current position, and he hadn't yet enjoyed the fruits of his labor or achieved his life's goals. He didn't want to die; he didn't want to lose everything in an instant.

As long as he could survive, he was willing to sacrifice his dignity and everything he possessed.

"Ronald, did you think about giving the former alliance leader (Paul Hill) a chance when you deceived my good friend (Edmund Robinson) and betrayed your ancestors, when you betrayed trust and framed me?" Dustin's eyes remained cold.

"I was wrong... I know I was wrong!"

"I promise to start anew and never commit harm again. Please, give me a chance!"

Ronald spoke frantically, bowing repeatedly, completely casting aside his pride and the dignity of a martial arts leader. In the face of death, even the mightiest can become afraid and desperate.

"Give you a chance?" Dustin sneered. "Let me ask you this: Did you ever give the former alliance leader a chance? Did you ever give Uncle Edmund a chance? Did you ever give those innocent people you've harmed a chance? Since you didn't, why should I give you one?"

"Dustin! You won't gain anything by killing me, and I'll become a martial arts pariah! But if you spare me, I promise to follow your lead in the future and do whatever you ask!" Ronald was in a state of panic, sweat pouring from him as he begged in every way possible.

"I don't need you to do anything; I just want you dead."

With those words, Dustin ceased all further discussion and swung the Sky Sword down with great force.

## **Chapter 1203 Bureau's New Recruit**

“Stop!”

As Dustin was about to deliver the final blow, a loud shout rang out, and at the same moment, an arrow shot forth with incredible speed, striking the Sky Sword with a resounding clang.

“Hmm?”

Dustin’s body trembled, the movement of his sword halted, and he cast a cold glance toward the ring’s edge.

Standing there was Derek, who had reappeared, holding a sturdy bow.

It was he who had just released the arrow.

“Sir Derek, what’s the meaning of this?” Dustin furrowed his brow.

“Dustin, you’ve already won. It’s time to stop!” Derek’s expression was stern. “Leave a path open for yourself so we can cross paths again in the future. Don’t take things too far, or the consequences will be dire!”

“Sir Derek, Ronald and I are in a life-and-death match. In the arena, only one can emerge alive. This is the code of the martial arts world,” Dustin replied coldly.

“No! The rules of the martial arts world are dictated by the Martial Law Bureau. Here, I hold the highest authority and have the final say in everything!” Derek’s words carried an air of dominance.

His decision to intervene and protect Ronald had several reasons. Firstly, Dustin had not shown him the respect he felt he deserved. Secondly, Ronald still had value.

As the leader of the Balermo Martial Alliance, he held unmatched status and influence. If he were to die, the entire martial world of Balermo would descend into chaos, and Martial Law Bureau would have to clean up the mess.

“Derek, right and wrong can be determined by the public. We’ve already signed a life-and-death contract. Isn’t it unfair for you to protect Ronald like this?” Dustin questioned coldly.

“Stop with the nonsense! Leader Ronald is the pinnacle of the martial arts world, a Beidou (one of the brightest stars), and a national pillar. We, the Martial Law Bureau, must protect such talent!” Derek retorted sharply.

“Sir Derek, if my memory serves me right, the Martial Law Bureau has clear rules against intervening in the internal conflicts of martial artists. By doing this, you are acting unfairly and unjustly,” Dustin reminded.

“Do you want to challenge me on this?” Derek snorted, then turned his gaze to Ronald and shouted loudly, “Sir Ronald, are you willing to join the Martial Law Bureau? As long as you agree, from now on, Martial Law Bureau will be your protector!”

Upon hearing this, Ronald’s face lit up with hope, as if he had grasped a lifeline. He nodded fervently, “I’m willing, I’m willing! I’m willing to join the Martial Law Bureau! I’m willing to serve the Martial Law Bureau as a loyal follower!”

This was his best chance at survival. With the backing of the Martial Law Bureau, even if Dustin had the courage, he wouldn’t dare to act recklessly. Although it meant surrendering his freedom, compared to losing his life, that was a small price to pay.

“There you have it! Did you hear that? Ronald is now a member of the Martial Law Bureau. Our Martial Law Bureau is duty-bound to protect him. Do you still have any objections?” Derek raised his head, a touch of arrogance in his demeanor.

Gifted or powerful, it mattered not. In the face of the Martial Law Bureau, all must bow and submit.

“Sir Derek, are you jesting with me?” Dustin’s eyes darkened.

“Our Martial Law Bureau has always won people over with righteousness. If you want to talk about rules, then let me explain them to you. Now that Ronald has joined the Martial Law Bureau, if you dare to harm him, you’ll be challenging the authority of the Martial Law Bureau. Have you considered the consequences?” Derek threatened without hesitation.

The Martial Law Bureau represented official power, superior to all sects and possessing overwhelming authority. Once someone became a wanted

criminal in the eyes of the Martial Law Bureau, there would be no safe haven, no matter how vast the world.

“Thank goodness, Sir Derek is here today. Otherwise, the world would have turned upside down,” Jan couldn’t help but sigh with relief as she watched Derek restore order to the situation.

## **Chapter 1204 Derek’s Command**

If Ronald will survive, Dustin will be dead in the future.

“Hmph! With the Martial Law Bureau’s backing, what else can this Dustin do, no matter how powerful he is? Ultimately, he will have to yield,” Asher smirked.

He had thought that the Reeds family was doomed, but thankfully, Derek had stepped in just in time to turn the tide.

“Damn, I was almost there!” Eldric shook his head, a tinge of regret in his voice. Without Derek’s intervention, today would have been a complete success.

“As expected of Derek, just a few words were enough to intimidate Dustin.”

“Hmph, in the face of Martial Law Bureau, even the mightiest must bow!”

Many warriors in the audience sighed in relief. While they couldn’t accept Ronald’s defeat, the current outcome wasn’t too bad. At least his life had been spared.

After all, no one would be foolish enough to challenge Derek.

“Dustin, I’ll admit you’re skilled and powerful, but unfortunately, you still can’t kill me. As long as I’m alive, it’s not a true defeat,” Ronald declared, his smug smile returning. “Let me share another secret with you—I’m on the verge of breaking through to become a grandmaster. Within three months, I’ll make that breakthrough, and you’ll be nothing more than prey on my chopping board.”



“How do you feel? Angry? Afraid? Powerless? But what can you do, apart from waiting for your demise?”

“I’m now a member of the Martial Law Bureau, and you can’t afford to cross me.”

“If you dare to act recklessly, it won’t just be you; your family and friends will suffer as well!”

“Accept your fate. You can’t seek revenge, you can’t change the outcome. You’ll always be beneath me!”

With these words, he shifted from his previous humble and cowardly demeanor to one that was bold and confident. With the Martial Law Bureau as his protector, he felt invincible.

After surviving this trial, he would exact tenfold and a hundredfold revenge for the humiliation and animosity he had suffered today.

“Dustin! I command you to step back immediately!” Derek’s voice boomed, his tone commanding.

“Did you hear that? Back off, Derek. You can’t afford to defy me!” Ronald sneered.

“Ronald, you’re too presumptuous. Do you truly believe Derek can save you?” Dustin inquired coldly.

“What? You still dare to kill me? Do you comprehend how many lives will be lost with that stroke? How many innocent people will be buried alongside you? Young man, before you act, use your brain. Don’t harm yourself and others!” Ronald taunted, a look of self-assuredness on his face.

Regardless of Dustin’s strength, he was still just one person. As long as he was human, he had weaknesses and concerns. Ronald was convinced that Dustin wouldn’t dare to make a move.

“Dustin, let me count to three. If you don’t retreat, you’ll openly oppose the Martial Law Bureau!” Derek issued a final warning.

“Beast! Lower your weapons immediately, or you’ll become a public enemy of the martial arts!” Asher led a group of Martial Alliance disciples to quickly encircle the arena.

“One of my characteristics is that I always do what I say.” Dustin said calmly. “I’m determined to kill Ronald, and no one can stop me—not Martial Law Bureau, not the entire martial arts world, even if I’m shattered to pieces in the end, I won’t hesitate!”

With those words, the Sky Sword was raised high, and Dustin delivered the final blow, beheading Ronald.

### **Chapter 1205 Everyone Versus One**

BOOM!

In the presence of everyone, Dustin raised his hand and, without warning or hesitation, swung his sword, severing Ronald’s head.

The entire process unfolded in a split second.

With one swift motion, the once-mighty martial arts supreme, who had been the number one figure in the Balermo martial arts world, fell to the ground, his head rolling to his feet.

He died without any chance for a final word.

Ronald’s facial expressions at the moment of his death included shock, surprise, fear, but mostly disbelief.

Until the very end, he never expected that Dustin would dare to defy the Martial Law Bureau, risk the world’s disapproval, and commit a public act of murder.

“Is this... really... real? Am I seeing things?”

“He’s insane, completely insane! To defy the Martial Law Bureau’s Headmaster like this, he’s utterly mad!”

“Unbelievably ruthless! He’s exchanging life for life!”

“In all my years, I’ve never seen anyone dare to go against the Martial Law Bureau. This kid is truly fearless!”

After a moment of silence, the entire martial arts arena erupted in chaos.

All the warriors were taken aback by Dustin’s audacity.

It was crucial to understand that Ronald had joined the Martial Law Bureau, a special individual protected by the official organization. He not only enjoyed privileges but also didn't need to abide by the world's rules.

Yet, Dustin had killed Ronald with a single stroke in front of everyone.

This kind of action undoubtedly challenged the Martial Law Bureau and the entire martial arts world!

"This is terrible! Dustin has provoked the wrong entity!"

Serena's expression changed, and she lost her composure.

Although the martial arts world respected strength, there were certain taboos that must not be violated, and the Martial Law Bureau was one of them.

Throughout history, no matter how strong or influential someone was, once they appeared on the Martial Law Bureau's kill list, they would ultimately meet their demise.

"Oh no! Senior Brother Dustin acted too impulsively. He killed Alliance Leader Ronald in public. Hasn't he set himself on fire?" Aria was in a state of panic.

Although Ronald was dead, Dustin had offended the Martial Law Bureau and was now headed for disaster.

"He's out of his mind, isn't he? How dare he challenge the Martial Law Bureau?" Cameron exclaimed in disbelief.

The Martial Law Bureau represented the highest authority in the martial arts world.

No one could contend with the Derek.

"Dustin! You have displayed incredible audacity!"

After a brief shock, Derek erupted in anger. "You have committed a public crime, murdered a member of the Martial Law Bureau, and defied the law. I hereby declare that you are now a wanted criminal, a public enemy of the martial arts!"

"Fiend! You have harmed my son and killed my brother. You and I are sworn enemies!" Asher's eyes widened as he roared furiously. "The Shadow Triad, obey my command! All disciples of the Martial Alliance, obey my command! Surround and kill this criminal immediately to avenge Ronald!"

With those words, all the martial arts disciples drew their weapons.

The Shadow Triad of the Martial Alliance appeared out of thin air, their eyes fixed on Dustin with a hunger for vengeance.

“Leader Ronald lived a life of righteousness, punishing evil and upholding justice. Now he has been killed unjustly. We cannot stand idly by. All disciples of the Skycrane Sect, obey my command and follow me to avenge Leader Ronald!” Jan swiftly raised her arms and shouted.

This was a prime opportunity to defeat a drowning dog, and they weren’t about to let it slip away.

“Damn it... The devil has descended upon the world, harming all sentient beings. We of the Temple of Boundless Compassion are duty-bound to subdue demons and save all living creatures.”

At this moment, Master Jason Edwards who had remained silent until now, led a group of monks to take action.

“Soul-Suppressing Sect disciples, prepare for battle and avenge Leader Ronald!”

Liam raised his spear, rallying his supporters.

“Shinefield Sect disciples, heed my orders—”

“Galewind disciples, heed my orders—”

“Warriors, disciples, heed my orders—”

“Eliminate this criminal immediately and avenge Leader Ronald!”

And so, the martial arts world erupted in chaos as various sects and disciples joined the fray against Dustin.

## **Chapter 1206 Horizontal Line Barrier**

In that moment, more and more martial sects joined the encirclement and suppression force.

The scene was filled with a sea of people, darkening the entire arena.

Dustin had become a pariah of martial arts, a traitor hunted by all.

Ronald had led the martial arts alliance for many years, garnering immense respect and a multitude of followers. His murder had naturally sparked widespread anger.

The most significant reason for this outrage, however, was the Martial Law Bureau’s order, designating Dustin as a wanted individual. Both publicly and privately, it was their duty to apprehend Dustin.

This was the prevailing trend.

“Dustin! You are without restraint and have committed a grave offense. You will be arrested immediately and face trial at the Martial Law Bureau! Otherwise, you will be executed on the spot!” Derek shouted in anger.

To dare commit murder in front of him was a blatant insult.

“This is a personal vendetta between Ronald and me. It’s best if you don’t interfere in other people’s affairs, or else don’t blame me for being merciless with my sword.”

Dustin stood proudly on the ring, slowly raising the Sky Sword, his sharp eyes scanning his surroundings without fear.

With his own power, he was openly challenging the entire martial arts world of Balermo.

“Hmph! Do not celebrate too early!”

“All warriors, obey the command. Those who kill this criminal will be handsomely rewarded by the Martial Law Bureau!”

Derek had enough of the chit-chat and issued a kill order directly.

“Kill!!!”

A deafening battle cry erupted, and spurred by the generous reward, thousands of warriors surged forward like a swarm of bees.

Their numbers were vast and formidable.

“Whoosh!”

At that moment, a black sword light suddenly slashed horizontally, resembling a massive scythe, striking heavily at the edge of the ring.

“Boom!”

A resounding crash echoed through the arena.

A long and deep sword mark was carved directly into the solid ground. The mark was about half a meter deep and over twenty meters long. It lay in front of everyone, forming a horizontal line barrier, an insurmountable chasm.

“Anyone who crosses this line will be killed!” Dustin declared coldly.

The initial sword strike served as a warning. Dustin made it clear that he would show no mercy to anyone foolish enough to charge forward recklessly.

“Huh?”

Seeing the terrifying sword mark before them, the warriors were immediately stunned.

In their initial fervor, they had rushed forward heedlessly, but now they hesitated and dared not advance any further.

Their blood had been boiling, and they had acted on impulse without thinking, but now, with a moment's clarity, they realized the gravity of the situation.

Dustin, the figure before them, was someone who had defeated the leader of the martial arts alliance. Charging headlong at him was akin to seeking death.

"Why are you all just standing there? Attack together! Kill him!" Derek shouted from behind.

Facing Dustin individually, none of those present could match his might. However, they could employ a tactic of overwhelming numbers to wear him down. After all, as the saying goes, "Many ants can kill an elephant." If they could deplete Dustin's internal energy, victory would be theirs.

"Shinefield Sect, you're formidable, so you go first."

"Skycrane men, you're known for your bravery, and your members are strong. Each one is worth a hundred."

"Oh, by the way, aren't you monks from the Temple of Boundless Compassion practitioners of the Golden Bell Shield technique? Why don't you lead the way?"

"Pal, monks don't kill."

And so on...

Dustin's sword strike had instilled hesitation, fear, and even a sense of humility in the warriors of various sects. None of them dared to step forward.

## **Chapter 1207 Too Weak**

On the ring, Dustin stood alone with his sword in hand, intimidating the crowd and causing thousands of warriors to tremble and exchange uneasy glances. No one dared to make a move.

This performance, however, only fueled Derek's anger and frustration.

"Hey! What are you all so afraid of? No matter how powerful he is, he is alone. If you all move altogether, you can overpower him!" Derek exclaimed, exasperated by the lack of response from the warriors.

Seeing the hesitation of the warriors, Derek turned his attention to the leaders of each sect, calling them out one by one. "Grandmaster Jan, Deputy Leader Eldric, Master

Jason, Master Lemuel, Master Felix... You, as leaders of the martial arts, should set an example and lead your disciples to take down this murderer!"

The leaders of the sects exchanged looks, appearing somewhat embarrassed. Shouting out battle cry is one thing, but committing themselves to a full-fledged battle is another. It requires careful thinking and consideration. After all, if Dustin had the strength to kill Ronald, he could also pose a grave threat to their lives. They were concerned that if they pushed him too far, he might resort to desperate measures.

The situation had reached an impasse.

"Such a rabble!" Derek muttered angrily as he surveyed the situation. He was frustrated by the unreliable nature of the martial arts community. In contrast, the Martial Law Bureau's law enforcement teams would execute orders without hesitation, regardless of the strength of the enemy.

In this situation, Derek realized that he might need to take action personally to resolve it completely.

With that thought in mind, Derek's eyes grew cold, and he once again drew his bow and nocked an arrow. This time, he aimed the black iron arrow at Dustin's heart.

"Ka Ka Ka..."

Derek slowly exerted force, bending the ten-thousand-pound bow. The creaking of the bowstring sent shivers down one's spine.

This bow was a special weapon, and even the strongest warriors would struggle to draw the bowstring with both hands and feet. However, Derek effortlessly pulled the bowstring into a full moon shape, showcasing his immense power.

The arrow was released with tremendous force, flying towards Dustin's chest like a cannonball. It carried the momentum of splitting mountains and cracking the earth, and it appeared as a blurry streak due to its incredible speed.

"What a powerful arrow!" The masters present were taken aback and found it difficult to react in time.

They hadn't anticipated Derek's strength.

This arrow, under a surprise attack, had the potential to kill a formidable martial arts master.

It seemed that the officers of the Martial Law Bureau were indeed extraordinary.

However, just as the arrow was about to hit its target, a figure descended from the sky and positioned itself in front of Dustin. The figure lazily extended two fingers and effortlessly caught Derek's deadly arrow.

The arrow, due to the impact, swayed wildly, resembling a fish attempting to swim upstream. But no matter how it struggled, it couldn't advance beyond the figure's fingers.

"Your archery skills are commendable, but your strength is too weak," remarked the disheveled old man holding the arrow.

This old man appeared to be a beggar. He had a lame leg, was blind in one eye, and had a wine gourd hanging from his waist. His appearance was unkempt and sloppy, not what one would expect from a formidable martial artist.

Derek was dumbfounded by this unexpected turn of events. His most powerful arrow had been effortlessly caught by this mysterious old man with two fingers. He couldn't fathom who this old man was or how he possessed such incredible strength.

### **Chapter 1208 Traumatic Memory**

The appearance of the one-eyed old man, Gregory Jones, not only shocked Derek, but it also left Jan and the others in a state of disbelief.

As highly skilled martial artists, they possessed extraordinary perception, able to detect even the slightest changes in their surroundings. Yet, they had completely missed the old man's arrival, which was baffling.

Furthermore, Gregory appeared completely ordinary, devoid of any noticeable aura fluctuations. He seemed like an ordinary, scruffy old man. However, this appearance was deceptive, as evidenced by his ability to effortlessly catch Derek's arrow.

To the leaders of various sects, the only reasonable explanation was that Gregory was far more powerful than them, making him virtually undetectable.

Derek was quick to address the mysterious old man, demanding to know who he was and how he dared to interfere in Martial Law Bureau's affairs.

The one-eyed old man responded with irreverent nonchalance, poking fun at Derek's attempts to intimidate him. He even went as far as to flick a booger at Derek, which flew with astonishing speed and struck Derek with incredible force.

The impact sent Derek flying more than ten meters, and he crashed to the ground in agony, coughing up blood.

The onlookers were stunned. A martial arts master had been seriously injured by a booger—this defied belief. Who was this old man, and where had he come from?

Derek, still coughing up blood, managed to ask the one-eyed old man for his identity, to which he received a surprising answer.



“Put your ears up and listen. If I don’t want to change my name, I won’t change my surname, name is Gregory Jones!” the old man declared while nonchalantly digging in his nostrils.

Derek, now pale with shock, could hardly believe his ears. He stammered out a name: “Gregory Jones?”

This revelation sent shivers down his spine. Gregory, also known as the “Immortal of Wine,” had once caused a major incident in Bayhaven. The entire Martial Law Bureau had mobilized to confront him, expecting an easy victory. However, the battle had taken a disastrous turn.

In that confrontation, the Martial Law Bureau had suffered heavy losses. Director Nate Reynolds had been gravely injured, the deputy director had been killed, and numerous elders, protectors, and Headmasters had either died or been wounded. It was the only failure the Martial Law Bureau had experienced since its inception, a deeply ingrained taboo.

Hearing the name Gregory brought back the traumatic memories of that night. Derek’s body trembled uncontrollably, his face paling as he realized the gravity of the situation.

### **Chapter 1209 Caught In Delimna**

Derek’s shock and fear upon realizing the identity of the drunkard, Gregory, were palpable. The memories of the disastrous battle from ten years ago haunted him, and he was unable to contain his trembling and terror.

For Derek, that night had been a nightmare that had left an indelible mark on his psyche. He had witnessed the gruesome deaths of his companions, the decapitation of his Headmaster, and the powerlessness of once-feared martial artists. It was an experience that had shattered his ambition and instilled an enduring fear in him.

Seeing Gregory again after all these years had awakened the deep-seated terror that he had tried to bury. It was a nightmare come to life once more.

The revelation of Gregory’s identity had a similar effect on the other martial arts masters present. Despite their own strength and prestige, they were awed by the presence of a Grand Master like Gregory. To them, such an individual was no longer a mere human but a god-like figure with the power of life and death.

When Gregory confronted Derek, the Martial Law Bureau leader was immediately reduced to a state of abject fear. He prostrated himself on the ground, repeatedly kowtowing and begging for forgiveness. His panicked behavior resembled that of a quail in the face of a predator.

Gregory, seemingly in a generous mood, granted Derek clemency. He instructed him to leave and even mentioned that he (Derek) should prepare for a confrontation in the future.

Relieved at being spared, Derek didn't hesitate to leave with his subordinates, eager to put as much distance as possible between himself and Gregory.

Gregory's presence, coupled with his casual demeanor and immense power, left the other martial arts masters in a state of shock and awe. They realized that their previous arrogance had been misplaced, and they couldn't help but feel a deep respect and fear for the Grand Master.

However, Gregory wasn't content with just sending Derek away. He turned his attention to the remaining masters of various sects and questioned them about their silence.

The martial arts masters were overwhelmed by the situation and didn't dare to challenge Gregory. They knew that the presence of a Grand Master was a force that couldn't be reckoned with.

When Gregory playfully mentioned sparring with them, the masters couldn't find their voices. They were too afraid to respond or take up the offer.

Gregory, seemingly unbothered by their silence, rolled a piece of booger into a ball between his fingers, a strange glint in his eye.

The masters of various sects were caught in a dilemma. They didn't want to provoke Gregory, but neither did they want to appear cowardly. They were trapped in a precarious situation, unsure of how to proceed.

## **Chapter 1210 Hail, Chief Dustin!**

The suggestion put forth by Eldric, the deputy leader of the Martial Alliance, to recommend Dustin as the new martial arts leader sparked a mixture of reactions among the martial artists gathered at the scene.

Some supported the idea, seeing Dustin's impressive strength and his victory over Ronald as qualifications for the position. They believed that fresh blood like Dustin was needed to rejuvenate the Martial Alliance and lead it towards a new era of glory.

Others, particularly those from established sects and older martial artists, expressed reservations about the proposal. They felt that Dustin's youth and lack of experience might hinder his ability to lead effectively.

Eldric defended his decision by emphasizing the need for a change in leadership, as the current state of the Martial Alliance was perceived as corrupt. He believed that Dustin, with his extraordinary abilities and potential, was the right candidate to lead the alliance into a brighter future.

Serena, showing her support for Dustin, raised her hand and spoke in favor of his candidacy. Many younger warriors followed suit, expressing their enthusiasm for Dustin's leadership.

However, not everyone was quick to voice their support. Some sect leaders hesitated, fearing the consequences of opposing such a proposal, especially in the presence of the formidable Gregory.

Gregory, displaying his imposing aura, questioned those who remained silent and urged them to make a decision. His intimidation tactic led many sect leaders to reluctantly express their support for Dustin, bowing to the prevailing sentiment.

Under this mounting pressure and the influence of the general consensus, the martial artists finally united and saluted Dustin as their new leader. The resounding declaration of "Hail, Chief Dustin!" echoed through the arena, marking the beginning of Dustin's leadership in the martial arts world.

With this show of support, Dustin had risen to a prominent position in the martial arts hierarchy, poised to bring about changes and restore the reputation and strength of the Martial Alliance.