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After handing over the Shadowbloom, Iris turned back to stone. With her eyes closed, she stood unmoving.

She seemed to be reminiscing memories She also seemed to be in deep contemplation. "Thank you, Madam Iris, for the flower. I will always remember your generosity. Goodbye."

Dustin decided not to disturb her further when he saw her in her meditative state. After a deep bow, he staggered away.

Dustin would have been dead if Iris hadn't held back earlier. Her skills had already surpassed that of an ultimate grandmaster, and she was unmatched in the entire world.

"Sir, are you alright? You lost a lot of blood."

Abigail helped Dustin walk. The corner of her eyes was still stained with tears.

That was too close.

If it weren't because Iris took pity on him, Dustin would have died.

"I'm fine. I just broke a few bones. I won't die."

Dustin took out a tablet and swallowed it. He then slowly circulated his energy.

It was fortunate that he had a good foundation. Not to mention, Iris had held back.

Otherwise, it would have been difficult for him to walk.

"Sir, you were stubborn earlier. We could have looked for another way without using the Shadowbloom. Why did you have to push yourself?" Abigail complained.

“We were out of time. I had to take a gamble.” Dustin shook his head.

Natasha was in critical condition, and he wasn't sure how much longer she could hold on.

If he missed this chance, it might be too late.

“You were willing to give up your life for the sake of a woman. I'm unsure if I should.

describe you as foolish or crazy in love,” Azalea said.

If there were a man who would risk his life for her like that, she would never let him go. It was unfortunate that the man before her already belonged to someone else.

“Let's go. It's time we head back.”

Dustin circulated his energy to heal his injuries temporarily. Soon, they made their way back through the dark passage.

As they were walking, the ground suddenly started to shake.

Followed by a roar, a large amount of sand fell. The tomb started shaking violently.

Cracks started to form as if the tomb was about to fall apart.

“This is bad! It's an earthquake! Run!”

The three of them grew worried and quickly ran toward the exit. They dashed as if their lives depended on it.

They were underground. If they ended up being buried alive, the consequences would be unimaginable!

After two minutes, the three of them finally exited the tomb. Their faces were covered in dust.

Not long after they escaped, they heard a thunderous sound. The entire passage had collapsed, burying everything inside.

“That was close! We almost didn’t make it!”

Abigail patted her chest. The lingering fear she was feeling was evident on her face.

“It was probably Madam Iris’ work. She doesn’t wish to be disturbed anymore.” Dustin looked at the collapsed tomb with a frown

Iris Meskill was a legendary figure in Dragonmarsh. She was a heroine among women and a revered figure akin to God.

Yet, in the end, she was bound by love. She willingly chose to be buried underground with her dead husband, never to see the light of day again.

Her love story was tragic yet inspiring. It deserved respect.

“Sir! It looks like a fight is starting over there!” Just then, Abigail pointed ahead.

Dustin looked over and saw the disciples of Azure Mist surrounded by the elite martial artists of major sects.

The tomb’s location had been leaked, and everyone who caught wind of it hurried over, trying to get whatever they can.

Meanwhile, Azure Mist had already managed to collect many treasures from within.