

## **An understated Dominance – Dahlia and Dustin Chapter 1191**

### **Chapter 1191: Deputy's Decision**

“Deputy Leader Eldric, everything I’ve done is to uphold the Martial Alliance’s reputation,” Asher expressed with a furrowed brow. “This man recklessly harms innocent people, behaves arrogantly, and disrespects the Martial Alliance. If we don’t apprehend him now, it will lead to endless problems in the future.”

“Elder Asher, I witnessed the recent events clearly,” Eldric responded calmly. “Your actions have been forceful and domineering, and you even violated our rules by activating the three guardians without the leader’s authorization. If you persist in your actions, you’ll be held accountable for breaking the law, and the severity of your actions will only increase.”

“You!” Asher seethed with anger, clenching his teeth and speaking in a hushed tone. “Deputy Leader Eldric, we’re all part of the same alliance. Do you really need to oppose me for the sake of this young one?”

“Elder Asher, I always uphold the principles of justice and never bend the law for personal gain,” Eldric replied with dignity. “Right and wrong are determined by the consensus of the public. I believe that everyone here desires a fair Leader Challenge. Anyone who resorts to dishonorable tactics to obstruct it will be seen as a common enemy of martial arts.”

“That’s absolutely correct! As warriors, we have the right to challenge our martial arts leader, and no one should interfere!” The assembled warriors voiced their agreement.

In the world of martial arts, strength was highly respected, and martial arts leaders ascended through their martial skills. Once someone reached the master level, they earned the privilege to challenge the martial arts leader—an unwritten tradition. Avoiding combat or employing deceitful methods would tarnish the martial arts leader’s reputation.

“Deputy Leader, are you sure of this decision?” Asher wore a pained expression.

“What? Are you dissatisfied?” Eldric raised an eyebrow. “If you are not convinced, you may challenge me. You have the qualifications. If you defeat me, you will become the deputy leader.”

“You...” Asher was momentarily speechless. He was only an innate warrior who had attained his position due to his younger brother’s leadership. Challenging Eldric was akin to seeking death.

“Very well, Deputy Leader Eldric. I will remember today’s events, and I hope you won’t regret your actions!” Asher stated solemnly. “Furthermore, you can protect this kid for now, but you cannot protect him forever. When he steps onto the stage, he will suffer a miserable fate!”

“Onstage, I do not fear life or death, but offstage, no one should violate the rules,” Eldric replied, unwavering in his stance.

Taking a deep breath, Asher finally yielded to the prevailing sentiment. “Retreat, Shadow Triad!”

At his command, the three figures in black robes vanished into thin air, as if they had never appeared.

“Grandmaster Dustin, Elder Asher momentarily lost his composure, and on behalf of the Martial Alliance, I apologize to you,” Eldric turned to Dustin and respectfully greeted him with clasped fists.

His assistance to Dustin served dual purposes: it allowed him to establish his prestige while also presenting an opportunity for him to break free from Ronald Reeds’s suppression. Dustin’s appearance was an opportunity he could exploit.

“Deputy Leader Eldric, your words are unnecessary,” Dustin replied calmly. “Those youngsters were of no concern to me.”

“Of course,” Eldric said with a smile. “Master Dustin, it’s about time. Please proceed to the stage.”

“Very well,” Dustin nodded, then stepped onto the central stage of the martial arts arena, making his way toward it amidst the gaze of the onlookers.

As he passed through the crowd, they willingly parted to create a path for him.

At this moment, regardless of the reasons or the ultimate outcome, Dustin's courage and determination earned the admiration of nearly every warrior present.

After all, he had done what no one else dared to do.

## **Chapter 1192: Arrival of the Martial Law Bureau**

"Dustin, you've got to show your true self and make a name for yourself. Let the whole world see what it means to be unmatched and the best," Serena whispered to herself, her lovely eyes filled with love and admiration.

A real man should wield a three-foot sword and achieve extraordinary feats. Even in the face of challenges and obstacles, he should move forward boldly without fear. That's the essence of a true man.

Liam muttered with a grim expression, "Daring to challenge the martial arts leader, today is the day you'll meet your end!" He hoped that Ronald Reeds would swiftly defeat Dustin once he stepped onto the stage.

"Hmph, sooner or later, you'll get what's coming to you. It's just a matter of a few extra minutes," Asher sneered with unkind eyes.

"Sir Dustin, please stay safe!" Aria clasped her hands together in prayer.

"This kid really dares to challenge the leader. Does he actually believe he can win?" Cameron frowned, his eyes filled with jealousy and resentment. He couldn't understand why Dustin had become a martial arts master while they were the same age, and he hadn't even broken through to the innate realm.

"Why? What's his secret?"

Amidst the commotion, a group of individuals wearing distinct uniforms entered the martial arts arena. Their leader had a mustache and a sharp tongue, and behind him were various individuals with unique appearances, some ugly and some beautiful.

One thing was clear—they were all incredibly powerful.

"The Martial Law Bureau? They're actually from the Martial Law Bureau!"

“Oh my goodness! Why is the Martial Law Bureau here? Has someone committed a serious crime?”

The crowd erupted in astonishment at the sight of the Martial Law Bureau. The Martial Law Bureau was an official organization in the Dragonmarsh, housing numerous experts and formidable individuals. Their main responsibility was to oversee martial artists worldwide and ensure that the use of force complied with the law.

Whether it was the Balermo Martial Alliance, the Glenstead Martial Alliance, or various sects, they all fell under the authority of the Martial Law Bureau.

In the martial arts world, the Martial Law Bureau represented the pinnacle of power. Any sect that dared to defy their orders would be swiftly suppressed, and their members could face execution on the spot.

“Hey! Isn’t that Lord Derek? What brings you here today?” Eldric greeted the mustached man with a warm smile.

“Eldric, I hope you don’t mind my unexpected visit,” Derek Mitchell, the mustached man, replied with a smile.

“Not at all, Lord Derek. It’s an honor to have you here,” Eldric responded respectfully. Regardless of his rank, the leader of the Martial Law Bureau held a high position, and even Ronald Reeds had to show him the utmost respect.

“Elder Eldric, I heard that you have a young master in Balermo who wants to challenge the martial arts leader. Is that true?” Derek inquired.

“It’s true,” Eldric confirmed. “Today, the Martial Arts League has gathered all the sects to witness this significant martial arts event.”

“Really? I’m quite curious then. Who is this person?” Derek asked, raising his eyebrows.

“He’s on the stage,” Eldric replied, gesturing toward the ring.

“Oh?”

Derek followed the gesture and glanced at the stage, his expression showing surprise. He then voiced his doubt, “This man... Why does he look so familiar?”

## Chapter 1193: A Surprising Refusal

“Look familiar?” Eldric was intrigued. “Could it be that Lord Derek has met Grandmaster Dustin before?”

“Perhaps I made a mistake,” Derek replied, stroking his mustache. He thought for a moment but couldn’t recall any prior encounter.

Given his exceptional memory, it was rare for him to forget any outstanding martial artists. The fact that he couldn’t remember indicated that the two hadn’t crossed paths before.

“Lord Derek, you must be tired from your journey. Please take a seat and rest,” Eldric said, extending a hand in welcome.

“No need to worry. I want to meet this young master first,” Derek said without hesitation, proceeding straight to the ring.

Eldric frowned slightly at this, but he quickly regained his composure. The Martial Law Bureau’s formidable influence was largely due to its recruitment of talented martial artists. Regardless of their alignment, as long as they possessed strength, unique skills, and exceptional abilities, they were welcome to join. Derek’s interest in Dustin indicated a desire to recruit him, and there was little Eldric could do about it given the Martial Law Bureau’s dominance in the martial arts world.

“Young man, your courage is admirable, challenging the martial arts leader so openly,” Derek greeted Dustin with a smile.

“Martial Law Bureau?” Dustin, upon seeing Derek’s badge, quickly identified his affiliation.

“Young man, you have keen eyes. I am Derek, one of the top ten hall masters of the Martial Law Bureau,” Derek introduced himself.

“Lord Derek, I wonder what advice you have,” Dustin replied with a nod.

The Martial Law Bureau wielded authority across the martial arts world. To attain the rank of hall master, one needed remarkable strength, a profound background, and a willingness to employ resolute methods.

“Young man, you possess extraordinary talent and a bright future. Staying in this small place hardly does justice to your potential. Would you be interested in joining the Martial Law Bureau?” Derek offered directly.

His proposal caused a stir among the audience.

“We thought the Martial Law Bureau was here to apprehend martial artists who had violated rules, but it turns out they’re here to recruit talents.”

“Indeed, a young grandmaster like him being favored by the Martial Law Bureau is truly enviable.”

“Hmph, this kid is incredibly lucky to draw the attention of the Martial Law Bureau.”

The warriors in the crowd whispered, their comments filled with envy and jealousy. Joining the Martial Law Bureau was the dream of countless martial artists, symbolizing power and status. However, the division’s stringent selection criteria and challenging assessments made it a privilege reserved for only the most exceptional individuals.

True success in passing the examinations was an incredibly rare achievement.

Special recruits like Dustin were even rarer—exceedingly exceptional individuals.

“I appreciate Lord Derek’s offer, but I’m not interested in joining the Martial Law Bureau at this time,” Dustin declined firmly.

“Hmm?” Derek was momentarily taken aback by this unexpected refusal.

In all his years, no one had ever turned down the Martial Law Bureau’s invitation. Was it possible that this young man didn’t grasp the significance of the Martial Law Bureau?

“Young man, do you understand what the Martial Law Bureau represents?” Derek asked, raising his head proudly. “We oversee martial arts organizations

worldwide, establish martial arts regulations, and hold superior authority over all martial artists. We do not hesitate to act preemptively, and we have the imperial authority to pass judgment. This is the Martial Law Bureau!”

The entire martial arts world lay under the Martial Law Bureau’s dominion, with no one daring to defy its orders.

“Of course, I’ve heard of the Martial Law Bureau’s illustrious reputation, but I am but a simple man who prefers not to be bound by constraints,” Dustin replied with a shake of his head.

### **Chapter 1194: An Unyielding Refusal**

“Young man, if you decide to join the Martial Law Bureau, I can personally assure you that you’ll be enshrined!” Derek sweetened the deal even further.

In the Martial Law Bureau, being enshrined held a higher rank than that of Deputy Sheriffs. A two-level promotion in such a short time was a remarkable advancement.

“I appreciate the offer, but I’m still not interested,” Dustin declined once again.

Derek frowned at this persistent rejection. He believed he had offered enticing incentives, but the young man appeared to have little interest in the Martial Law Bureau’s prestige.

“Really? You don’t even want to be enshrined in the Martial Law Bureau? What’s going on in this young man’s mind?”

“It’s a great opportunity to be recognized by the Martial Law Bureau. This kid doesn’t seem to appreciate it. He’s just plain arrogant!”

“Hmph! Even as a young grandmaster, he seems as insignificant as a chicken when facing the Martial Law Bureau!”

Jealous and resentful comments began circulating among the onlookers.

For many martial artists, joining the Martial Law Bureau was the pinnacle of honor. Dustin’s repeated refusals came across as pure arrogance to them.

“Young man, this opportunity may not come knocking again. Are you absolutely certain about not reconsidering the offer to join the Martial Law Bureau?” Derek’s tone turned cold, and he grew visibly impatient.

He had given the young man a lot of respect, but these continued rejections were trying his patience.

“No, I came to the Martial Alliance today to challenge the leader of the Martial Arts Alliance. I have no interest in anything else,” Dustin replied calmly.

“Very well then! Everyone has their own path. I won’t pressure you,” Derek responded tersely before leaving the stage.

His expression soured, revealing a hint of anger.

“Lord Derek, please take a seat and enjoy some tea,” Eldric said, attempting to ease the tension. He led Derek and his group to a central seating area.

The attendees in this area were mostly leaders of various martial sects. At the very least, they were all half-step masters, and some were martial arts masters.

For example, there was Jan Crane, the patriarch of the Skycrane Sect, the abbot of the Temple of Boundless Compassion. They all held a grudge against Dustin since the Black Forest encounter and had come to witness his downfall. After his expected defeat, they planned to seize the opportunity to eliminate him once and for all.

“Eldric is correct. This Dustin refuses to heed discipline. If he were to enter the Martial Law Bureau, it would only bring trouble. It’s best to abandon the idea,” Asher chimed in.

“Hmph! I initially intended to give him a chance, but he proved to be utterly shameless. In that case, I won’t show any mercy. Let’s see whether he lives or dies today!” Derek’s expression turned cold and his eyes filled with malice.

The Martial Law Bureau was known for its ruthless methods. Any martial artist who defied their orders would be branded a prohibitive offender. The consequences could range from imprisonment to execution, depending on the severity of the violation.

Dustin’s behavior had already landed him on Derek’s blacklist.



“Elder Asher, everyone’s here. When will Chief Ronald come out?” Eldric decided to change the subject.

“Leader Ronald was in seclusion last night and needs to rest. Deputy Leader Eldric, if you can’t wait, you’re welcome to head back and rest,” Asher replied, his tone somewhat enigmatic.

“Hehe, I’m patient, but Lord Derek has a busy schedule. You wouldn’t want to make him wait forever, would you?” Eldric said with a grin.

Asher momentarily found himself in a tight spot, as he couldn’t afford to offend Derek due to his high status.

“No need to wait any longer. Alliance Leader Ronald has arrived,” Jan Crane suddenly announced, lifting his head to gaze in a specific direction.

### **Chapter 1195: The Challenge Begins**

“Arrived?” Upon hearing this, several people immediately followed Jan Crane’s gaze.

They saw a white figure gracefully descending from the roof of the Martial Alliance headquarters. This figure moved with an ethereal lightness, like a feather drifting down in the wind.

“He’s here! Leader Ronald has arrived!”

The martial arts arena erupted with excitement as Ronald Reeds, the leader of the Martial Arts Alliance, finally made his appearance.

In the eyes of the spectators, Ronald Reeds, dressed in white, exuded an aura of mystery and nobility. He seemed like a celestial being descending from the heavens, with a presence that demanded respect.

There was no need for an imposing display or a show of force. Ronald Reeds’s mere presence inspired awe and reverence.

Asher was the first to stand up, saluting with his fists, and welcoming Ronald’s arrival. He was followed by numerous Martial Alliance disciples who rose to their feet and chanted in unison.

The collective voice was like a thunderous wave, echoing throughout the martial arts arena, refusing to subside for a long time.

All the warriors present were moved by this display of respect, and they, too, stood up to salute Ronald.

The leader of the Martial Arts Alliance, the most powerful martial artist in the southern region of Balermo, deserved such a grand welcome.

“This guy seems to have improved his strength again?” Eldric furrowed his brows, his gaze becoming more serious.

He had initially intended to use Dustin’s challenge to challenge Ronald’s authority, but now it appeared that the plan might not work.

It was evident that Ronald was only a half-step away from becoming a Grandmaster infinity level. In less than three months, he would likely achieve a successful breakthrough. Once that happened, he would ascend to a level where he was virtually unbeatable.

Eldric had been a step too slow in his calculations.

“Chief Ronald has made his appearance. We’re in for a great spectacle now!”

“The young master’s challenge to the leader of the Martial Arts Alliance is destined to go down in history.”

“If this had happened a couple of years later, it might have been a different story. But right now, the gap between them is just too vast.”

As they gazed upon Ronald’s graceful figure, the warriors couldn’t help but engage in hushed conversations.

Ronald’s power and status were deeply ingrained in the martial arts world, and his position was unassailable.

Though Dustin possessed immense strength, he was still leagues behind Ronald.

“Leader Ronald, it’s been a few years since we last met. I hope you’ve been well,” Derek stood up, clasping his fists in respect.

“Oh? I didn’t expect Lord Derek to be present. It’s a pleasure to see you,” Ronald responded with a nod and a smile.

“Chief Ronald, today, someone is willing to openly challenge your authority. You mustn’t go easy on him,” Jan Crane remarked with significance.

He had harbored a grudge against Dustin since the Black Forest battle when he lost an arm to him.

“Thank you, Grandmaster Jan, for your reminder. I’ll exercise my discretion,” Ronald replied calmly, his gaze shifting to Dustin on the stage. “Dustin, I admire your courage in issuing a challenge, but your actions are truly foolish. I’ll give you one last chance. Tap out now, I might consider not pursuing any further consequences.”

“Ronald, I’m not going to go easy on you. You’ve been hypocritical, corrupt, and don’t deserve to lead the Martial Arts Alliance! Today, I’m here to seek justice for the former leader, Paul Hill, for uncle Michael (Grandmaster Edmund Robinson), and for all the wrongs I’ve endured from you.” Dustin declared, lifting his head and speaking with unwavering determination.

“Today, justice will prevail in this life-and-death battle!”. His words sent shockwaves through the crowd, leaving everyone bewildered and intrigued.

### **Chapter 1196: Life-and-death battle?**

The martial arts arena was abuzz with astonishment when Dustin boldly declared his intention to engage in a life-and-death battle with Ronald.

“What? A fight to the death? Is he out of his mind?”

“Did I hear correctly? He’s challenging Alliance Leader Ronald to a life-and-death duel?”

“He’s seriously overestimating himself! This is audacious beyond measure!”

“I would have admired his courage in a regular challenge, but a fight to the death? That’s pure recklessness!”

Dustin's audacious proclamation left all the warriors in disbelief. Challenging the leader of the Martial Arts Alliance was already a daring feat, but now, demanding a fight to the death was seen as nothing short of foolhardy.

"Sir Dustin seems too impulsive. Why go to such extreme lengths?" Aria voiced her concerns.

It was common knowledge that in a life-and-death battle, there could be only one outcome – one of the participants would not leave the arena alive. There was no room for surrender.

Such duels were typically reserved for cases involving deep-seated, long-standing animosity between the involved parties.

"Why would he risk everything for fame and fortune?" Serena echoed her apprehensions.

Challenging the leader of the Martial Arts Alliance was already a noble undertaking, even in the face of potential defeat. There would be no shame in it, and no one would fault him for trying.

However, the situation had taken a drastic, life-threatening turn. Defeat meant losing his life.

"This guy is clearly inviting trouble!" Liam couldn't help but wear a sly grin, tinged with schadenfreude.

"What a foolish move!" Cameron shook his head in disdain.

"These youngsters nowadays fail to grasp their own limitations. By insisting on a life-and-death duel with the martial arts leader, they're essentially walking into the lion's den," Derek sneered.

Liam couldn't resist a sly grin. "This guy is really asking for trouble."

Cameron shook his head, exasperated. "Such a senseless move."

Derek chimed in, his tone dripping with sarcasm. "Today's youth, they just don't get it. Marching into a life-and-death showdown with the martial arts leader is like walking straight into a lion's den."

An understated Dominance – Dahlia and Dustin Novel

**Score 10**

### **Chapter 1197: The Life-and-Death Duel Commences**

Under Ronald's command, a life-and-death contract was presented. Without hesitation, both participants inked their signatures on the contract and pressed their fingerprints onto it.

In ordinary martial arts contests, outcomes often relied on fate, but there was an unspoken understanding that in non-feudal situations, the victor would usually show some leniency. However, this was no ordinary duel. With the life-and-death contract in effect, those merciful conventions were cast aside.

There would be no holding back, no room for retreat—only a battle to the death remained. There were no other alternatives: life or death.

“Dustin, this is the riskiest choice you've ever made,” Ronald declared.

As soon as the contract was sealed, Ronald's entire demeanor underwent a transformation. His earlier grace and composure gave way to a sharp and tremendous power. His presence emitted an overwhelming pressure that permeated the arena.

In an instant, the spectators in the crowd felt their bodies burdened, as if an invisible weight rested on their shoulders, causing their breath to quicken. The less sturdy among them started to breathe heavily, sweat forming on their foreheads.

“What an incredible display of power from a grandmaster. Is this the true might of the Martial Arts Alliance's leader?”

Their hearts quivered, and their reverence for Ronald deepened even further.

In a single moment, he could exude tranquility like a Bodhisattva (or bodhisattva is a person who is on the path towards bodhi or Buddhahood), and in the next, he could radiate the fury of a raging King Kong, wielding immense power. The grandeur of the Martial Arts Alliance's leader and the might of Balermo's top martial artist were now fully on display.

“Ronald, wrongdoers will face their destiny. Today, it’s your day of reckoning!” Dustin declared, taking a bold step forward.

The ground beneath him cracked, releasing a pressure equal to Ronald’s, and the two silently clashed.

Both emitted incredibly potent auras, and their collision formed a translucent barrier.

This barrier acted as an invisible boundary, dividing the arena into two domains: on the left, Dustin’s territory, and on the right, Ronald’s.

Even before direct combat had begun, they were locked in a silent showdown.

“Dustin, I must admit, you are indeed exceptionally strong. Finding a martial arts prodigy like you in all of Balermo, and perhaps the entire world, is exceedingly rare,” Ronald acknowledged as he advanced step by step. His aura continued to grow, resembling a bulldozer relentlessly encroaching on Dustin’s space. “Perhaps, if we waited another ten years—no, even just five—you might be fully prepared to face me. But for now, you are still too young.”

Rumble!

With Ronald’s approach, the translucent barrier began to shift forward, and the two auras clashed, resulting in sporadic bursts of energy. Although Dustin stood his ground, the aura surrounding him was gradually being compressed.

From an outsider’s perspective, Ronald had the upper hand.

“Even before they’ve actually fought, it seems like Dustin is already losing momentum. How can he possibly win?”

“We haven’t even started, and he’s already in this situation. Isn’t this too early to concede?”

“Youth is often marked by arrogance. Signing a life-and-death contract so lightly, it’s as if he’s sealing his own fate.”

“Hmph! People who overestimate themselves deserve their fate.”

The audience expressed a variety of emotions, including regret, pity, worry, disdain, and schadenfreude.

In their eyes, Dustin's defeat seemed inevitable, and the only question remaining was how long he could hold out.

"Lord Derek, care to make a guess on how many moves Dustin can withstand against Leader Ronald?" Asher suddenly asked in the audience.

"It's predictable. The outcome will be determined within ten moves," Derek responded calmly.

### **Chapter 1198: Clash of the Titans**

Even among the greatest masters, there are different levels of strength, and the gaps between these levels are like impassable chasms.

"Look at that boy, Derek has given him too much credit," said Jan Crane with a grin, shaking his head. "It seems that Leader Ronald has reached new heights in his power after his retreat. I bet he can defeat Dustin in just three moves."

"Is that so?" Derek raised an eyebrow, genuinely surprised. Ronald had already reached the peak of Grandmaster status several years ago. If he continued to improve, wouldn't he be on the cusp of becoming a Martial Arts Master? In that case, the Martial Law Bureau would need to reassess his value.

"Dustin, you should never have challenged me. I gave you a chance back in the Black Forest, but it seems you're determined to invite disaster upon yourself. Today, there's no one who can save you!" Ronald continued to advance, his already formidable aura surging once again.

It was like a tidal wave, overwhelming everything in its path.

"Crack, crack, crack..."

Under the intense pressure, the energy surrounding Dustin began to fracture, resembling a giant piece of glass on the verge of shattering. The cracks spread rapidly, forming a complex web-like pattern.

"Buzz~!"

Behind Dustin, the Sky Sword concealed in its sheath began to vibrate intensely, emitting a low, eager hum. It seemed too eager to join the battle.

However, Dustin reached out and patted the sword's hilt to calm its restlessness. It wasn't time to unsheathe the sword just yet.

"Dustin! Your time has come!" Pushed to his limits, Ronald suddenly lunged forward, and with a "thud," the energy barrier that Dustin had erected shattered into fragments.

"Prepare to meet your end!" Ronald seized the opportunity, advancing quickly and transforming into a white streak of light shooting straight upwards.

Wherever the white streak passed, the air was torn asunder, emitting thunderous roars, and carving deep grooves into the once-solid arena floor.

The incredible speed and pressure were like a missile with devastating firepower, capable of obliterating everything in its path.

"Well done!" Dustin's eyes narrowed, refusing to be outdone. He too transformed into a stream of light and charged towards Ronald.

In that moment, neither side retreated or evaded; instead, they chose to confront each other head-on.

The two human projectiles finally collided after a brief sprint.

"Boom—!!"

There was an earth-shaking explosion, and the ground quaked violently. The entire martial arts arena began to tremble, and a colossal crater was blasted into the previously sturdy floor.

Numerous cracks radiated outward from the edges of the pit.

A massive wave-like shockwave emanated from the point of impact and swept in all directions. Wherever it passed, it sent sand and rocks flying, shrouding the surroundings in a cloud of dust and debris.

Spectators in the audience instinctively covered their ears, hunching over and channeling their inner strength to withstand the roaring hurricane. Even with their preparations, the violent airflow still caused their hair to stand on end,



facial muscles to twitch, and bodies to stagger, making it impossible to maintain their balance.

When Dustin and Ronald collided, they carved a deep chasm into the entire circular arena.

Upon impact, their bodies were forcibly separated.

Under the immense force, Dustin was propelled backward over ten meters, his feet gouging deep furrows into the arena floor. It was as if he had plowed through the ground, leaving two deep trenches in his wake.

In contrast, Ronald seemed to float gently up and down, appearing unaffected by the encounter.

The difference in strength between the two was clear to everyone.

### **Chapter 1199: Unleashing Celestial Ascendant Immortal Fist**

The arena fell into a tense silence as an air of anticipation hung heavily in the atmosphere. The warriors in the audience shivered, their backs tingling with fear. The aftermath of the earlier clash had been far too terrifying. If they hadn't been prepared and moved out of the way in time, they might have suffered severe injuries on the spot. Even so, the lingering fear of the destructive power still sent shivers down their spines.

"Indeed, your strength has grown since our encounter in the Black Forest," admitted Ronald, a faint smile on his lips. He seemed confident of victory. "But unfortunately, you'll still die today."

"Ronald, if you have any real skills, use them now, or else you'll regret it later," Dustin retorted coldly, standing tall with unwavering determination.

"Hmph! Don't count your chickens before they hatch!" Ronald's eyes narrowed, and his aura surged once more. His clothing remained unruffled by the wind, producing a faint rustling sound. "You want to see my true strength? Very well, today, I'll make sure you meet your end convinced!"

With that declaration, his body trembled, and a golden light burst forth, forming a protective aura around him. This golden radiance enveloped his body like armor, elevating Ronald, who was already awe-inspiring, to an even greater level of majesty. He appeared like a god descending to the mortal realm, exuding disdain for all living beings.

The spectators in the audience felt their breath grow shallow, and the pressure bearing down on them intensified. Many individuals were overwhelmed and forced to retreat, seeking safety at a distance from the impending battle.

“Excellent! Leader Ronald is finally taking action!” Jan Crane couldn’t help but smile wickedly.

“I’ve heard rumors about Alliance Leader Ronald’s Celestial Ascendant Immortal Fist, but today, I finally have the chance to witness it firsthand,” Derek exclaimed, his spirits lifted.

“Hmph... This boy is arrogant enough to meet his end under Alliance Leader Ronald’s unique technique,” added Asher, with his cold gaze.

“Even with Celestial Ascendant Immortal Fist, Dustin is in grave danger now,” Eldric remarked, his expression serious.

Celestial Ascendant Immortal Fist was a legendary top-tier technique, rendering its practitioner invulnerable to weapons, fire, and water. They became as unstoppable as a god or a demon in their realm. However, due to its demanding cultivation requirements, no one had successfully mastered it for the past hundred years, except for Ronald. During his previous bid for martial arts alliance leadership, Ronald had used Celestial Ascendant Immortal Fist to secure victory. Moreover, he had reached the pinnacle of this unique skill, enhancing its power by over a hundred times.

“Leader Ronald’s Celestial Ascendant Immortal Fist is a martial legend like no other. Dustin is facing inevitable doom!” Liam sneered, a hint of schadenfreude in his tone.

“Hold on, Dustin!” Serena clutched her clothing nervously, her worry evident.

“It’s all over... Alliance Leader Ronald is no longer holding back. Sir Dustin is in grave danger,” Aria sighed, pity in her eyes.

“This boy is too foolish. If it were me, I would have fled long ago. Instead, he’s standing there like a sitting duck, awaiting his demise,” Cameron remarked, shaking his head as if observing a complete idiot.

Whispers filled the audience, and a palpable chill hung over the stage. As Ronald unleashed his unique skill, his aura reached its zenith. In the eyes of the warriors, Ronald was no longer merely powerful; he had become a godlike, invincible entity.

“Dustin, I admire your courage. In return, I’ll give it my all,” Ronald declared, taking a deep breath that seemed to draw in all the surrounding heavenly and earthly energies. In the next moment, golden light radiated from him, slowly gathering into a golden sword.

With the sword in hand, Ronald lightly pushed off the ground with his toes, and his entire body soared into the air.

## **Chapter 1200: The Fateful Clash**

Ascending into the air, Ronald’s golden armor glittered brightly in the sunlight, capturing everyone’s attention.

“This sword is named Eternoblade. I spent three years in isolation mastering this technique,” Ronald explained calmly. “It has never been revealed to outsiders until today. Consider it an honor that your life will end beneath my blade. Witness it!”

With those words, Ronald’s golden sword quivered, and his entire body transformed into a dazzling streak of golden light, descending like an unstoppable and invincible celestial river.

“What incredible speed! What terrifying swordsmanship!”

“My goodness! Is this divine retribution descending upon us? It’s absolutely terrifying!”

“Once this sword is unleashed, no one can withstand it. Even if the young master perishes, he shall be remembered with honor!”

Ronald's astonishing sword technique stirred a frenzy among the spectators, filling the entire arena with awe and astonishment. The blinding golden light resembled the blazing sun, making resistance seem futile.

One swing of this sword appeared capable of ending it all—a force of unparalleled destruction!

As Ronald initiated his sword strike, Dustin sprang into action.

With a gentle tap, the black sword shrouded in cloth on his back was unsheathed in an instant. Simultaneously, Dustin produced two silver needles and thrust them into the back of his head.

In an instant, Dustin's eyes turned bloodshot, and veins popped out on his face. An overwhelming surge of energy radiated from his body, akin to a towering mountain.

This was undoubtedly a secret technique of the Rhys family—breaking through realms with one's own life force.

“Sky Sword!” Dustin declared, leaping into the air. He seized the Sky Sword mid-flight and transformed into a streak of black light, thrusting it towards the oncoming golden brilliance.

Ronald, shrouded in golden radiance like a deity, and Dustin, cloaked in black energy like a demon, were polar opposites. One ascended while the other descended, and they collided head-on with their most formidable attacks.

In an instant, the world seemed to change colors, and the earth shook.

“Boom!”

“Boom!”

“Boom!”

Following the blinding light, three thunderous crashes echoed, each louder than the last.

With the first explosion, Ronald's golden sword shattered into fragments.

With the second, Ronald's protective aura disintegrated.

And with the third, Ronald's arm, the one that had held the sword, was severed, causing him to bleed profusely.

Dustin's fusion of human and sword, empowered by an unstoppable force, pierced through Ronald's offense and defense, severely injuring him in the process.

Everything happened in the blink of an eye.

The spectators in the audience could scarcely keep up. After the collision of the two light beams, the black light penetrated the golden light and soared into the sky, creating a violent disturbance as the earth quivered and the mountains trembled. Thunderous roars and surging waves followed.

Everyone had to cover their ears and shut their eyes, enduring the aftermath of the cataclysmic explosion.

When the dust settled, Dustin stood silently at the edge of the arena, the black sword in his hand stained with blood.

Ronald, on the other hand, appeared battered and shocked. His body was riddled with wounds, and most notably, his severed arm and shoulder bled profusely.

He looked defeated and humiliated.