

An Understated Dominance Chapter 971 - 980

Chapter 971

Dustin charged toward where the voices came from.

“Hurry up, guys! We don’t want anyone to get left behind!”

Emily yelled and quickly followed. She was worried that Dustin might be rash and jump into enemies’ traps.

After about ten minutes, they saw a vast plain.

It was a barren land that was as wide as a football field. They could only see soil and rocks;

no living thing was in sight.

Right in the middle of the barren field was a tomb that led underground.

The end of the path was black and seemed bottomless. Nobody knew what was in there.

There was a group of strong martial artists surrounding the tomb.

They guarded it carefully, looking around in alert. They were on the lookout for anyone approaching.

“Could that be Iris Meskill’s tomb?”

Nathan got excited as they spied on the dark tomb. They kept themselves hidden behind some trees.

Lady Luck was truly smiling upon them!

They had expected to stay in the forest for at least weeks. Who would have thought they'd

find where the treasure was hidden in less than half a day?

“From the look of things, this is it. But some people have gotten here before us.

“They're the Ironfists!” Emily frowned, looking worried.

Ironfists was the largest guild in Jameston. Though it wasn't as powerful as Regalswords, it was close to being on the same level as Regalswords.

It would do them no good to go up against them head-on.

“Emily, they seem to hold two disciples of the Jade Maiden Sisterhood hostage. I guess they're waiting to claim the treasure.” Vanessa noticed something amiss.

1/3

The disciples of Ironfists guarded the opening of the tomb with their hostages. Once the disciples of the Jade Maiden Sisterhood emerged, they would be taken by surprise.

“I've already given our mentor a heads up. Let's wait and see how things go while we wait

for backup.” Emily was calm and composed.

She knew that they weren't a match for the Ironfists now. She needed her mentor there to

back them up.

“I’m afraid there won’t be enough time for that.” Dustin squinted.

“Look around carefully. Do you see how many groups are lying in wait?”

“What?” Emily focused on their surroundings.

As Dustin pointed out, she noticed figures hiding in the shadows around them.

That proved that other, more powerful people lurked around in places they could not see.

“Who’s sneaking around there? Get the hell out here!” one of the experts from Ironfists roared.

His booming voice scared the surrounding birds to fly away.

“Hahaha!” a loud laughter was heard as a group of men walked out from their hiding place.

A man with a messy beard was leading the group. He was muscular and had a bronze-ringed broadsword over his shoulder. He gave off a murderous aura.

“Weston Greene? The leader of the Desert Hawks?”

Emily’s brows furrowed when she saw Weston

The Desert Hawks was a gang of bandits who terrorized the area. Their leader, Weston Greene, was renowned for being merciless and strong.

Many skilled martial artists had lost their lives against him.

“You too, Sheaves! Come on out!

“No point trying to hide now!” Weston shouted, looking at his side.

As leaves fell to the ground, a group of men emerged from the trees.

Their leader looked like a gentleman. Though he looked harmless, his gaze was cold and sharp.

2/3

“Magnus Sheaves of Skycrane?” Emily’s expression went from bad to worse.

The Skycranes were just about as powerful as the Ironfists. Magnus Sheaves, the eldest disciple, was acknowledged as a genius swordmaster in Yuston.

“We’ve got trouble.” Vanessa swallowed dryly.

Ironfists, Desert Hawks, and Skycrane were the three major guilds who were worthy opponents of Azure Mist. It would be quite a challenge *to* get the treasure from them.

“Sheaves, Neeson, it seems like several rats are still lurking in the forest. Shall we wipe them out before we get down to business?”

gaze

Weston smiled sinisterly as his gaze shot over to Emily and the rest of them. His held a killing intent.

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All eyes fell on them when they heard what Weston said. Their gaze was hostile and

unkind.

There were many divine-level martial artists present. They could hear everything within a

300 feet radius.

“They’ve noticed us!” Vanessa had a bad feeling.

“Nathan, Emily, what do we do now?”

“Why are you so worried? I’m here. You’ll be fine. Follow me!”

Dusting himself off, Nathan walked out with his head held high.

Though those were strong opponents, the Azure Mist wasn’t to be looked down upon either. He had the confidence to take them down in a fair fight.

“Come on, let’s go meet them.” Emily gestured to the rest of them and graciously showed themselves.

They had initially planned to watch on from the sidelines, but it was too bad that they were noticed so soon.

“Alright, now that everyone’s here, how should we handle things?”

Weston smiled evilly with his broadsword still hoisted over his shoulder.

“I suggest we should team up for now. Once we get the treasure, we can split it evenly among us.

“That way, everyone can walk away happy!” Nathan suggested.

He wasn’t greedy. Getting a portion of the treasure would be enough.

“What do you say, Sheaves?” Drake Neeson, the eldest disciple of Ironfists, asked for Magnus’ opinion.

Out of everyone present, Magnus was the one person he feared the most.

“I have no problems about splitting the treasure. But, there are too many of us here now.”

Magnus’ gaze swept across the plain.

1/3

“It would be best if there were fewer people to split the treasure among,” he said darkly.

“Less? But who should we get rid of?” Weston’s eyes narrowed.

It was true that each would get a larger portion if they split the treasure three ways instead of four.

“Skycrane, Ironfists, and Azure Mist are all decent guilds.

“Only the Desert Hawks are a gang of bandits. Who do you think we should get rid of?”

Magnus smiled ever so faintly.

At that, all the disciples of the three guilds looked at the Desert Hawks. They were not even hiding their sinister looks.

“What?” Weston’s face fell.

“Sheaves, we are all part of the martial world!

“You should know that anyone who finds the treasure will have some of it! Are you sure this is what you want to do?”

“How dare despicable bandits like you claim to be one of us?”

Magnus huffed. “I’ll give you one minute to get out of here. If you do not, you will end up

dead!”

“Sheaves! You’ve overstepped the line!” Weston fumed and got ready to kill.

“Neeson, Hoyles, since he insists on staying back, we will no longer hold back! Kill him!”

Without wasting another word, Magnus unsheathed his sword and charged at Weston. He would pay with his life for not leaving when he had the chance to do so.

“Damn it! You’re dead!” Weston was furious.

He lifted his broadsword, bringing it down in a forceful slash.

A deadly fight broke out between the two. With that, a war sparked between the disciples of Skycrane and Desert Hawk.

For a moment, the flashes and glints of swords slashing could be seen in the dark. Blood splattered everywhere.

“Wipe out the Desert Hawks!” Drake was quick to react.

With a roar, he led the disciples of Ironfists into the battlefield.

There was nothing wrong with decent guilds wiping out bandit gangs. They felt no sense of guilt at what they were doing.

Even if word got out about what they did, they would only be praised for ridding of the bandits.

The Desert Hawks were few in numbers, so they weren’t a match for the Skycranes. Now that the Ironfists joined the fight, it was clear that they were on the losing end.

The disciples of the Desert Hawks were killed and severely injured. They did not even have the chance to escape.

“Nathan, should we go and help out?” a disciple of the Azure Mist suddenly asked.

“There’s no need for that. The two guilds can easily defeat them.” Nathan shook his head, not planning to get involved in the fight.

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He wasn't one to take advantage of those who were outnumbered.

“Fuck you, Sheaves!” Weston roared.

He was ultimately defeated by a stab that Magnus delivered straight to his chest. He slumped to the ground.

Within minutes, the Desert Hawks were wiped clean. None one of them survived.

“How dare a gang of bandits challenge us? Insolent bastards!” Magnus huffed and flicked his sword to the side, raining drops of blood to the ground.

“Hey! Why didn't Azure Mist join in the fight earlier on?”

Drake turned and saw Nathan and the rest of them standing where they stood earlier.

They were clean, with not a single drop of blood on them. It was clear that they had not joined the fight.

“Two major guilds are enough to deal with the Desert Hawks. There was no need for us to get involved,” Nathan explained calmly.

Though he was only stating the fact, it sounded to the rest of them like he was trying to act nobler than them.

“You did nothing and simply watched as we killed them. Are you trying to gain an advantage out of the situation?” Drake asked sinisterly.

“You're mistaken. I never meant to do that.”

Emily quickly stood out to explain, “The fight ended too soon. We did not even have the time *to* react, and the Desert Hawks were already wiped out!”

The malicious looks all around made her feel uneasy.

“Hah! Do you think that I'd buy that?” Drake looked at them with a sharp gaze.

“Neeson, it looks like the Azure Mist isn't on our side. Why don't we join forces for now

and clear them out first?

“Then, we can split the treasure just between us. How’s that sound?” Magnus suggested.

“Hahaha! Exactly my thoughts!” Drake laughed heartily.

It was even better to split the gains two ways than three!

“Hey! I’m warning you, you better not do anything reckless!”

Seeing that they had formed an alliance, Nathan wielded his sword and warned them.”
The Azure Mist is nothing like the Desert Hawks!

“We will not let you have your way with us! If you dare mess with us, we’ll bring you down!”

“Bring us down? Haha! What a joke!” Drake laughed coldly.

“If I join forces with Sheaves, wiping out Azure Mist will be a piece of cake!”

“Neeson, don’t waste time on talking. Let’s go and kill them all!” Magnus urged. His eyes

shone with killing intent.

“Alright! Today is the day I’ll show them what the Adamantine Body Art is all about!”
Drake

laughed maniacally.

Just as he was about to channel his inner energy, the sound of flesh being pierced was heard. A sword had stabbed him from behind, piercing straight from his chest.

Blood dripped off the sword.

Drake was caught off guard. He looked down in utter shock to see the sword sticking out of his chest.

The attack was so sudden that it took him some time to understand what had happened.

He had been stabbed before his energy armor had been activated.

The question was, who did it? All those who stood behind him were his comrades!

With anger and disbelief written on his face, it took Drake a great effort to turn around.

He

was met with Magnus' cold and sinister smile.

“It was you?” Drake's eyes widened in disbelief.

“Why? Haven't we agreed to work together?”

“There are no permanent enemies, only permanent interests.

“You're the biggest threat to me here. I can't be at ease with you around!” Magnus sneered.

The Azure Mist was just a second-grade guild to him. He wasn't intimidated by them at all.

The only ones that he felt threatened by were the Ironfists.

2/3

He particularly feared Drake among them since he had perfectly honed the Adamantine Body Art. He was known to be undefeatable.

Once he unleashed his powers, he would be invincible. Had Magnus not sneaked an attack on him, it would be difficult for him to find another chance to win against him.

He had caught the exact moment when Drake had been letting out his energy and was thus totally defenseless. Hence, he chose to attack without a moment's hesitation.

“You... you wretched vermin! Curses on you! You should go die in a ditch!” Drake roared.

“You're the one who's going to die!” Magnus let out a cold laugh as he swung his sword down hard.

Drake was beheaded on the spot.

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Drake's head fell to the ground with a thud.

Everyone was shocked. No one had expected Magnus to pull such a dirty trick.

He was smiling and agreeing to an alliance just seconds ago. But now, he had chopped Drake's head off. He was plain evil!

"Drake!" After they got over the shock, the Ironfists disciples were angered.

Before they could even react, the Skycrane disciples began attacking. Following their shrieks, most of the Ironfists disciples were defeated within seconds.

As for the remaining, Magnus and his men surrounded and killed them off. They did not stand a chance against Magnus.

The Azure Mist had their guards up when they saw how ruthless the Skycrane disciples were. They pulled their swords out, waiting to see what they would do next.

"Magnus! I never thought you'd be so despicable to attack someone sneakily!" Nathan's brows furrowed.

Skycrane was supposed to be a decent guild. How could Magnus resort to such underhanded tactics?

It was shameless!

"Haha! What does it have to do with you? As long as I laugh till the end, who cares what I do?" Magnus sneered, not feeling ashamed at all.

He seemed proud of himself.

The martial world followed the rule of the survival of the fittest. Killing a few men to get his hands on the treasure meant nothing to him.

"Hah! Do you think you'll remain victorious till the end?"

“Don’t forget, I’m still here!” Nathan shouted at him.

“You?” Magnus looked at him in disdain.

“Who do you think you are? You are simply the lead disciple of a second–grade guild.

“How dare you challenge me?”

1/3

“You arrogant bastard!”

“How dare you look down on Nathan? You better watch your back!”

The Azure Mist disciples were angry when they heard what Magnus said.

Skycrane might be powerful, but the Azure Mist wasn’t *to* be messed with either.

Besides, with Nathan there, they had a chance of winning.

“Don’t be so proud, Sheaves! If you have the guts, fight me one–on–one.

“I’ll show you how I can beat you up!” Nathan shouted.

“A one–to–one fight? Sure. I’d like to see what you’re capable of.” Magnus smirked and gestured at Nathan to make the first move.

He had sneaked an attack on Drake because he was scared of him. But he was not afraid of

Nathan and the rest of them.

“All of you, stand back! I’ll teach him a lesson!” Nathan declared confidently.

“Be careful, Nathan! Magnus is very skilled. You shouldn’t be rash!” Emily warned.

“Don’t worry. He won’t be able to pull any of his dirty tricks with me here. Just wait and see.

“I’ll defeat him within 100 moves!” Nathan was full of confidence.

He might not be able to beat Magnus in a group fight. But he had never backed out of a one-

on-one fight.

“Cut the crap! Here I come!” Magnus didn’t bother to continue chatting.

He raised his sword and charged forward. He moved with incredible speed and attacked from an unpredictable direction.

“Another sneak attack? Shame on you!”

But Nathan was prepared for it. Wielding his sword, he leaped forward.

A fierce battle ensued.

They were both expert martial artists who had reached the divine-level. They were both also the eldest disciple of their respective guilds.

They had the best training resources and also learned directly from their masters.

2/3

The outcome of their battle was not only a matter of who would win. It was a matter of their respective guilds’ reputation, as well as a matter of life and death.

So, neither of them backed down. They both gave it their all, each attack aiming to kill their opponent.

Magnus’ sword danced about swiftly and mercilessly. His swordsmanship was exceptional, and every move was unpredictable.

His incredible footwork made it hard to keep up with.

Nathan’s techniques were powerful, and it was clear that he had a solid foundation. He looked like a strong opponent when he swung his sword around him.

But though he looked mighty, it was only a matter of time before he was defeated.

A series of metallic clangs sounded as Nathan slashed wildly. As he gradually lost his patience, his attacks got more forceful.

On the other hand, Magnus had a slight smirk. He blocked the attacks in stride, appearing to be toying with Nathan.

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“Nathan won’t hold up for much longer.” Dustin could finally hold it in no more.

But what was meant as a warning received a lot of retorts from the Azure Mist disciples.

“That’s nonsense! Nathan is extremely skilled, and his swordsmanship is incredible! How could he possibly be defeated?”

“Exactly! Please look closely! Nathan is winning!”

“Hmph! Why are you on the opponent’s side and belittling Nathan? If you don’t know what’s happening, keep your nonsense to yourself!”

They shouted at Dustin.

Everyone could see that Nathan was overpowering Magnus! It wouldn’t take much longer

for him to win the battle!

But not only was Dustin not cheering Nathan on, he was even belittling him? How annoying!

“You probably don’t know Nathan well, Dustin.

Vanessa proudly explained, “Nathan’s so skillful that he’s considered one of the top three in the younger generation of Lester martial artists.

“He’s earned himself the nickname of the Little Dragon and has defeated many reputable martial artists. It shouldn’t be a tough battle going against Magnus.”

“That’s right! You should watch and learn! See how Nathan defeats him!”

The disciples of Azure Mist held their heads high. They were confident.

Dustin shook his head, not saying much. These people were too blind to see what was going on.

As time went on, the fight got intense. Nathan started to falter. Sweat formed on his brows

as he panted heavily.

“Azure Blade!” Nathan gritted his teeth and used his trump card.

He swung his blade even faster. For a moment, there was a flash from his sword.

The air around him swirled and sent sand and dust flying. The flash from his sword

1/3

“Look! Nathan’s using his best move!”

“Haha! Azure Blade will certainly defeat Magnus!”

“Keep your eyes open, Rhys! See for yourself just how powerful Nathan is!”

The disciples of Azure Mist were so excited, as if Nathan had already won.

But as their voices died down, they heard a scream.

Magnus had stabbed Nathan in the stomach and sent him flying. Nathan threw up blood and lay on the ground, too weak to get up.

“Nathan?” The Azure Mist disciples were all scared and shocked by what they saw.

Didn’t Nathan have the upper hand just now? How did he suddenly get defeated? What was going on?

“You... you deflected my move?” Nathan’s eyes widened in disbelief.

He had not expected Magnus to break through his most powerful move so easily.

“Hmph! I was just playing with you. Do you think you’re all that great?”

Sneering, Magnus looked at him in contempt. “At your level, you aren’t even fit to carry my shoes!”

“You-!” Nathan glared at Magnus as he threw up more blood.

“Since you’ve lost, it’s time you go to hell!” Magnus whipped his sword and charged forward.

“Hold it right there!”

“Protect Nathan!”

The disciples of Azure Mist rushed forward at the sight.

“You’re too full of yourself!” Magnus scoffed as he slashed his sword in an arc.

A blinding flash of light sparked from his sword and swept toward the Azure Mist disciples like a giant sickle.

They were taken aback and raised their swords to deflect the blow.

All the Azure Mist disciples were sent flying with blood spewing out their mouths. None

Chapter 976

“How is that possible?”

Seeing all the disciples of Azure Mist lying on the ground and throwing up blood, Emily and Vanessa exchanged looks of horror.

They had been standing at the back of the group, so they had not rushed up in time to help

Nathan.

What they saw was terrifying. More than ten elite disciples of Azure Mist were sent flying

by a single slash of Magnus’ sword.

His strength was horrifying!

“How dare you bunch of trash attempt to challenge me? You’re just wasting your efforts!”

Magnus pointed at them with his sword. He was looking down on them.

He had only engaged in Nathan's challenge for fun. Now that he had his fun, it was time he ended things.

"As expected of Magnus. His skills are out of this world!"

"Hah! How dare a second-grade guild go against us? They were asking for it!"

The Skycrane disciples laughed among themselves. The treasure was theirs now that they had defeated the Azure Mist.

"Magnus! Those girls with them are beautiful!"

"It'd be a pity to kill them just like that. Why don't we have some fun with them first?"

One of the disciples of Skycrane pointed at Emily with a wicked smile.

"Oh?" Magnus looked over and nodded enthusiastically.

"Not bad. They do look fine indeed."

"If you want to have fun with them, you better hurry. Don't waste too much time."

"Hehe! Thank you, Magnus!" The Skycrane disciples were excited.

Their eyes lit up.

"Emily, run! I'll hold them back!"

Seeing that things weren't good for them, Nathan clenched his jaws and forced himself up.

He knew that if his sister fell into their hands, her life would be a living hell. Those monsters were inhumane.

"If we die, we're going to die together! I can't leave you behind!" Emily slowly lifted her sword.

She looked like she was ready to fight them.

"Stop putting on a brave front! Run while you can!" Nathan yelled at her.

He would give his life to ensure that his sister was safe.

"Vanessa! Lead Dustin and the rest of them out of here.

"Leave this to me!" Emily stood firm, determined.

"Emily! No! I'm not leaving! I'm staying back with you!"

Vanessa had tears in her eyes. Though she was afraid, she did not back off.

"Don't be silly! You aren't of any help here! Get Master Chasey!"

"I'll hold these people back. If Master Chasey gets here in time, we still have hope!" Emily told her.

"Emily..." Vanessa seemed helpless as she looked at Emily with teary eyes.

She knew that if she left now, she might never see them again.

"Don't just stand there! Quick! Run before it's too late!" Emily urged her frantically.

She had to get all of them to leave. That was better than them staying back and none of them surviving.

“I’ll do it.”

Just as Vanessa was stuck in a dilemma, Dustin stood forward. “Be it Skycrane or whatnot,

I’ll handle them.”

Emily and Vanessa had treated him well. He wasn’t going to watch them sacrifice themselves.

“Hey, what are you talking about? I can’t even handle them!

“How are you going to fight against them?” Nathan asked rudely.

2/3

“Dustin, do not try to act tough now! Run for your life! There’s no point risking it!”

Emily frowned.

That was Magnus Sheaves they were talking about! The lead disciple of Skycrane and a genius swordmaster from Yuston!

Even Nathan had been defeated so easily; what more, a small fry like Dustin?

“Don’t worry. They’re no match for me,” Dustin assured calmly.

At that, the Skycrane disciples stared at Dustin in disbelief before bursting into laughter.

“Hey, bastard. Do you have any idea what you’re saying? Do you think you’re on the same level as us?”

“Oh! I remember now! This is the idiot from the restaurant yesterday!”

“Haha! You were lucky enough to get away yesterday. You’re not going to get lucky a second time!”

The Skycrane disciples snickered, looking at Dustin like he was a moron.

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“Hey, you! I’ll let you live if you can withstand three of my attacks!” Magnus taunted as he

lifted his sword.

“Is that so? I’d like to see how great your skills are.” Dustin’s expression remained impassive as he went forward calmly.

“Dustin!” Emily grabbed his wrist.

“Magnus is much stronger than us. You can’t possibly win against him. You better run for your life!”

“That’s right, Dustin! The guy is terrifying! You’re no match for him!”

Vanessa tried to persuade him against it, too.

“Rhys! Stop making things worse! Bring Emily and the rest away from here now!”

“You can’t handle the situation here!” Nathan shouted at him.

“Exactly! Even Nathan can’t win against Magnus! Do you think you can? Run while you can!”

The disciples of Azure Mist yelled at him to run away. Though they didn’t particularly like

him, they didn’t wish to see him dead.

“Don’t worry. It’s just Magnus. I’m not afraid of him.”

Dustin was calm like there was nothing to be anxious about. He walked forward.

“Dustin!” Emily still wanted to stop him, but the Skycrane disciples had surrounded them.

“Oh no... Oh no. Dustin’s done for now!” Vanessa panicked as if she had already anticipated the scene of Dustin’s death.

“The dumbass doesn’t know fear even when death stares him in the face!” Nathan looked at him in frustration.

“Oh, what a stubborn ass!” The disciples of Azure Mist shook their heads as they sighed helplessly.

“Hah! You are too full of yourself! How dare you go against Magnus? You’ll die soon enough!”

1/3

Disciples of Skycrane laughed as they watched enthusiastically.

“Come on then.”

Dustin stood with an arm behind his back. With his other hand, he beckoned at Magnus with a finger.

The act looked like a condescending taunt to everyone.

“If you insist on meeting your maker, I’ll send you to him immediately!” Magnus sneered.

He launched forward like an arrow with a light tap of his feet. The speed at which he leaped forward was shocking.

“Scattering Radiance!” Magnus suddenly shouted.

Then, a shocking radiance burst from his sword, blinding everyone.

A glow seemed to spread out from the blade, expanding rapidly. It reached almost 10 feet.

in length.

At a glance, it was becoming like a giant sword!

“So fast! And the glow from the blade is so blinding! Magnus used his killer move right from the start!”

“The rascal should be proud to have died by Magnus’ sword!”

The Skycrane disciples looked full of themselves like they had already won.

“Oh no! He’s done for!” Disciples of Azure Mist hung their heads low in misery.

“Dustin! Move out of the way!” Emily and Vanessa were so shocked that they paled and exclaimed in unison. (1

Dustin should not attempt to block Magnus’ sword, or he would certainly die!

“Impressive. But more style over power, I’d say ” Dustin stood still as he stared straight at

the blinding radiance of the sword.

Then, without ducking or moving out of the way, he punched the oncoming sword.

Simple

and without any flairs.

As they came into contact, three explosions were heard.

On the first explosion, the radiance of the sword shattered.

2/3

On the second explosion, the sword itself shattered.

On the third explosion, Magnus himself shattered!

A deathly silence fell over the place.

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Everyone was silent when they saw Magnus explode into pieces.

They stood there frozen in place with absolute horror on their faces. They looked like they'd seen a ghost.

Many of them even wondered if they were dreaming. If this wasn't a dream, how can such

a thing happen?

That was Magnus, the lead disciple of Skycrane and a genius swordmaster from Yuston. He was strong enough to defeat all the disciples of Azure Mist single-handedly.

How could a nobody like Dustin overpower someone of that level?

No, he wasn't even overpowered. Dustin's punch shattered him on the spot.

Just a single punch from him had shattered both Magnus and his sword. He had been so thoroughly destroyed that nothing remained.

Was he even human? He must be a monster!

"How-how could this be? Magnus-died?"

Looking at all the blood on the ground, the disciples of Skycrane looked defeated. They trembled, and their eyes were filled with shock.

It was hard for them to accept that Magnus, a genius swordmaster and the best among them, had been crushed by just a single punch! It was unbelievable!

"Am-am I seeing things? The bastard won?" Nathan's eyes widened. He could not believe

what he saw.

When Magnus had wielded his sword, he had thought that Dustin would certainly die. But it turned out that Dustin had given him the shock of his life!

“Oh my goodness! How did I get myself involved with a monster?” Emily swallowed dryly,

astonishment clear on her face.

“He crushed Magnus with just one move! Dustin is amazing!” Vanessa was pleasantly surprised that she almost jumped for joy.

She had been worried that Magnus would have killed Dustin. But by the look of things, she had been worried over nothing.

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It turns out that the handsome and helpful young man was a hidden expert!

“He’s a monster!” The disciples of Azure Mist exchanged looks of astonishment.

None of them had thought that Dustin, whom they had assumed was a nobody, was so powerful. They now felt guilty and ashamed for their contempt toward him before.

They had to admit that they had underestimated him.

“Hmph! This is nothing! If only you knew that he’s the young grandmaster!”

Abigail mumbled to herself, looking proud of Dustin. She felt honored to have such a mentor.

“You killed Magnus? We’ll kill you!”

After collecting themselves, the disciples of Skycrane began shouting. They raised their swords and charged at Dustin.

They knew that they would not be able to win against him in a one-to-one battle, so they attempted to overpower him with their numbers.

“Do not act recklessly!”

Just then, an old man with white hair descended from the sky. He delivered a palm strike through the air, straight at the ground.

“Boom!” An immense surge of true energy in the shape of a palm burst out from his hand.

It weighed down heavily upon the Skycrane disciples like a mountain. “Bang!” There was a loud explosion.

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A large crater in the shape of a palm was formed on the ground.

The Skycrane disciples were buried in the soil and gravel in the crater. Some of them were severely wounded, while others died on the spot.

All it took was one palm strike from him, and almost all the Skycrane disciples were wiped out. It was a truly powerful attack!

“Master Chasey!”

Upon seeing the elderly person, the Azure Mist disciples’ spirits were uplifted. They gathered around eagerly as if they had met their leader.

The elderly man was none other than Walter Chasey, the leader of Azure Mist!

“Dad! You’re here! We almost died!”

Vanessa ran up to him with red-rimmed eyes. She looked like she was close to tears.

“Oh, you! You refused to train when I asked you to. Now you know fear in the face of danger!

Walter stood with his hands behind his back as he lectured Vanessa with a stern expression.

“Dad! They were too powerful! Even Nathan was no match for them. What could I do?”

Vanessa pouted, looking hurt.

“That’s right, Master Chasey. The Skycrane disciples were skillful.

“We were lucky Dustin was with us. We would have been in grave danger otherwise.”

As Emily spoke, she looked at Dustin. It seemed like she was trying to get Walter to praise

him.

“Yes, I saw what he did.” Walter nodded as he, too, looked towards Dustin.

“Young man, you have great skills. May I know who your mentor is?”

“I have no mentor,” Dustin replied.

“Oh? So you were self-taught?”

1/3

Walter was astonished and wanted him to join Azure Mist.

“Young man, I see your potential and talent. Since you do not have a mentor, why don’t you be my disciple?

“You’ll have someone to back you up in the future, too.”

“My apologies. I do not have any such intention for now.” Dustin shook his head, rejecting

Walter.

“Young man, this is an opportunity of a lifetime. You won’t be getting such an offer anymore.

“Do you know how many people in Lester have begged to be accepted into Azure Mist but failed? Consider yourself lucky to be getting this chance,” Walter said proudly.

“Yes, Dustin! Master Chasey is halfway to becoming a grandmaster.

“You’ll learn much from him if you become his disciple!” Emily coaxed.

Azure Mist was only second to Ironfists in the whole of Lester.

Master Chasey was the second–best martial artist in Lester. He rarely accepted disciples.

“Dustin, my father’s amazing. Did you see the palm strike he did earlier on?

“He wiped out all the Skycrane disciples with just a single move. You have nothing to lose by becoming his disciple,” Vanessa echoed.

Her lack of opportunity to get closer to Dustin troubled her. But if he were to become her father’s disciple, she’d be able to be around him often then.

“Thank you for the kind gesture, Master Chasey, but I’m used to having my freedom.

“I do not like to be controlled, so I have no plans to become a disciple.” Dustin shook his head.

Walter frowned, clearly displeased.

“Young man, think about it carefully. Many people are dying to become my disciples, but I’m only offering the opportunity to you. Do you understand?”

He had always been the one rejecting others and never the other way around.

He was giving Dustin a great honor by offering him the chance to be his disciple. He never thought that his offer would be turned down.

2/3

“Hey! People are dying to have such a reputable mentor as Master Chasey! Why are you being so stubborn?” Nathan was annoyed.

It was an honor to earn the favor of his mentor. It was also an opportunity that countless people dreamed of and yearned for.

Dustin was the only one who didn't appreciate it. What an idiot!

“I thank you for the offer, Master Chasey. But I'll still have to turn you down.” Dustin stood his ground and shook his head.

“Hey, young man, are you looking down on me?”

“Do you think that I'm not fit to be your mentor?” Walter's eyes narrowed as his expression

darkened.

He had put down his ego and said all he could to persuade Dustin to join him. But no matter how he coaxed, the young man refused to take him up on his offer.

How unappreciative!

“You're mistaken, Master Chasey. I never meant that.” Dustin frowned.

Why was the old man getting unreasonable?

“Hmph! I think that's what you meant!”

Walter looked at Dustin, determined. Then, he pointed at Dustin.

“If you're not convinced of my skills, boy, you can always test me. Try me and see if I'm fit

to be your mentor

Chapter 981

He had no problem lifting thousands of pounds with his strength. How was it possible that

he could not lift a sword?

“Try again,” Walter urged.

Ben didn't dare to hesitate. Taking a deep breath, he clasped both hands tightly on the sword's hilt and pulled it upwards with all his might..

His veins popped, and his face flushed. He used all his strength, but the sword did not budge an inch.

“Master Chasey, this won't work. I can't lift it.” Heaving a long sigh, Ben was already drenched in sweat.

“What a piece of trash. How could you not be able to lift just a sword? Let me do it!”

Nathan couldn't take it anymore. He voluntarily walked up and pushed Ben aside. Then, he spat into his palms and rubbed them together.

Setting his footing right, he grabbed the sword's hilt and deeply breathed. Mustering up all the true energy he had, he pulled up sharply.

The black sword remained unmoving.

“Damn it! I don't believe this!” Nathan frowned. Unwilling to accept defeat, he tried several more times.

And it was still the same. The sword remained motionless as though it was a part of the stone chamber.

“Master Chasey, there’s something odd about the sword. It can’t be removed.”

Nathan felt both ashamed and helpless. In the end, he had no choice but to give up. “I think you’ll have *to* do it yourself.”

“Hmph! I can’t believe you guys can’t handle such a small task. What an embarrassment!”

With a dark expression, Walter walked up to the sword with his hands behind his back.

He circled the sword once to make sure it was not dangerous.

Then, he grabbed the sword’s hilt. He gave it a sharp pull,

Still, the sword remained motionless.

“Hmm?” Walter’s eyes narrowed. He increased his force on the sword but to no avail.

With all his disciples’ eyes on him, Walter felt embarrassed that he could not pull out the sword. Hence, he reached out both hands to grasp the sword’s hilt and crouched down.

“Get up!” Walter roared, unleashing all his true energy in one go.

The entire stone chamber began to rumble, and pieces of rubble fell around them. For a moment, dust and sand rained down on them.

It was as though an earthquake. It was scary.

The stone chamber continued rumbling, but the black sword remained unmoving.

“Too much! This is too much!”

Walter gritted his teeth. He had put every last bit of his strength into it but failed. He

kicked at the sword to vent his anger.

“That’s odd. Could that be a fake sword? Why else is it not budging?”

“If even Master Chasey can’t dislodge it, who can?”

“The Celestial Blade appears to slay all evil; only by the Fated One to wield.‘ Could it be possible that the sword has a mind of its own and will pick its owner?”

Everyone exchanged looks of bewilderment as they whispered among themselves.

“Let me try.” All of a sudden, Dustin approached the sword.

Somehow, the sword looked familiar to him. He even felt a sense of liking for it.

He felt like they were old friends and were finally meeting again after a long time.

“Hmph! Even Master Chasey can’t do it. Do you think you’d be able to?” Nathan rolled his

eyes at Dustin in disdain.

“The sword has a mind of its own. Of course, you can’t do it with brute strength.”

Dustin slowly closed his eyes and began feeling the mysterious sensation from the sword.

“Nonsense! It’s just a sword! How can it have a mind of its own?”

“Don’t overestimate yourself, young man.”

“Even Master Chasey can’t do it. Do you think that you’d be able to? You’re just going to embarrass yourself!”

The Azure Mist disciples jeered, each with a look of contempt on their face.

Master Chasey was halfway to becoming a grandmaster. If he found it impossible *to* lift the sword, what more could a nobody like Dustin?

“Young people tend to think too highly of themselves.”

Walter shot Dustin a sidelong glance and said coldly, “You think you’re better than me, don’t you? Do you think that you’ll be able to perform a miracle when even I can’t?”

“Mark my words. Nobody will be able to extract the sword. Not even the gods! If you can do it, I’ll get on my knees and take you as my mentor!”

He had barely finished his sentence when Dustin suddenly opened his eyes.

A dark glow flashed, and Dustin suddenly lifted two fingers. He pointed at the sword and lifted it upwardly with his fingers.

“Up!” he shouted.

A clanging sound was heard.

The black sword lifted off the ground and circled in the air twice before falling straight into Dustin’s outstretched palm.

Walter stood there dumbfounded.