

## **An understated Dominance – Dahlia and Dustin Chapter 1171**

### **Chapter 1171: A Fateful Challenge**

Inside the meeting hall of Zypher Lodge, things were intense.

Dustin, holding a teapot, poured two cups of tea – one for Cornelius and one for himself.

“How did it go? Did you deliver the challenge letter?” Dustin asked after sipping his tea.

“It’s been delivered,” Cornelius nodded.

“And what’s the response from the Martial Alliance?” Dustin inquired further.

“As far as I know, Ronald Reeds is still in seclusion (a period of intensive and solitary training undertaken by a martial artist), but the Martial Alliance members are furious after receiving the challenge. I believe the letter will soon reach Ronald’s hands,” Cornelius replied, finishing his tea.

“Excellent, that’s the effect I wanted,” Dustin smiled slightly.

The death of Erik would undoubtedly shake the Martial Alliance. Luckily, he would use this opportunity to drop another bombshell. After all, he knew that sooner or later, he would face Ronald in a life-and-death battle.

“Master, do you think you might be acting a bit recklessly with this challenge?” Cornelius expressed his concern. “Ronald is the leader of the Five Ultimate Grandmasters and the foremost martial artist in Balermo. His strength is beyond measure, and almost no one equal or below the rank of Grandmaster can match him. He’s like an ‘immovable mountain’.”

In reality, Cornelius had phrased this as delicately as possible.

Ronald was invincible in Balermo.

Though Dustin was undeniably powerful and had even defeated the Grandmaster Augustus, he still lagged far behind Ronald.

If he waited for another five or ten years, his talent might give him a fighting chance. But right now, it was undoubtedly a suicidal endeavor. Cornelius couldn't comprehend why he had made such a decision. Why not endure a little longer and seek revenge when the odds were better?

"Why? Do you think I can't beat Ronald?" Dustin raised his teacup, savoring the aroma.

"Your odds are just too low," Cornelius replied without confirming. "Master, you're in your early twenties, while Ronald is over fifty. He has nearly thirty more years of training, experience, and strength than you do. You're at a significant disadvantage. If you trained for another five to ten years, you'd have a much better chance."

"I can't wait that long," Dustin shook his head. "Ronald possesses the Sky Spirit Orb. Given some more time, he will break through to the Grandmaster infinity level. By then, he'll be even more formidable. Right now, this is our best opportunity."

"While that may be true, your public challenge is still too risky," Cornelius said, his face serious.

"Don't worry; I wouldn't have issued the challenge if I didn't have some confidence. Whether I win or lose, the outcome will be clear tomorrow," Dustin said calmly.

"But..." Cornelius wanted to say more but was interrupted by Dustin. "That's enough. My decision is final. Also, don't inform Miss Natasha about this. I don't want her to worry."

"Understood," Cornelius sighed, nodding.

"You can go and rest for now. I need to prepare myself for tomorrow's battle," Dustin said, waving his hand.

"Very well, I'll take my leave."

Cornelius bid his farewell and left.

"Sky Sword," Dustin murmured.

"Swoosh!"

In the darkness, a streak of black light shot forward.

A black ancient sword suddenly flew into the meeting hall, precisely landing in Dustin's hand, quivering slightly and emitting a pleasing hum.

"My friend, let's win this together," Dustin said as he caressed the sword's blade, murmuring to himself.

Tomorrow's battle would be a fight for life and death, and he had more than just revenge in mind – he aimed to cleanse the Balermo Martial Alliance.

## **Chapter 1172: The Martial Alliance's Buzz**

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The next morning, the atmosphere was buzzing with excitement at the headquarters of the Martial Alliance.

Since the news of Dustin challenging Ronald had spread yesterday, the entire martial world was in an uproar.

Martial sects and martial practitioners from all corners flocked to witness this extraordinary showdown.

Dustin's reputation as a Young Grandmaster had long reverberated throughout the Balermo martial world. His feats in martial tournaments, defeating the Grandmaster Augustus, and his stunning performance in the Black Forest had turned him into a legend, widely celebrated.

Countless young martial aspirants regarded Dustin as their idol and inspiration.

As for Ronald, his reputation was even more daunting.

He was the leader of the Balermo Martial Alliance and the number one martial artist in the world of martial arts, a figure that could awe anyone.

The clash between a Young Grandmaster and the martial world's leader, the confrontation of two mighty titans, naturally drew an enormous crowd.

At this moment, the entrance to the Martial Alliance was swarmed with people.

Martial sects and schools of all sizes in Balermo sent their representatives.

The likes of the Skycrane Sect, the Shinefield Sect, the Soul-suppressing Sect, the Temple of Boundless Compassion, the Galewind Hall, and the Stellar Gate, among others, all came to witness the event.

Some of these sects still harbored resentment toward Dustin due to the Black Forest incident, and they saw this as an opportunity to kick him while he was down.

In many people's eyes, Dustin's challenge to Ronald was like a moth flying into a flame, a path to self-destruction.

As the sun rose, the gates of the Martial Alliance finally opened.

Representatives from various sects began to enter.

In no time, the martial arena was filled to capacity, leaving some smaller sects and latecomers standing, unable to secure a spot.

To maintain order and prevent any disruptions, the Martial Alliance had deployed an enforcement team.

"Hey! What do you mean by this? Why won't you let us in?" A commotion erupted at the entrance to the Martial Alliance.

Several young men and women were blocked by Law Enforcement from entering.

"The martial arena is already full, no more entry. If you have a problem with that, go back where you came from," the team leader of the Law Enforcement said bluntly.

"No more entry? Then how did they get in?" A sweet-faced girl with twin ponytails pointed at a group that had just entered, clearly dissatisfied.

"They're from the Crimson Cloud Sect, a prominent sect in the Balermo martial world. Can you compare yourselves to them?" The team leader of the Law Enforcement spoke coldly.

"Hey! Look down on us, do you? So what if it's the Crimson Cloud Sect? We're from the Zenithblade Order, and we're no less than them!" The twin-tailed girl argued logically.

“That’s right! We won’t stand for this discrimination! What gives the Crimson Cloud Sect the right to enter while we can’t?” Other martial practitioners joined in the protest.

“What Zenithblade Order? I’ve never heard of it. It sounds like some small sect from the middle of nowhere. Get lost and stop causing trouble here!” The enforcement team leader was growing impatient.

Do you... do you really look down on us so much?”

At this moment, a man in green suddenly stepped forward and shouted, “I am Cameron Steele, the senior disciple of the Zenithblade Order, and I am destined to become a generation’s Grandmaster! I warn you, let us in now, or when I rise to fame, you won’t be able to beg for our presence!”

“A Grandmaster?!” The enforcement team leader sneered and gave Cameron a resounding slap, sending him tumbling to the ground. He cursed, “What a load of nonsense! If you can become a generation’s Grandmaster, then I’m a future immortal!”

### **Chapter 1173: Clash with the Enforcement Team**

Smack!

A resounding slap sent Cameron tumbling to the ground, disoriented and unable to get up.

“Hey! What are you doing? Have you no sense of reason?” The girl with twin ponytails was both shocked and enraged.

She hadn’t expected the Law Enforcement personnel to be so brutally unreasonable, resorting to violence at the slightest provocation.

“Reason? We are the law in the Martial arts world!” The team leader of the Law Enforcement was arrogantly domineering. “You people from these third-rate sects have no qualifications to enter the Martial Alliance to watch. You’re worthless. Now, get as far away as possible, or I’ll beat you every time I see you!”

“You’re abusing your power! I’ll report you!” The twin-tailed girl couldn’t contain her anger.

“Report us?” The team leader’s face darkened. “You damn b\*tch! I think you’re tired of living!”

As he finished speaking, he abruptly drew his sword and swung it toward the twin-tailed girl.

The girl screamed in fear, realizing it was too late to dodge.

Just as it seemed she was about to be struck down, a large hand suddenly reached out and grabbed the team leader’s arm. The sharp blade hung in mid-air, unable to descend.

The person who intervened was a handsome young man dressed in ordinary clothing.

Behind him stood a lean, elderly man.

“Who are you? How dare you stop me?” The team leader of the Law Enforcement frowned.

“You resort to violence at the slightest provocation, is this how the Law Enforcement always acts?” Dustin spoke calmly.

“We in the Law Enforcement have always acted this way. Who dares to defy us?” The team leader of the Law Enforcement replied fiercely. “You brat! I warn you not to meddle further, or don’t blame me if I show you no mercy with my blade!”

“Your Law Enforcement seems to have quite an air of superiority, acting tyrannically and oppressing the weak. What used to be an honorable alliance of martial practitioners has now become a chaotic mess because of your behavior,” Dustin shook his head.

“Cut the nonsense! Get lost now, or I’ll cut you down!” The team leader of the Law Enforcement was growing impatient.

“You’re so stubborn.”

Dustin extended a finger and lightly tapped the team leader’s chest.

Boom!

A loud explosion echoed. The team leader was sent flying several meters away as if hit by a speeding car. His chest caved in, blood spewing from his mouth. After convulsing a few times, he lost consciousness.

“Captain!”

The other Law Enforcement members were taken aback and turned their furious gazes toward Dustin.

“Daring to harm our captain? You’re truly asking for it!”

“Brothers, let’s take him down!”

Several Law Enforcement members were infuriated and immediately drew their swords, preparing to attack.

“Enough!”

Before Dustin could react, Cornelius suddenly moved forward. His palms danced rapidly, and within moments, he had knocked down all the Law Enforcement members.

“Well done!”

“Damn it! These scoundrels, relying on the support of the Law Enforcement, have been bullying others and looking down on people. They deserved to be beaten!”

Dustin and Cornelius’s actions earned them applause from the surrounding martial practitioners.

These martial practitioners who had been blocked from entering the venue had all experienced unfair treatment.

Now, witnessing the Law Enforcement being beaten, they couldn’t help but feel relieved.

“Thank you both for stepping in to help.”

## Chapter 1174: Arrogant Challenge

At this moment, the girl with twin ponytails stepped forward and greeted Dustin and Cornelius with clasped fists. "I'm Aria Stormblade, a disciple of the Zenithblade Order. May I know your esteemed names?"

"My name is Dustin, and this is Cornelius," Dustin introduced simply.

"Senior Dustin, Senior Cornelius," Aria courteously greeted them again.

"Damn it! Who let you interfere earlier?" Cameron, who had been slapped, finally regained his senses and immediately ran to the unconscious leader of the Law Enforcement. He kicked and punched the fallen leader in a fit of anger and frustration.

After being slapped for no apparent reason, he had developed a murderous intent.

"That's enough, Senior Cameron. Don't hit him anymore, or someone might die," Aria hurriedly intervened, sensing the dangerous situation.

"Humph! He deserves to die for letting them interfere. Worthless scum, relying on someone else's backing!" Cameron was still unrelenting, kicking and punching the unconscious leader before finally feeling satisfied and walking away.

"Sir Dustin, Sir Cornelius, this is our Elder, Cameron," Aria introduced once more.

"Pleased to meet you," Dustin nodded slightly.

"Humph! Who asked you to meddle just now?" Cameron wore a cold expression and spoke with displeasure.

"Hmm?" Dustin was momentarily confused.

Had this guy taken the wrong medicine?

"What's with your attitude, Elder? Sir Dustin and Sir Cornelius were helping us," Aria immediately explained.

"Help? Did I need their help? Even if they didn't intervene, I could have handled those trash!" Cameron stood with his hands on his hips, full of pride.



Finally, there was an opportunity to shine, but someone had stolen his thunder, and he was naturally unhappy about it.

“If you could have handled it, you wouldn’t have been slapped and sent flying by that person just now,” Cornelius remarked casually.

“You... what do you know!” Cameron’s face froze, and he retorted angrily, “It was a sneak attack just now! If it had been an open and fair duel, even if all of them joined forces, they wouldn’t have been my match!”

“He’s right! Our Elder is exceptionally talented and powerful. He can take on a hundred opponents single-handedly without any problem!” Several other Zenithblade Order disciples expressed their agreement.

Among all the disciples of the Zenithblade Order, Elder had the strongest strength.

Once, he had single-handedly fought off more than ten bandits barehanded and had been hailed as a great hero by the villagers.

His reputation had spread far and wide.

“Sneak attack? He attacked you right in front of your eyes, so how is that a sneak attack?” Cornelius calmly responded.

“You... Do you understand anything?” Cameron glared at him and said, “I argued with him reasonably, but he suddenly attacked. If it weren’t for that, do you think he could have hurt me? Honestly, if it had been an open and fair duel, even if all of them joined forces, they wouldn’t have been my match!. If you dare to say that you can defeat me, why don’t we have a friendly match to see who wins?” Cameron initiated the challenge.

If he couldn’t even defeat an old man on the verge of death, he might as well jump off a cliff.

“Come on! Weren’t you questioning our Elder’s strength? If you have the guts, let’s settle it on the stage and see who wins!” Other Zenithblade Order disciples joined in the provocations.

“Master Dustin, I ran out of my patience,” Cornelius took a deep breath, showing signs of losing his temper.

These guys truly didn't know their own limitations.

"What? You don't dare to accept the challenge?" Cameron sneered.

"Remember, from now on, keep your eyes open and don't try to provoke me, because you can't bear the wrath of a future grandmaster!"

## **Chapter 1175: Stirring Up Excitement**

"Alright, Elder Cameron, let's not cause any more trouble!" Just when Cornelius was about to lose his temper, Aria immediately spoke up.

"Regardless of the situation, Sir Dustin and Sir Cornelius helped us. Speaking to people like this is too disrespectful."

If it weren't for Dustin's intervention earlier, she might have already perished. Now, Cameron's disrespectful words made her feel quite unhappy.

"Aria, it wasn't my intention to cause trouble. These guys just looked down on our Zenithblade Order. I wanted to prove and show them the unique skills of our Zenithblade Order!" Cameron justified himself.

"Is this how you're showing them? It's clearly provocation! If you continue like this, I'll be very upset!" Aria frowned.

"Alright, alright, I was wrong earlier. I won't show off anymore. Please don't be angry," Cameron said with a conciliatory tone.

"Sir Dustin, Sir Cornelius, I'm sorry about my Elder. He can be a bit impulsive sometimes. I hope you two won't take it to heart," Aria turned around and apologized to Dustin and Cornelius.

"It's fine. Considering that you're a reasonable young lady, I won't hold it against this kid," Cornelius finally managed to suppress his anger.

"Humph! Just putting on a show!" Cameron sneered.

If they really fought, he could easily defeat this old man.

"Sir Dustin, Sir Cornelius, let's go in together," Aria extended an invitation.

"Please."

Dustin nodded without saying much.

The group entered the Martial Alliance and quickly made their way to the martial arts arena.

At this moment, the martial arts arena was filled with people, with various martial sects gathering together.

Of course, those who could sit in the front row were mostly prominent figures in the martial world.

The disciples of the Zenithblade Order looked around eagerly, their eyes filled with anticipation.

With their background, they had never seen such a bustling martial arts event before. Many of the influential figures here were people they admired and looked up to.

“Hey, isn’t that Tristan Emberheart from the Galewind Hall? I heard that his leg techniques are extraordinary, combining softness and hardness to achieve the realm of leaving no trace. He’s considered one of the top young talents in the martial world of Balermo!”

“Not just Tristan Emberheart, I see Adrian Storm from the Stellar Gate. It’s said that he possesses mysterious techniques that can control people’s minds at will. He’s a formidable character!”

“Look over there! It’s Victor Thorn! He’s the number one expert of the Shinefield Sect, and at the age of thirty, he’s already become a venerated figure in the Martial Alliance, with profound martial cultivation. He’s a true genius!”

The disciples of the Zenithblade Order chattered excitedly, pointing and discussing the renowned talents of the martial world.

They hadn’t expected to see such famous young prodigies in person.

“Humph! What’s so impressive about them? They just have better resources and started cultivating a few years earlier than me,” Cameron said sourly. “With my talent, if I had the resources they do, I would already be a Martial Grandmaster by now!”

“That’s right! Elder has extraordinary talent, and there’s no doubt he’s on par with these people!” the others agreed.

“Elder, it’s good to have confidence, but don’t be too overconfident. We, the Zenithblade Order, still have some gaps compared to these renowned sects,” Aria cautioned sensibly.

“Aria, it seems like you don’t believe in my abilities,” Cameron retorted with a challenging tone. “Let me tell you the truth: with a few more years of growth, even that renowned young grandmaster in Balermo would be no match for me!”

### **Chapter 1176: Overconfident**

When Cameron made that statement, some of the nearby martial artists gave him strange looks. Who was this idiot? How dare he compare himself to a young grandmaster? This person had slain the Grandmaster Augustus and challenged the leader of the martial world. Even the top talents of various sects didn’t dare to be so arrogant. Where did the audacity come from for an unknown person like him to boast like this?

“Elder, please be cautious with your words!” Aria furrowed her brows and whispered, “A young grandmaster is a rare martial genius once in a century, a monstrous existence. We can’t compare ourselves to him.”

They hadn’t even reached the Innate Realm while a young grandmaster had become a Martial Grandmaster at the age of twenty-something. The gap between them was like heaven and earth. Even if they worked hard their entire lives, they wouldn’t be able to catch up.

“Hey! Aria, are you trying to dampen his enthusiasm? You should know that your Elder is destined to become a martial master. Compared to that young grandmaster, there’s no difference,” Cameron said confidently.

“You’re absolutely right! As long as Elder takes it seriously and breaks through to become a martial master, it’s just a matter of time!” the disciples of the Zenithblade Order agreed.

“Young and ignorant, how could a mere Post-Natal Martial Artist dare to boast of reaching the Martial Master level? I don’t know where your confidence comes from,” Cornelius suddenly interjected.

He had been cultivating for decades, but he was still stuck at the halfway point to becoming a martial master. Hearing someone like Cameron, who lacked talent and strength, speak so casually about reaching the martial master level was absurd. He even dared to compare himself to Dustin; it was arrogance mixed with ignorance.

“Humph! What do you know? An old man with fading eyesight like you can’t see my excellence?” Cameron raised his head and spoke righteously.

“Believe it or not, give me three to five years, and I’ll definitely break through to the Martial Master level!”

“Three to five years?” Cornelius sneered. “Even if you give yourself three to fifty years, it’s still impossible. You might as well give up that hope.”

“Heh! You old man! Look down on me, do you? If you dare, we can spar right here!” Cameron glared, ready to fight.

“Elder, not again!” Aria furrowed her brows.

“Aria, it’s not my fault. This old man is deliberately provoking me,” Cameron shrugged.

“Elder, everyone here is not to be trifled with. Don’t be so arrogant in your speech, please be more humble,” Aria advised.

“Aria, there’s no other way. My talent is exceptional, and my strength is outstanding. Even if I wanted to be humble, I wouldn’t be able to do it,” Cameron shook his head and sighed, appearing as if he were struggling at a higher altitude.

“Oh? So powerful. In that case, I’d like to learn from you. May I ask who you are?” At this moment, a crisp female voice suddenly sounded.

Everyone turned to look and saw a group of young men and women dressed in martial attire, emanating strong auras, walking towards them.

Leading the group was a woman in a red robe with a white veil on her head. She held a longsword, and her eyes were cold and piercing. As she walked,

an invisible pressure radiated from her, causing the crowd to automatically give way.

“Who are you?” Cameron sized her up.

The woman removed her white veil, approached slowly, and said coldly, “I am Serena, the Chief Disciple of the Boulderthorn hall in the Zen Order!”

### **Chapter 1177: Challenge Accepted**

“What? Serena Skylar, Chief Disciple of the Boulderthorn hall in the Zen Order(aka Black-tortoise Sect)?!”

The moment Serena revealed her identity, the surrounding area erupted in astonishment.

The Zen Order was already one of the top sects in Balermo, and Serena, as the Chief Disciple of the Boulderthorn hall, was a renowned and formidable figure among her peers. Her profound cultivation and exceptional swordsmanship made her stand out among her peers.

“Rumors say Serena is ruthless and unfeeling, never hesitating to kill. It looks like these guys are in trouble.”

“It serves them right! A disciple from a low-level sect dares to compare himself to a young grandmaster. He’s truly arrogant and ignorant!”

The surrounding people began discussing animatedly, wearing expressions as if they were watching a show.

In the martial world, strength was the ultimate truth. Whoever had greater strength had the final say.

“So, you’re Senior Serena. I’ve heard of your name for a long time,” Aria quickly greeted with a respectful salute, trying to defuse the tension.

However, Serena didn’t even spare Aria a glance and locked her cold gaze onto Cameron, saying in a chilly tone, “Didn’t you just say that you have exceptional talent and strength? Come, let me witness it. Show me what you’re made of.”

With these words, she drew her sword and tossed the scabbard at Cameron's feet.

In the martial world, this was a challenge. If he accepted, it meant they would have an open and fair fight. If he refused, he would be ridiculed and his reputation tarnished.

"Madam Serena, my Elder was just making a joke. Please don't take it seriously," Aria quickly tried to smooth things over. "Today, everyone is here to witness the battle of grandmasters. There's no need to ruin the atmosphere. Please, as my Senior Sister, show some magnanimity and don't lower yourself to quarreling with us."

"Hmph! The young grandmaster is my idol. What are you? You dare to boast shamelessly! Now, you have two choices: either kneel down and apologize, or accept the challenge and have me break your legs!" Serena declared.

"Serena! Don't be so arrogant!" Cameron finally lost his temper and retorted, "Are you just relying on the backing of the Zen Order? What's so great about that? If it's a one-on-one fight, I might not necessarily lose to you!"

"Elder, what are you saying?" Aria was alarmed.

Serena was no ordinary person. She was the Chief Disciple of the Boulderthorn hall in the Zen Order, an Innate-level expert. Her Elder hadn't even touched the threshold of the Innate Realm. Why did he dare to challenge someone like her?

"Aria, don't worry. She's just a woman; I don't take her seriously. Watch how I defeat her today!" Cameron was brimming with confidence.

This was the perfect opportunity to make a name for himself. If he could defeat Serena, he would become a prominent young talent in Balermo.

"Elder, please..." Aria implored.

"Enough!"

Cameron interrupted Aria. "You stay here, Aria. Today, I'll use this opportunity to gain fame!"

With that, he walked confidently toward Serena, exuding an air of victory.

“Sister, don’t worry. Elder must have made a breakthrough recently, and it will be easy for him to deal with a woman!” The disciples of the Zenithblade Order were filled with unwavering faith in Cameron.

“His courage is commendable! He dared to accept the challenge!” Serena squinted her eyes, her expression somewhat unfriendly.

“Hmph! Young and ignorant! He even dares to challenge a young grandmaster?” The surrounding crowd couldn’t help but sneer.

In the martial world, the gap between Post-Natal and Innate martial artists was insurmountable. For a Post-Natal practitioner to challenge an Innate expert was akin to a moth flying into a flame.

## **Chapter 1178: The Duel**

Serena’s attack was incredibly fast and agile. She closed in on Cameron swiftly and executed a palm strike called the “AeroStrike Palm” from bottom to top, aiming for his chest and abdomen.

“Hmph! Trivial tricks!”

Just as Cameron was about to counter with a punch, Serena’s palm struck his chest.

“Bang!”

A muffled sound echoed as Cameron was sent flying several meters through the air. While suspended mid-air, he coughed up a mouthful of blood, creating a mist of crimson droplets.

He crashed heavily to the ground, sliding a couple of meters before coming to a halt.

“Elder!”

Seeing this scene, the disciples of the Zenithblade Order were shocked, quickly rushing over to him.

They couldn’t believe that their proud Elder had been sent flying with a single blow. Wasn’t this a bit too weak?



“Before the battle, he was so confident, spouting all kinds of arrogant words. I thought he was amazing, but now this?”

“He’s trash! He couldn’t even block a single move, yet he dared to challenge Serena? He’s utterly ignorant!”

“He’s from a small sect, after all. There’s no comparison with a giant like the Zen Order. They’re just getting crushed!”

Watching Cameron, who was now coughing up blood on the ground, the crowd around them began pointing and sneering with disdain.

He couldn’t even withstand a single strike from Serena, yet he had dared to boast about surpassing the young grandmaster? Wasn’t this blatant foolishness?

“What a waste!”

Serena snorted disdainfully, “Someone like you isn’t even worthy of polishing the young grandmaster’s shoes. How dare you be so arrogant and shameless?”

“You...”

Hearing her words, Cameron, who had just struggled to his feet, coughed up another mouthful of blood, looking unsteady as he swayed.

“In the future, when you’re out in the world, keep your mouth shut, especially when talking about the young grandmaster. If I ever hear you insulting him again, I won’t spare you!”

Serena flicked her sleeve and turned to leave.

As she walked away, the crowd instinctively made way for her.

“Daring to insult me? I’ll fight you to the end!”

Cameron gritted his teeth and suddenly pushed away the disciples who were trying to support him. Like a wild beast gone mad, he rushed toward Serena.

“Die!”

As he closed in, Cameron leaped high into the air and threw a powerful punch at Serena's back.

"Be careful!"

Shouts of warning echoed through the crowd.

"Hmm?"

Serena instinctively turned her head, but before she could react, she was struck by Cameron's surprise punch.

"Boom!"

A loud explosion rang out. Serena's body trembled from the impact, but her feet remained firmly planted on the ground, and she didn't move an inch.

On the other hand, Cameron, who had launched the sneak attack, was pushed back repeatedly by an internal energy force. His feet were unsteady, and he ultimately fell flat on his back.

Seeing this scene, the onlookers couldn't help but burst into laughter.

Who was this bizarre character who tried to sneak attack and ended up falling on his back? It was quite embarrassing!

An understated Dominance – Dahlia and Dustin Novel

**Score 10**

### **Chapter 1179: The Mysterious Attacker**

"Chicken! You're nothing but a chicken. You don't have the ability, so you dare to resort to sneak attacks."

"Failing with just one move was embarrassing enough, and now, you've completely lost your dignity."

"I'd probably find a hole to hide in if was him." Witnessing Cameron's futile attempt, the crowd couldn't help but laugh, their expressions filled with mockery and contempt.

Losing face to this extent in front of a large audience was truly humiliating.

“No... Impossible!”

The laughter and ridicule from the surrounding people made Cameron question himself for the first time.

He was the strongest Elder of the Zenithblade Order and was destined to become a generation’s grandmaster. Whether it was talent or strength, he was considered exceptional. How could he possibly be unable to defeat even a female opponent?

Not only did he lose, but he was also defeated so miserably, unable to land a sneak attack and even injuring himself in the process. Could the gap between them be this vast?

Was he truly inadequate?

“You despicable scoundrel! I’ll spare your miserable life, but you don’t know how to cherish it and dare to resort to covert attacks?”

Serena slowly turned around, her beautiful face filled with a chilling aura. “Since you like seeking death so much, don’t blame me for being ruthless!”

With those words, she suddenly drew her sword and then lifted her foot, thrusting directly upward.

The sharp sword aura tore through the air, emitting a piercing whistling sound.

“Ah?”

Cameron was struck dumb with fear. He attempted to struggle to his feet but found his legs going weak, unable to move. A sense of impending death washed over him.

“No!”

In a critical moment, Aria suddenly threw herself in front of Cameron, shielding him with her body.

“Self-destructive fool!”

Serena snorted and, without hesitation, thrust her sword upward.

“Whoa!”

“Clang!”

Just as it seemed that she was about to strike a fatal blow, a silver needle was shot out with precision, hitting the blade of her sword.

The tremendous impact caused the longsword to be knocked out of her hand, sending Serena staggering several steps backward before she could regain her balance.

“Who is it? Who’s attacking in secret?”

Serena’s sharp gaze scanned the surroundings, and anyone who met her eyes quickly raised their hands in surrender.

“Miss Serena, you can duel as you wish, but please refrain from killing innocent bystanders,” said Dustin as he stepped out of the crowd.

Cameron’s fate didn’t concern him, but Aria, who had shown kindness and loyalty, didn’t deserve to be killed so senselessly.

“Who are you?”

Serena furrowed her brows, scrutinizing Dustin.

Dustin’s face looked somewhat familiar, as if she had seen him somewhere before, but she couldn’t recall where.

“My identity is not important. I would just like to request that Miss Serena show mercy and avoid escalating this situation,” Dustin replied with a slight nod.

“What if I refuse?” Serena retorted.

“In that case, I’ll have to intervene,” Dustin replied calmly.

As he spoke, he flicked a finger, and another silver needle shot out.

“Whoosh!”

The silver needle was incredibly fast and discreet. No one in the crowd had noticed its launch.

Serena only felt a cool breeze brush past her ear. When she turned her head to look, she noticed a strand of her hair slowly falling to the ground.

“Hmm?”

Serena’s eyelids twitched, and her whole body became tense.

Throughout the entire encounter, she had never seen when Dustin had taken action.

What was the object that had just been shot, and what was its purpose?

It wasn’t just her; no one in the vicinity had realized that Dustin had launched an attack.

In other words, if he had intended to kill her, she might have already been dead.

This person’s concealed weapons were incredibly terrifying!

## **Chapter 1180: The Challenge of Liam**

“When did such a young martial genius appear in the martial world?”

“Serena, have you encountered any trouble?”

At this moment, a man in green attire, accompanied by several young martial artists, suddenly approached.

The man in green attire had an imposing appearance, a powerful aura, and his eyes carried a sharp and oppressive demeanor.

People dared not look him directly in the eyes.

“Judging by their clothing, it seems like they are from the Soul-Subduing Sect?”

“Yes, and the leader of this group is Liam Mitchell, the chief disciple of the Soul-Subduing Sect.”

“What? Liam? I heard that he’s unparalleled in spear technique and has an unfathomable strength. He’s one of the top young experts in the martial world, even stronger than Serena!”

“Even Liam has come. This should be interesting.”

The appearance of the man in green attire, Liam, drew the attention of the crowd. The Soul-Subduing Sect may not have as many members as the Zen Order, but every one of them was an elite disciple. Especially the chief disciple, Liam, was a martial genius known throughout the martial world.

“Greetings, Elder Liam.”

Serena respectfully greeted him with a salute. Although she was the chief disciple of the Zen Order, she was inferior to Liam in terms of status, position, and strength.

When it came to their levels, Liam corresponded to the Four great masters of the Zen Order.

“Sister Serena, what exactly happened?” Liam smiled as he asked.

He had always been interested in Serena. If there was a chance to play the hero and rescue her, it would be perfect.

“It’s nothing, just a minor altercation. There’s no need for Elder Liam to worry,” Serena replied, shaking her head.

Geniuses had their pride, and she didn’t want to rely on others to resolve her issues.

“Sister Serena, our two sects have always had a good relationship. You don’t need to be ashamed,” Liam said with a smile.

“Just now, who dared to bully my Sister Serena? Stand up if you have the guts!”

“Liam, it was him!” One of the Zen Order disciples pointed at Dustin and shouted, “This guy used hidden weapons to sneak attack and knocked away my Senior Sister’s sword. It was despicable!”

“Shut up!”

Serena glared at her disciple.

“Oh?”

Liam’s gaze shifted to Dustin, and he looked him up and down before coldly saying, “You have quite the courage to sneak attack Sister Serena. Now, I’ll give you a chance. Cut off your own hands and kneel down to apologize to Sister Serena.”

He spoke with an air of authority, and his words were domineering.

“Why should I?” Dustin raised an eyebrow and asked.

“Why should you?” Liam sneered. “Because I’m the chief disciple of the Soul-Subduing Sect, because I’m stronger than you, and because I have the authority to decide your life and death. Are these reasons sufficient?”

“So, according to you, whoever has the stronger fist has the right to decide everything?” Dustin countered.

“Exactly!”

Liam raised his head proudly. “In the martial world, strength speaks for itself. For disciples like you from small sects, when you step out of your sect, you must be humble or else you might bring disaster upon yourselves.”

“That makes sense,” Dustin nodded without agreeing or disagreeing.

He remembered that back in the Black Forest, that Alexander Cheng, who was the Sect Leader of the Soul-Subduing Sect, had never dared to speak to him like this. So, what kind of person did Liam think he was?

This arrogant and domineering attitude from Liam stirred up a commotion in the crowd.