

An Understated Dominance Chapter 791 - 800

Chapter 791

Desmond lowered his voice. “I admit that he’s powerful, and his speed, strength, agility, and internal energy are on the next level. Still, no one in the world is perfect.

“He must have a weakness. Just think about it. Why is he so quick and agile? It’s simple-he’s trying to make up for his weakness!”

He continued, “If my guess is correct, defense must be his weak point! I’m sure he’s quick and agile since his defense isn’t as strong.

“The fourth test will test his defense. Among us, Dominic’s defense is the strongest. He’s already reached the seventh level of Adamantine Body Arts, and nothing can penetrate his body.

“I’m sure that with Dominic around, we’ll be able to target that guy’s weakness and take him down!

Everyone’s spirits began to perk up after hearing Desmond’s words. Just because Dustin was quick and strong didn’t mean his defense was good.

They’d win if they used the Adamantine Body Arts in this test.

“Desmond’s right. No one is perfect. I’m sure that guy’s weakness is his defense!”

Gianna’s eyes twinkled in excitement.

“Right. If Dominic uses the Adamantine Body Arts, we can take him down!” Devon nodded.

They seemed to have found hope again.

There was no way they could ruin Boulderthorn's reputation, so they had to win the next round at all costs.

"What do you think, Dominic?" Desmond asked.

"I'm not confident about the other categories, but defense is my forte!" Dominic replied, confident in the skills he had been building for the past decade.

"Good! We're counting on you, Dominic," Devon looked serious.

"Leave it to me." Dominic patted his chest confidently.

"Let me explain the rules of the pressure test." the alliance staff began.

"You pass if you're able to withstand level-three pressure. Those who can withstand level-five pressure will be considered excellent.

"Those who withstand level-ten pressure will be promoted to the next level. You must endure each new pressure for 30 seconds for the results to be accepted. Understood?"

"Yes, sir." Everyone nodded.

"Alright. You may begin. Who will go first?" The staff glanced around.

"Hey, kid! To stop you from cheating, we'll let you go first!" Dominic pointed at the pressure machine disdainfully.

"Alright." Dustin smiled softly and walked toward the machine. As the metal door slammed close,

the space immediately became air-tight.

In front of Dustin was a metal lever that indicated the different levels of pressure. The lowest

pressure level was 1, and it went up to 100

Dustin could adjust the level he wanted.

“Dominic, how many levels do you think you can withstand? Gianna asked curiously.

“With my current abilities, I should be able to handle level 10 easily,” Dominic replied after thinking about it

“That’s great’ It’s just enough for you to advance to the next level. I’m sure that guy can’t stand that level of pressure!” Gianna was pleased.

“Well, if he can handle up to level ten, 111 keep one-upping him!” Dominic smirked smugly

“You’re so smart! That’s a perfect plan.” Gianna grinned.

Just then, the sirens of the pressure machine began blaring, and its red emergency light began to flash.

When everyone turned to the machine, they were shocked to see that Dustin turned the lever to 100!

After one minute, the metal doors of the pressure machine opened, and Dustin walked out calmly.

He seemed so relaxed no one could have guessed that he had withstood such high pressure.

“Sir, I get to advance to the next level, right?” Dustin asked.

“O-of course!” Getting over his shock, the staff nodded frantically.

He couldn’t believe that Dustin could withstand level-100 pressure for a minute. Was Dustin made of darksteel? This was unbelievable!

“Damn, he’s a monster.” Georgia was in awe as well.

Dustin excelled in all four tests-strength, speed, internal energy, and defense. It was like he was perfect.

Usually, people would struggle to pass even a single test. Yet, Dustin managed to pass them with flying colors.

Was he a monster?

“I knew Dustin was strong.” A rare smile appeared on Scarlet’s face, who was proud of Dustin’s achievements.

“I

guess Terry Doyle lost for a reason,” Patrick mumbled. He had known that Dustin was strong, but he never expected Dustin to be so terrifyingly perfect!

Fortunately, they were currently on the same team.

“I’ve finished my turn. You’re up next. Go ahead.” Dustin looked at the Boulderthorn members and gestured toward the pressure machine.

“But...” His opponents shared unsure glances, at a loss for words.

There was no way they’d withstand level-100 pressure. They might even be squashed into a pancake!

“Dominic, w-why don’t you try it?” Gianna asked

Dominic stiffened as he stopped himself from swearing. What on earth was Gianna saying? What’s the use of him competing when Dustin pulled the lever to the max?

With Dominic’s current level, no matter how hard he tried, he’d only be able to handle up to level 10.

There was no way they’d withstand level-100 pressure. The pressure would squash them into a pancake!

“Is no one going to compete? I guess that means I won?” Dustin held out his hands.

“I thought Boulderthorn disciples were incredible, but I guess I was wrong.”

The others bit their tongue with dark faces, unable to deny their loss with the proof in front of them. They were utterly humiliated after losing four times in a row.

“Dustin, there’s a physical combat test left.” Patrick reminded.

“Alright, then. Let’s get it done with.” Dustin nodded and led everyone to where the fifth test was being held.

The final test was physical combat. Contestants had to pass the previous four tests to reach the fifth test.

The rules of the fifth test were simple. Each contestant needed to have hand-to-hand combat with two powerful invigilators. Then, the invigilators would rate the contestant based on their performance.

“I’m here for the test, please,” Dustin walked up to the battle ring and polite

Chapter 793

“Um...” The invigilators shared a look and shook their heads.

“You can advance to the next level without taking the test.”

“I can?” Dustin was surprised.

“We saw your earlier performance. Honestly, we’re no match for you. You can just continue to the next level.” One of the invigilators grimaced.

“You have potential. I’m sure you’ll become a dark horse in the Knighthood Society Tournament.” The other invigilator praised Dustin.

Dustin had broken the records for the first four tests. They were ashamed to admit they were far weaker than him.

“Thank you for going easy on me,” Dustin thanked them with a smile and walked off the platform.

It was good that the invigilators avoided confronting him, or they’d have been beaten into a pulp by now.

“What the hell? It’s unfair that he can advance to the next level without taking the test!”

“What else can they do? He’s so strong even the invigilators are afraid of him.”

“If it were me, I wouldn’t fight him either. There’s no way I can take a punch that’s over 100 thousand pounds.”

“He isn’t just strong. His speed, defense, and internal energy are impeccable. We should respect how powerful he is.”

The martial artists present gossiped about Dustin, their eyes filled with respect. After all, the martial world always respected the strong. A person’s background didn’t matter as long as they were powerful enough.

“The test is over. Let’s go eat.” Dustin ruffled Scarlet’s hair and led the others out. He did not spare those from Boulderthorn a glance.

“Fuck! That bastard ruined our reputation!” Davon snarled.

“I wish Jared was here. He’d beat that brat up easily!” Gianna humphed.

Because of Jared’s reputation, he proceeded to the final test without going through the first five tests. That was why he wasn’t there with them. There was no way Dustin would be talking to them so arrogantly otherwise.

“I’m not happy with you, Dominic. Why didn’t you give it a go earlier?” Desmond suddenly snapped.

“What?” Dominic was taken aback.

“Are you joking? That guy pushed the lever to 100! Why would I go in?”

“Yeah, right. A 100-level pressure? Well, you were all tricked!” Desmond overconfidently explained, “If my guess is right, he must have done something to the machine. I’m sure the machine didn’t even put any force on him. He must have lied!”

“That can’t be.” Devon was skeptical.

“Think about it. Which sane person would put the pressure to the max? They’d explode if anything went wrong.

“Besides, didn’t you guys realize that he didn’t even break a sweat during the test? How is that possible?” Desmond continued.

“You’re right! It’s suspicious how unfazed he was!” Gianna was convinced.

“You’re right. He must have cheated!” Devon nodded.

They still couldn’t accept how strong Dustin was.

“No one is perfect. Everyone has a weakness, but that guy was too perfect, making him seem more suspicious,” Desmond said confidently.

“Dominic, if you don’t believe me, you can give it a go. We’ll know the truth then.”

“Alright! Let’s see what tricks that guy used.” Dominic paused before gritting his teeth and entering the pressure machine.

Obviously, he planned to try bit-by-bit instead of pushing the lever to the max in one shot.

“Huh?” Dominic paled when he realized that Dustin hadn’t returned the lever to its original position after the test. It was still pointing at 100.

“Fuck!”

Terrified, Dominic reached for the lever. But before he could touch it, the metal door slammed close. Instantly, immense pressure pressed down on him.

“You asshole! You fucking lied-” Dominic snarled at Desmond.

But before Dominic could finish his sentence, there was a bang as he exploded, turning into a bloody mist.

Chapter 794

Dustin and the others left the martial arts alliance branch after the test. Scarlet suddenly received a call that darkened her face on their way back.

“Got it. I’ll return as soon as possible.” Scarlet hung up after the brief conversation.

“What’s wrong, kid?” Dustin was curious.

“The call was from Oakvale. Someone accused me of gathering troops and planning a rebellion. They are demanding an explanation,” Scarlet replied calmly.

“A rebellion? What a load of crap!” Georgia was pissed.

“Madam, you suffered so much to protect our country at the borders while those trash at Oakvale did nothing. How dare they accuse you!”

“Those little shits! They deserve to die!” Even the usually quiet Bridget couldn’t help cursing.

Being accused of rebelling was a major crime. Even if they were innocent, others would still make assumptions.

“Given your status, many eyes will be on you, and everything you do will be watched. Others will distort and exaggerate the truth if you make sudden moves.” Dustin shook his head.

He knew something like this would happen sooner or later. After all, great power came with great drawbacks.

As Dragonmarsh’s Goddess of War, Scarlet commanded an army of over 300 thousand men. She was a queen without a crown. It was unavoidable for someone with such military authority and an influential background to incur others’ envy.

“I have to head back first, Logan. I need to eliminate some flies, or things will worsen,” Scarlet told Dustin.

“Sure.” Dustin nodded.

A slight misstep now could quickly escalate the issue.

They arrived at Flame Dragon Dojo ten minutes later.

Scarlet sadly watched Dustin leave the car and said, "Give me a few days, and I'll be back."

"Got it." Dustin smiled. He waved and watched them leave.

With the Spanner family's current influence, he was sure Scarlet could quickly take care of any issue.

"Hey!" Someone suddenly patted Dustin on the shoulder, so he turned around.

It turned out that Abigail and Nelson had stood behind him some time ago.

"Who's that chick? I've never seen her before. Don't tell me she's your new girl?" Abigail teased with a grin.

"Stop spouting nonsense. That's my sister." Dustin shot her a glare.

"Are you serious?" Abigail gave him a doubtful look.

"You seem to have a lot of spare time on your hands. How's your staff combat technique coming along?" Dustin asked.

"I've already reached the third level!" Abigail announced proudly.

"The third level? Pfft! That's barely anything. You should spend more time practicing. Keep practicing another 1000 times," Dustin instructed.

"What?" Abigail's smile froze.

1000 times? There's no way she'd finish before sundown.

Ugh, why did she have to have such a horrible mentor?

"Nelson, how's the group from Azkaban holding up?" Dustin turned his attention to Nelson.

"As you instructed, I've provided them with food, shelter, and money. But they refuse to leave and insist on joining the Kirin Gang to help you," Nelson replied.

Those from Azkaban were talented fighters who were hard to come by, especially Cornelius.

There was much more to the older man than meets the eye, and he could easily take on the strongest fighters in Kirin Gang.

Chapter 795

"We're short on talented individuals, so let them stay if they want to. Establish a subsidiary guild named Darklaws and let Mr. Adler be the leader." Dustin decided.

"Got it." Nelson nodded.

"Oh, right. It isn't good that our guild is expanding so quickly. We need to slow things down and cut down on the recruitment. We need to move our headquarters to accommodate our growing numbers. I'll leave this to you," Dustin instructed.

"I've already considered the issue about our headquarters and picked out a location, but I'm not sure if it's to your liking," Nelson replied.

"Really? Where did you pick?" Dustin raised an eyebrow.

"It's called Zephyr Lodge. It's located on the city's outskirts."

Seeing Dustin's confusion, Nelson elaborated. "It used to be the estate of a count, so it's spacious and has good scenery. Transportation there is smooth as well. I searched high and low. This place seemed like the best option."

“Not bad. You must have put in a lot of thought for this. Well, let’s go with your idea. Kirin Gang’s new headquarters will be there.” Dustin decided.

“Thank you, Sir!” Nelson was overjoyed.

He didn’t expect Dustin to agree to his idea so readily. He couldn’t help feeling touched by how much Dustin trusted him.

“While we’re on the topic of managing the gang, I just thought of the friend I recently made who’s clever and talented. She should be able to help you,” Abigail suddenly said.

“Really? Who?” Dustin was curious.

“She happens to be the sparring partner here. Follow me!” Abigail pulled Dustin into the dojo.

Several of Flame Dragon Gang’s skilled fighters surrounded a gorgeous woman in the battle ring.

The woman wore skin-tight clothes that showed off her curves and perfect legs, tempting the men. Still, despite her looks, she could take on all the men easily.

Using her legs like whips, she swept anyone who approached her off their feet so none of the men could get close to her.

“Damn it! They’re useless!” Nelson swore under his breath, his expression uncomfortable. He was embarrassed to show Dustin a bunch of men being beaten up by a woman.

There were thuds as all the Flame Dragon Gang disciples fell, allowing the woman to win.

“What do you think? She’s awesome, isn’t she?” Abigail asked proudly.

Dustin didn’t reply. His eyes were glued to the woman on the platform. He looked like he didn’t trust her.

“Hey, come here for a second. Let me introduce you to someone.” Abigail waved the lady over.

“Okay.” With a small smile, the lady brushed off the sweat on her forehead and walked off the battle ring.

“Let me introduce you to—

Dustin cut Abigail off. “No need for introductions. I know her.”

“You do?” Abigail was surprised.

“Are you trying to flirt with me?” The woman smiled.

“Quit acting. You might have changed your looks, but your scent didn’t change. Aren’t I right, Azalea Larson?”

Chapter 796

“Azalea Larson?” Abigail was puzzled.

Abigail knew the woman’s surname was Larson, but her name was Mandy Larson.

“Are you going to deny it? Do I have to tear off your mask?” Dustin asked.

“Your eyes are getting better. I spent so much time dressing up, but it wasn’t enough to fool you.” Azalea giggled flirtatiously.

“Is your name really Azalea?” Abigail frowned. She felt like she was tricked.

“I’m Azalea, but I’m also Mandy. I never lied to you,” Azalea explained with a smile.

“What are you doing here?” Dustin demanded.

He was always on high alert whenever he was near this crazy woman.

After all, it was difficult to believe someone who murdered their mentor and offered their mentor’s head to the Harmon family..

“Aww, aren’t we friends by now? Can’t you treat me more warmly?” Azalea circled Dustin like a snake eyeing a mouse.

“What happened between us can only be considered a business partnership, definitely not friendship.” Dustin was unfazed.

“That makes me sad. I should’ve known that all men are cheaters!” Azalea grumbled pitifully.

“Ahem, I’m still here, you know? Do you mind toning down the flirting?” Abigail looked at them oddly.

“Abigail, go and train. I have something to talk to her about.” Dustin glanced at Abigail.

“Alright, then. I’ll stop bothering you two.” Abigail stuck out her tongue and headed to the training grounds to practice her staff combat technique.

Ugh, the smell of love!

“Spit it. What are you up to?” Dustin demanded once more.

“Nothing. I’m just here to protect Abigail.” Azalea smiled.

“She’s the future Grand Sorceress of the Mystic Arts Order, so she’ll need bodyguards. I think I’m a good fit for the job.”

“What?” Dustin frowned. “How did you know that?”

He was the only one Micheal told this secret to, and even Abigail had no idea. How did Azalea

know this?

“The Dark Lord used to be from the Mystic Arts Order. He happened to share this secret with me.” Azalea smirked.

“Abigail isn’t ready. Besides, there is no way her father will allow her to join the Mystic Arts Order,

Dustin replied coolly.

H

The Mystic Arts Order was the evillest faction in the world, and the same could be said about its people.

Abigail was too kind, so she would be eaten alive if she got caught up in the mess with the Order.

“Never say never. As long as the blood of the Grand Sorceress flows in her veins, the organization will find her sooner or later.” Azalea reminded him.

“I don’t know what will happen in the future, but Abigail is my disciple right now. I’ll protect her with my life as long as I’m alive. You better not try anything funny!” Dustin warned.

“Don’t worry. My future depends on her, so I’ll protect her with everything I’ve got.” Azalea smiled.

Abigail was the granddaughter of the leader of the Mystic Arts Order, so Azalea had to make sure to get close to her.

If Abigail became the Grand Sorceress, Azalea could ride on Abigail’s coattails and become stronger than anyone else.

“You better keep your word.” Dustin stared at Azalea. Once he was sure she wasn’t lying, he sighed with relief.

“I can’t beat you anyway, so you can always kill me if I do anything bad. Still, I wonder if you can do it.”

Azalea smirked and placed a palm on Dustin’s chest before dragging it downward.

Chapter 797

Dustin frowned and stepped back to put some space between their bodies. “I won’t expose your identity, but you better behave yourself. I’ll be watching you.

“You’ll be watching me?” Azalea bit her bottom lip invitingly. “I’ll be showering later. Will you also watch me?”

“You’re crazy!”

Dustin ignored her and walked past her to go upstairs. He was certain she wasn’t up to anything for now, but he was still wary of witches like her.

The night passed uneventfully.

The next morning, Dustin was out with Abigail for their morning practice when a black sedan pulled up at their entrance.

The car door opened, and Patrick stepped out with a smile.

“Congratulations, Dustin.” Patrick congratulated Dustin.

“The results for yesterday’s tests are out. You passed the test and have been chosen to lead four other martial artists to represent the Glenstead martial arts alliance!”

“Really? That’s great.” Dustin smiled softly, not surprised by the news.

It would be more surprising if someone managed to get a higher score than him, who got full marks for all five tests.

“Are you joining the Knighthood Society Tournament? Can I tag along?” Abigail asked eagerly.

“Only if you don’t cause any trouble,” Dustin warned.

“I promise!” Abigail promised.

“Me too. I want to go, too,” Azalea chimed in.

There was no way she’d miss out on such an exciting show.

Dustin glanced at her but didn’t answer. Instead, he stepped into the car.

Abigail and Azalea followed too. Azalea plopped herself into the seat next to Dustin’s, her breasts jiggling from the movement.

The car began to move, starting their journey to the tournament.

The tournament was being held at Shinefield Lake, which was located at the foot of Mount Shinefield. The beautiful scenery there made it the perfect location to host the tournament.

When they arrived, the lake was full of martial artists from different places.

The grand tournament between the Balerno and Glenstead martial arts alliance took place every three years Today's battle was more about honor than interest. Each participant must do their best to make their alliance proud.

"Dustin, the others who will be representing Balerno are over there. Follow me." Patrick glanced around to ensure he was in the right direction before leading Dustin and the others over.

"Stop right there!"

Suddenly, a group of people blocked their way. When Dustin saw who they were, he had a smirk on his face.

They turned out to be the same people from Steeljaws Fellowship yesterday.

"You killed Dominic yesterday, and we demand justice!" One of them accused before Dustin could say anything.

Chapter 798

"What?" The sudden accusation took Dustin aback. "Dominic is dead?"

"That's right. It's all your fault, you murderer!" Gianna shouted angrily.

"Don't be stupid. What does his death have to do with me? Don't pin the blame on me," Dustin

replied.

"Stop lying! Dominic wouldn't have died if it weren't for your tricks!" Gianna shouted.

"Did you think we won't discover that you intentionally kept the lever at the max so you could trick Dominic into entering the pressure machine. The moment the door closed, Dominic exploded!" Devon growled.

Dustin was speechless by their stupid accusations. He had merely forgotten to return the lever to its initial position. 1

How could he have known that someone would be stupid enough to start the machine without looking at the lever?

He had never met such a dumb bunch. It was ridiculous that he was blamed for such an ignorant incident.

“First of all, I didn’t plan anything, so I had nothing to do with Dominic’s death. He died because of his actions alone.” Dustin held his hand open.

“Yeah, right! I know you did it on purpose!” Gianna didn’t believe a word he said.

“I’ve already explained myself. You can decide whether to believe me.” Dustin couldn’t be bothered to continue talking to those idiots.

“You’ve got guts, kid. How dare you walk away like nothing happened after killing someone?” Just then, a man in black emerged from the crowd.

Although the man looked ordinary, the sword he was holding gave off an imposing air. This man was the first disciple of Steeljaws Fellowship, Jared Yancy.

“And where did you come from?” Dustin raised an eyebrow.

“How rude! This is Jared. He’s one of the five martial artists competing today!” Devon shouted.

“So what?” Dustin shrugged.

“You might have some skills, kid, but that’s far from enough if you want to challenge me. Dominic’s death can’t be in vain, so you’ll have to pay up!” Jared retorted icily.

“What kind of payment do you want?” Dustin put on a fake smile.

“If you break both arms, I’ll let you live,” Jared demanded.

“Are all Boulderthorn people crazy or something? First, you randomly accuse me of something I didn’t do. Then demand I break my hands. Did you think I’ll do it?” Dustin shot them a disdainful look.

“I’m giving you a chance right now. You won’t just be breaking two arms if I have to do it myself.”

Jared threatened.

He drew his sword lightly, exposing the razor-sharp blade as a warning.

“You better not cross the line!” Abigail snapped, unable to control her anger. She stepped forward and put herself in front of Dustin.

“Shut up! You have no right to talk!” Gianna slapped Abigail hard, leaving a visible palm print.

Dustin’s face darkened, and his blood boiled. But before he could do anything, there was a shadow as something flew toward Gianna’s arm.

It was a black venomous snake!

“Aargh!” Startled, Gianna flung the snake to the ground and crushed it to death.

The spot where the snake had bitten her had already turned black. It was easy to tell that the snake was incredibly venomous.

“Who was it? Who snuck up on us?”

The Steeljaws Fellowship disciples looked around furiously. They couldn’t believe someone had used such a dirty move!

“I did it.” Azalea stepped out from behind Dustin, a cold smile on her face. “She should pay the price for slapping my sister.”

“Give us the antidote!” Jared ordered.

The venom had already spread to the rest of Gianna’s arm. It would spread to the rest of her organs in another three minutes.

“There is no antidote. The only way to save her is to slice off her arm to stop the venom from spreading.” Azalea grinned.

An eye for an eye, a slap for an arm. It was a good deal.

“You’re dead meat!” Furious, Jared drew his blade, about to attack.

“Stop!”

Patrick stepped forward and took out the Hill family emblem. “Today’s the Knighthood Society Tournament! Participants are not allowed to engage in personal fights!”

Jared gritted his teeth but eventually lowered his sword. He didn't have a choice since this was the Knighthood Society Tournament, and he was afraid of Patrick.

“Save me, Jared! I don't want to die!”

Chapter 799

Gianna burst into tears as she watched the venom spread further, terrified. Her arrogant attitude from earlier disappeared.

Without a word, Jared swung his sword and sliced Gianna's arm off.

Flustered, Gianna stared at her arm lying on the floor and looked at her shoulder. After she

realized what had happened, she cried before passing out.

“Once the tournament ends, I'll make you pay for your actions!” Jared spat before leading his men.

away.

“Dustin, Jared isn't someone you want as your enemy. You should be careful.” Patrick warned.

“He should be the one who's careful,” Dustin replied.

If it weren't for Patrick, he would have killed Jared!

“It's almost time. Let's go and find Grandpa.” Patrick gestured and led them into a luxurious lakeside villa.

The spacious villa had a rustic charm and a huge courtyard where everyone was resting.

Meanwhile, Paul was chatting comfortably in the villa's living room with a middle-aged man. It was none other than the leader of Balerno martial arts, Ronald Reeds.

Paul was Ronald's mentor, so they could chat comfortably.

"Sir, I've heard you recently found someone with great potential. The person managed to defeat Terry Doyle and performed well in yesterday's tests," Ronald said with a smile.

"He's incredibly special. As long as I train him properly, he might become your successor," Paul said thoughtfully.

"I'm curious to know the person you got your eye on." Ronald was excited.

His mentor had always been picky, and regular geniuses meant nothing to him.

"Dustin is here, Grandpa." Patrick suddenly entered.

"Right on time." Paul smiled. "Tell him to come in."

"Alright." Patrick went out again to lead Dustin in.

"Greetings, Sir Paul." Dustin greeted Paul.

"You came at the right time, Dustin. Let me introduce you to someone." Paul gestured to the man next to him. "This is the current leader of Balerno martial arts, Ronald Reeds."

"Ronald Reeds?" Dustin raised an eyebrow.

He recalled Micheal mentioning that Ronald was his good friend. He just didn't expect that friend

to be the leader of Balerno martial arts.

“Do you know each other?” Paul was surprised.

“Of course, I’ve heard of Sir Reeds’ accomplishments. Nice to meet you, Sir Reeds.”

Dustin greeted

once more.

“A talented individual indeed.” Ronald nodded with a smile. “The alliance is fortunate to have young, talented individuals like you as its future leaders.”

“You flatter me, Sir Reeds.” Dustin lowered his head politely.

“I don’t have anything to gift you besides this knife. It’s sharp enough to cut through metal. I hope you accept this token to commemorate our first meeting.” Ronald pulled out the knife he carried and handed it to Dustin with a smile.

“But…” Dustin was taken aback.

“Ronald likes talented individuals very much. Since he wants to offer you a gift, you might as well accept it.” Paul smiled.

“Alright. Thank you, Sir Reeds.” Dustin accepted the knife humbly.

“I hope you do your best to make the Balerno martial arts alliance proud,” Ronald encouraged.

“I will,” Dustin promised.

“It’s almost time, Ronald. Why don’t you tell the other participants to come in so we can discuss strategies,” Paul said to Ronald.

“Sure. I’ll go get them.” Just as Ronald was about to stand up, one of the alliance workers walked in nervously.

“I have bad news, sir! We received a report that three participants-Chase Newman, Andy Cannon, and Shawn Mcgee-have been poisoned. They are currently all unconscious!”

Chapter 800

“What? Poisoned?” Everyone paled.

It was no coincidence that three participants were poisoned on the day of the tournament.

“How could this happen? Who did it?” Ronald growled.

“We don’t know yet. We’re still investigating.” The worker shook his head.

“Bring me to them!” Ronald headed out hurriedly.

Workers had closed all the exits at the temporary training grounds to stop everyone from leaving.

When Ronald and the others arrived, they saw three strong men lying unconscious in the center. Their breathing was faint, and their faces were ashen. But their lips had turned black.

“It’s an extremely potent venom!” Ronald was displeased.

The three men were martial artists on The Heavenly Immortals and were crucial to their tournament. What was he supposed to do now that they were poisoned?

“Hurry, get someone from Stoneray Order!” Ronald ordered.

“No need for such hassle. Dustin can take care of this,” Paul said.

Even Nicholas hadn't been able to treat him back when he had been injured, yet Dustin had managed to save him.

"Do you practice medicine, Dustin?" Ronald was surprised.

"A little." Dustin didn't bother denying it.

"Then, please take a look at them." Ronald stepped aside.

Nodding, Dustin walked over and crouched down to study the three men's conditions.

Soon, his expression turned grave.

"They were poisoned with a slow-acting poison. It's tough to get rid of it. Symptoms don't appear until they do any vigorous exercise. But the moment they do, the infected will fall unconscious and might even die," Dustin explained.

"Can you cure them?" Ronald asked worriedly.

These three men were important for the tournament. He couldn't afford to lose them.

1.

"I can save their lives, but they'll be weak for the next week. I doubt they'll be able to take part in today's tournament." Dustin shook his head.

Ronald and Paul both frowned when they heard this. Clearly, the person who poisoned these men was trying to make them lose this year's tournament.

"Please save them, Dustin." Ronald suppressed his anger.

"Alright." Dustin nodded and quickly pulled out his silver needles to treat the men.

"Who do you think did this, Sir?" Ronald asked, pondering deeply.

“Who else could it be? It’s those bastards from Glenstead!” Paul snarled.

“They aren’t sure whether they’d win, so they used these underhanded tactics instead. How shameless!”

“Still, we don’t have any proof. We can do nothing about it.” Ronald frowned.

He also knew that the Glenstead martial arts alliance had something to do with this. The two alliances had been at odds for some time. He never expected them to resort to such dirty tactics.

“Why don’t we push the tournament back for a few days? We’ll resume things when they’ve recovered.” Patrick offered.

“Everyone is paying close attention to the tournament. There’s no way we can just change the date.

Ronald shook his head.

“I guess we’ll just have to find three substitutes.” Paul’s expression was grim.

Chase, Andy, and Shawn were powerful martial artists who were on The Heavenly Immortals. With their help, Balerno had a high chance of winning the tournament. But that would change if they had to switch participants.

“We still have time. I’ll go and look for decent substitutes.” Ronald left hurriedly. He had to try no matter how little time there was left!

Time flew by, and it was soon noon.

The sun shone brightly, and the brightness reflected off the lake’s surface.

