

## Chapter 1016 An Understated Dominance

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#### Chapter 1016

“What a powerful sword!”

Seeing the Celestial Blade, Ronald sensed danger: **He** immediately moved hundreds of meters

away from the scene.

Fortunately, he reacted fast. Otherwise, he wouldn't have been any better than the three grandmasters.

“My goodness! Look at the number of people he injured with just a move! Is he even a human?”

“Monster! He is a monster!”

Some of the neutral martial artists were stunned upon seeing the horrific scene in front of them.

Their eyes widened with fear. Luckily, they hadn't joined the fight, or they would have also been dead.

“Amazing! As expected of a young grandmaster!” Emily stared at the imposing figure. She felt a

sense of inexplicable excitement.

Dustin had single-handedly defeated multiple sects. It was truly astonishing!

“If someone is willing to go against the martial world for me, I’ll die with no regrets,” Van essa muttered. There was a glint in her eyes.

Which woman wouldn’t be attracted to such a strong and protective man?

“Seriously? Is he going to challenge all of them by himself?”

Walter and Nathan exchanged a glance. Their expressions revealed shock and fear.

Logically speaking, Dustin shouldn’t have been able to escape death in the fight. However, he surprisingly turned the situation around with just a swing of his sword.

It was too terrifying!

“Anyone else?” Dustin waved his hand and summoned his sword back into his palm. His

murderous intent showed no less than before.

The rest of the martial artists were dumbfounded. They shook like leaves, unable to even hold their weapons properly

Dustin had killed hundreds of people in one move. If he were to swing his sword a few more times, wouldn’t they all die?

They dared not provoke him again.

“If there’s no one else, get out of my sight right now!” Dustin shouted.

“Let’s leave! Quick!”

The martial artists immediately scrambled to their feet to flee.

“Wait!” Ronald’s voice suddenly came through.

“Don’t be afraid! He’s already on his last legs. He won’t be able to fight against us anymore!”

When they heard that, they almost cursed.

That was exactly what he said earlier, but in the end, Dustin nearly got all of them killed!

“Forget it, Sir Reeds. I still have a family to take care of. I don’t want to risk my life anymore,” a

bald martial artist pleaded.

“You don’t trust me?” Ronald’s expression darkened.

He added, “He has used up all his energy in that move. I’m sure he won’t be able to strike again!”

“I don’t care. I’m out of here.” The bald man threw his sword away and ran off.

He wasn’t so stupid to risk his life testing his opponent’s strength.

“Stop right there! I said stop!” Ronald called out.

However, when the bald man didn’t respond, his anger flared.

“You’re courting death!” He thrust his palm in the bald man’s direction.

The bald man’s body instantly exploded and disintegrated. Blood rained down and drenched the ground.

At the sight of that, everyone was shocked. They didn’t expect Ronald to be so brutal. He had

killed a man just because he didn’t listen to him.

“Hmph! How can we be afraid of evil when it’s our obligation to get rid of them?”

Ronald cast a piercing gaze at them and continued righteously, “Whoever chickens out today, I won’t show you any mercy!”

The crowd became anxious. They couldn't win against Dustin, nor could they escape. Ronald was just pushing them to death! How could there be such a cruel martial arts leader?

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The crowd exchanged glances, filled with anger and resentment. However, Ronald was too

powerful. They dared not go against him.

"Both of you, go and finish off that guy. I'll reward you generously once you're done." Ronald casually pointed at two martial artists.

"Huh?"

Shocked, the martial artists immediately waved their hands.

"Sir Reeds, we aren't his match at all! We are too weak!"

"Cut the crap! Do as I say or die!" Ronald shouted.

Upon hearing that, the two martial artists turned pale and nearly collapsed. Either fight against Dustin or be executed by Ronald. There was no third option.

"Why don't you fight with me instead of using them as your scapegoats, Ronald?" Dustin shouted.

"Hmph! Stop putting on an act. Your internal injuries have resurfaced. I doubt you can even stand properly now." Ronald sneered.

"Oh? Since you're so sure about it, bring it on." Dustin beckoned for him to come over.

"I don't need to deal with a small fry like you. These two are more than enough!"

As he spoke, he struck the ground at the feet of the two martial artists with his palm, creating a hole.

"What are you waiting for? Hurry up and attack! Do you want to be punished?"

The two martial artists had no choice but to steel themselves and advance. If they met their end at Dustin's hands, they could at least leave behind an honorable legacy.

They wouldn't have to worry about being labeled as cowards.

"Fuck! Whatever!"

Upon getting closer to Dustin, they exchanged a glance. Then, at the same time, they charged at him.

With a frown, Dustin swiftly wielded his sword in response.

The two martial artists froze in their tracks. The next second, their heads fell, rolling onto the ground.

After his move, Dustin suddenly turned pale. He lost his balance and fell to the ground, coughing

He was drenched in sweat, and his breathing grew labored.

His previous imposing demeanor was gone.

Ronald was right. Dustin was indeed on his last leg.

The fact that he was able to hold on this long was already an exceptional feat. After all, he had suffered several injuries.

The unceasing battles had drained his energy. The last strike with his sword had sapped the last

bits of it.

He thought he would be able to intimidate the martial artists with that move earlier. But Ronald still saw him through.

“See? I told you that he was on his last legs! Anyone else unconvinced?” Ronald laughed brazenly. He was brimming with self-satisfaction.

“It seems like it’s over for him. You’re a wise man, Sir Reeds!”

“After fighting for so long, he’s finally running out of strength. It’s incredible that he managed to hold on this long!”

“Damn! So it was just a bluff! He scared me earlier. I’m so going to pay it back to him later!”

Seeing that Dustin had collapsed, the martial artists regained their confidence. They began to act

arrogantly, putting on false bravado.

“Azalea!” Supporting himself with the Celestial Blade, Dustin struggled to stand up.

He took out a Shadowbloom and threw it at her. “Take this flower and leave with Abigail! I’ll cover

for you!”

“Can you still hold on?” Azalea frowned.

“I can only hold them back for ten minutes. The rest depends on you now.” Dustin took a deep breath, and his gaze turned sharp once again.

“Take care!” Azalea said nothing else. She carried the unconscious Abigail with her and ran away.

“Get them! None of them is allowed to leave!” Ronald ordered.

The martial artists dared not hesitate and immediately ran over to stop them.

Dustin slowly raised his sword, bracing himself for one last battle.

But then, it suddenly began to snow. Snowflakes danced gracefully in the air, softly drifting down to the ground.

The few martial artists **at the** forefront didn't notice anything unusual. **They let** the snowflakes fall on them.

However, upon contact, the snowflakes instantly exploded, releasing a staggering surge of energy.

Before the martial artists could react, they were blown up on the spot. The ground was soaked in

pools of blood.

Everyone was shocked!

## Chapter 1018

Looking at Abigail, who was consumed with sorrow in his arms, Dustin sighed and reached out to

pat her back.

“Mr. Robinson is gone now. Don't worry, I'm here. From now on, I'll be your family. I promise I'll

never let anyone bully you,” he comforted.

“Why? What did I do wrong?” Abigail kept wailing in pain.

“My mom has left me, and now even my dad is gone! I don’t understand! Why is this happening to me? Why?”

Michael had been righteous throughout his entire lifetime. He had never done anything bad. Even if someone had set him up, he wouldn’t harbor any resentment, let alone seek revenge.

Abigail just couldn’t figure out why such a person would end up dying so miserably.

Weren’t good people supposed to be rewarded?

If that were the case, she would rather be a villain!

“Kid, you’ll have to depend on yourself for everything,” Penelope Solace said faintly.

Then, she added, “Remember, in order to survive, you must be strong. You have to be powerful to

the point that you can change, the world and have everyone fear you.”

Hearing that, Abigail trembled. She turned around. “Who are you?”

“Me?” Penelope shot her a slight smile. “I’m your grandmother.”

“Grandmother?” Abigail was stunned. “Why have I never heard of **you**?”

“We hadn’t had the chance to meet, so it’s not surprising that you don’t know me. But it’s okay. I’ll

protect you from now on. No one will dare bully you,” Penelope said, her gaze filled with affection.

“She is a carbon copy of her mother,” Penelope thought.

“Sir, is she telling the truth?” Abigail didn’t quite believe her.

“She is indeed your maternal grandmother, but-”

“You didn’t have to add ‘maternal,’” Penelope interrupted.

No matter what, Abigail was still her granddaughter.

“Abigail, your grandmother is from the Mystic Arts Order. It doesn’t exactly have a good reputation. When Mr. Robinson was still alive, he told me not to involve you in it.” Dustin’s

expression was solemn.

“Are you really my grandmother?” Abigail asked as she trembled.

“Of course.” Penelope nodded.

“The bloodline in your body has been awakened. Follow me back.

You’ll then be the Grand Sorceress in the future and can kill whoever you want.”

“I...” Abigail didn’t know what to say..

The sudden presence of a grandmother had caught her off guard. It left her mind in a mess.

“Abigail, the Mystic Arts Order isn’t a good place for **you**. You have better choices,” Dustin

persuaded.

“Mystic arts suit her the most. Once Abigail returns to us, I’ll carefully train her. I believe she’ll be

able to suppress you soon,” Penelope said with her head slightly held up high.

“Cultivation is indeed important. But if she goes astray because of this, she will only regret it for the rest of her life,” Dustin retorted.

“What do you mean by going **astray**? Unlike the hypocrites from those sects, the Mystic Arts Order is always clear about right and wrong. Don’t tarnish our reputation,” Penelope warned.

“Abigail, the choice is yours. Do you want to leave with me or join the Mystic Arts Order?” Dustin

asked.

Abigail fell into silence. After thinking about it for a while, she slowly looked up **at** him.

“Sir, I’ve decided to go with my grandmother,” Abigail said firmly.

“Great! I expect nothing less from my granddaughter!” Penelope was overjoyed.

After waiting for so long, she finally found a successor.

“Abigail, once you enter the Mystic Arts Order, there’ll be no turning back. **At** that time, it’ll be too

late for regrets.” Dustin frowned.

The Mystic Arts Order was the most formidable dark faction in existence. Once Abigail became its- Grand Sorceress, not only would she be criticized, but she would also be hunted down by martial

artists.

The price was too high.

“Sir, I know you meant well, but I have to go. I want to be powerful and seek revenge. I want everyone to fear me. If nice people can’t live long and their tormentors can, then I’d rather go on the wrong path.”

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“I want to slaughter all these hypocrites and kill everyone that deserves to die! I will overturn this fake, wretched world of the martial arts for good!”

Abigail looked determined as she stressed every word. The menacing air she exuded left the others shuddering in fear.

Dustin couldn’t help but sigh when he heard her. He knew Abigail had changed.

She was no longer the kind, innocent woman she was before.

Yet, he couldn’t blame her. Her father had risked his life to save everyone. But he was driven to death by the very people he saved.

Who exactly was to blame? She had been pushed to this point!

Since there was no reward for kindness, it was only right for kindness to be forsaken. Since justice wasn’t served, it was only right for evil to spread.

“Abigail, whatever you decide, I will support you.” Dustin stroked Abigail’s head.

He told her gently, “Remember, I’ll always stand by your side. If you **ever** feel mistreated, just come back. Even if everyone is against you, I’ll protect you.”

“Okay!” Abigail nodded solemnly, her eyes brimming with tears.

“Madam Penelope, I hope **you** will take good care of Abigail.”

Dustin turned his attention to Penelope. He said firmly, “If the members of the Mystic Arts Order dare bully her, I will make sure to end all of you.”

“Oh?” The corner of Penelope’s lips curved up into a smile. She was amused.

She said, “Kid, you’re the first who dares speak to me that way.”

“Since **you** know my identity, you should know that the Rhys family never goes back on their word.” Dustin’s gaze was unwavering.

“Hahaha... Interesting, very interesting.” Penelope chuckled.

Instead of getting angry, she seemed to appreciate his temper. The stranger his temper was, the more she liked it.

“Abigail, until we meet again.”

## Chapter 1020

Dustin patted Abigail’s shoulder.

He picked up the Shadowbloom and turned around to **leave**. He wasn’t able to stop her since she

already made a choice. He could only wish her the best.

“Goodbye, sir.

”

As Abigail watched him leave, she bit her lips, tears streaming down her face. After today, she

wasn’t sure when she would ever see him again.

“Abigail, do you want me to kill these scum for you?”:

Penelope swept a glance across the various sects. A red glint flashed in her eyes.

It unnerved everyone present. They broke out in cold sweat, trembling from fear.

Yet, they didn’t dare move. **They** were like a group of lambs waiting to be slaughtered.

“No need! I will take revenge myself!” Abigail declined immediately.

With a chilling gaze, she took a good look around, remembering everyone’s faces.

“Listen up, you scum! I’m letting you go today, but this is not out of kindness. Because one day, I

will kill every one of you!

“Don’t you ever forget! One day, I will make you pay back tenfold—no, a hundredfold for what

you've done today.

"I'm going to torment you endlessly and make you suffer unbearable pain. I will make you die a slow, agonizing death while drowning in fear and despair!

"Before that, you must do everything you can to stay alive! I must be the one to take **your** lives! "Wait for me! Vengeance will be mine!"