

An understated Dominance – Dahlia and Dustin Chapter 1161

Chapter 1161 Defying the Second in power

“Flower Girls?”

Brayden’s words left Evan utterly puzzled.

Dustin has a pretty face, and he is a better-looking man from every perspective than Brayden is. But, why is he telling him “Flower Girls”? “Is Brayden attracted to this dude (Dustin)?” Evan is feeling awkward.

“Well, well, I can’t believe my luck today. Encountering not just one but two Flower Girls,” Brayden mused, rubbing his chin with a lecherous look as he scanned Natasha and Scarlet.

One exuded charm and allure, while the other had a cold and haughty demeanor.

Two women, both incredibly beautiful but with completely different auras, sat there quietly.

It was as if they were the most exquisite pieces of art, waiting for him to appreciate, touch, and pour forth his affection.

Compared to these two stunning beauties, the models and celebrities he had been with before seemed utterly ordinary.

Normally, encountering someone of this caliber was a rare treat, worthy of celebrating.

But today, he unexpectedly stumbled upon two of them. Truly, the heavens were smiling upon him!

No matter what, he was determined to make the most of today, indulging in a double delight.

“Sir Brayden, are you checking out those two?”

Evan followed Brayden’s gaze and finally caught on.

” Who do you think I’m checking, you idiot? Brayden replied, his irritation evident. He adjusted his tie and wore a self-satisfied smile, striding confidently over to them. “Ladies, may I inquire about your names?”

“I’m Dustin Rhys. How can I assist you?”

Dustin positioned himself in front, shielding Natasha from Brayden’s lecherous gaze.

“Why’s it matter to you? Did I ask for your input?” Brayden shot back, clearly annoyed. “You even know who I am? Or who my brother is?”

Damn it! He was just appreciating the beauty when this big guy suddenly popped up. What rotten luck.

“I don’t care who you are, and your brother doesn’t interest me either. It’s in your best interest to keep those inappropriate thoughts to yourself, or don’t be surprised if I’m not so polite,” Dustin calmly declared.

“Hey! Who on earth are you? How dare you speak to me that way?” Brayden took off his sunglasses, revealing a defiant stare.

“Sir Brayden, he’s the guy I told you about, the one causing trouble at the Celestial Heights Restaurant!” Evan whispered to him.

“Oh... so you’re the troublemaker,” Brayden said, sizing him up and asserting himself. “Kid, do you know who I am? I’m Brayden, the second in power of the Grant family! In this area, no one has ever dared to disrespect me. If you don’t want to end up as dog food, you better kneel before me, kowtow (touch the ground with the forehead in worship or submission for mercy), and then deliver your women to my bed. If you do that, I might spare your wretched life.”

“The second most powerful in the Grant family? So what? You think that makes you a big shot? I haven’t even care about your older brother, Tyler. Why should I care about you?” Dustin maintained his impassive demeanor.

“Oh, you’re quite young but full of bravado!” Brayden sneered. “Who granted you the audacity to be so cocky in my presence? Being this outspoken might just come at a hefty price for you!”

The Grant family was the top among the three major families, practically ruling over everything in this area. Apart from the young members from the Murray and Hill families, Brayden knew nearly everyone. Clearly, Dustin wasn't one of them.

In other words, this guy (Dustin) is not up to par.

In fact, as long as they didn't belong to the other two major families, Brayden could easily oppress and manipulate them without any concerns.

"Sir Brayden, don't bother wasting your time talking to this guy. Just go ahead, grab him, and show him a lesson!" Evan urged from the sidelines.

"You're absolutely right, Sir Brayden. This guy's arrogance knows no bounds; he has no respect for you. He definitely needs a good lesson!" Mia chimed in.

Chapter 1162: Brawl

"Kid, I'm giving you one last chance. Drop to your knees, bow down to me, and hand over those two stunning ladies behind you. Otherwise, I'll make sure you meet a gruesome end!" threatened Brayden with a menacing look.

What right does this young guy (Dustin) have to be with such exceptional beauties?

Only the privileged like him (Brayden) believe they have the right to enjoy such exquisite companions.

"I'll give you a chance as well. Leave immediately, or I'll make sure your legs are in no shape to stand," Dustin retorted in a chilling tone.

"You little...!"

Brayden erupted in anger and raised his fist to strike Dustin in the face.

As a member of the Grant family, he might not have excelled in academic pursuits, but he had some basic martial arts training from his childhood.

Not for any noble reason, but simply to impress girls.

"Don't overestimate yourself."

Dustin sneered and, with a swift motion, slapped Brayden, sending him tumbling to the ground, unable to get up.

“Ah?”

Seeing this, the onlookers were left dumbfounded.

No one had expected Dustin to dare lay a hand on Brayden.

After all, he was the second in power of the Grant family, the younger brother of General Tyler, and the most prominent young aristocrat in the entire provincial city (Millsburg)!

Challenging someone of such influence, was this guy looking for trouble?!

“You... You actually dare to strike me?!”

Brayden struggled to get up, touching his bloody nose. In an instant, his face contorted in anger.

“You brat! You’re a dead man! I’ll skin you alive! I’ll tear you limb from limb! And not just you, but your two women too. I’ll make them my toygirl! I’ll turn them into my pets!”

“Thud!”

Dustin delivered a swift kick to Brayden’s stomach, prompting a painful scream and a spray of blood. Brayden was sent flying through the air like a cannonball, crashing into the wall with a wail of agony.

“Are you all out of your minds? Take care of that kid for me!”

Brayden, his face twisted with anger, shouted at his henchmen.

While speaking, he coughed up more blood.

“Damn it! Dare to lay a hand on our young master? You must be out of your mind!”

“Brothers, let’s take him down!”

After a brief moment of shock, the Grant family’s henchmen immediately drew their blades and charged.

“Ready to risk your lives, huh? We’re up for it!”

Without hesitation, the disciples of the Kirin Gang rushed forward.

The two groups quickly engaged in a chaotic brawl.

Although the Grant family’s henchmen were stronger than the Celestial Heights Restaurant security, they were no match for the skilled members of the Kirin Gang.

In the heat of battle, the Grant family’s henchmen were pushed back and routed.

“Erik (Erik Reeds), are you just going to stand there and watch? My people can’t hold on any longer! Do something!” Brayden, exasperated, yelled at a muscular man dressed in black.

“Chill, Brayden. Masters usually come in fashionably late. Check out how I’m gonna turn things around!”

Erik grinned and, like a fierce tiger, leaped into the crowd, launching a brutal assault. His punches and kicks were swift and powerful, almost unstoppable. Even the skilled members of the Flame Dragon Guild (an arm of Kirin Gang) struggled to defend themselves.

With Erik joining the fray, the entire situation instantly turned in their favor!

Chapter 1163: Killing Spree

Under the leadership of Erik, the Grant family’s henchmen began to counterattack, pushing back the disciples of the Kirin Gang.

Erik (a.k.a. “The Thunderstorm”) was a master of both internal and external martial arts, and his strength was exceptionally formidable. Even the several innate warriors from the Flame Dragon Guild were no match for him.

He was like a tank, relentlessly advancing and leaving no one capable of stopping him.

“Good! Well done! Kill them for me!”

Seeing this, Brayden's spirits soared, and he roared with madness.

Fortunately, he had Erik by his side to hold the fort; otherwise, he would have been defeated today.

"Damn, who is this guy? How can he be so powerful?" Mia asked quietly, her eyes filled with both astonishment and excitement.

"This man is called Erik. He just returned from training in Stonia, and his strength is extremely formidable. It is said that he is also an elite disciple of the Balermo martial arts alliance!" Evan explained with a look of reverence.

"The Balermo martial arts alliance? Is that the most powerful sect in Stonia?" Mia widened her eyes.

In the Dragonmarsh, there were three major forces: the Balermo martial arts alliance, the Mystic Arts Order (Witchcraft Cult), and the Glenstead arts alliance (Sword Sect). Each of them was a colossal presence and even had the privilege of direct communication with national authorities.

Moreover, they enjoyed certain privileges.

"That's right!"

Evan nodded firmly. "In fact, Erik is not only a disciple of the Balermo martial arts alliance, but also the nephew of the leader of the martial world in Balermo, Ronald Reeds! His entire cultivation is based on Ronald Reeds's true teachings!"

"What? The nephew of Ronald Reeds?!" Mia was taken aback.

Although she was not a member of the martial world, she had heard of Ronald Reeds's name.

The leader of the martial world in Balermo, the foremost of the Five Grandmasters.

He was the most powerful figure in all of Balermo!

Being able to receive such a powerful person's true teachings explained why Erik's strength was so extraordinary.

“Hehe... it looks like this guy, Dustin, is in for some bad luck today!” Julie smirked, finding the situation rather amusing.

“Hmph! He deserves it! A good-for-nothing pretty boy, daring to act so arrogantly. He’s just asking for trouble!” Florence crossed her arms and stood by, enjoying the spectacle.

“You’re right. Daring to strike the second in power of the Grant family, he’s going to pay a heavy price!” Aunt Victoria said with a cold expression.

Dahlia remained silent, simply observing.

For some reason, she felt an inexplicable nervousness when she saw that Dustin was in danger.

It was quite strange.

“Kill, kill, kill! Kill them all for me!”

Watching Erik sweeping through the crowd, Brayden laughed maniacally, his face appearing somewhat sinister.

He not only wanted to dismantle Dustin but also to thoroughly toy with those two arrogant women.

“Let me handle this!”

Seeing that the disciples of the Kirin Gang were struggling to hold their ground, Cornelius finally made his move.

With a single step, he leaped into the air like a soaring eagle, then thrust his palm towards Erik in the midst of the crowd.

“Seeking death!”

Erik quickly sensed the danger and immediately retaliated with a fierce counterattack, using his rapid and powerful fist to strike Cornelius.

“Boom!”

Their fists clashed.

A violent surge of true energy erupted.

Within a radius of five meters, everyone was sent flying, creating an open space.

In the moment of impact, Cornelius executed a graceful somersault and landed gracefully.

As for Erik, he staggered back several steps, leaving deep footprints on the second-floor floorboards.

“Young man, your strength is quite impressive.”

Cornelius raised an eyebrow, his expression filled with surprise.

Chapter 1164: Underhanded Method

Judging by Erik’s age, he was just in his early thirties, yet he had already reached the peak of the Innate stage.

With his talent and strength, not only in Balermo but even in Stonia, he could be considered among the cream of the crop among the younger generation.

“You old man, you’re not bad either,” Erik said as he flexed his somewhat numb arms, grinning. “In the seven provinces of Balermo, there aren’t many who can withstand a punch from me.”

“Young man, you do have some talent, but it’s still not enough,” Cornelius shook his head and said, “If you leave now, you can avoid suffering any physical harm. Otherwise, I won’t hold back.”

“Hehehe... Old man, do you really think you can beat me?” Erik tilted his head, clenched his fist, and sneered, “Just now, I was just warming up. If I really start fighting, I can knock you out in a minute!”

“Hmph! Arrogant!”

Cornelius’ face darkened. “Since you’re underestimating me, I’ll teach you a lesson!”

As he spoke, he took a step, shot forward like an arrow leaving the string, and slapped his palm towards Erik’s chest.

“Exploding Fist!”

Erik didn't dodge or evade. He roared in anger and threw a punch with tremendous force.

“Boom!”

When the two were only half a meter apart, a large amount of white smoke suddenly sprayed from Erik's sleeves.

Cornelius' pupils contracted, and he instinctively closed his eyes to avoid it. However, he didn't react in time and was still sprayed in the face by the smoke.

He staggered backward, feeling dizzy and weak all over, his head heavy and his body weak.

He had thought the smoke was something like lime powder, so he had closed his eyes to protect himself. He hadn't expected it to be a powerful anesthetic gas that even blocked his true energy.

“Take this punch!”

Taking advantage of Cornelius' weakness, Erik struck again, delivering a punch to his abdomen.

“Bang!”

A muffled sound rang out as Cornelius was sent back several meters, his true energy dispersing. Blood spewed from his mouth, and he swayed unsteadily.

“You... you're despicable!”

Cornelius wiped the blood from his mouth, panting heavily, and covered in cold sweat.

“Ha... hahaha... All is fair in war. As long as I can win, what does it matter if I use some tricks?” Erik laughed maniacally. “You've lived for so many years and still don't understand the treacherous nature of the martial world? It serves you right!”

He hadn't been confident in confronting Cornelius head-on, so he had used his precious Smooth Tissue Elixir (Soft Tendon Powder).

Against anyone below the Grandmaster level, just one touch would cause them to go limp and lose all their internal strength.

“Beast! You’re from a reputable martial sect, yet you use such underhanded methods. Don’t you feel ashamed?” Cornelius angrily retorted.

“Ashamed? Heh... It’s all about who’s stronger. If you lose, well, that’s on you. No need for all this talk. Just die!” Erik sneered.

“Hmph! You’re not even qualified to kill me.” Cornelius’ face darkened.
“Furthermore, don’t think I’m ignorant of your underhanded methods. You’re just a coward!”

Erik with disdain, taking a sudden step forward to deliver another powerful punch to Cornelius chest.

This punch brimmed with turbulent energy and an intimidating force.

Before the fist even landed, the sheer force of the punch generated a fierce gust of wind that made Cornelius’ hair stand on end and caused his facial muscles to twitch.

With no energy left to muster, he found himself unable to block this ferocious strike at all.

“Whoosh!”

At that critical moment, a silver needle suddenly shot out and struck Erik’s fist.

“Hmm?”

Erik jolted, retracting his attack as if shocked by electricity. He then raised his head abruptly, locking eyes with Dustin’s icy gaze, and bellowed, “Kid, you dare to interfere?”

“If you used drugs to sneak attack, you were already assured of victory. Now, trying to finish us off completely, isn’t that inappropriate?” Dustin said calmly.

“Hmph! I want to kill whoever I want to kill. It’s none of your business. If you don’t comply, I’ll kill you too!” Erik threatened loudly.

“If you want to kill me, you’re not worthy.”

Dustin's face turned cold. "Besides, don't blame me for not warning you. If you dare to mess around again, I'll kill you. I mean what I say."

Chapter 1165: Calming The Thunderstorm

"Kill me?"

Upon hearing this, Erik was first stunned, then burst into laughter as if he had heard the biggest joke in the world.

The people around also wore mocking expressions, looking at him as if he were an idiot.

"Is this guy crazy? He actually dares to speak to The Thunderstorm like this? Isn't he afraid of death?" Mia exclaimed in disbelief.

"Hmph! This ignorant fool dares to challenge Erik publicly. Does he not fear death?" Evan sneered.

Who was Erik?

He was an elite disciple of the Balermo Martial Alliance, and he had mastered the true inheritance of Lord Reeds, making him a genius figure.

"Erik fought against a hundred opponents and suppressed the entire field. Such a person is doomed to die!"

Evan and Mia both wore triumphant smiles.

"Serves him right! See if he's still so arrogant after he's beaten to a pulp!"

Florence and the others looked on coldly, their expressions filled with schadenfreude.

Just now, Erik had slaughtered everyone with overwhelming power, and everyone had seen it.

Now, with Dustin provoking him like this, wasn't he seeking death?

"Erik! This guy actually dares to look down on you? Kill him for me!"

Up in the rear, Brayden shouted provocatively, his eyes filled with malice. Having been coughing up blood since he was kicked by Dustin earlier, he was harboring a deep grudge.

“Hahaha! This guy must be insane! He actually dares to speak to Erik like that? Doesn’t he know what the word ‘death’ means?” Florence wore a surprised expression.

“Hmph! A young fool who doesn’t know the immensity of heaven and earth, provoking Erik openly. He deserves to die!” Evan sneered.

“Acting all high and mighty just because he knows a little bit of martial arts. In my opinion, if he dies, it’s his own fault!” Aunt Victoria mocked.

Erik had just single-handedly defeated everyone in his path and was unstoppable.

At this moment, Dustin stepped forward to provoke him. Wasn’t he just looking for trouble?

“Ha! This guy dares to challenge Erik in public? Does he not fear death?” Julie shook her head, looking at Dustin as if he were a dead man.

“Hmph! Erik used his full strength to attack right from the start. This guy is doomed!” Evan and Mia both revealed triumphant smiles.

“He deserves it! Let’s see if he’s still so arrogant after this!” Florence and the others watched coldly, ready to watch a show.

Faced with the simultaneous attacks from both sides, Dustin remained calm. Instead of retreating, he stepped forward and avoided the heavy hammer-like strikes aimed at him.

“Ha! This time, you’re dead for sure!” Brayden sneered, looking at Dustin as if he were already a corpse.

Dustin didn’t change his expression despite the two huge mallets swinging toward him. He moved forward, dodging the strikes.

Then, he suddenly lifted his knee and forcefully struck Erik in the abdomen.

“Ugh!”

Caught off guard, Erik was bent into a prawn shape, his face turning bright red.

His entire body was lifted off the ground, and he lost his balance.

After the first blow, Dustin suddenly lifted his leg above his head and brought it down like an axe, striking Erik's shoulder forcefully.

"Argh!"

Erik, who had just been lifted off the ground, was slammed back down. He knelt heavily on the ground, creating a pit with his knees.

His knees were bleeding and his bones were shattered, leaving him crippled.

"You—"

Erik had just opened his mouth, but before he could say anything, a mouthful of blood sprayed out of his mouth.

He looked utterly dejected, and his body was heavily injured.

"Ah?"

Seeing this scene, everyone was stunned.

Everything had happened so quickly, in the blink of an eye.

They hadn't even seen clearly what had happened, and Erik was already kneeling on the ground, defeated.

It was unexpected.

"How... how could this happen? Erik actually lost?"

Brayden widened his eyes in disbelief.

Erik's strength was well known to him.

As an elite member of the Balermo Martial Alliance and the nephew of Ronald Reeds, he was considered one of the top talents among the younger generation, both in terms of talent and strength.

Normally, Erik should have easily crushed Dustin. Why was he suddenly defeated?

Chapter 1166: Thunderstorm's Uncle

“Damn! Is this pretty boy really that good? He even defeated Erik?” Evan was astonished.

“Am I seeing things? An elite disciple of the Balermo Martial Alliance can't even defeat an unknown guy?” Mia was in a daze.

“He's such a waste! He looks strong, but he can't take a single hit!” Florence frowned, visibly displeased.

“Could this Dustin guy have used some dirty tricks?” Julie and Aunt Victoria exchanged suspicious glances.

Just moments ago, Thunderstorm had been imposing and invincible, and they had assumed that Dustin was sure to be defeated. They never expected this outcome.

Was Dustin really that formidable, or was Thunderstorm all talk and no action?

“What do you think? Surrender or not?” Dustin asked, one leg still pinning Thunderstorm down.

“Who... who are you?” Thunderstorm gritted his teeth, attempting to struggle to his feet, but found Dustin's leg weighing him down like a thousand pounds, preventing him from moving.

“Never mind who I am. I just want to know if you're going to surrender or not?” Dustin applied more pressure with his single leg.

With a series of cracking sounds, the ground beneath Thunderstorm's knees shattered as Dustin continued to exert pressure.

“I surrender, damn it!” Thunderstorm roared. “Do you even know who I am? If you harm me, I promise you'll have nowhere to bury your corpse!”

“Oh? Is that so?” Dustin sneered and slowly withdrew his leg.

Thunderstorm, like a prisoner released from captivity, gasped for breath.

“Hmph! You know what’s good for you!” Evan, thinking that Dustin was afraid of the Balermo Martial Alliance, breathed a sigh of relief.

“Hehehe...” Thunderstorm, still on his knees, suddenly grinned. “Kid, you were so cocky just now. What happened? You got scared as soon as you heard about the Balermo Martial Alliance? Are you afraid to fight me now?”

Swaying as he stood up, Thunderstorm pointed a finger at Dustin’s chest, taunting, “Come on... you wanted to hurt me, didn’t you? I’ll lend you some courage. Go ahead, dare to make a move?”

“Be glad that you’re still alive. Don’t try to provoke me again,” Dustin warned coldly.

Although the Balermo Martial Alliance was formidable, it didn’t necessarily mean he was afraid of them.

“What if I provoke you again? Do you dare to challenge the Balermo Martial Alliance?” Thunderstorm continued to jab his finger into Dustin’s chest, being confrontational. “Let me tell you the truth, I’m not only a disciple of the Balermo Martial Alliance, but I’m also the nephew of the Martial Arts Alliance Leader, Ronald Reeds! I have power, status, and connections. Why would you dare to fight me? Now, I order you to immediately disable both your hands and kneel on the ground to apologize to me! Otherwise, not only will I kill you, but I’ll also make your relatives, friends, and your women accompany you in death!”

“Did you hear that? Kneel and apologize!” Brayden shouted.

“Hmph! So what if you can fight? Without power and connections, in the end, you’ll still be oppressed by others,” the crowd whispered, their eyes filled with mockery.

No matter how skilled someone was in martial arts, they were still just martial artists in front of powerful figures.

This was the reality, and the insurmountable gap.

Small roles should have the awareness of being small roles.

“What did you just say? You’re Ronald Reeds’s nephew?” Dustin’s face darkened.

“That’s right! Ronald Reeds is my uncle! What are you going to do about it? Are you afraid now? Are you going to kneel for me...” Before Thunderstorm could finish his sentence, Dustin suddenly reached out and grabbed his neck, lifting him into the air.

“Since you’re related to Ronald Reeds, then you can go die!” Dustin said coldly, then snapped Thunderstorm’s neck with a sudden squeeze.

Chapter 1167: Cripple Party

“Eh...”

Thunderstorm widened his eyes, finding it hard to believe.

His death was something he had never anticipated; he didn’t expect that Dustin would actually dare to kill him. If he had known better, he wouldn’t have been so arrogant.

However, there was no regret medicine in the world.

As his life faded away, his pupils slowly dilated, and his consciousness gradually disappeared.

Dustin raised his hand and tossed Thunderstorm’s lifeless body like a dead dog, causing it to crash into the wall before falling to the ground, raising a cloud of dust.

For a moment, the entire scene fell silent.

Everyone was dumbfounded, their eyes widened, struggling to believe what had just happened.

Who would have thought that, even after Thunderstorm had revealed his identity, Dustin would still dare to kill him?

Keep in mind that Thunderstorm was not only a disciple of the Balermo Martial Alliance but also the nephew of Ronald Reeds, the leader of the martial arts alliance!

How could this guy dare to do such a thing?!!

“He’s... dead? This guy actually killed Thunderstorm?” Brayden was dumbfounded and couldn’t believe it.

Thunderstorm’s status and prospects were almost on par with his, and in some aspects, even better. Yet, an unknown person had dared to kill Thunderstorm in front of everyone. Did he have a death wish?

“He’s gone crazy! This guy is absolutely insane! Fortunately, he won’t live much longer, as disaster is about to befall him!” Florence sneered. She didn’t care whether Thunderstorm lived or died, but Dustin was asking for trouble by killing him. She wished to witness this scene unfold. She didn’t just dislike Dustin; the main reason was that she was afraid he would pester her daughter. With her daughter’s current status, her future husband could only be a prince or a high-ranking official, at the very least. There was no way he could be a mere martial artist. She was afraid her daughter would regain her memory and act foolishly again. So, for her, Dustin’s death was the best outcome.

“What is this guy doing?” Dahlia furrowed her brow, feeling inexplicably annoyed. Her annoyance wasn’t because of Thunderstorm’s death but because of Dustin’s reckless actions. He knew that the other party had a significant background, yet he dared to be so audacious. Wasn’t that foolish?

“What a death wish!” Cornelius shook his head. Mentioning Ronald Reeds would only add fuel to the fire.

Initially, it was just a matter of a few bruises, but now, Dustin had staked his life on it. “Seal off the Celestial Heights Restaurant! Drive out all the people from the Grant family. Whoever dares to resist, cripple them and drag them out!” Dustin’s face was cold, and he exuded a strong killing intent.

Ronald Reeds had deceived his master and annihilated his sect, causing the death of Sir Paul Hill. He had also acted treacherously by attacking Edmund Robinson and stealing the Heavenly Spirit Pearl (aka Sky Spirit Orb), which had forced Abigail into demonic cultivation. Ronald Reeds’s despicable actions were enough to infuriate both gods and humans.

Now, seeing his nephew Thunderstorm acting arrogantly, if he didn’t kill him, he wouldn’t be able to vent his anger!

“Have you heard Sir Rhys’s words? Cripple these people!” Cornelius shouted.

“Cripple them!”

Chapter 1168: Stirring Up Trouble

The disciples of the Kirin Gang didn’t hesitate and rushed forward to clean up the mess after Thunderstorm’s death.

Without Thunderstorm leading the way, the Grant family’s henchmen were no match for the Kirin Gang. In no time, they were all knocked down.

“You’re finished, kid! You killed Thunderstorm and beat up my Grant family’s men. From now on, you are the enemy of both our families! There’s no place for you in the entire Balermo!” Brayden roared angrily, looking somewhat frantic.

“Oh?” Dustin scanned the scene and then turned his gaze back to Brayden, taking slow steps towards him. “I almost forgot about you. What did you say just now?”

“Don’t come any closer!” Brayden panicked as Dustin approached. He yelled with a fierce expression, “I warn you, my brother is General Tyler, and the entire Grant family stands behind me. If you dare to touch me, you will have no way out!”

“Is that so?” Dustin snorted, suddenly reaching out and grabbing Brayden’s face. He then slammed Brayden’s head against the wall with a loud “bang,” leaving a small dent.

Brayden felt dizzy, his mind going blank.

Fresh blood began to flow down from the back of his head.

“I won’t kill you today. Go back and tell your brother Tyler not to play any tricks anymore. If he dares to target the Harmon family again, I guarantee I will dismantle your Grant family!”

“Now, get lost!” Dustin grabbed Brayden’s head and threw it aside. Brayden’s body flew several meters before crashing through a window and falling outside the Celestial Heights Restaurant.

He wailed in pain.

Seeing this, Evan and Mia were startled and didn't dare to say anything more. They hurriedly left the Celestial Heights Restaurant, while carrying the seriously injured Brayden away in their car.

"Dustin, do you realize the trouble you've caused?" Dahlia suddenly spoke up. "You killed Thunderstorm, offended the Martial Alliance, and now challenged the Grant family. Aren't you afraid of death?"

"From the moment the conflict erupted between both sides, the die was already cast. Even if I didn't kill Thunderstorm or beat up Brayden, they still wouldn't have let me off," Dustin said calmly. "So, I might as well give them a profound lesson. I want to make them fear, make them regret, and make them never dare to provoke me again."

"You're too naive. Your actions will only exacerbate the conflict and make you more dangerous," Dahlia frowned.

"I've already done it. Saying these things now is meaningless. When you walk barefoot, you'll not afraid of losing shoes. If they really want revenge, they can come at me. I'll break the net even if it means the fish die," Dustin said emotionlessly.

"You..."

Dahlia was frustrated. This guy in front of her was truly stubborn and seemed to have no idea how severe the consequences could be.

Even if the fish died when the net was broken, there needed to be corresponding strength.

He knew some martial arts and had a few hooligans as acquaintances, but with only this level of strength, how could he compete with the Martial Alliance or challenge the Grant family?

Wasn't this like a moth flying into the fire?

"Dahlia, why are you bothering with that guy? Aren't you just creating trouble for yourself?" Florence was suspicious.

“Yeah, Cousin, why are you concern with him? He’s just a stranger you’ve met a few times,” Julie said strangely.

“I don’t know either. I just feel like I owe him something,” Dahlia said thoughtfully.

Upon hearing this, Florence and the others were taken aback. They had put in a lot of effort to keep this matter a secret. If Dahlia really remembered something, it would be troublesome. No! They had to prevent these two from meeting again in the future; otherwise, it would be a disaster!

Chapter 1169: Unrest in the Martial Alliance

Night quickly fell.

At this moment, inside the headquarters of the Martial Alliance in Balermo, a group of high-ranking members of the Martial Alliance gathered around Thunderstorm’s corpse, discussing and pointing fingers.

An hour ago, when Thunderstorm’s body was brought back, it had caused a huge commotion throughout the Martial Alliance.

Countless key high-ranking members had been immediately summoned.

Thunderstorm was not only an inner disciple of the Ballermo Martial Arts Alliance but also the nephew of Martial Alliance’s leader, Ronald Reeds.

In terms of talent, strength, status, and position, he was among the top figures in the entire Martial Alliance. Many believed that Thunderstorm was the future successor to Ronald Reeds.

As long as he survived for a few more years, when Ronald Reeds stepped down, Thunderstorm would become the new leader of the martial world!

The sudden death of such a talented and outstanding figure had naturally caused a sensation in the entire Martial Alliance.

“Where’s my son?!” At this moment, a burly middle-aged man with disheveled hair burst into the scene, shoving people aside as he rushed forward.

Wherever he went, the crowd automatically made way, and those who were too slow to react were sent flying by the man.

This man was none other than Thunderstorm's father, Asher Reeds.

Asher rushed through the crowd, making his way to Thunderstorm's corpse.

He lifted the white cloth covering the body and, upon seeing his son's lifeless face, he was struck as if by lightning. He stood there in stunned silence, his face filled with disbelief.

"My son!"

After a few seconds of dazed silence, Asher suddenly wailed and fell to the ground beside the corpse, beginning to sob uncontrollably.

He had put in so much effort to nurture such an outstanding son, and Thunderstorm hadn't even had the chance to make a name for himself or establish dominance in the martial world. Why had he died like this?

Overwhelmed by grief, Asher cried bitterly, his tears flowing freely.

After a bout of crying, he suddenly raised his head, his face twisted with anger as he shouted, "Who did this? Who killed my son? Who had the audacity to do such a thing?!"

"According to the Martial Alliance's investigation, it's likely that Dustin killed Thunderstorm," reported one of the attendants.

"Du... Dustin?"

Asher gritted his teeth, filled with resentment. "Someone! Capture this scoundrel named Dustin for me! I want to personally tear him apart!"

"Wait!"

The attendant was startled and quickly cautioned, "Elder Asher, please calm down. Dustin has a significant background. We must not act recklessly!"

"I don't care about his background! He killed my son, and he must pay the price!" Asher seized the attendant's collar and threatened fiercely, "If you dare to stop me, I'll kill you too!"

“Master Asher, please don’t be agitated. I have no intention of stopping you. It’s just that Dustin is incredibly powerful. Ordinary martial practitioners wouldn’t stand a chance against him,” the attendant explained, his face turning pale from fear.

This guy in front of him was none other than Ronald Reeds’s brother and a Martial Alliance elder. He naturally couldn’t afford to offend him.

“Ordinary martial practitioners can’t deal with him? Then bring the Law Enforcement!” Asher roared.

“The Law Enforcement won’t work either. Dustin is a teenage grandmaster. He openly defeated the Grandmaster Augustus in the past. Only our Martial Alliance’s leader can suppress him!” The attendant hurriedly explained.

“What? A teenage grandmaster?!”

Upon hearing this, Asher was momentarily stunned, and his volatile emotions subsided by half.

He might not have known Dustin personally, but he had heard of the name of a teenage grandmaster.

As the champion of the Knighthood Martial Arts Tournament and the person who defeated the Grandmaster Augustus in open combat, this young grandmaster’s reputation was known throughout Balermo.

Apart from the top five grandmasters at the pinnacle, no one could match a teenage grandmaster.

Fortunately, someone had reminded him in time. Otherwise, if he personally sought revenge, he might end up implicating himself.

Chapter 1170: The Challenge to the Martial Alliance Leader

“This little scoundrel! He actually dared to kill my son; he simply doesn’t regard the Martial Alliance!” Asher growled angrily. “Go immediately and inform Martial Alliance Leader Ronald Reeds that he needs to avenge my son!”

“Martial Alliance Leader Ronald Reeds is currently in seclusion, and he has ordered that he should not be disturbed,” the attendant said, looking troubled.

“In seclusion? So what? Even if he’s in seclusion, does he want to remain indifferent after his own nephew has been killed?” Asher was extremely irritable.

“Well...” The attendant still hesitated and didn’t want to deliver the message.

“You useless thing! No courage at all! I’ll go myself!”

Asher pushed the attendant aside and angrily left the room.

Just as he reached the door, a Martial Alliance member suddenly ran in. Due to his speed, he couldn’t dodge in time and directly collided with Asher. He was sent back several steps and ended up sitting on the ground.

“Damn it! Are you blind? Do you want me to smack you to death?” Asher was furious, and his anger had no place to vent.

“I’m sorry, Sir, I didn’t see you just now,” the Martial Alliance member stammered, kneeling on the ground and apologizing repeatedly.

“Damn it! Next time, make sure to see clearly!” Asher berated him fiercely.

Asher was about to leave when he suddenly glanced to the side, stopped in his tracks, and asked, “What’s that thing you’re holding?”

“It’s... it’s a challenge letter,” the Martial Alliance member answered with trepidation, extending the envelope to Asher. He explained, “Just now, the leader of the Kirin Gang, Dustin, sent a challenge letter. He said that he would openly challenge the Alliance Leader tomorrow at the Martial Alliance headquarters.”

“What? He’s challenging the Martial Alliance Leader?!”

As soon as this was said, the whole place erupted in shock.

You see, ever since Ronald Reeds became the Martial Alliance Leader, no one had dared to openly challenge him.

Because everyone knew that Ronald Reeds was the foremost of the Five Grandmasters, the most powerful figure in the Balermo martial world, and the number one martial artist.

In front of such a peerless powerhouse, who had the qualifications to challenge him? Who had the guts to do so?

After all, challenges like this not only determined victory or defeat but also life and death.

Even if someone had no fear of death, they would still need to consider whether they had the ability.

“This guy, Dustin, is really audacious! He actually dares to challenge the Martial Alliance Leader? I think he’s tired of living!”

“Ignorant and arrogant! He doesn’t know the immensity of heaven and earth! Does he really think he can become invincible in the world just because he became famous at a young age? Daring to challenge the authority of Leader Ronald Reeds is courting death!”

“...”

People chatted incessantly, filled with righteous indignation.

Ronald Reeds represented the Martial Alliance, and even the challenge itself was a slap to the face of the entire Martial Alliance.

Naturally, they were extremely furious.

“Dustin, oh Dustin! Heaven has a way for you to escape, but you insisted on breaking into hell! Daring to challenge the Martial Alliance Leader, you’re truly seeking your own doom!”

Asher looked at the challenge letter in his hand, his face revealing a sinister smile.

It seemed he didn’t need to take the initiative to attack, because the other party would come and deliver themselves to death.

Who was this madman who dared to challenge the strongest person in Balermo? He must be insane!

“Someone! Deliver this challenge letter to Martial Alliance Leader Ronald Reeds’s secret chamber, and let him personally see it!” Asher handed the envelope to the attendant.

“This...”

The attendant hesitated, not daring to take it.

“You useless thing! So spineless! Don’t you have the guts to do anything?”

Asher was a little annoyed and kicked the attendant before heading to the Martial Alliance’s secret chamber himself.