

## Chapter 1021 An Understated Dominance

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#### Chapter 1021

Abigail left, carrying Michael's body.

But the words she left behind had sent shivers down the spines of those who heard her.  
Even

though they escaped death, they couldn't find it in themselves to be happy.

Who would have thought an ordinary woman was the Mystic Arts Order's Grand Sorceress?

The Mystic Arts Order's name alone sent fear into the hearts of **people**. The dread that had **deeply** ingrained itself was impossible to erase.

Nothing good will ever come from offending the Grand Sorceress. What was more, they had forced

her father to his death.

Since it involved the death of her loved one, the grievance she held would know no bounds.

From today onward, they would have to live in constant fear and anxiety. With no other way out, they could only await death.

"Sir Reeds, what do we do now? It seems like we have landed ourselves in huge trouble!"

A pale Graham stumbled his way toward Ronald. He still hadn't recovered from the injury Dustin's

sword had inflicted.

Theodore and Orson suffered worse fates. One had a severed arm, while the other had turned

blind. They were true comrades in adversity.

“Why panic?” Ronald glared at him.

“As long as Penelope and the four guardians of the Mystic Arts Order stay out of it, who can hurt us?”

“But we killed Michael and offended the Mystic Arts Order’s Grand Sorceress. We won’t have a peaceful day going forward.” Graham’s expression became graver.

“Hmph! What’s there to fear from a little girl who isn’t even a divine-level martial artist? We’ll talk about it again when she has reached the level of a grandmaster!” Ronald said coldly.

He had the Celestial Pearl in his hands. It would only be a matter of time before his breakthrough to become an ultimate grandmaster. (1)

When that time comes, he wouldn’t even fear the leader of the Mystic Arts Order, not to mention that little girl!

## **Chapter 1022**

Meanwhile, within Azure Mist’s camp, Emily was shaking her head as she looked at Vanessa.

“Vanessa, stop looking. We’re mere ants in the eyes of Dustin. We’re worlds apart.”

Her eyes followed the path Dustin had taken, and she let out a deep sigh. 2

“As the chosen one, he’s a force capable of overwhelming the grandmasters. We can never hope to reach his level in our lifetime.”

She shared the same admiration toward Dustin, who was a young grandmaster. But she was well

aware that they were not in the same league.

It would be best to only admire him from afar. Getting closer would only lead to nothing but

frustration.

“If only he wasn’t so remarkable,” Vanessa muttered. She looked conflicted.

She had finally found someone she liked. But he was so outstanding that she felt inferior.

Perhaps it was better to part ways and forget each other in the martial world.

Perhaps this was the best outcome they could hope for.

Yet, why was she reluctant to see him go? Could she genuinely erase the memory of that

exceptional man?

Later that day, inside a room back at Zephyr Lodge, a cute little girl was gently shaking Natasha’s

arm. She was crying. 1

“Pretty lady, please wake up. Please **open** your **eyes** and **look at** me. You promised me you would

tell me stories. Why are you still sleeping?

“**If** you don’t wake up soon, I’m going to get mad.”

A pregnant Cecilia was also beside them. Red tinged her eyes as they appeared overwhelmed by

grief.

Ever since her husband, Nelson, passed away, Natasha had taken care of their daily needs.

From hospital check-ups to making sure Haley went to kindergarten, she had done everything

meticulously. She treated them like they were family.

Cecilia was not only grateful to Natasha, she also saw her as her own sister. That was why she was heartbroken to see Natasha unconscious and in critical condition.

“Dr. Watkins, is there really no other way? Is my sister going to stay unconscious forever?”

A tearful Ruth sat by Natasha’s bedside, holding her hand tightly.

Since her sister had been in critical condition, she had never left her side. It had been two days

since she had proper/rest.

“To be honest, it’s a miracle that she’s still holding on right now.’

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Linden sighed, “Right now, only the Shadowbloom and Phoenixwort can save her.

“If Mr. Rhys can bring back those herbs in time, there is a greater chance for survival. But if he

takes too long, I’m afraid that glimmer of hope would die out.”

“Oh, Dustin! Where have you gone? Why aren’t you back yet?” Ruth was crying as she muttered to

herself.

She hadn’t told her parents about Natasha yet. She was afraid they wouldn’t be able to handle the

shock.

Suddenly, the door burst open with a loud bang.

Following that, a bloodied Dustin staggered in with quick steps. He appeared quite disheveled.

“Dr. Watkins! I found it! I found the herb!”

Dustin lifted his shirt and carefully took out a black flower that was emitting a strange glow.

“You found it?”

Linden took a closer look and grew elated. "It really is the Shadowbloom! Excellent ... This is

wonderful!"

"Dr. Watkins, Natasha can now be saved with this Shadowbloom, right?"

Dustin looked hopeful. He had traded this precious herb with his life.

"Yes, but I would need your blood, too."

Linden explained, "During your previous treatment, your blood had already produced the antidote

to Resurgothorn. It can help bring Ms. Harmon back to consciousness."

"No problem! How much blood do you need? Take as much as you need!"

Without hesitation, Dustin rolled up his sleeves. He was ready to make a cut on his arm.

"Wait!" Linden stopped him immediately.

Solemnly, he told Dustin, "Mr. Rhys, you have severe injuries right now. You are also losing blood

and energy. If you donate blood now, your body won't be able to handle it!

"I can endure it. It's fine. Just save her!" Dustin urged.

Linden frowned. "**Mr.** Rhys, are you sure?"

With his keen perceptiveness, he could tell that Dustin was on the verge of collapsing.

It was already difficult **for** him to stand and talk. Taking a few bowls **of** blood from him would only

make matters worse.

"Mr. Adler, bring me a bowl!" Dustin didn't waste any more time as he instructed Cornelius.

Soon, Cornelius arrived with a large bowl.

Without another word, Dustin made a cut on his arm. Fresh blood flowed out, filling the bowl.

As Linden watched him, his mouth twitched. This kid was usually calm. Why was he acting recklessly during critical situations?

“Alright then, let’s get started.” Linden decided to save the words of caution.

Once the bowl was filled to the brim, he picked up the Shadowbloom and immersed it in the bowl of blood.

Soon, a strange scene unfolded.

Upon contact, the Shadowbloom dissolved. It looked just like chocolate melting as it merged with the blood.

As the flower dissolved, the once bright red blood turned black. Inside, tiny stars sparkled, radiating a faint, mysterious fragrance,

Once the flower was completely dissolved, Linden tossed two tablets into the bowl. After stirring it slightly, he fed the entire bowl to Natasha

“Mr. Rhys, I’ve administered the medicine. It now depends entirely on her to wake up.” Linden sighed softly.

After all, they were fighting to bring her back to life. Even with the Shadowbloom, he couldn’t make an absolute guarantee that she could be saved.

It would all depend on the patient’s condition and willpower.

“Natasha, stop sleeping. Please, wake up.” Dustin cradled her hand and pressed it on his cheek.

He told her gently, “After **you** wake up, I’ll go shopping with you, I’ll eat dinner with you, I’ll watch movies with you. Wherever you want to go, I’ll go with you.

“Wake up... You must wake up. I can’t be without you...”

Time passed by slowly.

Dustin kept vigil by her bedside from dusk to night, then from night to dawn, never getting any rest. He just sat there, day by day.

Three days later, Dustin finally couldn't hold on any longer and collapsed next to her.

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After some time, Dustin woke up groggily, only to find himself lying on the bed.

The sunlight that shone through the windows was slightly glaring to his eyes.

"Dustin! You're finally awake!" Ruth, who had been keeping vigil by his bedside, immediately

breathed a sigh of relief.

"How long have I been unconscious?" Dustin asked.

He just woke up and was still feeling slightly disoriented.

"You were out **for** three days. Luckily, Dr. Watkins said you were fine. Or, we would have prepared

for your funeral," Ruth said.

"Three days? That long?" After a momentary daze, he finally remembered something.

"Oh, how about your sister? How is she? Is she awake yet?"

"My sister?" Ruth was dejected after she heard him.

Lowering her head, she was choked with sobs. "Natasha... she's gone..."

"What? She's dead?" Those words hit Dustin like lightning, leaving him stunned.

His already pale face turned whiter. It was as if his soul had left his body.

"How can that be? I—Impossible!"

"I found the Shadowbloom! Why did she still die? Why?" Dustin shook his head frantically, his expression filled with disbelief.

He couldn't believe it. He couldn't accept that outcome.

Didn't they say she could be saved? Why did it fail? Why?

"This won't do! I'm going to find her! I refuse to believe she just left like **that!**"

Dustin stood up abruptly and stumbled his way out.

“Who left?”

Right then, a woman entered through the doors.

She was beautiful, tall, and exuded irresistible charm. It was as though she had stepped out of a

painting.

Surprisingly, it was none other than Natasha.

“Natasha?” Looking at the beautiful woman before him, Dustin was dumbfounded.

“Y–You’re not dead?”

“Dead?” Natasha had a strange expression.

“I’m just fine. Why would I be dead?”

“But, earlier—” Dustin looked to his left, only to find Ruth suddenly burst into laughter. She was

just sobbing moments ago. 1

She couldn’t contain it any longer and let out a hearty laugh. “Hahaha... I got you, Dustin. My sister is extremely blessed. How could she have died? Did I shock you?”

“You little-” Dustin’s temper almost flared as he raised a hand.

Ruth was scared and hid behind Natasha. “I was just joking with you, Dustin. Why are you acting

like this?”

“You brat! Is this something you should be joking about? Do you know how much you scared me?” Dustin was fuming.

When he heard Natasha was gone, his heart almost stopped. It **was** as if the energy had been

sucked out of him.

“Ruth! How old are you? You should know better!” Natasha raised her hand and knocked Ruth on



the head.

She scolded her, "Go and make your brother-in-law some food. He just woke up and is still weak. He needs the energy."

"Fine." Ruth stuck out her tongue. She escaped the room after Dustin glared at her.

"Dear, how is your injury? Do you need-"

Natasha turned around. She was about to ask him some questions when Dustin suddenly wrapped her in a tight hug. He held her for a long time without letting go.

A thousand words swirled in his mind, but he didn't know how to express them.

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He could only hold on to her tightly, feeling her warmth and savoring her scent. It was only at that

moment that his anxious heart finally calmed down.

"I'm happy you're alive," Dustin whispered softly after a long pause.

"Alright, stop hugging me. I'm starting to run out of breath," Natasha smiled knowingly. She

patted Dustin gently on the back.

Although she enjoyed the moment, he was hugging her a bit too tightly.

"Ahem ... I'm sorry, I was out of line." Dustin snapped back to reality and released her immediately.

He had let his emotions take over earlier. He didn't even realize what he had done

"I'm happy you did that. At least it shows that you care about me," Natasha smiled sweetly. She

was happy.

They had gone through life and death together. It was an experience that placed her way beyond

what he had with Dahlia.

So what if they'd been married before? They'd even risked their lives for each other!

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“Dear, rest up. I’ll go check if your medicine is ready.”

Natasha tiptoed to give Dustin a kiss on the cheek before turning to leave.

A gentle smile formed on Dustin’s lips as he watched her leave. He felt the same sense of

happiness.

Finally, they had overcome this crisis!

“**Mr. Adler.**” Once he regained his composure, Dustin summoned Cornelius. The man had been stationed at the door.

He asked, “Did anything happen during these past few days?”

Natasha and Dustin had been unconscious for three days each, so a week had passed.

“Sir Rhys, Millsburg has been relatively peaceful lately. Nothing much has happened,” Cornelius

replied.

Then, he changed the topic abruptly, “Oh, but we should keep a watchful eye on the Harmon

family.

“Ever since Trent took over, he and his daughter have kicked out some outstanding members and

elders from the family. The current situation within the Harmons is rather delicate.

“Trent seems to be getting **rid** of dissenters. He kicked out anyone who didn’t obey his commands. Such foolish actions will only lead to his destruction.” Dustin shook his head.

The Harmons may be powerful, but it wouldn’t last, with Trent acting the way he was.

“Sir Rhys, I believe the Harmon family is like a ticking time bomb.”

Cornelius continued, “You instructed me to have people protect Mr. Hector before.

“In just a few days, he has faced three kidnapping attempts and two assassination plots. Luckily, we managed to thwart them all.”

“What?” Dustin frowned.

“Were they all carried out by the Harmons?”

“The assassins were contracted. But there’s no doubt Trent and his daughter are involved in it,”

Cornelius said. He sounded certain.

“It seems like their true colors are finally about to be exposed.”

Dustin stroked his chin. He was deep in thought when he said, “Let’s do this. Continue to keep an

eye on them.

“If you notice any movements from Trent’s side, let me know right away. I’m going to find an

opportunity to deal with all of them once and for all.”

“Yes, sir.” Cornelius nodded.

“Oh, by the way, has there been any activity on Ronald’s and the martial arts alliance’s side

recently?” Dustin suddenly asked.

“Since Ronald returned from the Black Forest, he immediately went into seclusion. He refused to

meet anyone.

“The deputy leader is now managing the martial arts alliance entirely,” Cornelius replied.

“He’s in seclusion?” Dustin snorted coldly.

“He intends to use the Celestial Pearl to break through to the ultimate grandmaster realm.

Unfortunately for him, I won’t allow it.”

“Sir Rhys, what do you plan on doing?” Cornelius asked cautiously.

“I’m going to tend to my injuries first. After I’ve recovered, I’m going to challenge him!” Dustin

declared, making a shocking announcement.

“What? You’re going to challenge the leader of the martial arts alliance?”

Cornelius’ eyes nearly popped out of their sockets. “Sir Rhys! Are you joking? Ronald is the most

“Won’t you end up dead by challenging someone so powerful?”

“We still don’t know who will be dying.” Dustin narrowed his eyes. He exuded a murderous gaze.

“We’ll have to battle it out sooner or later. There was no winner during our battle back in the Black Forest. We’ll have to settle the score at the alliance headquarters.

“If he wants to reach the level of an ultimate grandmaster, he’ll have to go through me first!”

Unless Ronald died, Dustin would never be able to make it up to Mr. Robinson.

Someone hypocritical like Ronald couldn’t continue to be the martial arts alliance leader. If so, then the martial world is truly finished.