

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 411 -

Chapter 411

“Your men seem to be quite useless. Isn’t it my turn to attack now?” Dustin yawned lazily.

Lord Horst’s countenance grew somber, his expression turning grave. He knew almost every skilled fighter

there **was** in Millsburg but was coming up blank when it came to Dustin.

Could Dustin be from somewhere else?

“I admire your fighting skills, kid, but I doubt you’re skilled enough to stop a bullet.” Lord Horst recovered from his shock and turned serious. “I’ve met people like you before, thinking they could cause trouble just because they had some skills. But in the end, all of them got shot to death. In this society, skills alone aren’t enough. You still need power and family backgrounds. Would you like to make a bet with me? With just a few words, I

can send you to prison.”

Edmund and the others began worrying for Dustin, who may be a good fighter but was still no match for Lord

Horst.

Putting the man’s family connections aside, the men under his control alone should be more than Dustin can

handle. After all, how could one man possibly win against thousands?

“Humph! So what if you can fight? You’re still losing to Lord Horst!” Mike spat scornfully, seeming to have forgotten how pitiful he’d looked earlier.

“You’re Lord Horst, right? I suggest you don’t try to provoke me. I’m not worried about the consequences, but

you might not even **have** the time to regret it if I end up killing you.”

“You-

” Lord Horst’s face twitched. Although he was adept in situations like these, **nothing good** would come

out of butting heads with someone as foolhardy **as** Dustin.

“Alright. Enough with the chitchat. Let Mr. Robinson and the rest go for now. We’ll settle our differences then.” Dustin’s expression was indifferent, but inside, he was already

plotting their deaths. Should Lord Horst and his men continue to press him, Dustin didn’t mind getting rid of them once and for all. After all, he’d be doing

society a huge **favor**.

“Fine. I’ll let them go this time.” Lord Horst thought about it and agreed.

“What the hell are you guys waiting for? Scram!” the suited **man roared**.

“**O**—of course! Right away!” Mike hurriedly led the students out of the **place**.

“What about you?” Abigail

suddenly asked Dustin. She had changed her mind about him after witnessing his

unwavering bravery.

“I’ll be fine. Go with your father. I’ll be fine.” Dustin gave her a **small** smile.

“Mr. Rhys...” Edmund **wanted** to **say** something, but Dustin raised his hand to silence the older man.

“**You** guys will only distract me. Go home.”

Edmund still looked conflicted

but eventually left with his daughter. As Dustin said, they wouldn’t be able to help him anyway. Still, Edmund could ask the Harmon family for help. He believed that, with Ruth’s support,

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Lord Horst wouldn’t trouble Dustin too much.

“Hey, kid. Your friends are all gone. Isn’t it time to settle our score?” Lord Horst finally spoke.

“How do you propose we do that? Dustin **wore** a mask of a smile on his face.

“You seem to have pretty good moves. Why don’t you work for me? I promise to let this matter go, and you’ll live a wealthy life from now on!” Lord Horst suggested.

“Hmm I thought you were going to see this issue to the end.” Dustin was surprised.

“I’ve got nothing against you. There’s no need for us to take things so far for something so minor. I’ve been through this before. All I’m interested in now is money, not excitement.” Lord Horst lit himself a cigarette.

“Interesting.” Dustin smiled. “To tell you the truth, I was ready to kill all of you, but I’ve changed my mind.”

Lord Horst froze, startled, and the cigarette in his mouth fell to the floor.

Damn it! Dustin was one of those hotheaded fools!

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It was fortunate that Lord Horst hadn’t taken things too far, or the consequences would have been dire.

“So, you agree to join my gang?” Lord Horst asked, lighting another cigarette after calming down.

“I don’t mind joining, but I **want** to be the gang leader.” Dustin shocked everyone with his words, causing Lord Horst’s second cigarette to fall out of his mouth.

Couldn’t Dustin say something normal?

“Are you nuts? Even my brother is only the assistant leader. What gives you the right to be the gang leader?” the suited man argued, displeased.

Lord Horst took a deep breath and stuck another cigarette into his mouth before asking. “Do you have any idea how big Flame Dragon Gang is? People all over Millsburg are dying to get in, so what gives you, someone with no power or strong family background, the right to say something like that?”

“This.”

With a flick of Dustin’s finger, a beam of light shot towards the wall. An ear-splitting boom broke out as a meter-wide hole appeared in the wall made of steel and concrete. The force that created the hole had to be

stronger than a cannon.

“What?” The Horst brothers gaped incredulously at the hole, and Lord Horst’s cigarette fell out of his mouth

once more.

Was Dustin even human? How could he be so powerful?

“Divinity Aura? You’re a Divine-level martial artist?” Lord Horst was flabbergasted and began sweating profusely. If Dustin was truly a Divine-level martial artist, bullets were nothing to him. In other words, whatever Lord Horst had said earlier **was** utter bullshit.

However, Dustin **was** only in his twenties. It was extremely rare to find someone so strong at this age, even in Millsburg. It was a good thing Lord Horst hadn’t gone through with his earlier threat, or he’d be dead by now

“With your strength, being the gang leader shouldn’t be a problem. However, people might not be willing to follow you.” Lord Horst unconsciously reached for another cigarette but thought better of it.

“It’s fine. I’ll beat up anyone who defies me.” Dustin replied nonchalantly. “Since I’m new to the city, I needed someone to run errands for me anyway. Your gang is lucky I bumped into you guys.”

Lord Horst forced himself to smile, silently muttering. “Curse my rotten luck!”

“Right, what’s your name?” Dustin suddenly remembered.”

“Nelson Horst.” Lord Horst answered truthfully.

“Lesson Horse?” Dustin raised an eyebrow. “Whatever. Just remember to talk to your gang leader when **you get** back and tell him to step down. If he doesn’t like the sound of that, feel free to challenge me anytime.”

“Sir Rhys, our gang leader is no ordinary man. He **has a** powerful family backing him up. It’ll be difficult to force him to step down.” Nelson shook **his** head.

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“Don’t worry. Just do as I say. Let’s meet up within the next two days. I’ll know what to say then.” Dustin instructed.

“Alright. As you command.” Nelson answered obediently, well aware of how strong Dustin was. Dustin was not someone Nelson wanted to cross.

“What should we do now, Nels?”

The look on the suited man’s face was odd as he watched Dustin walk **away**.

“How dare you f*cking ask!” Fuming, Nelson slapped his brother. “This is **all** your fault. If it weren’t for you, I wouldn’t have gotten into trouble with **that** nuisance! And now, the entire gang is going to suffer!”

The other man held his burning cheek, devastated.

How was he supposed to know he’d get in trouble with a man like Dustin when all he wanted to do was to have some fun with a female student? His luck sure was rotten as hell.

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In a coffee shop across the street, Mike and his group hadn’t left. Instead, they’d made themselves comfortable in the shop to enjoy the show.

“Abigail, was that man your relative? He’s so handsome and brave! He even dared to boss Lord Horst around.”

“She’s right. With his looks and moves, he makes me feel so safe.”

The girls gathered together and **gossiped**, their voices turning into adoration when talking about Dustin.

“So what if he can fight? In this day and age, the only things that matter are brains, connections, and family backgrounds.” Mike humphed begrudgingly. “Besides, we don’t even know if he can make it out of the place alive after offending Lord Horst, so what’s there to brag about?”

“He’s right! That guy beat up Lord Horst’s men and embarrassed Flame Dragon Gang. It doesn’t matter how strong he is; he’s still dead meat.”

“He’s just a foolish brat who likes to show off.”

The boys grumbled unhappily in return, making the girls worry again.

Dustin may be strong, but the person he upset was the omnipotent Lord Horst of Flame Dragon Gang. Fighting skills alone were useless against the latter.

“Mike, didn’t you say that your dad is friends with Lord Horst? Could you please ask for your dad’s help so that Lord Horst lets Dustin go?” Abigail implored, her eyes glued to the karaoke bar, worried that something might happen.

“Abigail, even if my dad is friends with Lord Horst, you can’t expect me to ask my dad to help a stranger, right?” Mike looked troubled.

“Can’t you do it **as a favor for me**, Mike? He helped me just now, so I can’t leave him like this.” Abigail begged.

“But-

” Mike hesitated before nodding. “Alright. I’ll give it a go for you, but no promises. You know how Lord Horst is. No one can stop him if he’s angry.”

“Thanks.” Abigail forced a smile.

“I’ll do my best.”

Mike pulled out his phone and walked to a corner before pretending to make a

call. He may have promised Abigail to help, but he didn't **say** anything about succeeding. After all his father was still way below Nelson, so there was no way the latter would do his father a favor..

All Mike **was** doing now was putting on **a show** to win Abigail's favor. He couldn't care less about Dustin's safety.

"Done. My dad said he'll put in the **request**, but the final decision lies with Lord Horst." Mike made sure to give himself an out.

"Thanks, Mike." Abigail smiled.

"You're welcome! Aren't we friends? Of course I'd help you when you're in trouble." Mike **boasted**.

"You're spoiling her, Mike. Why don't you two start dating?" the short-haired girl said.

"That depends on Abigail. I don't mind." Mike answered half-jokingly.

"Stop fooling around, Nina." Abigail glared at the other girl bashfully, her reaction leading Mike to think that he might have a chance.

"Look. That guy got out!" One of the girls suddenly pointed at the karaoke bar.

Everyone turned their heads and saw Dustin walk out of the building, seemingly unharmed.

"Holy shit! Mike got him out with a phone call. That's so cool!"

"That was quick! You're amazing. Mike!"

Everyone was shocked to see Dustin walk out, and the boys immediately began praising Mike.

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“He actually got out?” Mike was stunned. He **never** expected Dustin to leave that place safely. He only made a casual call to his dad without expecting much.

Since when **had** his father gotten so authoritative?

“Um, are you all right?” Abigail was the first to walk out of the coffee shop and approach Dustin, the rest of the students following behind her.

“What could’ve happened?” Dustin splayed out his hands. “And why haven’t you gone home yet?”

“Abigail was worried you were going to be chopped up, so she wouldn’t leave.” Nina interjected. “Still, to think you managed to get out of there safely after upsetting Lord Horst. You sure are lucky. I’ll give you that.”

“Is he very powerful? I went easy on him just now and didn’t give him a beating.” Dustin responded indifferently.

“What? You wanted to give him a beating?” Nina rolled her eyes. “**Are** you crazy? Lord Horst is the assistant leader of Flame Dragon Gang, and he’s got hundreds of men at his beck and call. No one could **save** you!”

“Dude, word of **advice**? Don’t think you’re invincible just because you’re a decent fighter. There are countless people out there who are stronger than you. You better lay low.” Mike grumbled.

“He’s right. You’re new to this place, so you don’t have any idea how dangerous Millsburg can be. Do you think you could’ve safely escaped if Mike hadn’t made a call to help you?” One of the boys snorted.

“Mike? Which Mike?” Dustin was puzzled.

“This one, of course!” The boy waved at Mike proudly, being the perfect lackey.

“Him?” Dustin shook his head, smiling. “First of all, I left using my **own** skills. It had nothing to do with others. Secondly, what makes you think that a person who cowered in fear because of Lord Horst could save me?”

“You’re a stubborn brat!” Nina was displeased. “It’s bad enough that you aren’t thanking Mike for saving you, but aren’t you being rude by insulting him instead?”

“Exactly! **We** shouldn’t have asked Mike to help **you** if we knew you would be so arrogant!” the **boys** agreed.

“Forget it. Since he isn’t **grateful** for my help, let him **stay** in his bubble. Sooner or later, someone will teach

him a lesson.” Mike waved their words **away**, feigning generosity.

“See? This is how a kind and generous person should act.” Nina gave Mike a thumbs up.

“You’ve still got a lot to learn before you can reach Mike’s level.” the boys **sneered**.

Even the girls couldn’t help **frowning**. Although they were attracted by Dustin’s good **looks** and brave attitude,

his disgusting character put them off.

“Fine. If you think that he helped **me**, then so be it.” Dustin couldn’t be bothered to **argue**. After lagging down a taxi, he turned and asked Abigail, “Since we’re traveling in the same direction, would you like to share a **ride**?”

“Mike, Nina, I’ll be on my way. Let me **know** if anything comes up,” Abigail said her goodbyes before leaving

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with Dustin.

As soon as the two left, Nelson and his brother emerged from the karaoke bar, looking displeased.

“Hey, isn’t that Lord Horst? He looks pissed. Do you think he’s going to hunt that guy down?” someone pointed

out.

“Hunt him down?” A mischievous twinkle lit up Mike’s eyes. He quickly approached the two men with a sneaky smile. “Lord Horst, are you trying to find the **guy** who fought you just now? I can bring you to him. I know where he is.”

“What?” Nelson exclaimed, his features contorting in rage.

Not noticing the other man’s shift in expression, Mike continued gushing. “Lord Horst, you should teach that arrogant brat a lesson. Please don’t worry about offending me. **You** can rough him up as much as you want!”

“Rough him up? I’ll f*cking rough you up!” Nelson roared, landing a firm slap on Mike’s face. “You f*cking moron! Leave me out of your goddamn suicide mission! Fuck off!”

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Located in an urban village was Enchanting Villa.

As soon as Dustin and Abigail got out of the car, they spotted Edmund anxiously pacing the entrance.

“Are you alright, Mr. Rhys?” Edmund was delighted when he saw them. “I called Ms. Ruth for help, but I’m surprised at how quickly she got you out of there.”

“Thanks. Mr. Robinson, but it wasn’t necessary to bother the Harmon family with something so minor.” Dustin smiled.

“Minor?” Edmund’s eye twitched. If crossing Nelson **was** a minor issue, then what would Dustin consider a major one?

“How about you, Abigail?” Edmund turned his attention to his daughter.

“It’s none **of** your business. Don’t ever show **up in** front of my classmates ever again!” Abigail spat, heading straight into the house. She was clearly still holding a grudge over how cowardly her father **was**.

Edmund signed. He was completely clueless about how to mend the relationship with his daughter.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Robinson. She’ll understand you one of these days.” Dustin reassured the older man,

Although there was a rift between the father–daughter duo, both parties clearly cared for each other. Abigail might look tough on the outside, but whenever her father was in trouble, **she’d** be the first to jump out and

protect him.

“I hope so.” Edmund forced a smile. “Please follow me, Mr. Rhys. Your room is ready.” He led Dustin to a guest

room.

The room was cleaned and fully furnished with branded goods. It was obvious that a lot of effort had gone into

preparing this room.

“Thanks, Mr. Robinson. It’s lovely.” Dustin was satisfied.

“Great to hear that you’re happy. Mr. Rhys. I’ll attend to other matters now.” Edmund **gave** Dustin a **nod** before

turning around and leaving.

After a moment, someone knocked on the door. When Dustin opened it, he saw **Abigail** standing there, dressed in pajamas with cartoon designs. She had removed her makeup and now looked much kinder **and more**

sensible.

“What’s **up?**” Dustin asked.

“Um... could I come in?” Abigail asked **awkwardly**.

“I don’t think it’s a **good** idea for a man and a woman to be alone in a room.” Dustin wore an odd expression

on his face.

“I’m not even being that fussy about it.” Abigail **rolled** her eyes and walked into his room. “**Close** the door. !

don’t want my **dad** to see us.”

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“Huh?” Dustin was surprised.

What was she up to?

“What are you waiting for? Come here. Abigail plopped onto Dustin’s bed and patted the spot beside her.

Her pale, exposed, crossed legs seemed exceptionally distracting under the light. It was a fact that Abigail was a beautiful girl with perfect features and a voluptuous and alluring figure.

“You better not mess around. I’m not interested in minors.” Dustin was alarmed.

“What are you talking about?” Abigail sneered. “Excuse me, but I’m not here because I’m interested in you. I

just have a favor to ask.”

“I see. Thank God.” Dustin let out a breath of relief. Currently, he was also a mess when it came to s*xual

relationships.

“Do guys only think about those kinds of things? Abigail was baffled.

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Dustin was rendered speechless. What else was he supposed to think when a girl willingly approached him at night?

Too lazy to argue, Dustin merely asked, "What do you need?"

"Judging from today's battle, you seem like a good fighter. How did you do that?" Abigail asked.

"Ever heard of Elder-level martial artists? I'm one of them, so I can easily handle over three hundred opponents." Dustin answered nonchalantly.

"Yeah, right. I doubt it." Abigail clearly didn't believe him.

"Whatever. You probably can't comprehend what I'm telling you anyway. All you need to know is that I'm very powerful." Dustin summarised. Most ordinary citizens didn't know about martial artists, so even if they met one, they wouldn't be able to tell.

"Fine. Can you teach me some moves? I'm not asking for much. I just want to be able to defeat a dozen men." Abigail looked at Dustin with hopeful eyes.

"You want me to take you in as my disciple?" Dustin raised an eyebrow.

"Ugh, you're so old-fashioned. Who does that these days? Just teach me a few moves as a friend," Abigail responded.

"I guess that's fine. But to learn my moves, you have to have a solid foundation, or it'll be useless. This means that you'll **have** to start by building your internal energy." Dustin told her.

"What's internal energy?" Abigail stared at him dumbly.

"You can understand it as mana."

"Oh, I get it. It's what allows those people to become human anvils and all." Abigail realized.

"Um... I guess so." Dustin's smile faltered before he continued. "It takes talent for someone to cultivate mana. After all, effort pales in comparison to actual talent. Those who are meant to become martial artists will easily understand this, while those who aren't won't see the results no matter how hard they work."

“I see. Then do I have that talent?” Abigail asked eagerly.

“Give me your hand.”

“**Okay.**”

“I’ll pass some of my true energy to you. If you can feel it, that means you’ve got the potential to become a martial artist; if you don’t, then you’re just not cut out for it.” Dustin explained, holding her wrist and channeling some of his energy into her.

“Huh? I can feel it! It’s warm and tingly!” Abigail lit up.

“Not bad. You passed the first level.” Dustin nodded. Before he could say anything else, his brows furrowed as he realized the energy he had just channeled into her had miraculously disappeared. It was as if something

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had swallowed his energy completely.

“How is this possible?”

Puzzled, Dustin channeled another burst of energy into Abigail, which was quickly absorbed again. However, he had felt it this time. There was a seal inside her body, and the **seal** was so strong that his true energy

wasn’t enough to affect it.

Fortunately, it was a protective seal that was harmless to Abigail’s body and would only come into effect when she was in danger. Thinking that the energy he channeled earlier was a threat, the seal automatically

absorbed it.

The seal had been done by someone who was either a Grandmaster martial artist or stronger and an expert in seal making. In other words, Abigail was under the protection of someone powerful.

“What’s wrong? Is there a problem?” Abigail asked after seeing Dustin’s reaction.

“It’s nothing.” Dustin smiled. “I’ll pass you the training technique, but your success depends on you.” He wrote down the training techniques for beginners and passed the paper to Abigail. “Study it back in your room. Find

me again once you’ve mastered your internal energy.”

“Okay!” Abigail took the paper and ran back to her room excitedly.

“Interesting.” Dustin smirked, staring at Abigail’s retreating figure.

The seal in her body **was** extremely rare, and only close family members would waste so much time and effort

to do something like that.

Dustin instantly became more interested in Abigail’s mother.

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Early the next morning. Dustin received a phone call from Nelson when he woke up.

“Hi, Mr. Rys. Are you up yet?”

“I just woke up. What’s up? Any results?” Dustin asked.

“Our gang leader would like to meet you. We can slowly chat then.” Nelson smiled apologetically.

“Sure. Where?” Dustin responded bluntly.

“At the Flame Dragon Dojo.”

“Alright. I’ll be there soon.” Dustin hung up, did a simple freshening up, and left in a taxi. He had already

expected that the gang wouldn’t give in so easily, and since he had some spare time on his hands, he didn’t

mind having some fun with them.

After thirty minutes, his taxi pulled up in front of Flame Dragon Dojo.

Dustin got out of the car, and Nelson immediately brought his men over to greet him with a smile. "Welcome.

Mr. Rhys. This way, **please.**"

Dustin hummed and nodded in response, walking straight in.

Hundreds of the gang's elites had gathered inside the dojo, each of them sturdily built and with ferocious attitudes. As soon as Dustin entered, everyone turned their piercing glares toward him, as if they were staring

at a prey.

"Hey, kid. You're the one who wants to challenge my gang?" A paunchy, fat man emerged from the crowd, holding some beads. Following behind him were four large, bald men whose black singlets did nothing to hide

their toned, rippling muscles.

"I guess. I'm just interested in the gang leader's seat." Dustin nodded.

"How dare you!" The elites of **the** gang immediately cried out indignantly, **dyin**g to flay Dustin alive for **saying**

such nonsense.

"You've got balls, kid." The bald **man** signaled for his **men** to quiet down before continuing. "It took me over a decade to get to where I am now, so why should I let you take my position?"

"Nelson asked the same thing yesterday, and I've already given him my answer," Dustin replied,

"I know you've got some skills, but that **doesn't** mean you can treat our gang however you want." Harry Hall said with a smile that didn't reach his eyes. "You'll have to prove yourself if you want to be the gang **leader**. I'll **give** you a chance right now. If you can defeat our **Four** Guardians,

I'll step down willingly! Similarly, if you lose to them, you'll serve our gang for ten years. How **about that?**"

The Four Guardians were all High-level martial artists who had impeccable skills. When fighting together, they were as strong as a Divine-level martial artist, which meant taking care of a young **man** would be a piece of cake.

"Sure. I like doing things the simple **way** too." Dustin agreed.

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"Great. Sign the papers, then." Harry waved for his men to bring out a liability waiver form, which Dustin signed.

without hesitation.

"Things seem to be fun in here."

Right before the battle began, a young, suave man walked in casually with beautiful ladies hanging off him,

"Mr. Hill?" Harry immediately greeted the other man with a smile. "What brings you here today?"

"I heard that someone challenged Flame Dragon Gang, so I thought I'd enjoy the show." Patrick Hill replied

with a smile.

"We get idiots who challenge us every year. They eventually end up crippled or dead, so this is nothing new."

Harry shook his head.

"I'm curious, Sir Hill. Who would dare to challenge your gang?" Patrick looked around.

“It’s him.” Harry pointed at Dustin. “He’s talking big just because he has some skills, **and** now he even wants

my position. How foolish.”

Patrick was surprised when he saw Dustin. “Sir Hall isn’t an easy opponent, young man. You should just spar

for fun. It’ll be unfortunate if you die because of this.”

“Thanks for the advice, but I’m confident I can win, or I wouldn’t have come in the first place.” Dustin smiled

softly.

“Being confident is a good thing, but you shouldn’t be too arrogant. There are always people stronger than you.

“Patrick advised.

“Maybe.” Dustin responded.

“Whatever. I won’t stop you if you insist.” Patrick shook his head.

“You shouldn’t waste your time on foolish people.”

“She’s right. Some people are just too arrogant. He’ll have time to cry when he’s crippled.”

The girls in his embrace sneered, looking down on Dustin, who they thought was acting all high and mighty.

Dustin had it coming if he ended up dead anyway.

“Have a seat, Mr. Hill, Enjoy the show.” Harry smiled before leading Patrick and his companions to the seats in

front. Then, he turned toward Dustin with a cold attitude. “Please step into the battle ring.”

“Sure.” Dustin smiled and walked toward the platform.

“**You** four can deal with him. Don’t hold back, and be careful of cheap tricks.” Harry instructed the Four

Guardians.

“Yes, sir!” the four men answered in unison before heading toward the battle ring as well.

“How many blows do you think **that** punk can stand?” one of the women asked Patrick.

“The battle will most likely end within after ten rounds,” Patrick answered calmly.

The Four Guardians were quite famous in South City. Alone, they weren’t the strongest, but once they worked together, their strength increased tremendously. Besides, as martial artists with impenetrable skin, their **body** was incredibly strong, so Dustin was bound to struggle against them.

“You think too highly of them. Look at how skinny he is. I bet he’ll be defeated with five blows.”

“I say three.”

The ladies jeered.

Everyone knew how powerful the Four Guardians were, so there was no way a young man in his twenties could withstand their attacks.

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“You must have a death wish for challenging the four of **us**, kid!”

On the platform, the four **bald** men stared at Dustin intently with cold smiles. They’ve met countless skilled martial artists in Millsburg, but they had defeated all of those who challenged them. Dustin was not going to be any different.

“Cut the chit–
chat. Let’s fight.” Dustin kept his left hand behind his back and stretched out his **right**.

“Since you’re determined to die, let me help you!” One of the bald men couldn’t wait any longer and dashed toward Dustin, throwing a punch at the man. The force and speed of his attack produced an audible whoosh,

“What a powerful punch! It could kill someone easily!”

“I take back what I said. He won’t even **last** one punch!”

The ladies were stunned by the **bald** man’s strength.

While Patrick didn’t say much, he was secretly shaking his head. Each of the Four Guardians **was** a High–level martial artist, and a strike from any of them was enough to crush stones. Not many could withstand their

attacks.

“Foolish boy!” Harry sneered, confident that this was the end of the battle.

Nelson merely stood silently at the side, not saying a word.

Under everyone’s watchful gaze, the bald man’s fist landed heavily on Dustin’s chest with a thud.

Shockingly, Dustin seemed completely unaffected. Instead, the man who had attacked him staggered back, nearly tripping. The bones in his fist had shattered, and he could no longer **raise** his arm.

“How can this be?” The bald man was astonished. He had used his full power, which could have punched through walls. Yet, punching Dustin had been like punching **a** mountain. Instead of hurting him, the bald man

only hurt himself.

How terrifying!

“What?”

Everyone was shocked to see the bald man stumbled backward. They had all assumed the punch was enough

to end Dustin, who turned out unharmed.

“Stop playing around and end this.” The eldest of the four brothers spoke.

The youngest brother gritted his teeth and raised **his** uninjured left arm, throwing another punch, He couldn't stand the thought of—

No, he couldn't believe someone could end up unscathed after suffering his punch.

Another thwack sounded **as** the bald man punched Dustin at full force again, but the results were the same. Dustin was uninjured, while the other man staggered back from the force, the bones in his fists shattered.

“Brother, there's something weird about him! The bald man's face had contorted in pain as he sweated profusely. His punches had completely destroyed his arms, and there was nothing else he could do.

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“Let's attack together!” Realizing the severity of the situation, the eldest brother stopped holding back.

Under his order, the four of them launched themselves at Dustin at the same time. Some used their fists, while others used their legs, attacking Dustin from all directions.

Like a statue, Dustin didn't move an inch.

The Four Guardian's attacks rained down on him ceaselessly, yet the results were the same. Dustin remained unbothered and unharmed, while the four brothers were forced to stumble backward, infuriated.

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For a moment, the room fell into an eerie silence, stunned by what **had** transpired.

“You should give up if that’s all you’ve got.” Dustin stretched, bored.

“You’re dead meat!” Pissed, the Four Guardians exchanged glances before launching themselves at Dustin

again.

This time, they gave it their all aiming for his vital or vulnerable spots with firm attacks.

“Humph!”

With a mighty stomp, the ground beneath them gave way, forming a large pit. The commotion shook the entire dojo, and at the same time, extreme Divine Aura whirled **around** before heading straight toward the four

brothers.

Like they were being hit by a truck, the four men were thrown into the air, blood gushing out of their mouths and noses, before they landed on the floor heavily, passing out instantly.

“Um

The crowd gaped at the fallen men in disbelief. They couldn’t believe that the Four Guardians of Flame Dragon Gang, who were all High-level martial artists who had never lost any battles, had been utterly crushed by Dustin.

Just how monstrously strong was Dustin?

“H—he won?”

The ladies covered their mouths in shock. They’d thought that Dustin was no match for the Four Guardians and that they could defeat Dustin easily. Instead, Dustin got rid of them with a single stomp. If they hadn’t personally witnessed the entire ordeal, they might have thought that this was a scene from a movie.

“How is that possible?” Harry sprung up, incredulous. The Four Guardians had been the ace up his sleeve and Flame Dragon Gang’s pillar of strength, but Dustin had defeated them effortlessly.

Harry felt extremely vulnerable after seeing the aftermath.

“**Was** that Divine Aura?” Patrick was shocked as well.

Only Divine–level martial artists could let out internal energy like that. When martial artists achieved divinity, their internal energy would then be called Divine Aura. The latter was over a hundred times stronger than ordinary internal energy.

Since it had been revealed that Dustin **was a** Divine–level martial artist, they no longer needed to wonder why he acted so fearlessly.

It was extremely rare to find Divine–level martial artists so young.

“I was right. He’s a monster.” Nelson gulped, utterly impressed.

Among the people in the dojo, he was the only one who knew how strong Dustin was, but he’d held out hope

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since he’d been confident in the Four Guardian’s skills, which had turned out to be useless.

“Who **wants** to try next?” Dustin surveyed the place calmly.

Flame Dragon Gang’s elites exchanged nervous glances with **each** other, but no one spoke up. They knew, they’d only embarrass themselves by challenging someone who **had** defeated the Four Guardians.

“What now, Sir Hall?” Dustin turned his attention to Harry.

“I didn’t know you were so strong. I accept my defeat.” Harry sighed, looking conflicted. “I will step down. From today onward, you shall be the new **leader** of Flame Dragon Gang.”

“An honorable man indeed.” Dustin smiled. “But don’t worry. I’ll merely be the gang leader in name. I won’t

interfere with the gang matters, so you **still** have your authority.”

"Thank you, sir!"

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Harry's face lit up, and he hurriedly saluted. **"All** hail, Sir Rhys, **our** new leader!"

"All hail, Sir Rhys!" The crowd quickly saluted **as** well.

In the martial world, strength is paramount, and since Dustin had proven his strength, he now had the right to

lead them.

"Congrats, bro. What's your name?" Patrick stood up and saluted, wanting to befriend this young talented man.

"Dustin Rhys." Dustin saluted back.

"My name's Patrick Hill. Today's show was mind-boggling. Would you be interested in visiting the Hill family residence?" Patrick offered.

"I'll be sure to visit when I'm free." Dustin returned the pleasantries, feeling quite fond of the other man.

"Sir, why don't we take this opportunity to **have** a drink together? High Point Building next door is quite **a** nice place." Harry invited.

"Sure." Dustin nodded and turned to look at Patrick. "Care to join us?"

"It'd be my pleasure." Patrick answered with a smile.

Thus, Harry led the group of people to the building next door.

High Point Building was a Victorian-style restaurant with three beautifully decorated floors. Harry, who was a regular, led them straight to the Sky Lounge.

"You're here again, Harry?" A beautiful woman in her thirties entered the room, carrying two bottles of wine. Her voluptuous figure was extremely alluring and could tempt any man.

"Roxy, meet our new gang leader, Sir Rhys. He'll be in charge of Flame Dragon Gang from now on." Harry gestured towards Dustin.

"Nice to meet you, Sir Rhys." Roxy lowered her body, her breasts nearly popping out of her shirt.

Dustin nodded without saying much.

"Put the bottles down and bring out your signature dishes. We're going to celebrate." Harry told her with a

smile.

"Sure thing. **Please** give me a moment." Roxy smiled invitingly and left the room, swaying her hips provocatively.

Dustin turned his head for another look. He had to admit that Roxy had a wonderful body.

"I'd like to offer you a toast with this fine vodka, Sir Rhys!" Smiling, Harry poured Dustin a glass. Instantly, the pleasant aroma of the liquor filled the room.

"The woman who just came in. Is she yours?" Dustin suddenly asked.

"Yep. She's been with me for years." Harry answered truthfully with a nod.

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"She's a locker for sure." Dustin smiled.

His words caused the ladies beside Patrick to frown. How could he tease someone else's woman the moment

they meet?

"She was much prettier when she was younger. Harry forced a smile.

"I don't think so. Her body looks so mature. I'm sure no man can resist her." Dustin commented with a mask of

a smile.

Harry's smile stiffened, but he couldn't **say** anything back.

Dustin pressed. "At her age, I bet she has a lot of needs."

"**Yeah**, uh, it's been getting harder to handle her these days. I take supplements regularly now." Harry put on a forced grin.

"Since you're struggling, why don't I help you?" Dustin smiled. "I've got a strong body, after all."

His words made the whole room go silent. No one could have expected him to make such a vulgar request about f*cking someone else's woman in front of them.

He had taken things too far!