

An Understated Dominance by Marina Chapter 931

Chapter 931

"Simba? What the f*ck is a Simba?"

"Whoever you are, you're going to die today since you've met Evan!"

Several young men and women started shouting.

They had seen Evan's performance just moments ago. They watched how he took down several armed assassins in an instant. What more was a weaponless fighter?

"This person is clearly a martial artist built on strength. I have to catch him off guard and end the fight as soon as possible."

Evan gave him a quick once over and made a decision.

He bent his knees slightly, slowly gathering momentum. Then, pushing down with his feet, he propelled himself forward like a bullet. He launched with tremendous power.

"Thunder Strike!" Evan shouted.

Internal energy surged through his body. Then, he threw a powerful punch straight at Simba.

A faint explosion echoed as Evan's iron fist heavily struck Simba's abdomen.

However, Simba didn't react. He stood like a mountain, unflinching. He showed no signs of injuries.

"Is that all?" Simba crossed his arms. He looked down at Evan arrogantly.

A smirk played on his lips. "Are you trying to scratch my itch?"

"Huh?"

Evan froze in place. His eyes widened with disbelief.

He had put all his strength into that strike. How did it not hurt him at all? Impossible!

"You're too weak," Simba shook his head.

He grabbed Evan by the neck and lifted him off the ground with brute strength.

"Ugh..." Evan couldn't breathe. As his feet hung in the air, his face flushed red.

He began to struggle frantically, but it was futile. He was like a defenseless lamb awaiting its fate.

"What?"

The group's expressions changed dramatically as they watched on. Their earlier arrogance was replaced with terror.

No one expected the powerful Evan to be completely powerless against the muscular man. It was truly terrifying!

"You son of b*tch! Release Evan right now!"

Seeing Evan in danger, Sheila picked up a knife and rushed forward.

With a sharp clang, she stabbed the knife into Simba. But it didn't even graze his skin.

Go to me a suster quyil.

His enormous palm aimed to strike Sheila's head.

"Sheila! Watch out!" the group shouted in shock.

However, Sheila had been paralyzed with fear. She stood frozen, unable to react.

Just as everyone thought she was as good as dead, a hand grabbed Simba's wrist.

"She's off limits," Dustin calmly stated as he held onto Simba.

"You dare stop me?" Simba's gaze grew cold.

"Don't make me fight you, or you will end up dying a horrific death," Dustin replied stoically.

Upon hearing this, everyone was stunned.

"What the heck? Is this guy trying to get himself killed? How can he be so arrogant?"

"Even Evan can't handle Simba. This brat is on a suicide mission."

The remaining group whispered among themselves. They looked at Dustin as if he were a corpse.

"What trash! Go to hell!" Simba was furious.

He threw Evan aside and aimed a punch at Dustin's forehead. But Dustin remained unfazed and threw a punch as well.

As two different-sized fists collided, a loud explosion rang out.

Simba's arm exploded upon impact, and he was sent flying. He crashed through a wall and fell

from the second floor.

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Chapter 932

"What

As they watched Simba being sent flying, a stunned silence fell over everyone. Their eyes widened in disbelief. Some of them even doubted their eyes.

Simba was over two meters tall. He had a massive figure and a muscular physique, just like a

mountain

Meanwhile, Dustin looked thin and fragile. It was as if a gust of wind could blow him away

Under normal circumstances, Simba should have been the winner. After all, they had a clear difference in size. So, how did the situation reverse so suddenly?

“What the f*ck? Who the hell is this guy? How is he so strong?”

The group exchanged shocked looks. Not even Evan could rival Simba, so how could this country

doctor have defeated him?

“Dustin, you’re amazing!” After a brief shock, Sheila immediately cheered.

If it weren’t for Dustin intervening, she might not have survived.

“Don’t be that impulsive next time. Your first priority should be your own safety in a situation like this,” Dustin warned.

This woman was willing to risk her life to save her friends. She was truly foolish.

“Got it!” Sheila smiled sweetly in response.

Since Dustin had saved her again, she was determined to repay him well.

“You you’re actually a divine–level martial artist?”

Evan got up from the ground. He looked surprised.

He considered himself a capable martial artist. Still, he was only a high–level martial artist.

He couldn’t believe the plain–looking man before him was a martial arts expert.

“That doesn’t seem to concern you.” Dustin cast him a sidelong glance, his expression cold

“You...” The corner of Evan’s lips twitched. But he swallowed his words.

God damn it! What was he showing off for? He was just a divine–level martial artist. He was essentially just a fighter.

The Derlin family is influential. A grandmaster showed them some respect, let alone a divine-

level martial artist.

“Cut the crap and call an ambulance!” Right then, Vivian, who had fallen after being shot, shouted

Although the bullet had pierced her chest, she was lucky it missed her heart. She wouldn’t die immediately.

“Hang in there, Vivian. I’ll call for help right now!” Sheila returned to her senses and dialed for

Aside from Vivian, two others had also fallen victim to stray bullets

“Let me attend to them”

Dustin approached one of the injured men and assessed his condition

The man had been shot twice, and he had lost a significant amount of blood. It was clear that he wouldn’t be able to hold on for much longer

“Hey! Are you even qualified to be doing this? This is a matter of life and death” Evan asked

“If I can’t do it, are you going to treat him instead?” Dustin fired back.

“I” Evan fell silent.

“Shut it if you can’t contribute.”

Dustin wasted no time and pulled out a silver needle. He sealed off several acupuncture points near the

man’s wound

In no time, the bleeding stopped.

The sight left the group amazed. Although it was hard to believe, they had to admit that traditional medicine did work.

“Sheila, please bandage him up for me.”

With his instructions given, he went over to the other wounded man.

“Me! Save me first!” Before Dustin could insert a needle, Vivian immediately cried out. Panic and fear filled her eyes.

“I’m just a scammer in the martial arts world. I can’t treat you. You’re better off praying for a miracle,” Dustin replied impassively.

“No, no, you’re not a scammer. You’re a miracle doctor. Please save me first. My injuries are worse * Vivian’s expression scrunched miserably.

In the face of death, she had no choice but to set aside her pride. At least, she could tell earlier that Dustin did have some genuine skills.

“You seem quite energetic to me. You won’t die for the time being. Hang in there for a little longer. After he spoke, Dustin took out his silver needle and proceeded to treat the other man’s injuries.

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Chapter 933

“You!” While Vivian seethed in anger, there was nothing she could do. She could only endure in silence.

She could only pray that Dustin would work faster. She sensed that she was losing blood, and her body was growing weaker.

Three minutes later, Dustin finally finished treating the second man. As long as the bleeding was stopped, he wouldn’t die immediately.

“It should be my turn now, right? Hurry up and start treating me!” Vivian was getting impatient. She rushed Dustin repeatedly.

Yet Dustin appeared completely at ease. He didn't feel any sense of urgency. He wiped his hands, and stretched lazily before leisurely sipping on a cup of tea.

"Hey! What are you doing? Help me stop the bleeding!"

"Vivian was on the verge of losing her temper. She was nearly drained of blood. How could he be in the mood to enjoy his tea?"

"Why the rush? It's not like you're dying." Dustin glanced at her, still unmoved.

"What do you mean I'm not dying? Don't you see that I was shot? Where's your humanity? Save me!"

Vivian was anxious.

As she got more agitated, blood pooled faster. She was so shocked that she took a few deep breaths to calm herself down.

"Is this how you ask for a favor?" Dustin continued sipping on his tea leisurely.

"Rhys! Don't push it too far when I'm being nice!" Vivian seethed in anger, grinding her teeth.

She was the heiress of the Willow family. She was always placed on a pedestal wherever she went.

How dare a mere country doctor show off in front of her? It was a terrible offense!

"Since you're not sincere, forget about it. Bye."

Dustin couldn't bother with her any longer. After finishing his tea in one gulp, he stood up and left.

"Wait! Wait... Miracle Doctor! Miracle Doctor Rhys! I was wrong!"

"I chose the wrong words and have offended you. Please, doctor, save me!"

Vivian gave in immediately when she saw the situation taking a turn for the worse. Her survival instinct was in full gear.

“Dustin, Vivian seems to be in bad shape. Can you please save her?” Sheila chimed in.

“Fine, I’ll help her this once for your sake.” Dustin nodded.

“Thank you, Doctor Rhys! Thank you very much!” Vivian’s expression brightened.

However, a glint of resentment flashed through her eyes. Once she got through this, she would definitely seek revenge.

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After a few minutes, he returned with a box of medical supplies.

“Here, just stick this on the wound.” Dustin tossed the medical supplies to Vivian’s feet.

“What is this?”

Curiously, Vivian opened up the box and was immediately dumbfounded.

Dustin had tossed her a box of band-aids!

“D–Doctor Rhys, is this a joke?” Vivian widened her eyes in disbelief.

“I have a gunshot wound—a gunshot wound! What the hell can this do?”

“What do you mean? J&J Band-Aids can stop bleeding, disinfect, and even provide pain relief. There is nothing better than that to help with your injuries,” Dustin said seriously.

Vivian was speechless. Her eyes twitched uncontrollably, and her body trembled.

Seriously? Who the hell would treat a gunshot wound with a band-aid? Could he please show some respect?

“Sheila, she can’t seem to move freely. Why don’t you help her? Don’t forget to stick it both on the front and the back.

“As for whether she can survive, that would depend on her luck. I have other things to attend to, so I’ll take my leave now.”

With that, Dustin left without looking back.

As soon as he walked out the doors, he heard a shrill scream.

“Rhys! You’re my enemy from now on.”

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Chapter 934

The night grew deeper.

It was particularly quiet at Auspicious Restaurant. The place wasn’t as lively as in the morning.

One reason was its secluded location, and the other was because it didn’t operate at night.” Suddenly, a muscular figure jumped over the walls. He skillfully went through the restaurant.

The figure was headed to a private room on the second floor.

When he arrived at the door, he gave it a light knock.

“Come in.” A dignified voice came from inside the pitch–black room.

The figure opened the door cautiously. He immediately dropped to his knees when he got inside. Speaking toward a folding screen, he announced his arrival. “I’m here, sir.”

“You got injured?” The voice spoke again from behind the folding screen.

“I failed my mission. I encountered a powerful opponent and almost lost my life.”

Simba lowered his head. His expression was filled with fear and respect.

Blood was dripping from his wounded arm onto the ground. It sounded jarring in the silent night.

“You actually dared to return after you failed?” The voice turned cold. It carried a chilling undertone that crept into the air.

“Sir, please give me another chance. I promise I will complete my mission!” Simba trembled in fear and broke out in cold sweat.

“You damned fool! Didn’t you notice you’ve been tailed?” the voice shouted.

“A tail?”

Simba looked around and said, “Impossible! I was careful the entire way here. Nobody could have noticed me!”

“Dear friend, since you’re already here, there’s no need to hide.” The voice behind the screen grew louder.

As soon as his words fell, they heard the faint sound of footsteps echoing in the corridor. Following closely, Dustin entered, looking indifferent.

“It’s you?” Simba’s expression changed. He took a few steps back in fear and almost stumbled.

He never expected to be followed.

As an accomplished assassin, he had undergone rigorous training since young. He was also one of the best at countering surveillance.

Dustin must be a ghost to have been able to tail him without a sound.

“It’s impressive that you noticed me this quickly.” Dustin ignored Simba. His gaze was fixed on the screen.

He could not

but a cowardly man seated **when** however, **it** was too late to discuss his features.

“It’s even more remarkable that you were able to come within ten feet of me.” The plump man remained unmoved.

“Sir! This is the guy who ruined my mission!” Simba revealed.

“You useless trash, get out!” the chubby man shouted.

“Yes, sir...” Simba shrunk back slightly. Without another word, he excused himself.

Dustin ignored him, allowing him to leave as he pleased.

“Sir, do I have the pleasure of talking face-to-face?” Dustin spoke again.

“Of course.” The chubby man waved. The lights turned on, and the folding screen was brought down.

The moment their gazes met, the both of them were stunned.

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Chapter 935

“Mr. Rhys?”

“Mr. Franklin?” Dustin was surprised to see the chubby man before him.

He realized that Simba’s envoy was Samuel Franklin. He was the person who sold the Jade Maiden Scripture.

“Mr. Rhys, I didn’t expect fate to lead us to meet under these circumstances,” Samuel said with a

smile.

His previous cold and chilling demeanor returned to one of gentleness. He appeared harmless and friendly..

“Mr. Franklin, you have quite the identity.” Dustin narrowed his eyes.

“I’ve heard that the Bounty Killers have three chief envoys. Each of them is known for their incredible power and abilities. I didn’t expect you to be one of them.”

“I’m just making a living. It’s nothing worth mentioning.” Samuel smiled and made a gesture

.

“Mr. Rhys, please have a seat.”

Dustin didn’t hesitate and took a seat.

"Mr. Rhys, I'm impressed by your victory over Augustus Kline. Your reputation as a young grandmaster has shaken the world."

Samuel brewed a pot of tea and poured it into two cups.

"Mr. Franklin, you're very well-informed. You've heard about what happened in no time." Dustin took a sip of tea.

Samuel laughed. "If I had remained oblivious to such a shocking event, I might as well retire from

my role as an envoy."

His smile was unwavering.

"Mr. Franklin, I'll get straight to the point. Was Sheila your target today?" Dustin looked up at him. slightly.

He had been tailing Simba to search for the truth.

Christopher Murray was an old friend of his mother's. He had also helped him out on two occasions in the past.

Moreover, considering Sheila's kindness, he felt he should involve himself in this matter.

"That's right." Franklin didn't deny it.

"Solving people's troubles and getting paid is the Bounty Killer's code."

"Can you cancel the mission?" Dustin inquired.

"No, unless the employer chooses to withdraw it themselves." Samuel shook his head.

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"That is classified information. I can't tell you," Samuel continued to shake his head.

"Mr. Franklin, you keep withholding information. Are you forcing me to flip this table?" Dustin narrowed his eyes.

"Mr. Rhys, please stay calm. The Bounty Killers has its own set of rules. Disclosing the identity of the employer is strictly forbidden. However..."

At that moment, Samuel changed his tone.

"While I can't reveal the employer's identity, I can offer you another piece of information. I believe

it'll catch your interest."

"What kind of information?" Dustin raised an eyebrow.

"I have a lead on Paul Hill's death," Samuel dropped a bombshell

"Hmm?"

Dustin's gaze hardened. "You know who the killer is?"

Paul Hill's death had put him under tremendous pressure for the past few days. Even when he had mobilized everyone in the Kirin Gang, he could not find a single lead.

"While I can't say for sure, I do have some information." Samuel chuckled.

"Who is it? Who exactly had Sir Paul killed?" Dustin asked in a low voice.

"Paul Hill's death has something to do with the Shadowslayers from Kimboku."

Samuel explained, "According to our investigation, one of Shadowslayer's five elite assassins, Dimitri Gonzalez, has infiltrated Dragonmarsh recently.

"He's been active around Balerno too. Paul Hill's death likely has something to do with him."

"Is this Dimitri Gonzalez that good?" Dustin frowned.

"As an elite assassin, he's indeed powerful. He has already reached the level of a grandmaster five years ago," Samuel explained.

"This doesn't make sense! If we go by what you're saying, Dimitri alone wouldn't stand a chance against Sir Paul!" Dustin's expression turned serious.

Dimitri had only broken through the level of a grandmaster five years ago.

Normally, Dimitri's skills should only be between that of a novice grandmaster and an intermediate grandmaster. **In** contrast, Paul Hill was already a full-fledged grandmaster!

It would be difficult for him to succeed in an ambush or an assassination attempt.

"Mr. Rhys, you're very sharp. It's truly remarkable." Samuel smiled.

"Indeed, Dimitri couldn't have done it himself. However, there is a traitor within the Hill family."

"A traitor?" Dustin's brow furrowed.

He almost yelled, "Who?"