

An Understated Dominance Chapter 106 - 110

Chapter 106

At this moment, in a beautiful villa.

Duane was talking to a young man dressed in luxurious clothes.

Behind that man, two female bodyguards stood at attention.

They were armed with swords and emitted an unapproachable aura.

“Duane, what’s this gemiphen that you are talking about? Is it really that powerful?”

Oliver

Williams took a sip

of his coffee.

“Mr. Williams, I can assure you of its effects. I have personally tried the pill myself!”

Duane b

oasted

“confidently. “A gemiphen pill saved my life when I was close to death from internal injuries.

I’m not

exaggerating when I say this medicine could heal almost anything!”

“Talk is cheap. Where’s the pill? Let me have a look.” Oliver stretched out his palm.

“Due to the rarity of gemiphen, I do not have one with me right now.”

“Are you joking? You called me here in the dead of the night for a deal. How could you not

be prepared with

the goods?” Oliver’s eyes glinted coldly.

“Mr. Williams, please calm down. I would never dare to offend you. One of my men is on the

way to obtain the

prescription. I’m sure he will be here soon.” Duane tried to appease him.

“For your sake, I hope he does. Don’t you know the consequences

of toying with a member of the Boulderthorn

guild?” Oliver rapped impatiently on the table.

“Of course, Mr. Williams. Once I receive the prescription, I will start production immediately

and present the first batch of gemiphen to you,” Duane answered.

“That’s more like it.” Oliver nodded with satisfaction. “On my end, I will say a few good words

about you to my father. Who knows? He might extend his support to you if he is in a good

mood!”

“Thank you so much, Mr. Williams! I will not let you down!” Duane’s face broke into smiles.

According to his research, not only could gemiphen heal severe internal injuries, but it could

also accelerate

the effects of training in martial artists.

If the pill was properly marketed, martial artists all over the world would be interested in getting

this pill for themselves!

That was why Duane contacted Boulderthorn guild in the first place.

As one of the top guilds in the South, Boulderthorn’s influence was spread far and wide.

Their guild members were in the hundreds of thousands, having top positions in politics, the

military, and the business world.

If he was able to get an exclusive contract to supply gemiphen to the Boulderthorn guild, his

wealth would be multiplied numerous folds.

Being the top dog in Millsburg wouldn’t be a farfetched dream.

“Duane, don’t get ahead of yourself. If you want my father’s support, first, you would have to

supply us with gemiphen continuously. Secondly, loyalty is paramount. Do you understand?”

Oliver said sternly.

“I will remember your advice, Mr. Williams!” Duane nodded.

While talking, they were interrupted by a commotion from the gardens. The noise sounded l

ike a cacophony of curses and cries of pain.

“What’s going on?” Duane frowned.

At this moment, a bodyguard rushed into the room, his face pale as a sheet.

“Boss, someone trespassed into your villa!”

“What?” Duane’s expression darkened. “Who’s the punk who dared to trespass on my property?”

“It’s too dark to identify the intruder. However, it is confirmed that he came alone,” the body

guard mumbled.

“Geez! What’s wrong

with the lot of you? Can’t you handle even one person?” Duane roared in anger.

“Boss, that person was too powerful! Our men could not hold him down!” the bodyguard cri

ed out helplessly.

The man had infiltrated the villa as inconspicuously as a shadow. His movements were agile

and his attacks

ruthless.

No number of bodyguards could stand up against him.

With a flick of his finger, they were all blown away like leaves in the wind!

“According to your description, he must be a martial artist?” Duane scratched his chin in con

fusion.

“There are many martial

artists in Swinton, however, few are on my level. Besides, they have started guilds of their ow

n and rarely appear except for important occasions. They wouldn’t trespass on my property

without

reason.”

“Boss, now is not the time to contemplate these things. For your safety, it is better for you to flee!” the

bodyguard advised Duane.

“Flee?” Duane scoffed. “How can I ever show my face in public if any simpleton could chase me away from my own villa?”

“But–But that man is too powerful! What if?” the bodyguard trailed off.

“That’s enough. I am curious to see the man’s abilities for myself!” Duane was not intimidated at all.

He had been well–trained in martial arts since childhood. How could he back down from a challenge?

“Duane, it seems you have met with some trouble. Do you need my help?” Oliver asked knowingly.

“It’s just a small inconvenience, Mr. Williams. Don’t trouble yourself.” Duane chuckled. “Please wait for a moment, I’ll be back shortly after I settle this matter.”

He stood up with a slight bow and left the room.

Since someone came with a direct challenge, he had to accept it.

Otherwise, it would be an insult to his training all these years.

Outside, a silhouette dressed in white could be seen in the garden.

It was Dustin, walking up the driveway to the villa.

Numerous armed bodyguards surrounded him, trying to land an attack.

However, it was pointless. They were like moths flying into a flame.

With every step Dustin took, the swirling energy around him blew the guards away if they got close enough.

Howls and cries of pain rang out as he walked past the sea of bodyguards nonchalantly.

“If they were lucky, they only sustained broken arms and limbs. The unlucky ones died insta

ntly on impact.

None were strong enough to withstand his aura.

In the end, Duane's men could only look on from a distance.

They did not have the courage to even go up to him. They could only stare at him with the e

yes of looking upon a monster.

Being fully trained bodyguards, they assumed that this would be a walk in the park.

Who would have expected them to be completely defeated by a punk?

Dustin made his way up to the villa's main doors, leaving a trail of dead bodies in his wake.

Taking a deep breath, he roared, "Duane, come out and meet your maker!"

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“Duane, come out and meet your maker!”

Dustin’s roar of anger echoed through the villa like a clap of thunder.

When Duane heard this contemptuous challenge, he was furious.

“Which idiot is dumb enough to cause trouble on my property?” Duane thought as he

rushed out in a hurry.

However, when he saw Dustin in a distance, he couldn’t help but be taken aback.

“It’s you, Dustin! Weren’t you arrested? How did you escape?”

He had bribed Mr. Gardner to arrest Dustin and detain him in the Interrogation room.

Even if Natasha were to intervene, she couldn’t have helped him escape.

“Was it you who framed me for the crime?” Dustin demanded coldly.

“Since you are already here, it means that you know

the answer to your question. You’re right, I am the one

who

framed you! However, you only have yourself to blame. I had to go to such lengths

because

you did not

appreciate the chances that I have given you.” Duane smirked.

“At the very least, you confessed to your crime. Now, I’ll give you a chance to redeem

yours

self. If you cripple

yourself voluntarily and leave Swinton for good, I will not exact my vengeance

against you.”

Dustin said

indifferently.

“Cripple myself? Leave Swinton?”

Duane was initially stunned when he heard this. After a moment, he roared with

laughter.

“Punk, have you gone crazy? Who

do you think you are? If it weren’t for Natasha, do you think you could stand there and

threaten

me with your words?”

Duane assumed that somehow, Natasha must have found a way to save Dustin.

“If that’s the case, you’re not going to comply?” Dustin’s expression grew stern.

*Kid, it seems like you don’t understand the situation. You were the one who trespassed into my property. If I killed you here right now, no one would say anything! Of course, I’m not o

ne to hold grudges. As long as you give me the prescription for the gemiphen, I’ll consider l

etting you go.” Duane narrowed his eyes meaningfully.

“It’s you who are unaware of your precarious state.” Dustin shook his head and gave Duane

a pitiful look.

“I know you have great strength, punk. However, brute strength is not everything!”

Duane s
mrieked and drew his sword. “I wasn’t fully prepared during our last duel. The reason I lost th

at time was that my forte is in sword fighting and not bare-handed martial arts!”

“Well then, come at me with all you’ve got!” Dustin gestured for Duane to make the first mo

ve.

“Arrogant prick! Let’s see if you can withstand my attack after training for 20 years!”

With that, Duane struck a pose.

Extending his arm, he aimed his glittering sword at Dustin’s chest as he flew towards him at

the speed of light.

However, Dustin did not dodge.

Without a word, he intercepted the attack by gripping the blade with merely two fingers.

Vibrations from the rebounding force caused the blade to bend in on itself.

“What?” Duane was utterly shocked at the sight.

Never in his dreams could he imagine that a full-blown attack could be stopped with bare hands!

Furthermore, Dustin only used two fingers!

What could be happening?

Before Duane could regain his composure, Dustin flicked his fingers.

The bent sword broke into a thousand pieces.

Duane was thrown back from the impact, and he staggered backward, his face stricken with

fear.

His prowess in sword fighting seemed like child's play as compared to Dustin's abilities.

With just a single move, Duane was completely defeated!

“Wh–Who are you? How could you have such immense powers?”

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Duane exclaimed in terror, cold sweat pouring down his back.

As a martial artist, Duane was well-known for his agile and deadly attacks.

At his peak performance, the massive energy from his sword could move mountains!

How was Dustin able to intercept his attack?

What kind of monster could shatter swords with his bare hands?

Dustin could not be human!

“Don’t you already know who I am?” Dustin closed the distance menacingly and glared at hi

m with icy-cold

eyes.

“Stay–

Stay away!” Duane backed away in a panic. “I don’t need the gemiphen’s prescription any lo

nger.

Please let me go!”

“I have given you a chance to redeem yourself, but you didn’t take it. It’s too late to regret n

ow!”

Dustin clapped his hands on Duane’s shoulders and squeezed tightly.

With a loud crack, Duane’s arms were dislocated from their joints.

An agonizing howl escaped Duane’s lips as intense pain spread throughout his body.

Without hesitation, Dustin added a punch to his abdomen.

The

force of Dustin’s attack was concentrated on his organs, which caused Duane to bleed profu

sely from his

internal injuries.

He fell to the ground in a heap, unable to move.

“You–You made me a cripple!” Duane gritted his teeth, his eyes were red with fury.

“On account of Mr. Anderson, I will not kill you. However, you must pay for your crimes!”

Dustin grabbed Duane by the collar and threw him carelessly into the air.

His limp body flew backward and smashed into the main doors of his villa.

At this moment, Hunter walked in with his men. He had a stern look on his face.

“Hunter! Save me, quick!”

When Duane saw who it was, he clung onto Hunter like a lifeline.

“Save you? You ought to be thankful that your life is spared!” Hunter scoffed. “Don’t be too

happy though. You

will be locked up in Azkaban for the rest of your life to pay for your crimes!”

“Azkaban?” Duane was visibly shaken. “What nonsense are you spouting? I am a direct descendant of the

Welch family, one of the most important families in Swinton. Even your position pales in comparison to my status. How dare you threaten to throw me into Azkaban?”

Azkaban was a prison for criminals on death row.

Once admitted, it was impossible for anyone to get out.

The prisoners locked up there were as good as dead.

“This was decided by the Welch family’s patriarch. Your father had agreed to it as well.” Hunter replied calmly.

“No! You are lying to me! Why would my father turn against me?” Duane shook his head violently.

“That’s because you have offended Mr. Rhys. The only way to protect the Welch family was to sacrifice you,”

Hunter said bluntly.

“Mr. Rhys? Do you mean Dustin?” Duane’s eyes widened. “How could it be possible?

Why would the Welch

family be afraid of a young punk like him? What is his identity?”

“Dustin Rhys is just an alias. Ten years ago, he went by the name of Logan.”

“What?”

“Logan, Rhys.”

“Logan Rhys?” When Duane heard Dustin’s real name, the blood drained from his face.

No wonder the Welch family was shaken to the core.

Logan Rhys, also known as the kirin, was a legendary martial artist.

His skills were in a league of their own, unsurpassable to this day.

The mere mention of his name struck fear into all of Stonia!

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How could he have provoked such a formidable person by mistake?

Chapter 109

After Dustin's Identity was revealed, Duane gave up resistance.

His eyes were lifeless as if his soul had left his body.

Duane knew that he was a goner.

No one would save him, nor did they dare to.

"Take him away!" Hunter ordered his men to bind Duane up.

Despite knowing the truth, Duane could never leave Azkaban.

There was only one way to leave.

That is, being carried out for cremation after death.

"Stop right there! What are you doing? Leave that man alone!"

At that moment, Oliver appeared with his two female bodyguards and approached them aggressively.

Initially, he hadn't planned on getting involved.

However, Duane was such an incompetent Idiot! How could he lose the fight?

Oliver was forced to intervene before that knucklehead got himself locked up.

At any rate, Duane was still of some use to him.

He had to ensure Duane's safety before he got his hands on the precious gem iphen.

"You have nothing to do with this. Don't poke your nose where it doesn't belong."

Hunter warned in a cold tone.

"Too bad, I insist. What are you going to do about it?" Oliver stuck his hands in his pockets and walked up to

Dustin with a swagger.

"Are you one of Duane's men?" Dustin asked nonchalantly.

"Duane? With his ability, he could only be my underling! However, I have a business deal with him. Without my permission, no one can take him away. While I am still being nice, release him immediately!" Oliver retorted proudly with his nose in the air.

"What if I refuse?" Dustin asked.

"You refuse? Punk, don't you know who I am? Don't you know who my father is? How dare you talk back to me? Are you looking for death?" Oliver glared at him contemptuously.

"I couldn't care less about who you are, or who your father is. It's best for you t

o stay out of this and let us deal with Duane,” Dustin replied nonchalantly.

“Have you gone crazy? Emma, Anna! Break this punk’s legs. Let’s see if he could continue speaking in such a condescending tone while kneeling on the ground!” Oliver smirked.

“Yes, sir!” The two female bodyguards behind him rushed toward Dustin simultaneously.

Flanking him on both sides, they poised to strike Dustin’s knees with the intention of incapacitating him.

There was no hesitation in carrying out Oliver’s orders. With that, Dustin did not hold back. He made the first move and slapped both of them on the cheek.

They staggered backward, stunned by the force of the heavy blow.

“You!” Cradling their swollen cheeks, they tried to draw their swords in retaliation. Before they could do that, Dustin kicked them in the stomach and slapped them on the other cheek as well.

The two bodyguards teetered as stars circled above their heads.

“Punk, you need to be taught a lesson! How dare you engage in a sneak attack?” Oliver was burning with anger.

He rushed forward to land a punch on Dustin’s face.

It was obvious that he was a martial artist. His fists were fast, sure, and accurate. However, Dustin wasn’t impressed. He caught Oliver’s fist and twisted it. Oliver’s arm was displaced from its joint as he screamed in misery.

Before Oliver could catch his breath, Dustin followed up with a punch to his abdomen.

Oliver was thrown back a few feet away and landed heavily on his back. The impact caused Oliver to throw up, and he vomited all over himself.

“Sir!” When they saw Oliver injured, the female bodyguards anxiously ran up to defend him.

“Kill him! I order you to kill him right now!” Oliver held his stomach and roared with a ferocious expression on

his face.

“There is no mercy for those who hurt our boss!” The female bodyguards drew their swords and prepared to light.

“Nobody moves!” Suddenly, Hunter shouted and pulled out his gun.

The bodyguards were startled by Hunter’s threat and froze in place. They did not dare to move a muscle.

“Bastard! Don’t you know who I am? How dare you point a gun at me?” Oliver stood up; his face livid.

“I’m Oliver Williams, a member of

the Boulderthorn guild. Moreover, my father is the second-in-command!”

“Boulderthorn guild?”

When Oliver revealed his identity, Hunter’s expression grew serious.

As the best guild in the South, Boulder thorn has significant influence in Swinton.

Even Edwin, the wealthiest man in Swinton, was only a normal member of the Boulderthorn guild.

This showed how strong and powerful the guild was!

“What, are you scared?” Oliver cackled mockingly as everyone remained silent.

“Now that you know who you are up against, kneel down and beg for forgiveness immediately. Otherwise, I will slaughter you and your entire family!”

What was the use of having guns or being a good fighter?

These were all pointless as compared to the support of the Boulder thorn guild.

With a single word, he could destroy them all like ants.

This was the power of influence and authority!

“Boulderthorn, is it?” Dustin was still unfazed after hearing Oliver’s threat.

“What if I kill all three of you right now? Then no one would know what had happened here.”

“Kill me? How dare you!” Oliver widened his eyes. “If you touch even a strand of hair on my head, I assure you that your body would be blown up into pieces.”

“Since you threatened my family, what’s there to be afraid of? An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.” Dustin shrugged nonchalantly.

Dustin’s

words made Oliver step back in fear, as he was unprepared for a fight.

It would be troublesome if Dustin decided to follow through with what he said. "I'm going to remember this, punk! I'm not done with you!" Seeing as the situation was unfavorable, Oliver and his bodyguards left in a hurry with their tails between their legs.

A wise man knew better than to fight when the odds were against him.

With his noble status, it wasn't worth it to put his life on the line.

"Mr. Anderson, what do you know about Boulder thorn?" Dustin asked as his gaze trailed after them.

"Boulderthorn guild has been expanding rapidly. With their reputation in the world of martial arts, they were set to

be the best guild in the South. Their members are widespread in every possible field, which allows the guild to spread its influence far

and wide. In addition, I heard that Boulderthorn is planning to open a branch in

Swinton. That man's father, Mr. Williams was sent here as a representative for the new branch," Hunter

reported in a low voice.

Dustin nodded in acknowledgment and turned around to leave.

That person must have had something to do with the Boulderthorn guild, right?

Chapter 110

At the Nicholson villa.

Everyone was amazed to see Dahlia return home safely.

“Dahlia, you are finally home! I was so worried about you!”

“Sis! Are you alright? Have you been bullied in the interrogation room?”

Florence and James fawned over her eagerly.

Since they received news of Dahlia being detained by Mr. Gardner, they had been extremely worried for her safety.

They’ve used up all their connections and spent a ton of money trying to get Dahlia out.

However, there was no reply. They were at a loss for what to do.

Just when they had given up, Dahlia unexpectedly returned home on her own.

“Mother, I’m fine. Sorry for making you worry.” Dahlia smiled.

She was a little spooked by everything that had happened today.

Fortunately, she managed to return home safe and sound.

“It’s all Dustin’s fault. If it weren’t for him, you wouldn’t have been captured as well!” Florence muttered angrily.

“Mother’s right! That shameless man is always doing sneaky things! Sis, you should stay away from him to avoid getting caught up in his crimes!” James chimed in.

“Actually, this incident has nothing to do with him. He was framed by someone else.”

Dahlia tried to defend Dustin.

“How is it possible? If he is truly innocent, why was he arrested?”

“Yeah, why would they frame him instead of anyone else? This could only mean that he has bad character!”

Florence and James complained one after another with disdain.

Dahlia could only sigh in resignation.

“If it were up to me, I would choose Matt. When he heard that you were detained, he went around looking for help to bail you out. A gentleman like him is rare nowadays!” Florence changed the topic.

“That’s right! Sis, if it weren’t for Matt’s help, you might still be stuck in jail!” James agreed enthusiastically.

“Matt? Are you sure that it was his doing?” Dahlia said, surprised.

“Who else could it be? He and the Hummer family go way back. He must have asked for Sir

Hummer’s help to

get you out,” James mused.

“I see, I thought...” Dahlia trailed off.

She was a bit puzzled regarding Mr. Granville’s appearance.

From Natasha’s expression, she seemed just as surprised as Dahlia to see Mr.

Granville there

.

By the looks of it, it must be Matt who had requested help from the Hummers family.

Sir Hummers was one of the Mighty Three. It would not be surprising if he had connections

with Mr. Granville.

“Dahlia, last time Matt managed to retrieve the large sum of money we had lost; now he got

you out of the

interrogation room. You need to

show some appreciation. Your cousin, Julie, will be here tomorrow, why don’t

you invite Matt along and spend the day together?” Florence asked expectantly.

“Let’s see if we have the time.” Dahlia squeezed out a forced smile.

Whenever Matt’s name was mentioned, she was reminded of another person.

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The next morning, at the Peaceful Medical Center.

“Let’s eat!”

Dustin shouted from the ground floor while setting up the table for breakfast.

“I’m coming! Why are you in such a hurry?”

After a moment, a one-eyed old man limped down the stairs with a walking stick.

“Hey, punk! Where’s the alcohol?” He demanded angrily.

“No alcohol for breakfast. Have some soup.” Dustin gave him a bowl of chicken soup.

“I’m not going to eat if there’s no alcohol!” The old man threw a tantrum.

“Suit yourself.” Dustin paid him no mind. He sat down and started eating his breakfast.

The old man couldn’t hold back any longer as Dustin was about to finish the food.

“Geez, what a rude young man!”

Lifting the bowl, he swallowed the soup in large gulps.

“Here, this is the Panax root you asked for. Keep it safe.”

After breakfast, Dustin placed a box made from cedar wood on the table.

“Oh, did you manage to obtain another precious herb? You are really efficient!” the one-

eyed man exclaimed in surprise.

“I need another four herbs; hopefully, I can collect them all in time.” Dustin muttered.

“These things can’t be forced. Leave it up to fate,” the old man said casually.

For an elderly person like him, each day was like a gift.

A silver Bentley stopped at the entrance of the medical center, interrupting the conversation

.

A gorgeous, alluring woman got out of the car and walked up to them.

“Wow, what a beauty! She has curves in all the right places! Punk, aren’t you divorced? Don’t you want to take her as your wife?” The old man cackled gleefully.

“Shut up, old man!”

Dustin glared at him and stood up to greet Natasha. “Ms. Harmon, why are you here?”

“What? Am I not welcome?” Natasha smirked.

“Of course not. Have a seat.” Dustin pulled out a chair for her.

“You must be Old Mr. Whiskey? I’ve heard that you love alcohol; that’s why I brought some

homebrewed ale as

a gift.” With a smile, Natasha placed two bottles on the table.

“I’m satisfied as long as I have some alcohol! A glass of well-

brewed ale is as valuable as liquid gold!” The one-eyed man beamed with joy.

He was just complaining about the lack of alcohol. This was exactly what he needed.

“If you like, I can send alcohol to you every day.” Natasha chuckled.

“You are such a thoughtful and considerate young lady, much better than that Dahlia girl!”

The one-eyed man grinned from ear to ear.

—

“Punk, you are so fortunate to have met such a wonderful woman like Ms. Harmon. You have to cherish her!”

“Take your alcohol and go away!” Dustin complained in annoyance.

“Alright, alright. I’m going upstairs to drink on my own. I don’t want to be a third wheel here

.” The old man carried both bottles and went up the stairs.

“Ms. Harmon, I apologise on behalf of that old man. He could be rude and ignorant.”

Dustin

smiled sheepishly.

“I don’t think he said anything wrong. Are you offended?” Natasha raised her eyebrows.

“No.” Dustin shook his head.

“That’s alright, then.” Natasha chuckled.

“That reminds me, I’ve gone through so much trouble to help you escape from the interrogation room. How are you going to repay me?”

“Can I treat you to dinner?” Dustin asked hesitantly.

“That’s too predictable.” Natasha rolled her eyes.

“Well, what do you want in return?” Dustin asked in confusion.

Without a word, Natasha closed her eyes.

She pointed to her pouty red lips and motioned for Dustin to kiss her.