

## **An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 231 -**

**Buying 50% of the shares with 50 million dollars was like robbing.**

**It was that they didn't want to displease Boulderthorn. Therefore, relatively speaking, they could only sacrifice Dustin. With that, they didn't really need to pay the price and could also take the opportunity to be on friendly**

**terms with Boulderthorn.**

**However, they didn't expect that Dustin would be so unyielding. Not only did he refuse to hand over the shares. but he also attacked Brody, Plus, Natasha also happened to be strongly supporting what he had just done**

**after she hurried back. Everything was such a mess that they couldn't resolve the situation.**

**"Natasha**

**Harmon! Break his arms and legs right now! This is an order! If not, we won't have mercy on the**

**Harmon family!" Brody stood up and staggered to his feet with a sullen look.**

**"Mr. Williams, I'm sorry, but I can't do it." Natasha spoke calmly. "Boulderthorn is indeed powerful, but the Harmon family isn't weak either. Nobody is able to harm the family easily."**

**"So, are you trying to set yourself against Boulderthorn because of him?" Brody gritted his teeth.**

**"Dustin is the Harmon family's quest. It is our responsibility to protect him. If Boulderthorn still insists, you'll**

**have to defeat me first." Natasha was uncompromising.**

**"Very well! Since you must stand in our way, do not blame us for turning against the Harmon family!" Brody threw a note to Natasha, which threw down the gauntlet, and said fiercely, "My father had said that if you ref**

use to agree, we'll meet at the battle ring. We will settle things with death matches!

"If you win, the Boulderthorn will never speak anything about it again. However, if you lose, you must hand over Immortunal's shares! This is your only chance. I challenge you!" Brody exuded an intimidating aura, He

looked like he was sure to win.

"Why not? I will accept it. You'll decide on the time and venue." Natasha did not bat an eye.

"We'll have the battle at Williams Dojo tonight, at eight," he said coldly and left immediately.

"Natasha Harmon! Have you lost your mind? How dare you provoke Boulderthorn just because of this little boy toy?" Quentin was flustered and exasperated.

"Boulderthorn's connections were more important than that country bumpkin!" he thought.

"It is not your place to interfere with my decisions," Natasha sneered, "Do you think I don't know who involved Boulderthorn in this?"

"You" Quentin, shifty-eyed, looked guilty because of her accusations.

"Natasha, Boulderthorn is one of the most powerful guilds in Balerno. You'll put yourself in trouble." Jessica

knitted her brow.

It would be difficult to predict what would happen once the battle started. If they lost the battle, they needed to give the shares away, and it would also bring the Harmon family into disrepute.

"Mr. Williams himself is powerful indeed, but that doesn't mean we don't stand a chance of winning against

them." Natasha replied.

“Win? But how? Skills and strength aside, we don’t even have enough people to fight, Jessica grumbled.

Natasha wasn’t worried about her concern. “Who said so? I’ve already invited an expert from The Hundred Immortals.”

“The Hundred Immortals? Who is it?” Jessica asked. She was desperate for the answer.

Natasha didn’t reply directly. She clapped her hands, and an old man with gray hair and a hawked nose strode out quickly. He was wearing a black shirt with a tall and muscular physique. He made no sound when he walked, exactly like a ghost.

“Is this the King of Kicks, who was ranked ninth among The Hundred Immortals?” Quentin couldn’t help but gasp at the old man’s presence.

The Hundred Immortals, especially those ranked in the top ten, were all equipped with powerful skills. The King of Kicks, ranked ninth, was famous for his kicks. He had worked on his legs for years. His kicks were second to none.

Quentin once saw The King of Kicks flip a car by kicking it casually. There was no doubt that he was extremely skilled.

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The King of Kicks made Mr. Wangle spurt out blood without even using half his strength. If he did it with full

strength, Mr. Wangle would probably die on the spot.

Were experts from the top tenths of The Hundred Immortals so scary?

“Brilliant! King of Kicks, you’ve just blown our minds!” Quentin was surprised at

first, then put up a smile and blew the King of Kicks with flattery. He thought that if he could be on good terms with masters like the King of Kicks, he could solve problems easily in the future with his help.

“Mr. Wangle, are you okay?” Natasha frowned slightly. One of their allies was hurt before the battle even

started. She thought that the King of Kicks had gone too far.

“I’m okay.” Mr. Wangle wiped off the blood at the corner of his mouth and paid his respects. “King of Kicks, I

expected no less from you. I concede defeat from the bottom of my heart.”

“At least you know your limits.” The old man raised his head with a sense of arrogance and defiance.

“Alright. Everyone, time to go back and prepare. We cannot afford to lose tonight’s battle!”

Everyone left right after Natasha gave the order.

As Boulderthorn intentionally spread the news of the battle. Williams Dojo was already crowded with people at 7 pm. Everyone interested in martial arts came to watch the battle. People were dueling at the battle ring before it started. They were excited about the battle.

Dustin and Ruth were the first to enter the dojo. They sat and waited at the seats.

“Rhys, why are you here?” Dustin heard a familiar voice beside him. He turned and saw Julie approaching him

with a crowd of young people.

“You’re here. Why can’t I?” Dustin said calmly.

“Julie, who is this?” a muscular man beside Julie asked.

“Otto, this is my ex-cousin-in-law. My cousin dumped him since he’s useless.” Julie demeaned Dustin intentionally.

“Oh, I see.” Otto sized Dustin up and mocked, “Such slim arms and legs, what a sissy. No wonder no woman

wants him.”

“If I’m a sissy, are you a chimpanzee? Dustin asked coolly.

“Chimpanzee?” Everyone was stunned by the statement and looked at Otto. He was a hairy man with tanned skin. He actually did look like a chimpanzee. However, they recovered from the thought quickly.

“Hey! What do you mean? Otto is such a line-looking man—he doesn’t look like a chimpanzee at all!”

“Do you know who he is? He’s the kickboxing champion of our city! Show some respect!”

“That’s right! Look at your arms and legs; Otto could easily break them!”

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The crowd clamored aggressively.

Otto put on a gloomy face due to Dustin’s comment. “You! You savage! Stop being a smart mouth. Let’s have a battle and fight like a man!”

“I’m not interested in that,” Dustin rejected without hesitation.

“Not interested? I bet you are afraid,” Otto sneered, “Don’t worry. I won’t be beating you to death since we can learn from each other from fighting.”

Dustin replied nothing. Julia macked, “Rhys, aren’t you cocky? Why are you afraid of Otto? You don’t even dare to fight with him.”

“I can just fight with one of my hands if you are afraid. Or only with my legs, if you like. How is it? I dare you!”

Otto provoked.

“Such a coward! He doesn’t dare to fight with Otto even if he’s only fighting with his legs!”

“Definitely! What a shame to us men!”

“Why don’t you just be a woman?”

The crowd of young people laughed as if they had just listened to a hilarious joke.

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Dustin was speechless by the clamoring crowd.

“Where did these psychopaths come from?” he thought. They looked like they had just gone insane and were howling and shouting nonstop, like dogs.

“Hey, enough!” Ruth, who was sitting beside them, couldn’t stand it anymore.

“Gosh, there’s a beauty here!” Otto’s eyes lit up with a burning desire. Her outstanding figure and visuals attracted him.

“Hey beautiful, you should break up with such a coward. He’ll probably be busy saving his own life when you’re in danger,” Otto taunted.

“Exactly! You should find a boyfriend like Otto. Look at his muscles. It’ll make you feel secure!” the crowd jeered.

“He’s so tanned and ugly. Why would a woman like a man like him?” Ruth snorted with a contemptuous look.

“Hey, what nonsense are you talking, you little b\*tch! Watch your mouth!”

“Damn it! I’ll probably beat you up if you are not a woman!”

The crowd grew angry after listening to what she had said.

“Enough. Don’t bother her. She’s just a woman. We should act like gentlemen.” Otto held his hand up to stop them from arguing, acting like a gentleman. He didn’t want to lose his manners in front of a beauty like Ruth.

“Dustin, I thought you were hiding your light under a bushel. It turns out that you are a good-for-nothing after all. You’re such a wimp. You only dare to pick up a fight with people weaker than you and even rely on women to protect you. There’s no doubt why Dahlia had to dump you!” Julie scoffed and shooked her head. Her upper lips curled with disdain.

“He didn’t even dare to accept the battle with Otto. How useless!” she thought.

“Are you done? If yes, get as far away from me as you can. You’re so noisy and irritating, buzzing non-stop like a fly.” Dustin stuck his finger in his ear. He thought she was so noisy.

“You” Julie gritted her teeth. Her face flushed. She glanced at Otto and acted coquettishly toward him. Otto, have you heard what he had just said? He said I am a fly! How could he?”

“Insolence! How dare you say something like that to my girl! Apologize immediately, or don’t blame me for being rude!” Otto’s face fell. He had always disliked Dustin, but he never had the chance to make a fuss about it. It was perfect timing for him now as he had the reason to do so, which was to protect Julie, his girlfriend.

“Apologize? Do you think you’re worthy of that?” Dustin sneered. He looked like he was looking at an idiot.

“You! You better give up before it’s too late! I’ll show you the power of a kickboxing champion!” Otto was mad. He said nothing more and attacked.

He made a small step and jumped, preparing to attack with his stealth attack, Hot Knees. That movement of his was strong but cool at the same time. The opponent could easily be defeated if targeted precisely. It was

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the best movement for fronting.

“Such badass! Otto!”

“Did you see that? This is Otto’s masterstroke! He’s unstoppable!”

“One must stay as far away from him as possible when he uses Hot Knees!”

The crowd was flattering Otto when he had just started his movements.

However, the next moment, Otto’s body, which was still in midair, was flipped by Dustin

with a smack and hit the ground. He took a huge spill and was lying on the ground, motionless, like he was dead.

“Otto!” They were stunned by the scene. They didn’t expect Otto, a kickboxing champion, to be defeated by just

one move. It was insane.

“How weak.” Dustin dusted his hands off and sat down. He thought that he could finally be in peace.

“Otto! Otto!”

The crowd of young people quickly helped Otto up after they realized what had happened. They tried waking him up by slapping and pinching him.

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After struggling for a while. Otto gradually regained consciousness. Since he’d fallen face—  
first. he had lost his front teeth, contributing even further to his disheveled appearance.

“What happened?” He shook his head, confusion lining his features.

He remembered the surge of power he felt as he reveled in his mastery barely seconds ago before weakness

seized him, and he found himself lying on the floor



“Otto, you were knocked out by that guy just now!” Julie told him, her expression strange. She’d initially thought Otto would be able to defend her—contrary to her beliefs, the first punch found him sprawled on the floor, unconscious the next instant.

“Knocked out?” Otto was slightly taken aback. He touched his throbbing face, an argument bursting forth.

Fuck that! I must have slipped and lost my balance. That brat would never have been able to hurt me otherwise!”

His declaration elicited a flurry of nods through the crowd.

“That’s right! With Otto’s strength, it would’ve been beyond effortless for him to take that guy down. If it hadn’t been for a moment of carelessness on his part, how else could that guy manage to sneak in an attack?”

“Exactly! Otto must’ve been careless and didn’t dodge it on time!”

Otto’s strength and skills were common knowledge among them all. After more than a decade of professional kickboxing training and championship titles under his belt, his capabilities were unquestionable. If it hadn’t been for him underestimating the opponent, he would never have been taken down in just one move.

“Oh, just admit that you lost and move on. What’s the use in trying to make all sorts of excuses for yourself? With your mediocre martial arts skills, you wouldn’t even be able to hold your own against Dustin even if he only used one hand.” Ruth rolled her eyes.

She’d never seen anyone so shameless—his defiance and feigned bravado despite having been taken down squarely by the opponent irked her to no end.

“Hey! Don’t talk to me like that!” Otto glared in response. “People make mistakes. Hell, even the strongest horses stumble. You think that little brat is impres

sive? You think he's better than me? Fine! Let him fight me again—fair and square. I, for one, am interested in seeing what he's capable of.”

“What he said! If you have the guts, let Rhys fight Otto in the battle ring and see who's the real man!” Julie and

the others chimed in.

At the end of the day, all of them were convinced that Dustin had only won out of sheer luck. When it came to

strength and pure skill, Otto reigned superior.

“What? Do you not have the guts to face me like a man?”

The longer Dustin remained silent, the more arrogant Otto became. “I knew it! That brat had always been all

talk and no show. He would never be able to stand up to the challenge!”

“He only knows how to attack when someone's back is turned. He's evidently too much of a coward to fight.

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head-on. Guess that's the most people like him can ever achieve anyway.”

Disdain took over the room instantly. Any surprise they'd initially felt was soon replaced by contempt. To them, Dustin's reluctance to rise to Otto's challenge was the greatest sign of his guilt.

“Look! The Harmons are here!” someone exclaimed out of nowhere.

The rest of them followed the direction of their gaze, only to behold a group led by Natasha entering from the passageway on the left.

The King of Kicks, Mr. Wangle, Stephan, Jessica, and Quentin, among others, were present as well.

“No way! I didn't think they'd bring Mr. Chapman along today. Now that they did, they must be determined to win!” Otto's face was a picture of surprise when he caught sight of Stephan in the crowd.

“Who’s Mr. Chapman? Is he a good fighter?” Julie asked tentatively.

“He is much more than that,” Otto began. “Mr. Chapman is the best of the best . He’s one of the best among The Hundred Immortals—skill—wise, it’s hard to find someone in Swinton who can rival his abilities!”

“The best among The Hundred Immortals? No wonder his aura stands out! The way he carries himself is truly remarkable.” A group of disciples watched Stephan make his entrance fervently, their eyes gleaming with

respect.

After all, anyone who could make it into The Hundred Immortals demanded every shred of respect they could possibly offer.

“Otto, do you know Mr. Chapman?” Julie asked with interest. It was, undoubtedly, an honor to be acquainted with such a renowned master of martial arts in Swinton.

“Do I know him? I don’t just know him—I had the privilege to learn a few tricks from him, and I’m still reaping the benefits from his invaluable lessons today!” Otto’s voice dripped with pride.

“Of course you did! To have learned from Mr. Chapman is such an incredible achievement in itself. I envy you!”

“No wonder you fight so well, Otto. The apple doesn’t fall far from the tree, indeed!”

The praises lavished upon him made Otto feel rather high and mighty.

As they were still engaged in conversation, Stephan walked over suddenly.

“Otto! Here comes Mr. Chapman! He seems to be walking toward you!” Julie said with excitement.

“Quick! Prepare to welcome Mr. Chapman properly!”

Otto’s face lit up. He adjusted his clothes hastily and went up to Stephan with the rest of his followers.

“Mr. Chap-” he began fawningly.

Unexpectedly, Stephan barely spared him a single glance. Instead, he sidestepped him and, under the watchful and somewhat astonished gaze of the bewildered group, the renowned master walked up to Dustin, raised his arms in the universal gesture of respect, and intoned gravely, "Greetings, Mr. Rhys—"

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"Mr. Rhys?"

Otto and his company were entirely dumbfounded by Stephan's display of respect toward Dustin. Never in

their wildest dreams had they ever anticipated the renowned Mr. Chapman to have come forward specifically for Dustin, let alone greet him with such reverence..

What was happening?

"Mr. Chapman, it's been a while. Your abilities seem to have improved." A quick glance from Dustin drew his attention to the differences he spotted in the other man almost at once.

"It's all thanks to the Gemiphen you gave me, of course. Not only did it heal my internal injuries, it gave me ample power to have a small breakthrough." Stephan's face was filled with gratitude.

"Really? I suppose congratulations are in order, then." Dustin smiled faintly.

"Mr. Rhys, where you're sitting now doesn't seem befitting for your status. How about we head over to the reserved seats for the Harmon family?" Stephan gestured with one hand, still courteous as ever.

"Very well. This place is infested with flies anyway. I'd rather sit amidst humans—less tiresome." Dustin nodded, not refusing the offer.

Just as they prepared to leave, Otto couldn't help but speak up. "Mr. Chapman—"

“What?” Stephan turned, his expression cold. The way he treated Otto was the complete opposite of when he’d been conversing with Dustin earlier.

“Mr. Chapman, I’m Otto Marsh. We met before, and you gave me a few pointers too.” Otto attempted to turn the

situation in his favor.

“I’ve given pointers to a lot of people. As for you— I have no recollection at all.” Stephan left after replying

dismissively.

Otto stood paralyzed, awkwardness creeping up his features. To have boasted for so long only to be brutally rejected was humiliating beyond words.

“Who’s that little brat anyway? How could he turn out to be acquainted with Mr. Chapman?” someone asked.

“He looks like a pretty boy taken in by Ms. Harmon. If it hadn’t been for his relationship with the Harmons, Mr.

Chapman would never stoop down to this level otherwise, let alone treat someone like him so respectfully!”

Julie said indignantly.

“After all that fuss, he turns out to be nothing but a leech, basking in the glory of the Harmon family. To think that I, for a second, genuinely believed him to be someone important!” Otto released a sigh of relief, though his

expression was contemptuous.

There was no glory in depending on women to climb the ranks. A real man depended on no one else but himself and his own strength!

“Finally, Come sit.” As Natasha caught sight of Dustin, she immediately patted the seat next to herself,

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signaling for him to sit.

Dustin didn't hesitate either. He gracefully took his seat and said, "Boulderthorn is well-prepared this time. I advise you to be more cautious."

Natasha had yet to reply when Quentin, who was sitting beside her, scoffed. "Don't worry about it. With the King of Kicks on our side, victory is guaranteed to be ours!"

"If that is indeed the situation, I suppose it couldn't be more perfect, then." Dustin smiled lightly and said no

more.

Amid the low hum of conversation, another group emerged from the right passageway. At their very front was a man about thirty years of age, clad in white. The man's eyebrows were sharp, his demeanor commanding along with those strongly piercing eyes. The crowd parted around him easily, allowing his presence to stand out with minimal effort.

This man was the principal disciple of Mr. Williams, Maximus Kane. Behind him, Brody Williams and his tropes followed as well.

As soon as the two sides met, tensions rose immediately.

"Ms. Harmon, I admire your courage to rise to my challenge, but today, victory belongs to none other than Boulderthorn!" Brody was the first to speak.

"Words are futile. Prove it to me with your actions if you really believe so." Natasha returned indifferently.

"I will! Today's fight will be something else—there shall be no limits on the number of rounds and participants. The last person standing in the battle ring is the victor. How does that sound?"

"I have no objections to that." Natasha nodded. In order to make it count, they had to make the other party submit to them wholeheartedly.

Upon reaching an agreement, both sides began their preparations.

Shortly after, the first match commenced.

Boulderthorn

was the first to mount the ring. Their first contestant was an exceedingly heavyset beast of a man. Every step he took sent shudders down the loosely-hanging flesh on his body.

The sight of him was rather comical, to say the least.

When he climbed up the battle ring and took his position, he even held the leg of roasted mutton in one hand. his teeth tearing into the meat voraciously.