

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori

Chapter 106

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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 boasted

"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.

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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 like 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 bodyguard 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 cried 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 confusion.

"There are many martial artists in Swinton, however, few are on my level. Besides, they have started guilds of their own 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.

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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 instantly 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 eyes 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!"