

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori

Chapter 108

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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 him with icy-cold

eyes.

"Stay—
Stay away!" Duane backed away in a panic. "I don't need the gemiphen's prescription any longer.

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 now!"

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 profusely 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**?"

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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!

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