

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 737

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“Are we being followed?” Roderick frowned and ordered his driver, “Go faster, Gary!”

“Yes, sir!” The driver, Gary, immediately stepped on the accelerator, and the car shot forward.

Suddenly, a black van popped out from the fork in front and stopped on the road horizontally.

Gary paled and stomped on the brake, causing the tires to screech. Still, the momentum caused their car to collide with the van.

There was a loud bang as the impact caused the van to flip, and Roderick’s Rolls-Royce could no longer work. Thankfully, no one was hurt.

However, when Dustin and the others tried to run away, the cars that were following them had already caught up to them.

“Grab them!” The doors opened, and several burly men carrying expandable batons jumped out and surrounded them. They looked scary and threatening.

“Who are you? How dare you rob my car?” Roderick roared, pissed that someone would dare to harm him when even the Fabulous Five respected him.

Miranda and Preston got out of the car, a smirk on their faces. “How kind of you to show up now.”

“We meet again. Are you surprised?” Preston smirked.

Dustin narrowed his eyes. “So it’s you two. Do you plan to rob us or something?”

“And if we do? You better give us the thousand-year green lotus if you want to leave!” Preston sneered.

“Your medical skills were worse than mine, so now you’re doing something like this as revenge? Are all Asclepia people like this?” Dustin scoffed.

“Shut up!” Miranda snapped, annoyed.

Then, she added, “You only have two choices right now-give us the thousand-year green lotus, or we’ll beat you up!”

“As if you guys can do that.” Dustin smirked.

“I guess you’re going to be stubborn to the end, eh? Miranda, let’s teach him a lesson!” Preston urged.

“I guess nothing will change your mind. Beat them up, boys!” Miranda waved her hand, and the men in suits charged toward Dustin, Abigail, and Roderick. “Let me deal with them!” Before Dustin could do anything, Abigail pulled out her bat and

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rushed toward their opponents.

She was skilled with the bat, and the men were no match for her. Her attacks broke their limbs. Besides being very strong, she was also nimble and quick, so she was able to defeat them swiftly like a wolf.

“S-she’s so strong!” Roderick was astonished. Abigail looked like a delicate girl, so he never expected her to be such a strong fighter.

Abigail continued running after the men, and soon, all of them were beaten up and laid on the floor unconscious.

Miranda and Preston lost their smug smiles and stared at the scene, confused.

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“There! All done!” Abigail rested the bat on her shoulder like a thug and walked toward Dustin, smiling proudly. “How did I do?”

“Not bad. You’ve improved a lot in the last few days.” Dustin nodded, pleased. Abigail was an extremely talented martial artist. Compared to regular martial artists, she only needed to practice for one day to achieve what others needed a year for. Furthermore, with Dustin’s guidance, there has been huge growth in her skills.

She used to struggle against ten opponents, but now, she could take them on easily.

“Duh. Don’t you know who I am?” Abigail lifted her chin smugly. For some reason, she woke up feeling extra strong this morning, as though she had endless bursts of energy.

“Are you two going to leave by yourself, or must I force you?” Dustin slowly turned toward Miranda and Preston.

“I underestimated you. I didn’t expect you to have a female bodyguard,” Preston got over his surprise and jeered. “But do you think a girl can stop us?”

How foolish!”

“Do you want to get beaten up too?” Abigail turned around and glared at Preston.

“A beating? Pfft!” Preston chuckled.

“Don’t tell me you thought Asclepia disciples were only good at medicine? Well, geniuses like us are more than just skilled at medicine.

“We’re also skilled martial artists! We just keep quiet about this. Of course, if you guys insist on being stubborn, I’ll have no choice but to teach you a lesson!” Preston took his jacket off and began to roll up his sleeves.

“Let’s see if you really are that strong!” Abigail jumped forward and swung her bat toward him.

“Great timing!” Preston grinned.

He stood his ground and flung out his hand instead. When his palm touched the bat, he pulled his hand back and struck the bat repeatedly. It created an air vortex that spun the bat around to hit Abigail.

“What?” Startled, Abigail stopped attacking and turned her face. However, she was too slow, and her bat slammed into her shoulder. She immediately winced in pain.

“That’s impossible!” Abigail gritted her teeth and swung her bat toward Preston again, her attack much faster and stronger this time.

“Foolish child.” Preston smirked and did the same thing, causing Abigail to be hit by her attack. She instinctively lifted her arm to block the bat.

There was a thud as the bat cracked under the force, and her arm was injured.

“That’s it! I’ll kill you!” Abigail cried furiously. Her stubborn personality caused her to attack again, but the results were the same.

All her attacks on Preston were reflected and hit her instead.

Right before the bat could bust her head apart, a stone shot out and shattered the bat, stopping the attack.

“You’re no match for him, kid. Go and take a break.” Dustin told her.

“I can still fight!” Abigail was upset.

“Don’t be stubborn. Just watch and learn.” Dustin gestured for her to step back.

Pouting, Abigail stood back reluctantly.

“Pfft! She’s no match for me, so what makes you think you’ll win?” Preston mocked. He had yet to use half of his strength earlier.

“Enough with the chit-chat and do your worst.” Dustin placed his left hand behind his back and extended his right to curl his finger, provoking Preston.

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Preston’s face immediately darkened. He felt insulted by Dustin’s actions.

“Preston, don’t you go easy on him!” Miranda demanded.

“I’m going to beat the cr ap out of you!” Preston shot toward Dustin and struck him with both palms.

Shadow Dance was a move that could defend and attack simultaneously, allowing Preston to catch his opponents off guard. Although Dustin’s feet didn’t move an inch, he raised a hand and swung it down fiercely.

True energy burst forth and broke past Preston’s defense. Instantly, Dustin slammed his palm into Preston’s chest brutally.

Blood instantly splurged from Preston’s mouth as he flew backward and landed on the car. The car dented from the impact.

“Did you see that, kid? That’s how you’re supposed to deal with him.” Dustin turned his head and gave Abigail a small smile.

“Um...” Abigail forced a smile. There was no way she could learn that. He was on a completely different level!

“Preston!” Shocked, Miranda rushed over and pulled Preston out of the car.

Preston was as strong as a High-level martial artist, yet Dustin smacked him away so easily. It was shocking.

“Are you alright, Preston?” Miranda asked worriedly.

“I’m fi-

“Before he could finish speaking, Preston coughed up another mouthful of blood that splattered all over Miranda.

“Don’t act all tough when you’re so weak. This is just to teach you two a lesson. Don’t piss me off again, or you’ll regret it,” Dustin retorted icily and turned to get onto their car.

“Go to hell!” Just then, Preston sprung up. He fished out a bottle of potent poison and flung the powder toward Dustin.

“Hmm.” Dustin waved his hand without looking back. Instantly, a gust of wind blew all the poison back to Preston.

“Aargh!” Preston cried out, holding his face.

The poison was so corrosive that it immediately burned and destroyed his skin. Seconds later, his face had turned into an ugly mess as blood dripped from his wounds.

“Serves you right!” Abigail spat.

It was bad enough that Preston tried to sneak up on Dustin, but how dare he use such a dangerous poison! He deserved this!

“H-h-how dare you disfigure Preston’s face!” Miranda roared, goosebumps rising when she saw Preston’s disgusting new looks.

“What the hell did I do? He was the one who brought it upon himself.” Dustin shrugged.

“Shut up! I dare you to tell me your name!” Miranda snapped.

“Why? Are you going to seek revenge? Ha, as if I’m afraid of you.” Dustin smirk. Then, he said, “Listen up. My name is Julian Nicholson!”

Miranda gritted her teeth. “Julian Nicholson? I’ll remember you. This isn’t over! I’ll get my revenge someday!”

She got into her car and left, making sure to remember that name.

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“Who’s Julian Nicholson?” Abigail asked, watching the car drive away.

“Just an ass hole. You don’t need to overthink it,” Dustin answered nonchalantly.

Abigail sighed helplessly. She couldn’t help but pity Julian, who was an innocent person.

Soon after the three of them reached Flame Dragon Dojo, Roderick bid them goodbye and left. Dustin safely stored the thousand-year green lotus and began teaching Abigail how to fight with a staff.

Abigail had finally built a solid foundation. She was also powerful, which made her a perfect fighter. However, her attacks were too simple, so anyone with some skills could easily beat her.

Fortunately, Abigail's choice of weapon was a baton, so Dustin decided to make good use of this and teach her a staff combat technique.

Dustin has been practicing all sorts of combat techniques since he was a child and has read various types of martial arts books of different levels. Dustin knew them all by heart, whether it was basic or advanced techniques or even forbidden, arcane texts. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to call him a martial arts encyclopedia.

Two days flew by. Within those two days, Dustin guided Abigail and conquered two other guilds with Flame Dragon Gang-Stonefur and Slythorn. By then, he managed to get Millburg's four dirtiest guilds under his control. In other words, Dustin had become the king of the underworld. He had over 4000 men and was more powerful than the Fabulous Five!

After unifying the four guilds, he renamed them the Kirin Gang. Flame Dragon Gang, Charging Tiger, Stonefur, and Slythorn each became the Kirin Gang's subsidiary guilds.

With that, the Kirin Gang was ready to conquer the world!

Dustin was dealing with guild matters on the third morning when he received a call.

Julie's anxious voice was heard as soon as he answered the phone. "Dustin, Dahlia was nearly assassinated just now!"

"What? What happened?" Dustin jumped up, alarmed.

"It's hard to explain over the phone. You should just come over."

"I'm on my way!" Dustin asked for the address and rushed over to the hospital. When he entered the ward, he saw Dahlia lying on the bed with a pale face and a bandaged arm. Florence, Julie, and Victoria stood around her.

"Are you okay, Dahlia? Are you hurt?" Dustin quickly walked over, worried.

"You're here. Oh, it's nothing. Just some scratches here and there." Dahlia forced a smile.

"What do you mean it's nothing? You nearly died! Why are you acting tough?" Florence snapped.

“She’s right. If you were not lucky, we might be dead by now!” Julie was scared too. Although she hadn’t been injured, she was still shaken by the incident.