

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 746

Chapter 746

Dustin didn't resist as he was dragged into the car. He was blindfolded, and a hood was placed over his head to ensure he couldn't see anything.

That was the start of a long, shaky drive.

Dustin could tell that they had driven out of the city, so these enforcers were definitely not from the investigation bureau. After some time, when Dustin began to feel sleepy, the car finally stopped. The doors opened, and the metallic stench of blood pierced his nose. He could also smell the disgusting scent of rotting flesh.

"Where are we, sir?" Dustin asked curiously.

"Shut your mouth and get in!" The man beside him snapped as he dragged Dustin forward.

They passed through several checkpoints and heavy iron gates before riding an elevator that kept going deeper underground. After a while, the elevator came to a halt with a clang. Different noises instantly surrounded Dustin—cries, wails, shouts, and laughter. There was also a nasty, damp stench.

The man took the hood off Dustin's head, and Dustin finally realized that they were in an underground prison.

In the center was a long, dark corridor that seemed to go on forever. Rows of prison cells lined both sides, each packed with dozens of people.

Some were cursing or glaring at him menacingly, while others were begging for mercy. There were even some who began to

cackle hysterically when they saw Dustin.

"Move it!"

The man pushed Dustin forward. They walked passed a few cells before stopping in front of the cell at the corner. When the metal gates opened, dozens of cold, ruthless glares shot toward him.

"Get in." Two officers pushed him into the cell and swiftly left after locking the doors.

"Hey, kid. What trouble did you get into to end up here?" A bald, muscular man suddenly asked.

"I killed someone," Dustin answered straightforwardly.

"How many?" The other man questioned again.

"One."

"Why did you kill that person?"

"And why do you need to know that?"

"Cut the crap and answer the goddamn question!"

"Fine. The guy I killed was a rapist. He killed my brother-in-law, so I threw him off a building," Dustin explained.

"Really?" The bald man stared intensely at Dustin before he burst out laughing. "Well done. You did the right thing!"

"What?" Dustin was taken aback by the bald man's response. He assumed that the bald man was going to beat him up.

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The same went for everyone else. At first, their eyes had been filled with hostility. However, after hearing Dustin's answer, they

smiled welcomingly at him.

"If you had done an evil deed, you'd be dead by now. Fortunately, you were just avenging your wife, so you're a real man!"

"It seems like Shadow Gang will have a new member!"

Everyone in the cell studied Dustin carefully. Although they didn't seem happy to see him, they didn't seem as hostile anymore.

"What are you guys talking about?" Dustin was confused.

"Over here, there are all sorts of guilds and gangs. Ours is Shadow Gang. Our rule is simple: settle scores fairly. You can kill your enemies, but you can't hurt innocent people. If you're caught, you'll be heavily punished." The bald man grinned.

"He's right. We might not be good people, but at least we're honorable men who won't allow others to hurt innocent people!"

The other men agreed.

Dustin was surprised. It seemed like not everyone here was evil.

"You're one of us now, kid." The bald man threw his arm over Dustin's shoulder as if they had known each other for a long time.

"Come on. I'll introduce you. These guys here are Beardy, Limpy, and Scarface. And here we have--"

"Don't let my limp fool you, kid! I killed dozens of corrupt government officials before being sent here!"

"I'm no slouch either! I came across of bunch of dicks who were raping and killing women, so I castrated them and tore off their limbs!"

"That's nothing compared to what I did. There was a gang of bandits that wiped out a village, so I took all of them out myself. Unfortunately, the police were in conflict with the bandits, so they blamed me for the village's destruction."

The men stopped being hostile and began boasting about their achievements.

"Interesting." Dustin smiled. He didn't expect to find such honorable men in prison.

"What's going on? Is there a new kid?" a raspy voice asked from the corner of the cell.

Everyone immediately fell silent, respectfully. Dustin turned and saw a bony older man yawning as he sat upright on his mat. The older man's hair was unkept, and his face looked gaunt. His hands and feet were bounded with thick iron chains, and metal rods pierced into his shoulders. Metal rattled every time he moved.

"Hmm?" Dustin was surprised. He didn't expect to run into a fully developed divine-level martial artist here. After all, this would mean that the older man was only a step away from becoming a Grandmaster.

"Did we wake you up, Mr. Adler? We'll be sure to keep quiet, so you can keep sleeping." The bald man smiled apologetically.

"It's fine. There's nothing to do besides sleeping and eating anyway. It's been a while since we had a newcomer. As the gang leader, I should welcome him." The older man yawned.

"Hurry. Pay your respects to Mr. Adler." The bald man quickly tugged Dustin.

"No need for formalities." The old man waved them off before asking Dustin, "Did you offend some high-ranking official?"

"How did you know?" Dustin was surprised.

Although Julian said he was the one who made the report, Dustin was sure that Gavin had something to do with this.

"Everyone here is a criminal who has killed at least ten people, but you've only killed one. You've clearly offended someone powerful," the old man replied.

"May I know where this is?" Dustin was even more curious now. "This is a place you can enter but never leave." The older man sighed.

"It doesn't matter who you are or where you're from. Once you're in here, you'll never get out. It's just like the underworld. That's why it's called 'Azkaban'!"

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"Azkaban?" Dustin was alert when he heard the name.

Azkaban was known throughout Balerno. Rumors had it that the inmates here were either extremely wicked or caused great harm to the country. And there were all sorts of criminals- assassins, despised martial artists, bloodthirsty maniacs, and more.

The prison had one rule: once you entered the place, there was no way out.

Unlike other prisons where inmates who performed well would be given chances to reduce their sentences, the inmates here only had two choices. They could either stay here for the rest of their lives or die.

Therefore, no one has ever left or escaped the place. This was also the place where Duane Welch had been sent to.

"Do you understand the seriousness of the situation now?" The older man asked, concerned.

"This place is a different world. Everything on the outside no longer has anything to do with you now."

"Is there no way to get out?" Dustin questioned.

"Get out? How?" The older man shook his head with a bitter smile.

"The cells are made of indestructible dark steel. Beyond this, many checkpoints and skilled martial artists guard the place. Nothing could get in here, not even a fly."

"Now that does sound worrying," Dustin muttered.

"Stop overthinking, kid." The older man patted Dustin's shoulder.

"You're lucky you met us instead of those wicked men or you'd be dead meat by now."

"You're one of us now, so you definitely won't starve!" The bald man patted his chest confidently.

"Thanks, guys." Dustin smiled politely. He could tell that these men weren't evil.

Suddenly, sounds of metals clanking resounded through the corridor. Instantly, everyone shrank away from the bars and huddled in the corners of the cell, terrified.

Dustin followed the sound and looked toward the dimly lit corridor. A plump man dressed in fine clothes was approaching them with several fierce-looking prison officers. He held a metal rod and kept striking it against the iron doors, causing sparks to fly.

"Hey, kid. Did your family members bribe the guards before you came?" the old man asked.

"No." Dustin shook his head.

"Then do you have any valuables with you?" the old man asked again.

"I'm completely penniless." Dustin spread his hands.

"Oh, dear." The older man sighed. "Those money-grubbers are here. You might have to endure some pain since you didn't bribe the guards and have no money."

"Don't worry, kid. It's just 50 canes. It'll be over in the blink of an eye. It might keep you in bed for

about a month, but it won't kill you!" The bald man promised.

"He's right. You just have to remember not to resist, and everything will be over soon," Others echoed, having gone through the same thing.

If someone had money, they could bribe the guards so that their punishment was milder. But if someone had no money, they'd have no choice but to suffer.

Those who were lucky would suffer from a bruised bottom, while those who weren't might end up disabled.

The well-dressed, portly man continued striking the cages before stopping in front of Dustin's cell.

"I heard a new guy arrived. Who is it?" The well-dressed, portly man scanned the cell with cold eyes. Those who met his eyes instinctively lowered their heads, scared of these men who controlled their lives.

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"It's me." Dustin stepped forward.

The well-dressed, portly man gave him a look over and asked, "Do you understand the rules in here yet?"

"What rules?" Dustin asked.

"Everyone needs to get a beating when they first arrive. Naturally, I'm the one who determines how heavy the beating will be. Got it?" The well-dressed, portly man made a point to tap his baton.

"So, you want money?" Dustin raised an eyebrow.

"Smart boy!" The other man nodded, pleased.

"My men and I have to take care of trash like you every day. So we deserve that much, don't we?" He rubbed his fingers greedily.

"Sorry. I don't have any money." Dustin shook his head.

"You don't have any money?" The well-dressed, portly man frowned and snapped, "Then write a letter to your family to ask for money! Your punishment will be lighter the more you pay."

"I come from a poor family. We don't have any money." Dustin shrugged.

"F**k, you're just a hobo! What a waste of my time!" the well-dressed, portly man spat.

"Drag this f**ker out and give him 80 canes!"

"Hang on. Isn't it supposed to be 50?" Dustin asked.

"I'm in a bad mood, so I'm giving you another 30 lashes. Got something to say about it?" The well-dressed, portly man glared.

"Don't you think that you're taking things too far?" Dustin narrowed his eyes.

"Are you telling me what to do?" The well-dressed, portly man sneered.

"Fine, since 80 seems too little, make it 100! We won't stop until you're crippled."

"Have you thought of the consequences of your actions?" Dustin asked calmly,

"Pfft! Are you threatening me right now?" The well-dressed, portly man shot Dustin a scornful

glare.

"It seems like you haven't fully grasped the situation yet. I'm the king here, so I decide whether you get to live. If you piss me off, I'll make your life a living hell!"

He has seen countless people like Dustin, who arrived with arrogant attitudes. However, with a few canes, they immediately submitted and became obedient.

"You're just a prison officer. Where did you find the balls to make such bold claims?" Dustin sneered.

"Just a prison officer?" The portly man's face hardened, and his blood boiled. "You don't know when to give up, eh? Men, drag him out and beat him up till he's dead!"

"Wait!" Seeing the seriousness of the situation, the old man begged, "Sir, he's new here and doesn't know anything. Please spare him!"

He fished out a gold nugget from his pocket and offered it to the well-dressed, portly man.

"F**k off!" The well-dressed, portly man slapped the gold away and yelled, "That punk dared to challenge my authority. I must make an example out of him. If anyone tries to stop me, I'll take it as an act of opposition! Grab him now!"

"Yes, sir!" The prison officers immediately opened the door to grab Dustin.

"You were too reckless! We're no match for them!"

"He's right. Everything would have been fine if you didn't talk back to them. You'll be killed if you defy their orders!"

Others expressed their sympathy, but there wasn't much they could do.

Although the evillest of evils lived here, none of them dared to go against these guards. It wasn't because they were no match for them.

Instead, they were too afraid to make a move as they were worried about getting caught by the skilled guards. If that happened, their lives would be utterly miserable.

"I'll show you what life in hell looks like!" The well-dressed, portly man seethed.

As soon as those words were spoken, bangs and crashes broke out as the prison officers who had barged into the cell flew out, and Dustin slowly walked out.

He went up to the well-dressed, portly man and fisted his collar. Frigidly, he asked, "What were you saying again?"

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Everyone was shocked by what just happened.

The prison officers in Azkaban were far from ordinary. They were all powerful and highly skilled. Otherwise, they couldn't stand up to the evil criminals inside.

No one would have expected that Dustin could have beaten these elite fighters up so quickly.

It was truly frightening. Of course, more than shock, they felt fear. There were all sorts of experts in Azkaban, even Grandmaster martial artists. Beating up the prison officer would catch the

mastermind's attention.

When that happened, the consequences would be unspeakable! After returning to his senses, the well-dressed, portly man began yelling, "Punk, you really have big balls! How dare you touch me?!"

It wasn't like nobody had challenged his authority before, but they had all ended up tortured to the brink of death.

"So what?" Dustin said with a calm expression.

"For beating me, your punishment is now doubled! If you don't stop right now, not even God can save you!" the man yelled.

"Young man, let go! Don't make things worse!"

"The prison officer is no ordinary guard. You can't afford to anger him. Hurry and beg for forgiveness!"

"All you suffered was some physical pain. You don't have to dig your own grave!"

The others began to panic, trying their hardest to talk sense into Dustin.

Dustin would be in trouble if something happened to the portly man, and the rest of them would get dragged down with him. Here, there was no such thing as law or justice. The warden had the final say.

Whether you lived or died was solely the warden's decision.

"You hear that? Let go now, or I'll kill you!" the portly man said with a glare.

"You're going to kill me, so why should I let you go? Since I'll die anyway, I should just kill you," Dustin said, smiling.

"Don't you dare!" the portly man roared fiercely.

"I'm warning you. I'm the warden's brother-in-law. If you harm a piece of hair on my head, not just you but all your friends, family, and everyone in this room will die!"

"Young man, you can't beat them. While things haven't completely reached the point of no return, you must stop before it's too late! Or else, there will be a horrible price to pay!" the older man, Cornelius, was beginning to worry.

"Even if I let him go, he won't let things go. We might as well die together," Dustin said plainly.

Dustin's unflinching attitude toward death frightened the well-dressed, portly man. For some reason, he began to feel nervous. What was his life worth?

Was it worth exchanging it for the life of a death row convict?

"Sir, what happened today was just a misunderstanding. Why don't we let bygones be bygones, for my sake?" Cornelius said.

"Hmph, since you spoke up, Mr. Adler, then I'll spare his life this once!" the portly man said, using this opportunity to dig his way out.

His biggest fear was running into hotheads like Dustin.

They would want to fight to the death whenever things didn't go their way. If he got killed, it would be a greater loss.

"Young man, the prison officer has chosen to forgive you. You can let go now," Cornelius said.

"Alright." Dustin nodded and relaxed his grip.

The portly man crashed to the ground.

At the exact moment Dustin turned his back, the portly man's expression twisted into a hateful look.

"Die!" He suddenly brandished a dagger and stabbed it into Dustin's back.

There was only one outcome for someone who dared to challenge his authority in public-death

The dagger was rammed into Dustin's back, but it didn't even break the skin.

On the contrary, it snapped into two pieces from the sheer momentum.

"What?" Looking at the broken blade in his hand, the man was shocked."

This was a treasured dagger that could slice through solid metal! It was one thing not to be able to pierce the skin, but it even f**king broke.

Just what kind of monster was he?!

"Stubborn as always!" Dustin's face turned icy, and he slapped the portly man.