

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 256 -

Chapter 256

“It’s over. It’s all over now.” Looking at the scene before her, Isfrid’s face turned ashen, and her expression **was** full of despair. She had barged in full of confidence, but she didn’t expect to encounter Darkwrath here. In

terms of raw strength, ultimately, she was the loser.

“Allow me.” Dustin had somehow ended up beside her.

“You?” She frowned.

“I’m not even his match. What can you do? Leave immediately! Don’t throw your life **away** like that!” Even though she looked down on him, she didn’t wish for him to die in vain. “Hey! I’m talking to you.” Seeing his lack of reaction, Isfrid’s frustration **grew**.

“This guy is unpredictable. He’s also ranked in the top ten of The Hundred Immortals. You’re no match for him.

I’ll buy time for you. Escape while you can! When you get back, ask Mrs. Harmon to send a highly skilled

fighter. Go!” She bellowed out her last word.

As the leader of team five, naturally, she wouldn’t leave her teammates behind and escape on her own. That

was why she needed someone else to deliver the message.

“So what if he’s ranked eighth? He’s nothing but a mere ant.” With a frosty expression, Dustin pushed forward.

“Hey! Are you crazy? Do you know what you’re doing? This is not the time to try to be brave. You’re never going

to beat him. What you’re doing is sending yourself to certain death.”

Istrid was both anxious and angry. She'd never seen anyone so foolish to choose to light a losing battle. This

guy was hopeless.

"Kid, you should have taken her advice. If you'd escaped earlier, you might've had a chance at living. But now, goodbye." Darkwrath's mouth curved up into a sinister smile. While he spoke, he licked the blood on his

steel claws like a maniac.

"Where's Natasha? Let her go, and I'll let you live." Dustin ordered coldly.

Everyone present was stunned. Nobody expected those words to come out of his mouth.

"Kid, you're pretty wild for someone who's about to die. It seems like I need to teach you a lesson for you to

recognize my **prowess!**" Darkwrath finally lost **his** patience as his expression turned cold.

With one step forward, he propelled out like a rocket, charging toward Dustin with sheer force. Once he was

near, he waved his hand, and his steel claws shimmered like rays of light, aiming straight for Dustin's throat.

"Run!" Istrid shouted. That was the move that killed **most** of her team. Even so he might have difficulty dodging

1. it.

"Can you outrun me?" Darkwrath grinned devilishly and sped up.

"Lend me **your sword.**" With a tap of his foot, the sword on the floor sprung **up and** landed firmly in his **hands.**

He flicked his wrist, and the blade pierced Darkwrath with a shimmer and a thunderous whistle.

What followed was the sound of a deafening clang of metal. The shimmering blade shattered Darkwrath's

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steel claws, and without stopping, pierced through his neck. His body stiffened as if he had turned to stone. A thin line of blood formed slowly at his throat. Soon, the bloody line grew larger, quickly turning into a gaping wound.

The next second, his head, like a ball, rolled off the ground with a thud and straight to Istrid's feet, his widened

eyes staring right into hers. He had died a regretful death.

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"Uh..." Isfrid was bewildered at the sight of the head beside her feet.

Who would have imagined that the mighty and incomparable Darkwrath would be killed so easily? He was ranked eighth of The Hundred Immortals! He had decapitated the entirety of team five on his own. It was preposterous for him to be killed with one strike of the sword.

"What?" Looking at the headless body. Fletcher was taken aback as well. He knew

Dustin **was** strong but didn't realize he was that strong. With just a strike of his sword, he killed Darkwrath, ranked eighth of The Hundred Immortals. It seemed like only Judge, who was ranked third, would be able to suppress his formidable strength.

"You ... you killed my brother?" Lightwrath finally stood. His pale face appeared ghastly.

He allowed his brother to play his game of cat and mouse without intervening since victory was within reach. He didn't expect a highly skilled martial artist to be hidden among them. On top of that, that highly skilled martial artist unexpectedly brought about his brother's demise.

"I gave both of you the opportunity to attack together. He's the one who didn't appreciate it," Dustin responded flatly.

“You’re seeking death!” Lightwrath flew into a rage. He took out two pistols and charged forward violently.

“All of you, go!” Fletcher commanded.

Finally, the remaining few highly skilled, ranked martial artists joined the fray and flanked Lightwrath to protect him as they surged forward, attempting to encircle Dustin.

From their perspective, even if Dustin’s skills were formidable, he wouldn’t be able to hold back their collective assaults. After all, he only had four limbs.

“It’s over. It’s really over this time!” Istrid grew increasingly worried as she watched the martial artists, all ranked on The Hundred Immortals, join forces in the attack.

Although she was surprised by Dustin’s performance, she knew that victory and defeat in a battle between skilled martial artists hung by a thread. Dustin could turn out victorious if it **were** a one-on-one battle, but when going against numerous opponents, only certain death would face him.

“Hmph!” Faced with the approaching Lightwrath and his group, Dustin remained still **and** swung his sword once **more**. With a sharp whistle, the sword glimmered across the air.

Lightwrath and the others **appeared** to have been cursed in place, their movements coming to a halt. Their legs gave way, and they collapsed to their knees. Finally, heads rolled off onto the ground in succession, splattering blood all over the **floor**.

Immediately, a dead silence engulfed the area. Istrid and the rest of the shadow **guards** looked on in shock and disbelief.

If Darkwrath’s death was described as the result of an ambush or a surprise attack, then, right now, it would be described **as** the **result** of sheer strength. One single strike had slain a number of skilled martial artists ranked on The Hundred Immortals. It was truly terrifying!

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When Istrid thought of how she had looked down on him, she was filled with shame. It turned out that she was

the true bum.

“Release her, or die!” Dustin ignored the lifeless bodies on the ground, staring straight at Fletcher. It was as if

he **was** looking at a dead man.

“You

How could you. Fletcher broke out in a cold sweat, looking terrified. Dustin’s prowess made him

see the man in a new light.

“Release her!” Dustin repeated. He spoke straight to the point, yet it was exceptionally domineering.

“You just you wait!” Fletcher panicked. Without another word, he rushed into the villa.

Hummer Villa was vast, with an entire hill enveloped within its grounds. While the outer square was filled with chaos, inside, it was bustling with music and wine. A group of esteemed guests was gathered in the luxurious villa, attending the Hummers’ party that was currently underway. Their focus was all on Joshua and Jade.

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“Mr. Hummer! Something terrible has happened!” Fletcher suddenly rushed in, stumbling in **his** steps. His

disheveled **and** panicked appearance looked extremely out of place.

“What’s with the commotion?” Joshua’s expression turned cold, and he appeared upset. “Speak **up**. What’s

wrong?”

“D–Dustin is out here on a killing spree!” Fletcher reported in a whisper.

“Oh?” Joshua raised an eyebrow. “He dares barge in here despite knowing it’s the lion’s den? Is this kiddo really that brave?”

“What do we do now, Mr. Hummer?” Fletcher **asked** anxiously.

“What do you mean? Get Darkwrath and Lightwrath to kill him. Don’t let him interrupt our party.” Joshua waved

him **away**.

“Mr. Hummer he’s already killed them both!” Fletcher **was** somber.

“Huh?” Joshua frowned. “When Darkwrath and Lightwrath join forces, even Judge would need to exert his full

strength. Is this kiddo that skilled?”

“It would have been great if they joined forces, but they were too arrogant and gave him a chance to defeat

them,” Fletcher sounded helpless.

“Those fools! What useless trash!” Joshua was displeased. He was upset to have to expend extra effort on an

ant that was supposed to be easily squashed.

In the midst of their conversation, the huge doors to the villa were kicked open with a deafening crash. A tall figure strode in with a murderous look.

“Listen up, Hummers. I’m giving you three minutes. Let her go immediately. Otherwise, nobody is leaving this place alive.” Dustin scanned his surroundings, his voice cold.

The hall exploded in a frenzy when they heard him.

“Who is this punk? How dare he make a scene at the Hummers“? Doesn’t he value his life?”

“If you don’t want to die, scram right now. Otherwise, your end will be near!”

“Fuck! Who is **this** punk? He’s so wild.”

Everyone present whispered and pointed in righteous indignation.

“Everyone, please calm **down**. I’ll handle it.”

Joshua walked slowly to the center, a faint smile playing on his lips. “You must be Dustin. Kneel and apologize to my honored guests tonight, and I might **spare** your life.”

“Who do you think you **are**? You’re **not** worthy for me to kneel before you,” Dustin responded coldly.

Joshua’s expression turned dark. “Kiddo, do you know who you’re talking to? Do you think **you** can act recklessly **here** just because **you** defeated Darkwrath and Lightwrath? Let me tell you, those **two** are just like

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you, mere ants in my eyes.”

“You have two minutes left.” Dustin was stone-faced.

Joshua chuckled, “I’ll give it to you. You’re fearless for someone nearing death.” With a sneer, he ordered. Judge, I’ll leave this person to you. Deal with him cleanly. I don’t want blood to stain the floor.”

“No problem!”

—

Right then, a middle-aged man in a long robe suddenly leaped

down from the second floor. He had a tall stature and wore a mask. He held a relatively short, steel spear in his hand, exuding a chilling air around him.

“Damn! Isn’t that Judge, who **is** ranked third on the Hundred Immortals? I can’t believe he’s here!”

“With Judge here, there is no escape. This punk is dead for sure!”

After the long—
robed man appeared, the hall erupted in another frenzy. Judge had a well—
known reputation to his name, and his sudden appearance was bound to bring forth a torrent of bloodshed.

“Dustin! We’re here to assist you!” At this moment. Isfrid and a few injured shadow guards staggered into the

room.

“You won’t be of any help. Go wait at the side,” Dustin remarked flatly.

Isfrid frowned after hearing him. It was the first time in her life being shunned as such.

“Even though we’re not as skilled as you are, we still have our merits. It would be advantageous to have more numbers,” she said with a resolute expression

“Suit yourselves. Just don’t stand in my way.” Dustin couldn’t care less.

“You” She pursed her lips. As an exceptional female fighter, she’d never experienced such blatant

disregard. No matter what, she was determined to showcase her full strength, to prove to the person before her that women were as formidable as men.

Just as the thought crossed her **mind**, she glanced ahead and noticed Judge standing right in the center. She

froze on the spot.

“What’s going on? Why is Judge here? Did the Hummers invite bystanders to the fray?” Isfrid was secretly apprehensive and worried at the same time.

With the warrior ranked third among The Hundred Immortals here, they **were** going to suffer an immeasurable loss. That was because Judge’s skills far surpassed those of Darkwrath and Lightwrath—they weren’t even on

the same plane.

This screamed trouble!

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“Kiddo! I’m giving you two options. Either you kneel before Mr. Hummer or die!” Judge’s tone was frosty, and his gaze was stagnant like a pool, calm and impassive. He’d been killing since he was ten and had a body count of hundreds, if not thousands.

“I choose death. Come at me if you can.” Dustin beckoned him forward with his finger.

“How insolent!” Judge’s gaze turned increasingly frosty as he launched his **sp**
ear forward. Like a canon, it shot

straight for Dustin’s chest.

Dustin stood unmoved and grabbed the spear, flinging it back. With a sharp whistle, it shot back out toward Judge with greater speed.

Judge sneered and mirrored Dustin’s stance, grabbing his own spear. However, as soon as he grabbed hold of it, it was as if he was struck by lightning. He staggered backward, his feet skidding along the ground, leaving deep imprints with each step.

“How could this be?” Judge’s expression changed, and he exerted his entire strength in an attempt to stop the

momentum of his steel spear.

A gaping wound was forming between his thumb and index finger, and his fingers were turning into a bloody

mess of flesh and blood from the sheer force of energy. Even so, he didn’t dare let go.

“Ahhh!” As he realized that no amount of force would be able to stop his weapon, he let out an anguished

scream, and his expression was full of despair.

“Save me, Mr. Hummer!” he screeched loudly, losing his previous arrogance.

Before the crowd could react, his spear trembled and escaped from his grasp, piercing straight through his

chest. With a final whistle, it embedded into the wall, disappearing out of sight, leaving only a hole the size of

an egg.

Moaning

painfully, Judge looked at his wrangled hands and the gaping hole in his chest. His mouth opened like he wanted to speak, but no sound could be heard. Falling backward onto the ground, he died in grievance.

In the end, the mighty, third-ranked Judge met his demise at the hands of his own weapon.

Silence engulfed the scene as the crowd looked on in shock, their eyes fixed on the lifeless body of Judge sprawled on the ground. This outcome **was** beyond anyone’s imagination. They had been certain that Dustin would meet his end with Judge’s appearance. However, with just a casual flick of his hand, Judge was

impaled by his own spear.

Nobody reacted as the entire situation happened abruptly. Some of them couldn’t even believe it. Just like that, the warrior ranked third **among** The Hundred Immortals had fallen. His death **was** so sudden and bizarre that they wouldn’t have believed it if they hadn’t seen it with their own eyes.

“Oh my goodness, where did this monster come from?” Istrid was completely dumbfounded, her eyes wide

open.

Darkwrath, Lightwrath, and Judge were **all** highly-**skilled** experts ranked on the Hundred Immortals. However, Dustin handled them like they were mere vegetables on a chopping board.

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It was truly terrifying!

“Damn it! Who is this kid? He actually killed Judge!”

“Who knows? He’s truly talented for his age and skills.”

Whispers filled the air, and they took in Dustin’s figure with tinges of awe.

“Kiddo. I didn’t expect you to have skills like that. I underestimated you.” Joshua was slightly taken aback but sneered again after a brief moment.

The Hundred Immortals was a power ranking for low-level martial artists. However, compared to divine-level martial artists, they fell short by more **than** a mile.

At present. Joshua was already a divine-level martial artist and had the potential to challenge the ranks of The Heavenly Immortals. In his eyes, a low-level martial artist like Judge was no different from an ant. Just like how Dustin had killed him instantly with a single strike, he could do the **same**, and with even less effort.

That was the true power of a divine-level martial artist.

“Release her, or die,” Dustin said coldly.

“Kiddo, don’t be too arrogant! Do you think you **can** act recklessly in front of me just because you killed Judge? Let me tell you honestly, I’m already a divine-level martial artist. I can destroy you, ordinary people, with

nothing more than a flick of my finger!”

As Joshua spoke, his arms trembled, and a terrifying air emanated from him.

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Under Joshua's impressive prowess, the guests in the hall began to retreat involuntarily. It felt as if rocks were

pressing on their chests as their breathing **grew** heavy.

"Damn! Mr. Hummer is impressive. He's already achieved divinity!"

"He's truly deserving to be Boulderthorn's genius. To achieve divinity before the age of thirty, he's truly a

terrifying man."

"Although a low-level and divine-level martial artist only differed in a single word, the disparity in strength,

just like their name, was like heaven and earth. This kid's strong, but he's still a weakling in front of Mr.

Hummer."

The **crowd** started a frenzied discussion as they witnessed Joshua's imposing presence and arrogance.

At that moment, Tina, who **was** among the crowd, burst into laughter. "You f*cking bastard! How dare you

cause a scene at Hummer Villa? Look at yourself in the mirror! Give him a good beating for **me**, Joshua!"

"I have good taste in men. He's so cool." Jade's lips curled up into a smile, and she looked at Joshua with a

gaze full of affection.

A divine-level martial artist in their twenties was a desirable catch anywhere. Not to mention, he was Boulderthorn's direct disciple. Talent, skills, background—

he had it all. Promising individual like him was few

and far between in the whole of South City.

She was proud and pleased with her choice. Her man would definitely make a name for himself in the future.

As long as Joshua married her, he would definitely receive the full support of the Grant family. As long as the family focused on nurturing **him**, then there would be **a** chance for him to be the second Tyler Grant.

Edwin chuckled heartily, “The Hummer family has experienced consecutive setbacks, but today is the day to restore our prestige.”

Edwin watched the entire scene happening below from the second floor of the villa, a proud smile adorning his face. How could he not be happy with such a talented son?

“What? The Hummer family has a divine–level martial artist in their midst?” Istrid paled from the **shock**. As she took in Joshua’s commanding presence, her legs started trembling involuntarily.

Divine–level martial artists were one in a million. It wasn’t something that could be achieved through sheer

effort, and it also required exceptional talent. **Some** practitioners **would** spend their entire lives without attaining divinity. However, once **they** did, it would completely transform their lives for the better!

There were more than a hundred martial artists among the Harmon family’s shadow guards, but only one had

achieved divinity. And that was the commander of the shadow guards.

“Istrid, what should we **do** now? With a divine–level martial artist as our opponent, we won’t be a match for

him even if all of us **joined** forces.” The shadow guards behind her also had terrified expressions.

Istrid remained silent, **looking** at Dustin instead. Even though **she** wanted to save Ms. Harmon badly, with the

Hummer’s divine–level martial artist **present**, it was inevitable for them to retreat.

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Joshua was smugly pleased to see Dustin fall silent. “Hey, kiddo! Are you afraid now? You **must** be feeling

terrified! This is the disparity between us. To me, you’re just a mere ant! I’ll give you a chance now. If you don’t want to die, kneel immediately!”

He’d never shown himself since he became a divine-level martial artist, which explained why not many people

knew about it.

Today was a good opportunity for **him** to make a name for himself and rise to prominence!

“So what? If you don’t let her go today, I will kill you!” Dustin was stone-faced. It was as if he was looking at a dead man.

“Kill me?” Joshua scoffed. “Kiddo, it seems like you haven’t realized the gravity of the situation. Since you don’t seem to value your life, allow me!”

With that, he waved his hand, and a burst of violent energy ripped toward Dustin with full force. Dustin didn’t dodge it, allowing the burst of energy to crash into him as he stood unmoved.

“Hmm?” Joshua narrowed his eyes, looking slightly surprised.

When a divine-level martial artist manifested energy externally, even a minor attack was not something a low-level martial artist could take on. Since his opponent could use his body to hold off the attack, it meant he was highly skilled.

“I didn’t expect you to have such abilities up your sleeves. No wonder you were able to kill Judge. But it’s too bad that you have to go up against me! Today, I will let you witness the difference between low-level martial artists and divine-level martial artists. Watch me!”

Joshua grunted lightly as his body soared into the air like an eagle, aiming a slap toward Dustin’s forehead.

The wind howled fiercely as his clothes fluttered **in** response. Under his terrifying prowess, the crowd retreated once again, afraid of being entangled in the conflict.