

## An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 276 -

### Chapter 276

Each of the burly man's whips landed with a loud crack; they could be heard from miles away. Jade laughed derisively at the sound and exclaimed, "He's doing a **great** job!" Dustin had been so obnoxious the night before, **crashing** the Hummer Villa and slaughtering their men. She had to make him pay for it!

"Jade, you must've been exaggerating when you said this brat was hard to deal with." The round-faced man

snorted. "Look, he's nothing more than a prisoner with his life in my hands."

"He's an extremely powerful martial artist, just so you know. There were several people at the Hummer Villa

last night, but none stood a chance against him." Jade was still shaken from the previous night's events.

"Ha. No matter how powerful he is, he's only a martial artist. Do **you** think he'll be able to withstand my troops?" The round-faced man looked contemptuous. "Over the years, the military's captured plenty of martial artists renowned for their prowess. Still, haven't they ultimately yielded to the military's authority?"

"I suppose you're **right**." Jade nodded. The martial world **was** separate from the government, but it wasn't an

organized entity. How could it go up against the authorities?

As they spoke, the burly man continued to whip Dustin. It cracked loudly, but Dustin didn't bat an eye. Instead, the whip shattered from the force. "What the hell?" The burly man was dumbfounded. The steel whip had been specially forged and tested against blades and flames to ensure it was basically unbreakable. Why had it shattered after being used to whip someone? Could Dustin possibly be forged from some precious metal?

The burly man scrutinized Dustin, but it only added to his confusion. He'd already whipped Dustin **at** least a dozen times; any ordinary human would already be mutilated, but Dustin looked perfectly fine. His clothes were in tatters, but t

here wasn't the slightest sign of an injury. It was as if he hadn't even been whipped.

"What the f\*ck?" The burly man broke into a cold sweat. He'd done this for years, but this **was** his first time being in **this** situation.

"What's going on? Why has the whipping stopped?" The round-faced man finally stopped chit-chatting and

noticed something was wrong.

"S-sir the whip broke." The burly man gulped.

"Get another one, then! Don't stop until you're done with the 50 whips!" the round-faced man berated.

"Yes, sir!" The burly man didn't dare delay. He had someone bring him another steel whip before whipping Dustin again as if his life depended on it. After a while, the second whip shattered, just like the first had.

"What in the "The burly man couldn't believe his eyes. Shattering one whip could be described as a coincidence; shattering two **was** an ominous sign. He was starting to think there was something about Dustin that made him impossible to whip.

"Why have you stopped again? Go on!" the round-faced man urged impatiently.

"Sir, the whip broke again." The burly man looked like he was in a dilemma.

"**What?** How f\*cking useless can you be? I'll do it myself!" the round-faced **man** spat. He ordered a soldier to bring him another steel whip before **storming** over to Dustin. He started whipping him without the slightest hesitation, but he'd only swung the whip a few times when it shattered.

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At this moment, Dustin, who'd been lying there with his eyes shut, opened his eyes and asked, "Are **you** done?"

If you are, can I get something to eat? I'm feeling **a** little hungry."

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“What?” The round-faced man stared at Dustin, who was cool **as a** cucumber, in shock. He knew very well how

much the steel whip could withstand and how much pain it could cause. Not even the strongest of men could

take more than ten whips in one go, yet Dustin looked perfectly fine after enduring more than that. In fact, he’d

made three whips shatter. What the hell was going on? “Brat, what sort of sorcery do you have going on?” **he**

snarled.

“Look, cut the crap and do what you need to.” Dustin yawned. His nonchalant expression made the round-faced man’s

blood boil.

“Fucking hell. I’d like to see you survive this!” The round-faced man swiped his subordinate’s sword and

swung it at Dustin. There were two loud clangs as the blade came into contact with Dustin’s body twice; he

was fine, but the blade became chipped.

“Is that is that an Adamantine Shield?” Jade’s eyes widened. As a member of the martial world, she

immediately realized what **was** up. The fact that Dustin could make himself impermeable to weapons proved

that he’d learned the art of defense. However, it would take a huge toll on one’s internal energy. Most martial

artists wouldn't be able to keep it up for long. "Regular weapons won't do anything to him. We have to bring in

a pro." Jade said.

"Hmph! I'll admit this brat isn't your run-of-the-mill martial artist; it's no wonder you guys had problems dealing with him. It's too bad he's up against me, though!" The round-faced man narrowed his eyes.

"Do you have any way of dealing with him?" Jade asked tentatively.

"We soldiers are only good at taking down enemy forces; torture devices aren't our forte. It doesn't matter,

though. I know someone in the Ministry of Penalties that's an expert in this. Once he's here, this brat will beg

for death!" The round-faced man bared his teeth in a savage grin.

"Oh? And who is this expert?" Jade's eyes lit up.

"One of the Ministry of Penalties' two most powerful executioners, Bloodbeast!"

"Wait, you know him?" Jade gasped. She wasn't a member of the authorities but had still heard of Bloodbeast.

Rumor had it that he murdered people without blinking an eye **and** loved drinking human blood. Throughout

his career with the Ministry of Penalties, hundreds, if not thousands, of people had died at his hands. Each and

every one of them had died horrible deaths after being subject to inhumane torture: anyone who found

themselves in his hands truly wished for death. That was why most criminals chose to take their lives before

landing in Bloodbeast's hands—at least their deaths would be swift **and** painless.

“Torturing others is Bloodbeast’s favorite pastime, and he’s taken a particular liking for tormenting powerful martial artists because of how hard they are to kill. Someone like this brat is right up his alley!” The round-

faced man’s eyes **gleamed** menacingly.

“This brat won’t stand a chance **against** Bloodbeast, no matter how impermeable he is! Provided you can **get** Bloodbeast to agree to this, of course.” Jade sneered. She **wasn’t asking** for much—all she wanted **was** for

Dustin to be subject to the most inhumane torture possible.

“I’ll contact him right now.” The round-faced man pulled out his phone and started punching in a number.

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“Enjoy your final moments of peace, Rhys! Once Bloodbeast is here, you’ll be done for!” Jade looked at Dustin contemptuously. He’d talked about karma biting one in the ass, hadn’t he? She wanted him to have a taste of his own medicine!

Dustin couldn’t even be bothered to spare a glance. He shut his eyes, taking the chance to rest them.

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“Jade, it’s far too hot, standing in the sun. Let’s go sit in the shade. The round-faced man led Jade over to the

table after hanging up.

After a moment. Dustin suddenly said. “Hey, I’m hungry. Is there anything to eat?”

“Hungry, are you? Someone get him some refreshments!” The round-faced man smirked. Soon, a soldier

placed some food and drinks by Dustin’s feet.

“How am I supposed to eat when I’m bound like this? Can you loosen them?” Dustin asked coolly.

The round-faced man burst into derisive laughter. “Giving you some sustenance is the extent of my generosity; it’s not my problem if you can’t reach it. Since you’re so powerful, why don’t you try breaking free of the chains?”

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“Are those chains enough to keep him bound? He’s a lot more powerful than he seems. What if he really breaks free?” Jade asked.

“Don’t worry. Our chains are all forged from darksteel and are designed to withstand any force. Not even an

elephant would be able to break free, let alone a human. Now that he’s bound, he won’t be able to get away

from them without the key!” the round-faced man said confidently. He’d seen his fair share of powerful martial artists; none of them had successfully broken free from the darksteel chains.

“Well, that’s good to know.” Jade sighed in relief. However, the words were barely out of her mouth when she heard the sound of the chains breaking. She whipped around to look at Dustin—he’d only stretched, but the chains already lay at his feet in pieces.

“What the f\*ck?” The round-faced man was so shocked that he dropped his pastry. Jade also looked dumbfounded. What happened to the chains being made of darksteel and able to withstand any force? How

could Dustin **have** snapped them so easily? The round-faced man quickly returned to his senses and

commanded, “Hurry up and circle him!”

At his command, the armed soldiers dashed over and surrounded Dustin. He looked unruffled, though. “Relax, I

just want to eat.” He plopped onto the floor and started eating the food placed there.

The round-faced man gaped at him. What the hell was this brat capable of? How could he be so relaxed when

so many guns were aimed at him?

When Dustin was done eating, he was chained and bound again. This time, however, double the number of chains were used—he resembled a taco by the time they were done with him. Even so, the round-faced man didn’t let his guard down. He had his men keep an eye on Dustin at all times. If Dustin were to make any false moves, he would immediately be shot.

After a long time, a military-use Jeep entered the military base and stopped at the drill ground. A skinny, middle-aged man got out leisurely. Despite his thin stature, his **aura** gave one the chills, and his eyes made

one’s hair stand on end.

Jade’s mind went blank when she met his eyes. She felt like she’d caught the eye of a savage beast who would pounce on her at any moment. A trace of fear bubbled up from the depths of her heart.

“Mr. Bloodbeast!” The round-faced man hurried forward with a bright smile when he saw him. “Forgive me for not giving you a proper welcome. It’s a pleasure to see you here.”

“Let’s cut to the chase, General Jenkins. I’ve been bored lately, and it’s time to spice things up. Where’s the tough cookie you mentioned?” Bloodbeast didn’t beat around the bush.

“Right here! He’s the one bound to the pillar.” The round-faced man pointed at Dustin.

Bloodbeast's gaze traveled in the direction he pointed. He squinted at Dustin and said, "Odd. He seems rather familiar."

"Oh? Small world, isn't it? The fact that he's familiar to you means you two were destined to meet. I only hope you'll show him a good time, Mr. **Bloodbeast.**" The round-faced man smiled menacingly.

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Bloodbeast chuckled. "Why, of course. It's my pleasure, and I'll only be doing what I love. I hope he doesn't disappoint." He pulled out a canvas bag and poured its contents out.

There were various delicate-looking instruments of torture. They were shaped oddly; most people would live out their lives without laying eyes on them. Only members of the Ministry of Penalties would know what these instruments meant—the more delicate they were, the more horrific the results they produced.

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"Huh?"

General Jenkins and Jade were stunned as they watched Bloodbeast suddenly drop to his knees. They looked

at each other, taken aback.

What was he doing?

He was perfectly fine just a moment ago, so why was he kneeling on the floor now?

Was he saying a prayer before he tortured him?

Compared to the others' surprised expressions, the skinny man appeared terrified, his face drenched in cold

sweat.

As a student of the Executioner, he couldn't possibly be oblivious to the true meaning of the kirin tattoo.

In the entire world, the black kirin tattoo was one of a kind. Not to mention, it had already become a symbol of power!

No wonder that person looked familiar. No wonder he dared to call the Executioner by his real name.

It turned out that this person was the Kirin of the Rhys family, who almost incited chaos that could have devastated an entire nation ten years ago!

Shit! What kind of sins had he committed?

He'd actually run into a harbinger of doom of this magnitude!

No! While the shitstorm hadn't hit, he had to escape as soon as possible!

"Mr. Bloodbeast, what's the matter? Are you hurt somewhere?"

Watching the skinny man's knees buckle, General Jenkins immediately rushed over and tried to help him up.

"Fuck, it's all your fault!" Bloodbeast flew into a rage. He raised his hand and delivered a harsh slap across

General Jenkins' face.

General Jenkins staggered backward, nearly losing his balance. "Mr. Bloodbeast, why. Why did you hit me?" He cupped his stinging face, unable to **process** what had just happened.

"Why did I hit you? You should be grateful I didn't slaughter you! What did I ever do to you? If you're so f\*cking suicidal, you don't have to drag me down with you!" The skinny man kicked General Jenkins to the ground. Then, he grabbed his bag and fled.

He even dropped his torture **tools** but didn't dare turn around to pick them up, acting as if he'd run into a ghost.

“Huh?” General Jenkins was once again dazed. Just what had scared Bloodbeast—the infamous ruthless killer—into fleeing for his life?

“How did things turn out this **way**?” Jade’s eyes widened in disbelief. She had initially thought that Bloodbeast could help her get her revenge. In the **end**, even before he’d used his torture **tools**, he’d run **away** for some reason.

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What was going on?

“Punk, what the hell did you do? How did you manage to make Bloodbeast **spare** you?!” General Jenkins’ gaze shifted to Dustin, glaring fiercely.

He’d been a distance **away** earlier, so he couldn’t hear their conversation.

“You have me tied up: what could I have possibly done?” Dustin asked.

Since Bloodbeast was Albert’s student, it was **no** surprise that he had recognized the kirin tattoo on his back.

“Hmph, **that** had better be the case!” General Jenkins glowered. Then, he turned to Jade and whispered, “Jade, this bastard seems to know the dark arts. Are you sure he’s a nobody?”

The way Bloodbeast had left was too strange; he couldn’t help but feel suspicious.

I’ve already looked into him. He’s just a small fry who **was** once someone’s live-in son-in-law. Now, **he’s** nothing but a parasite, leeching off the Harmon family. We don’t need to be afraid of him,” Jade said with certainty.

With the Grant family’s influence, **looking** into Dustin had been a piece of cake. Hence, she was very sure that Dustin didn’t come from a powerful background.

“Well that’s rather strange,” General Jenkins said, looking thoughtful.

“Don’t tell me you’re scared?” Jade frowned. “Considering your status, don’t tell me you can’t take care of that pipsqueak?”

“Don’t be ridiculous. As if I’m scared of him!”

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General Jenkins puffed out his chest and declared arrogantly, “I am none other than the Deputy General of the White Tiger Army, under the command of Chief General Spanner. No matter who that bastard may be, I can

take him down easily. Just wait and see!”

As soon as he finished speaking, his phone ringtone began blasting.

The first phone call came in. “Hello, General Jenkins. This is Hunter Anderson speaking. You’ve captured someone you shouldn’t have. You should let him go immediately. Maybe you can still save yourself.”

“Who the f\*ck do you think you are? How dare you order me around? Fuck off!” General Jenkins replied.

promptly ending the call.

“Seems like someone called to beg for Dustin’s life.” Jade said sarcastically. She’d long predicted something like it would happen.

“Hmph, they think they can get him out of my hands? It’s not going to be that easy!” General Jenkins pursed his lips. With the backing of the Grant family, only a handful of people in the entire Southern province could

scare him.

At that moment, the second phone call came in. “General Jenkins, I’m calling on behalf of the Harmon family. One of my associates was captured by your subordinate. I believe there must have been some kind of misunderstanding. I kindly request that you release him, General.”

“That’s not going to happen! Dustin’s crimes are unforgivable. I’ve already turned him over to the Ministry of

Penalties. No matter who comes to beg for his life, it’s useless!”

However, things didn’t end there.

After the second call, the third one soon came, followed by the fourth, then the fifth. They just wouldn’t **stop**.

“Hello. General Jenkins, this is Roderick Brooks —”

“General Jenkins, I’m calling on behalf of the Glenstead Nicholson family

“Jenkins, I have a favor to ask

Calls started pouring in one after another. Not only were they increasing in numbers, but they were also

becoming more pressing.

At first, General Jenkins had been greatly irritated, but by the end, even military officers of the same rank **as** him were calling him **to plead** for mercy. Although he wasn’t scared, it was still rather troublesome.

Eventually, he turned his phone off. He couldn’t be bothered any longer.

“Punk, I didn’t think **you** had such a **network**. I underestimated you.” He slowly raised his head to reveal a cold

smile. “Unfortunately, your efforts are in **vain**— I can hold them **off** all **on** my own!”

“Oh, really? Then I’m looking forward to seeing you do that.” **Dustin** smiled lightly.

“Hmph. And I **want** to see what kind of tricks **you** have up your sleeve!” General Jenkins said disdainfully.

Just as he spoke, an officer suddenly hurried over. “General, the Murray family is here!”

“The Murray family? Who is it?” General Jenkins raised an eyebrow in surprise.

“He introduced himself as Adjutant General Damon. He said he wishes to speak with you,” the officer replied.

“Adjutant General Damon? What’s he doing here?” General Jenkins’ face grew solemn. He clearly looked a little apprehensive.

Others might not know it, but he knew for a fact that Adjutant General Damon served as Christopher’s personal guard.

And who was Christopher?

He was the second-in-command general of the current generation!

He **was** the backbone of the Murray family!

Even though Christopher had been discharged, he still held a great influence within the army.

He wasn’t exaggerating when he said he would even treat Christopher’s dog with the utmost respect..

After a few seconds of silence, General Jenkins decided to go outside and welcome Adjutant General Damon. Come, let’s go take a look.”

When he—along with his men—went to the entrance of the base, he saw a casually-dressed middle-aged man in glasses standing there quietly. The elegant man looked like any average guy, but hidden behind his glasses were eyes as sharp as an eagle’s.

“Why, if it isn’t Adjutant General Damon? What brings you here? General Jenkins said, stepping forward with a grin. He was just about to offer some small talk when Adjutant General Damon raised his hand and slapped him to the floor.