

An Understated Dominance Chapter 741 - 750

Chapter 741

“Dahlia, what happened?” Dustin frowned.

“Yesterday, I went to Glenstead to visit the Nicholsons and check in on Grandpa Regulus. I was on my way home this morning when someone ambushed me. Fortunately, a general was passing by and saved us,” Dahlia explained.

“Why didn’t you tell me you were going to Glenstead? I would have sent someone to protect you.” Dustin demanded, displeased.

“I brought my own bodyguards. I just didn’t expect something like this to happen,” Dahlia replied helplessly.

If it had just been a regular fight, her bodyguards could have dealt with it easily.

However, they were no match for someone who wanted her dead.

“Do you have any idea who’s planned the attack?” Dustin asked.

“Not yet.” Dahlia shook her head.

“You were attacked as soon as you visited Sir Regulus. It’s too much of a coincidence. If my guess is right, your family must have something to do with this.” Dustin narrowed his eyes.

“Our family? That can’t be right.” Dahlia’s brows furrowed.

“You’re the largest shareholder of Nicholson Corp. now. Sir Regulus even appointed you as the heir, so everyone’s aiming for your position. Considering all this, it’s not impossible for someone to resort to something like this,” analyzed Dustin.

Dahlia’s current position was bound to attract envy from some people who knew that if something were to happen to her, other family members would have a chance of taking over her position.

To rich families like theirs, nothing mattered more than money and power. Familial bonds were useless to them.

“He’s right. They must be behind this!” Julie exclaimed angrily.

“Those assholes! How dare they hurt my daughter! I’ll get revenge on them!” Florence roared.

“We don’t have proof, so we shouldn’t make assumptions. Others might use this opportunity to cause trouble,” Dahlia stated thoughtfully.

Although she had her suspicions, that was all they were. Without solid evidence, nothing could be proven.

“I’ll start digging and get to the bottom of this as soon as possible,” Dustin promised.

“There’s no hurry for that. I have something more important to deal with.” Dahlia was serious.

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She explained, “I hired a doctor to check on Grandpa Regulus yesterday, and he said that we need to find a Panax root and use it to make a medicine that could wake Grandpa up again.”

“A Panax root? It’ll be difficult to find one.” Dustin thought about it.

“Dustin, you have one, don’t you? Can you-” Dustin cut her off before she could finish her

sentence. “No! ”

“What?” Dustin’s response shocked her. She had only seen Dustin try to fulfill all her requests, so she didn’t understand why he was acting like this now.

“What do you mean by that, Rhys? It’s just a Panax root. Why are you being so stingy?” Florence snapped.

“Dustin, if you give it to us and we manage to cure Sir Regulus, Dahlia will officially get promoted. You’ll get recognized too!” Julie tried to convince Dustin with words.

“I can agree to anything but this,” Dustin responded firmly.

That 500-year-old Panax root was an important ingredient for the nine-fold Longevitum. So there was no way he could give it away.

“It’s just a Panax root. What’s the problem?” Florence glared at him.

“Exactly! You’re not using it right now anyway, so you might as well give it to Dahlia and earn her favor.” Julie echoed.

“Dustin, the Panax root is incredibly important to me. Grandpa Regulus won’t wake up without it. I know this sounds demanding, but I hope you can give it to me,” Dahlia asked again.

“I’m sorry, but it’s just as important to me, so I can’t give it to you.” Dustin refused once more.

Dahlia frowned. “If it’s a loss to you, I don’t mind buying it from you.”

“It has nothing to do with money.” Dustin shook his head. “I won’t sell it no matter how much you offer me.”

“Then, what do you want? Is a Panax root more important than me?” Dahlia’s face hardened as her temper rose.

She wasn’t angry because of the Panax root. Rather, it was because Dustin didn’t seem to care about her.

Chapter 742

“Stop throwing a tantrum, Dahlia.” Dustin frowned.

Dustin said, “I wouldn’t mind giving you anything else, even if it costs millions. But I just can’t give you my Panax root.”

“You’re right. I am throwing a tantrum! If you don’t want to give it to me, I’ll think of something else!” Dahlia turned her head away furiously.

In the past, Dustin would get it done no matter what request she made. Now, all she was asking for was a Panax root, yet he turned her down firmly.

He obviously didn’t care about her anymore. It seemed like she wasn’t that important to him anymore after he got a new girlfriend.

“Dahlia is giving you a chance to prove yourself, Rhys! You better not ignore her kindness!” Florence exclaimed.

“Exactly! With Dahlia’s looks and influence, many other men would be clambering to gift her Panax roots! You better appreciate this chance!” Julie jeered.

“If you need a Panax root, I can use my connections to help you get one. However, I can’t give you the one I have because I need to use it to save someone,” Dustin answered thoughtfully.

“Fine! You said you’re going to use it to save someone. So tell me, who’s the person that’s more important than Grandpa Regulus?” Dahlia demanded.

“You know this person. It’s Gregory.”

“Mr. Jones?” Dahlia frowned, her temper cooling slightly. Then, she asked, “What happened to him? Is he sick again?”

In her memories, Gregory was either drinking or sleeping. She rarely saw him sober. And because he was a heavy drinker, his health wasn’t the best.

“He’s fine for now, but that doesn’t mean he’ll stay that way. I need to gather more herbs to treat him,” Dustin answered truthfully.

“Since he’s fine right now, you can lend us the Panax root. Once Sir Regulus gets better, we’ll return another one to you. How about that?” Florence persuaded.

“She’s right. Time is running out. Sir Regulus’ life is in danger right now, so you should prioritize us first!” Julie insisted.

To them, Regulus’ life would directly impact Dahlia’s future and her position, so it was far more important than Gregory’s life.

“My Panax root is too rare. It’ll be extremely difficult for you to find another as mature as mine. So I’m sorry. I can’t risk Gregory’s life.” Dustin shook his head again.

A wild 500-year-old Panax root was incredibly rare, so Dustin couldn’t afford to take any chances.

“Geez! Why do you have to be so stubborn? We’re trying to talk to you nicely, but if you’re still going to be so stubborn, don’t think about meeting my daughter again!” Florence snapped.

“Do you even care about Dahlia? She’s just trying to borrow your Panax root, and it isn’t as though she won’t return it. What’s the issue?” Julie was pissed.

“Alright, alright. That’s enough.” Dahlia frowned.

“Dustin has plans of his own, so we shouldn’t force him.”

ough she understood his actions,

she was still irritated. Dustin should know how to prioritize matters better.

Since Gregory didn’t need to use it immediately, why couldn’t he lend it to her temporarily so that she could treat her grandfather?

“Ms. Nicholson...” Just then, a tall, handsome young man in military uniform entered the room. It was easy to see that he was not a regular commander.

“Mr. Killian? What are you doing here?” When she saw the man, Julie lit up and rushed over with a bright smile.

“Mr. Killian?” Florence and Victoria exchanged glances before leaping up to welcome the new arrival, full of smiles.

This was the first time they met a real general since they’d only ever seen them on television, so the two ladies were excited and nervous.

Chapter 743

“I had just finished reporting back to the military base, so I decided to drop by.” Gavin Killian smiled.

“Greetings, Mr. Killian.” Dahlia tried to stand up.

“No need for formalities.” Gavin placed a hand on her shoulder to keep her seated. “You need to rest, Ms. Nicholson. You’re hurt.”

“It’s nothing.” Dahlia smiled.

“And this is?” Dustin looked at Gavin, puzzled.

He could tell from the badge on Gavin’s arm that he was a major general. For someone to be a general in his thirties, he must either be from an influential family or be incredibly talented.

“This is Mr. Killian. He was the one who saved me this morning,” Dahlia introduced.

This morning’s incident was still fresh in her mind. Without Gavin’s help, she’d be dead by now.

“I see Thank you, Mr. Killian.” Dustin thanked.

“It was nothing,” Gavin answered with a smile. “And you are?”

“Oh, he’s my friend, Dustin Rhys.” Dahlia blurted.

“Friend?” Dustin frowned, unhappy with her answer. Still, he regained his composure after a few seconds.

“Nice to meet you, Mr. Rhys. I’m Gavin Killian.” Gavin extended a hand. Although his expression looked kind, his eyes showed an arrogant glint.

“Nice to meet you.” Dustin shook Gavin’s hand knowingly.

Killian wasn’t a common surname. He ran into Miranda Killian two days ago, and now, he was meeting another Killian, so he couldn’t help but wonder if the two were related.

“Ms. Nicholson, I heard that you urgently need a Panax root. Is that true?” Gavin suddenly switched the topic.

Dahlia nodded. “That’s right. My grandfather is sick, and we need a Panax root to make his medicine. Unfortunately, finding one is quite hard, so I doubt I’ll get my hands on one soon.”

“You don’t have to search anymore, Ms. Nicholson. I happened to have a 300-year-old Panax root. If you’d like, you can have it.” Gavin’s words shocked them.

“What? You’re giving it to me?” Dahlia was taken aback. She didn’t expect him to have a Panax root and for him to gift it to her so casually.

“Are you serious, Mr. Killian? Are you going to give us a Panax root?” Julie asked with disbelief in her eyes.

“Of course. I always keep my word.” Gavin puffed out his chest.

“Gosh, thank you so much!” Julie was overjoyed.

“You’re such a kind man, Mr. Killian!” Florence and Victoria were happy as well.

Just moments ago, they were thinking hard, trying to find a way to obtain a Panax root.

They never thought they’d get one so soon.

Unlike Dustin, who was stubborn and stingy, Gavin seemed much more generous and honorable.

Chapter 744

“Thank you for the offer, Mr. Killian, but I can’t accept such a precious gift.” Dahlia got over her surprise and became upset again. She hadn’t even repaid Gavin for his earlier kindness, so how could she accept his Panax root?

“Ms. Nicholson, a Panax root is meant to cure sickness anyway. I don’t need it for now. So you might as well use it to save someone’s life. Think of it as an act of kindness.”

Gavin smiled.

“But-”

Florence cut Dahlia off before she could refuse again. “Dahlia, you should accept it. You can always repay the favor later.”

Florence kept looking at Gavin eagerly.

“She’s right, Dahlia. Saving a life is much more important. Without this Panax root, what are we going to do about Sir Regulus?” Julie advised.

“But...” Dahlia was at a loss for words. It would be difficult to repay the favor, but she had no choice but to accept the gift since Regulus’ life was at stake.

“Ms. Nicholson, if you want to thank me, I do have a favor to ask,” Gavin suddenly said.

“What is it?” Dahlia raised an eyebrow.

“I’ll be hosting a banquet at Viridian Hotel tonight, so I’d like to invite you,” Gavin answered with a small smile.

“A banquet?” Dahlia hesitated before nodding in agreement. “It’d be my pleasure.” Gavin had helped her a lot, so she couldn’t refuse him.

“Great. See you tonight.” Gavin smiled and left after chatting for a moment.

“What do you think of Mr. Killian, Dahlia?” Julie blurted out as soon as Gavin was gone.

“He’s a general despite his young age, so he’s definitely an excellent person,” Dahlia responded casually.

“Not just that. I think he likes you.” Julie grinned teasingly.

“Nonsense!” Dahlia glared at Julie. “We’ve just met. How can he like me?”

“Why would he give you a Panax root if he didn’t like you? He even invited you to his banquet. Isn’t it obvious enough?” Julie pressed.

“But...” Dahlia was speechless. She glanced at Dustin and let out a breath of relief when she

realized he didn’t seem bothered.

“Dahlia, Mr. Killian is young but accomplished. He’s an excellent man that’s hard to come by. Why don’t you try and flirt with him a little? Who knows what might happen.”

Florence had an eager expression.

If Dahlia were to marry a general, they’d also gain fame. It would be more fame than what they’d get if she married an aristocratic family. After all, being powerful was more important than being wealthy.

“Mom, you’re doing it again!” Dahlia grumbled.

“Haven’t you gotten over Rhys yet?” Florence glared at Dustin disdainfully. “He knows that you need a Panax root, but he won’t give it to you. What’s the point of keeping a man like him?”

“Exactly!” Julie nodded. “You saw how that guy refused despite how we begged him, yet Mr. Killian, whom we barely know, was willing to help us. Can’t you see who’s the better choice?”

Dahlia frowned when she heard this. After comparing the two men, she realized that Dustin seemed much more selfish than Gavin.

“Are you going to believe him when you’ve only met him once?” Dustin suddenly asked.

“Are we supposed to believe you, then? What makes you think you’re trustworthy?”

Florence snapped.

“She’s right. Mr. Killian not only saved Dahlia, but he also helped us in times of need. What about you? What have you done?” Julie sneered.

“First, he saved you. Now, he’s gifting you a Panax root. Don’t you think this is too much of a coincidence?” Dustin asked.

“What do you mean?” Dahlia raised an eyebrow.

“You don’t know who that man is or his intentions, so you shouldn’t trust him so easily,” Dustin warned.

“Hmph! I bet you’re just jealous.” Julie jeered. “You’re jealous that he’s better and more powerful than you!”

“It’s bad enough that you’re useless, but how dare you insult Mr. Killian! You’re despicable!” Florence yelled

Chapter 745

“I’m just stating the truth. It’s always better to be careful,” Dustin replied calmly.

“Dustin, Mr. Killian isn’t that kind of person,” Dahlia retorted firmly, unhappy to hear Dustin talking bad about her savior.

“Do you really know him well enough? Besides his name, what else do you know about him?”

Dustin asked back.

“I-” Dahlia was taken aback.

When she came to her senses, she immediately declared. “Anyway, Mr. Killian isn’t a bad person. You better not judge him with a petty mindset!”

“Petty?” Dustin chuckled unhumorously.

“You’re right. I am petty. And since you seem to believe him so much, this petty man will take his leave now. Goodbye.” Dustin turned around.

“Dustin, stop right-” He left before Dahlia could stop him.

“Let him leave! What the hell is wrong with him? We just said a few words!” Florence scoffed.

“Yeah. Mr. Killian is a thousand times better than a petty man like him!” Julie snorted.

“That’s enough! He’s gone now, so stop talking about this!” Dahlia frowned, agitated.

Her relationship with Dustin had only begun to improve, and she didn’t want problems to arise again.

Out of the hospital doors, Dustin sighed.

Although he didn’t care about Florence and Julie’s words, he was unhappy about Dahlia’s distrust

of him.

“Dustin Rhys...” A black sedan pulled over, and the windows were lowered, revealing Gavin’s face.

“Mr. Killian, how may I help you?” Dustin replied.

Gavin had obviously been waiting for him.

“I will only say this once, so you better listen closely.” Gavin’s expression was cold as he said, “Dahlia Nicholson is mine, so you better stay away from her from now on.”

“And why should I?” Dustin narrowed his eyes. He didn’t expect Gavin to show his true colors so

soon.

“Because I’m from the Killian family of Oakvale and a major general. And because I’m stronger

than you. Is this answer good enough?” Gavin sneered arrogantly.

“Those labels mean nothing to me. Here’s some advice. Don’t piss me off,” Dustin retorted, unfazed.

“Hmm... Interesting.” Gavin grinned.

“A loser dares to challenge me? Fine. Let’s see what you’ve got.” With a snap of his fingers, his car

drove off and out of sight.

Right after that, several other cars pulled over in front of Dustin, and several law enforcers wearing distinctive uniforms stepped out, their faces stern.

“Are you Dustin Rhys?” The leader asked.

“I am.” Dustin nodded. “How may I help you?”

“Someone reported you for killing Hank Hoffman, so you’re under arrest!” The man yelled.

“Someone reported me? Who?” Dustin was shocked.

“Me!” Another person stepped out of the car. It was Julian!

“I witnessed you murdering my friend, so I reported you!” Julian cried out.

“So you’re up to no good again.” Dustin narrowed his eyes.

“You killed an innocent man, and plenty of evidence proves that. Take him away!”, The leading enforcer signaled his men to handcuff Dustin and haul him into the car.

Julian watched the cars drive away, sneering, “You’re dead meat this time!”

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.

“Sh ut 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 kil led someone,” Dustin answered straightforwardly.

“How many?” The other man questioned again.

“One.”

“Why did you kil l that person?”

“And why do you need to know that?”

“Cut the cr ap and answer the goddamn question!”

“Fine. The guy I k illed was a rapist. He k illed 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.

Chapter 747

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 unkempt, 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'!"

Chapter 748

"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.

Chapter 749

"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?”

Chapter 750

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.