

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 131 -

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“You whore! How **dare** you seduce my boyfriend? I’ll make your life a living hell!

Tina kept forcing the wine on Dahlia, humiliating her before the crowd.

She was rough and ruthless.

By the time the bottle of wine was emptied, Dahlia had slumped to the ground helplessly.

Even then, Tina did not stop. She grabbed a fistful of Dahlia’s hair and pulled her head up.

Then, a torrent of slaps rained down on Dahlia, each one harder than the one before.

“You slut! You whore! How dare you mess with my boyfriend? How dare you?” Tina shouted as she roughed

Dahlia up, almost in a frenzy.

When Tina finally stopped, Dahlia’s face was swollen and blotched, with streaks of blood coming out the

corner of her mouth.

“Why? Why?” Dahlia asked breathlessly, trying to regain her bearings.

“You **have** the audacity to ask why? Are you unaware of what you have done, you b*tch!” Tina reached for

Dahlia’s hair again and slammed her head hard to the ground.

Blood gushed out immediately. A mixture of blood and wine dripped down Dahlia’s face.

The sight of Dahlia lying on the **ground** and unable to get up did not garner any sympathy from Tina, in fact; it

seemed to excite her.

She raised her leg and stomped hard on Dahlia's linger.

"Ah!" Dahlia could finally hold in no longer, and a shriek escaped **her**.

A piercing pain overtook her senses.

"You shameless tramp! You like flirting around with other men, don't you? I'd like to see if you'd ever seduce my boyfriend again!" A crazed smile crept up on Tina's face as she repeatedly stepped on Dahlia's hand **with**

her stilettos.

Each time, it struck with greater brutality and ferocity.

In no time, both of Dahlia's hands were a mess of flesh and blood. It **was** a terrifying sight.

"Ahh!" Dahlia's face turned lifeless from the agonizing pain, and she trembled uncontrollably.

Even the strongest of men would not be able to endure it after such merciless torture, much less a woman like

Dahlia.

Most of the crowd felt sorry for her **when** they saw the state she was in.

Surely an act of theft did not warrant such cold-blooded torture?

It was too **cruel!**

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"Dahlia, you can't blame me for this. You've only got yourself to blame for messing with Ms. Hummer's boyfriend and offending her." In a corner, Julie trembled like a leaf.

She did not think that Tina would be so unforgiving. She just came short of torturing Dahlia to her grave.

“Ms. Hummer, she’s out cold.” A bodyguard told Tina,

Dahlia had already passed out from the abuse. She had multiple fractures on her fingers, and her entire palm was bloody. It **was** a ghastly scene.

“She’s down so soon? What a bore.” Tina looked down at Dahlia like she was not done with her yet.

She lifted her leg and wiped the blood off her heels **on** Dahlia’s clothes. Then, with a nonchalant wave of her hand, she said, “Throw her out. I’ll play with her next time.”

Had it not been for her birthday party that night, she would make sure that she had her fun with her.

After Dahlia was thrown out, Julie, who knew that she **was** guilty, dared not **dally** any longer. She sent Dahlia to the hospital immediately.

The medical staff in the emergency ward were all shocked by Dahlia’s state when she was sent in.

She was a gruesome sight to behold, all covered in blood.

The greatest issue was that it was an obvious case of assault, not an accident.

So the question was, who would be **so** brutal to torture a woman until she was in such a miserable state?

“Where is the patient’s next of kin?” A doctor asked.

“There was another lady here with her earlier on, I don’t know where she went.” A nurse looked around, searching for Julie.

“Check the patient’s bag to see if there’s **a** phone in there. Contact her family right **away**.”

“Okay, sure.”

The nurse went through Dahlia's bag and quickly found her phone and unlocked it with Dahlia's fingerprint.

She called the contact which was set as "Husband".

Over at Peaceful Medical Centre, a phone rang.

Dustin, who was in the process of producing Immortunol, pulled his phone out and frowned.

He picked up the **call**. "Hello, is anything the matter?"

"Hello? Are you a family **member** of the owner of this phone? I'm calling from the emergency ward of **East**

Swinton Hospital. You need to come here as soon as possible. The patient's in bad shape."

"She's hurt? What happened?" Dustin's brows knitted even tighter together.

"I'm not too sure either. Come quick."

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Dustin fell silent. Without a moment's hesitation, he rushed over to Fast Swinton Hospital after hanging up the call.

When he stepped into the emergency ward to find Dahlia lying unconscious on the hospital bed, his expression clouded over.

Her face was swollen, blood came out from her mouth, and her forehead had suffered a strong impact.

Worst of all was her fingers, which were broken from being stepped on. They were a bloody mess that he could hardly bear the sight of

It was not difficult to imagine the pain she had been through before she lost consciousness.

"You're her husband, aren't you? What have **you** been up to? How could you let your wife be tortured so terribly? That's very irresponsible of you!" The head nurse complained, feeling sorry for Dahlia.

“How is she?” Dustin’s brows furrowed.

“The patient is not in critical danger currently, but her wounds will take quite a while to heal. Her hands, especially, have multiple comminuted fractures. There is a possibility that they may never fully recover,” The head nurse cautioned him.

“Who did this?” Dustin’s expression was terrifyingly cold and emotionless.

“How would I know? You’re her husband, and you have no idea who did it?” The head nurse scowled.

Dustin held his silence. Suddenly, his gaze shot over to the door.

There was a suspicious person craning by the **door** in an attempt to peek at them.

He dashed **over and** grabbed the person.

“**Hey**, Rhys! What are you doing? Let go of me!” Julie cried out in dismay.

“Who did this to Dahlia? Tell me Dustin demanded furiously.

“I—How would I know?” Julie stuttered.

The very next

next second, she was lifted off the ground by a hand that found its **way** around her throat.

She suffocated, and her struggles **to** catch her breath proved futile.

“I’ll ask you **again**. Who did it?” There **was** a fierce glint in Dustin’s eyes, and a chilling hostility emanated from

him.

A bone-piercing coldness instantly enveloped the entire **ward**.

“It—

It was Edwin Hummer’s daughter, Tina Hummer who did it Flustered, Julie blurted out the truth.

She had never seen such a frightening side to Dustin.

His gaze was akin to that of the Devil, giving chills to whoever met it. Julie **beg an** to tremble.

“Watch over her.”

Once Dustin got the answer he **wanted**, he left without another word.

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A fiery anger burned in his chest.

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The sky started to rain.

At that moment, the atmosphere at the party in Emperor Hotel was lively as usual. The commotion earlier

clearly had not affected the party.

Tina looked like a princess, surrounded by people. Everyone approached her to leave a good impression.

Yet, most of the people did not interest her. Only a few distinguished guests were worthy of chatting with her.

“Miss, Mr. Williams and Mr. Chapman are here.” One of the butlers came up to her and reported.

Tina turned around and saw two fine-looking men who were standing quietly at the entrance of the party.

One of them was Oliver from Boulderthorn!

The other was Oliver’s senior, Troy Chapman. Behind the two of them were two bodyguards.

“Mr. Williams. Mr. Chapman. It’s good to see you again.” **Tina** immediately gave them a warm welcome with a smile.

“Happy birthday, Ms. Hummer.” Oliver and Troy presented their gifts respectively.

“Oh, please. It is my honor to have you both as my guests. There’s no need for presents. Tina grinned.

“It is only proper to reciprocate Joshua’s kindness. After all, he has always treated us well. A small token of appreciation is nothing.” Oliver smiled.

Had they come from an ordinary rich family, she wouldn’t have given them a second glance.

However, Tina’s brother, Joshua, was a disciple of Boulderthorn. He was their senior. And so, it was necessary

for her to attend to them.

“Oh right, why is my brother not here today?” Tina asked.

“Joshua is on a retreat at the moment. He’s unable to leave, so he sent us here to meet you.” Oliver explained.

“I see

Tina nodded and extended her hand.

“Please have a seat, let me know if there’s anything you need.”

“Alright. Thank you, Ms. Hummer.” Oliver gave a slight nod before sitting down alongside Troy.

Because of Tina’s warm attitude, the **surrounding** guests’ attention gathered **around** the two men.

“Who are they? Why did Tina personally welcome them?”

“I don’t know. They seem unfamiliar, I don’t think they’re from Swinton.”

“Then, perhaps they are someone important from **Millsburg?**”

The sound of whispers rippled through the crowd as curiosity overlooked them.

As the evening wore on, **more** guests arrived at the party, and the atmosphere grew increasingly lively.

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At that moment, a black silhouette approached the entrance of the Emperor Hotel with an umbrella in hand.

After reaching the gate, he was stopped by two guards.

“Stop right there! Today is Ms. Hummer’s birthday. Only those who received an invitation **are** allowed to enter!”

“Step aside!” Dustin did not want to waste another second and immediately headed inside.

“Scoundrel! You’ve got some nerve!” The two guards immediately gripped Dustin’s shoulder.

The instant the two of them made contact with him, they were hurled backward with a force that sent them tumbling through the air, their cries of pain echoing through the night.

“Quick! Inform Sir Zims!” One of the guards immediately took out his phone **and** called for backup.

When he turned back, Dustin had already walked past the gates.

After **a** short ride in the lift, he walked inside the ballroom.

As he looked at the lively crowd, Dustin took **a** deep breath before shouting, “Which one of you is Tina

Hummer?!”

His voice wasn’t piercing, yet it echoed across the room.

The lively crowd instantly went silent. Everyone turned towards him with displeasing looks.

“Who dared to call Ms. Hummer by her name?!” Everyone wondered.

“Hm? Who’s calling me?” Tina stood up slowly **with** a displeased look in her eyes.

Dustin silently walked forward as everyone **stared** down **at** him.

“Hey, isn’t that Dahlia’s ex–husband? Why is he here?”

“I’m guessing he’s probably here to apologize. After all, stealing from Ms. Hummer is not a small matter.”

“He’s apologizing after his woman got beaten up? How shameful!”

People all around the room began to murmur amongst themselves as they pointed at the man. They were mostly mocking him.

“What? Are you here to apologize for that b*tch?”

Tina’s **eyes** scanned the man **from** head to toe, her lips curling into **a** sinister smile as she sized him up. “If you’re really **interested** in helping your friend, you might want to start by getting down on your knees. And who

knows, if I’m **pleased**, maybe I’ll consider letting her off the hook.”

“So, you were the **one** who caused Dahlia’s injuries?” Dustin slowly approached her.

Seconds later, he stood in front of her.

“So **what** if I was the one who **caused** her **injuries**? That b*tch didn’t know her limits. A slut like her **deserved a** beating!”

Tina laughed coldly. “And let me tell you, this matter is far from over. Today **was** just a little warning. In the future, I’ll **pay** it back bit by bit! I will be her night mare for the rest of her life!

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As soon as the words left Tina’s lips, a sudden, sharp sound echoed through the room.

“Smack!”

Tina **was** sent flying across the room.

Her body flipped through the air, twisting and turning in a blur of motion, before finally crashing down onto the ground with a sickening thud.

In an instant, blood started oozing from her nose, and her teeth scattered around the place.

The entire room was stunned at the scene. Everyone’s jaw dropped to the ground in disbelief.

No one would’ve thought that Dustin would hit her. Moreover, he slapped her in front of such a crowd.

Everyone knew that she was Edwin Hummer’s daughter! She was the belle of the ball in all of Swinton!

“Had he lost his mind?! How dare he lay a finger on Miss Hummer? Does he not treasure his life?!” Everyone thought.

“You—
You dare to hit me?” Tina held her burning cheek and stood up as her legs wobbled beneath her.

Her face was filled with shock and confusion. **Ever** since she was a child, no one dared to disrespect her. Let alone slap her. She didn’t know how to react.

“Smack!”

Without wasting another second, he slapped her once again with **all** his might.

As blood spurted from her mouth, her once—pretty face now disfigured, her teeth shattered and her features swollen and reddened, the sight was both shocking and distressing.

Her hair was in complete disarray, leaving a chaotic mess in its wake.

“I’ll make you pay ten times the pain that you inflicted on Dahlia!” Dustin roared out.

His words and actions were impulsive and reckless.

“Boom!”

In a split second, the party was in shambles.

One could **say** that the first **slap was** done out of impulse.

A second slap was already humiliating and provoking her.

But who in the right mind would want to provoke the Hummers?!

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“He dared to hit Ms. Hummer? He must be asking for death!”

“He’s out of his mind! He’s definitely gone insane!”

“He struck Ms. Hummer in front of such a crowd! Not even the Gods could spare him now!”

Because of Dustin’s actions, the whole room went into chaos. Some were shocked, not knowing how to react. Others were impressed, while the rest **were** in disbelief.

For all their lives, they’d believed that only a person like Tina Hummer could bully others. They could never even imagine someone who would strike back!

“Kill him! Kill him now!” When Tina stood up again, she was in a frenzy. Her face contorted with terrifying rage.

“Kill! Him!”

The guards in the area finally returned to their senses and charged toward him with a baton.

Dustin was unfazed. He moved at the speed of light, defecating each guard with a single punch, sending them flying across the room in all directions.

He glided through the entire fight effortlessly, not a single hint of struggle showing on his face. The sight of the guards writhing on the ground in agony left everyone stunned.

It was worth noting that these were Hummer's elite bodyguards, each capable of taking down five men with ease. And yet a single punch from Dustin was all it took to bring down all of these elite bodyguards.

It was indeed surprising.

"Guards! Bring me more guards!" One of the bodyguards quickly reached for his walkie-talkie **and** called for backup.

Dustin remained unfazed and continued to advance, step by step.

"Stop him! Quick, stop him!" Tina was frantic as she stumbled backward.

A few onlookers had the urge to play hero and rescue Tina, but one stern look from Dustin was enough to leave them frozen in shock, unable to **make a move**.

"You bastard! How dare you lay a hand on me? Do you have any idea who I am? I am Edwin Hummer's daughter! If you don't want to meet an ugly end, then bow down and apologize to me right now!" Tina's voice trembled with fear, despite the brave front she put on.

She mentioned her own family background as a means of defense, hoping that he would know better and back **down**.

Her threat fell on deaf ears **as** she was met with another heavy slap in response,

In a split second, her **head** was spinning as blood spilled from her mouth.

"You don't need to mention that. Even if your **dad** is here, I'll still slap you! Dustin said with a cold

expression as he **grabbed** Tina by her hair and slapped her even harder.

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Each slap landed with a heavy sound ringing across the room.

“Smack, smack, smack, smack!”

After a few slaps, Tina’s face was left disfigured. Her nose and lips were tangled up. It was a gory scene to behold.

All the guests w

were stunned and frozen in shock at the sight before them. Every single one of them had their

jaws drop to the ground.

This **was** just crazy!

It wasn’t just about hitting her face. He was disrespecting the Hummers! He was playing with fire and risking his life!

“Stop!” Suddenly, a loud angry yell reverberated across the room.

In the next moment, Oliver and Troy emerged from the crowd. Upon seeing the blood on Tina’s face, both of them became furious in an instant.

“Who dares to make a ruckus at Tina’s party?!” Oliver bellowed in an intimidating voice.

“Huh?” Dustin turned around and immediately recognized the familiar faces.

“So **it’s** you!”

Oliver was taken aback at first, but his surprise quickly gave way to a wave of seething anger. “What a coincidence! I’ve been searching for you everywhere. I can’t believe you’d **show** up here!”

“Oliver, you know this guy?” Troy was curious.

“Troy, this was the guy who punched me two days ago,” Oliver said **with** gritted teeth.

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“You dare to hit someone from Boulderthorn? You must be tired of living!” Troy’s gaze immediately turned cold

and unfriendly.

Troy and Oliver were as close as brothers, and any harm inflicted upon one was seen as **an** affront to the other.

“Save me! Save me!” Tina’s eyes lit up with hope at the sight of Oliver and Troy, and she suddenly regained

some of her energy.

“Don’t worry, Ms. Hummer. With me and Oliver here, this guy won’t be able to harm you!” Troy assured confidently.

As soon as **he** finished speaking, Dustin delivered another brutal slap, causing Tina to be flung across **the**

table.

Without a second of hesitation, he immediately proved him wrong.

“You-!” Oliver was furious.

He was caught off guard by Dustin’s unpredictable actions, causing **a** slight delay **in** his response.

“You bastard! You’re dead meat! Your entire family will be **dead!** These two are the best fighters in

Boulderthorn. You’re just a piece of trash in front of them! I’ll let them **break** all of your limbs before torturing

you myself!” Tina sneered, her face contorted with a lust for vengeance **as** she **stood** up shakily.

“Boulderthorn?!” Hearing the name, everyone **broke** into whispers once again

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Everyone was familiar with the name.

Boulderthorn was one of the top two guilds in the entire South City. The **disciples** of Boulderthorn were

renowned for their incredible strength and skill, able to move mountains with just a small kick.

But the top disciples were on another level altogether, possessing **an** unparalleled level of prowess and

finesse. One of them was enough to wipe out an entire room.

“Who would’ve thought that people from Boulderthorn are here? Looks like this fellow is really dead meat.”

“Well **deserved!** Whoever dares to make **a** ruckus here would have to pay the ultimate price!”

“Kid, if I **were** you, I’d be on my knees begging for forgiveness. If you’re lucky enough, you’d get a chance to

live.”

The crowd erupted into a frenzied discussion, with people whispering and shouting their opinions on the unfolding scene.

From their perspective, Dustin is indeed skilled in lighting. However, in front of the top disciples from Boulderthorn, he wouldn’t **even** stand a chance!

“So what if you’re from Boulderthorn? No one can stop me from doing what I want to do!” Dustin replied coldly, without a hint of **fear**.

“Bastard! You’re crazy! If I hadn’t gone **easy** on you last time, do you think you could get **away** without a

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scratch?” Oliver was furious.

“Oliver, let me handle it.”

Troy approached Dustin with **a** darkened face, but before he could take any action, Oliver stopped him **with** a hand. “Wait, do we really need to do **this**? Th

is guy isn't even from a guild. If we accidentally kill him, won't people start **spreading** rumors **about** Boulderthorn bullying others?"

As he spoke, he signaled the two bodyguards behind them. "Anna, Emma, get rid of that punk! Don't hold

back!"

"Yes, Sir!" The two women immediately pulled out their swords.

Two days earlier, they weren't prepared, so they were defeated by Dustin. But **today**, they would not let the

same mistake happen again.

"Mr. Williams! That bastard's not an easy target. Aren't you underestimating him too much by sending the two **of** them against him?" Tina was **suspicious**.

"Don't worry, Ms. Hummer. The two of them **are** very skilled. They were trained by my father. Defeating him is

nothing for them!" Oliver **said** confidently.

To be honest, both of them were **even more** skilled than he was.

"Alright! Then I'm counting on you to get my revenge!" Tina **said** with an evil smirk.

"No problem!" As soon as Oliver gave a signal, the two women sprung into action, one flanking Dustin on the left and the other on the right, both bearing down on him with fierce determination.

"Zoom!"

As the women closed in on him, their swords shimmered with deadly precision, a testament to their

impressive skill and training.

Right when everyone thought **Dustin** was about to meet his end.

With a loud "Clang!", the two swords were shattered into pieces.

The impact was so sudden and powerful that the two women **were sent** hurtling through the air as if struck by a car, flying across the room.

Before hitting the ground, a spray of blood erupted from the women's mouths, painting the air crimson, as they collapsed into unconsciousness.

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"Holy Shit! What just happened?"

The crowd was once again in awe upon seeing the broken swords and the two women laying on the floor.

They originally thought that Dustin was out of luck, but no one expected that after that face-off, the Boulderthorn girls would be the ones who faced defeat.

This outcome shocked everyone in the room.

"This kid was not all talk?" Oliver's eye twitched, his face full of shock.

The previous time, he could argue and say that they weren't prepared for the attack. But this time, it was proven that there was a skill disparity.

"So you **do** have some tricks up your sleeves. No wonder you dared to cause trouble here." Troy narrowed his

eyes as his lips curled into a playful smile.

Although **Anna** and Emma were no match for Troy's skills, they were certainly enough to defeat a normal

fighter. For Dustin to have defeated them so easily spoke volumes about his abilities, even if it wasn't much

for Troy.

"Mr. Williams! Didn't you say that it wouldn't **be** a problem?" Tina exclaimed. Her disfigured face made **her**

look like a malicious demon.

“Just a bit of miscalculation. But no **worries**, this fellow wouldn’t be able to do much **with** me and **Troy** here!”

Oliver laughed awkwardly and explained.

“Don’t worry, Ms. Hummer. I **will** avenge you!”

Troy stepped **forward** and stared into Dustin’s eyes. “I admit, you do **have** so me skills. But too bad **you’re** facing me today! I’ll give you one last chance. Kneel down and beg for mercy right now, and I might spare your life.”

“Punk! Did **you** hear that? Hurry up and kneel! Otherwise, you’ll be obliterated by Troy!” Oliver added.

“**Really?** Give me all you’ve got.” Dustin answered calmly to their taunts.

“Bastard! You really can’t catch a hint! Don’t you know who Troy is? He’s the Lightning Fist of Boulderthorn, who’s never fallen in battle!” Oliver bragged confidently.

After hearing those words, the crowd went wild.

“What? Is he really the Lightning Fist, Troy Chapman?!”

“Oh my **God!** I can’t believe **even** the Lightning Fist is here, this is gelling Interesting!”

“What’s Lightning Fist? Is he **great?**”

“He’s not only one of the elites in Boulderthorn, He’s at the top of the board! He could take on a hundred men

at once. What do you think, **Isn’t** he **great?**”

“There are only a few people in Swinton who can match the Lightning Fist’s skills. Looks like this kid is

meeting his end!”

After learning Troy's true identity, the crowd began praising him.

The spectators had anticipated an ordinary fight, but it was not until a top fighter like him emerged that they realized the true potential of the bout.

Troy's chin lifted with a newfound arrogance **as** he basked in the adulation of the crowd. He really enjoyed the feeling of being admired.

"Punk! Weren't you so confident just now? Why are you silent now? Are you scared?" Oliver mocked.

Though his abilities may not have stood out as much, his senior, Troy, was undoubtedly a top-notch fighter.

He had been training all his life and was already a master at honing his energy. His ability was second best to the grand master himself,

No one in Swinton could faze him.

"What's a Lightning Fist? I've never even heard of it." Dustin remained unbothered.

These words once again drove the crowd wild.

"My goodness! Does he not treasure his life? He dared insult Lightning Fist's name!"

"He's clearly unaware of his limits! He can't even comprehend how strong Lightning Fist is!"

"What a reckless idiot! Thinking he **knows** everything! Let's see how he faces death later!"

All eyes were fixed on Dustin, who seemed to have earned the scorn and contempt of the crowd.

"Punk! You'll face the consequences for the words that just left your mouth!" Troy's expression turned cold.

He was still acting recklessly even after learning his true identity. How foolish of him!

“I don’t care who you are. You better leave now or I won’t hold back on you!” Dustin’s eyes were burning with rage as he stared Tina down.

The other people in the room were not even worthy of Dustin’s attention, as he remained solely focused on Tina.

“Mr. Chapman! Kill him!” When Tina met Dustin’s gaze, she was frightened to death. She could feel a chill run down her spine.

At the moment, she only hoped that he could get rid of **that** crazy bastard as soon **as** possible.

“**Punk!** Since you want to die so badly, I’ll fulfill your wish!” Troy flexed his muscles **as** he let out **a** yell, causing **his** shirt to rip apart, revealing his chiseled physique.

The combination of his impressive muscles and his flashy, swift movement **caused** a group of ladies to swoon in admiration.

“Today, I’ll show you what it’s like to be a Lightning Fist!”

Troy closed the distance between himself and Dustin with a small, swift movement before leaping into the air and extending his arms like a hawk, ready to strike.

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“How majestic! How astonishing!” The crowd thought.

“Die!” Troy spun around, his head **aimed** towards the ground, and struck Dustin’s head with a powerful punch.

The spectators were **impressed** as they watched Troy’s impressive pose.

“How handsome!”

“He’s so majestic!”

“Ms. Hummer, did you see that? That’s Troy’s signature move, the Lightning Fist! One punch would be able to break mountains!” Oliver explained proudly.

“It would be best if he could kill him with one slap!” Tina said with a sardonic smile.

“One punch is definitely enough to kill him!”

“**This** fellow should be proud to die in Lightning Fist’s hands!”

The guests shook their heads, convinced that Dustin’s fate was sealed.

After all he was facing a full-blown punch from the Lightning Fist himself.

In Swinton, how many people would be able to stop this kind of punch?

“You’re just all show!” Dustin’s voice was cold and unwavering as he stood his ground. Without hesitation, he retaliated with a punch that caught Troy off guard.

“Boom!”

Their fists collided with a loud bang.

Dustin had not moved an inch, but the ground beneath him had shattered.

Troy, on the other hand, let out a pained cry as his fist erupted into a trace of blood. He was sent flying across

the room at lightning **speed**, landing heavily against the wall as blood spurted from his mouth.

Before Troy could even react, Dustin **was already** in front of him, delivering another punch.

His moves weren’t as flashy, but they were deadly.

“Please spare me!” All the color drained from Troy’s face as he screamed in horror. With a loud “Thud”, he knelt on the ground.