

## An Understated Dominance by Marina Chapter 691 -

### Chapter 691

What is it?" Azalea asked curiously.

"You've heard of the Mystic Arts Order, haven't you?"

"Of course. It's the greatest dark faction of all time. It's even on par with Stonia's Celestial Alliance," Azalea answered.

The Mystic Arts Order was a mysterious faction. Despite having only a few disciples, everyone in the group was trained in the mystic arts as well as martial arts. And because of their ruthless way of killing their targets discreetly, they quickly became the strongest dark faction of all time.

"I used to be part of the group," The Dark Lord said wistfully. "I might not have been the brightest disciple there, but I was still a talented individual with a bright future. However, I was kicked out after committing a crime."

"Do you still wish to return there?" Azalea asked.

"Of course." The Dark Lord nodded. "That place is like heaven to people like us. It's filled with numerous secret arts and is home to many powerful fighters. If I can get back in, I'd be far stronger than I am now!"

"You sound like you have a plan." Azalea watched her mentor.

"You're such a smart girl." The Dark Lord smiled softly. "Michael Robinson is my ticket to return to the Mystic Arts Order. Do you know who his wife is?"

"No." Azalea was puzzled.

"Their Grand Sorceress, Katherine Hunter!" The Dark Lord revealed.

"The Grand Sorceress?" Azalea was astonished. The Grand Sorceress was the successor of the Mystic Arts Order and stood higher than anyone in the group. Most of the time, the leader would keep themselves hidden from the world outside, so the responsibility of taking care of the order would fall onto the Grand Sorceress' shoulders.

“Hang on...” Azalea suddenly recalled something. Didn’t the Grand Sorceress die a long time ago?”

“Katherine Hunter might be dead, but she has a daughter.” The Dark Lord smiled sinisterly. “Very few people know that she gave birth to a daughter after eloping with Michael Robinson. The leader of the order only discovered this after tracking Katherine down a decade later. To prevent their daughter from being taken away, Katherine and Michael fought against the order, and Katherine died during the battle. Michael then immediately fled with his daughter and hid

– himself from the world. I didn’t expect myself to discover this secret today.”

Azalea finally understood what the Dark Lord was implying. “Master, do you intend to trade this information with the Mystic Arts Order so that they accept you again?”

“Bingo!” The Dark Lord smiled. “Since Katherine died, Michael Robinson’s daughter naturally became the next Grand Sorceress, and the Mystic Arts Order would do anything to get their hands. on her.”

“I see...” Azalea’s eyes lit up. “We sure hit the jackpot today.”

1/2

Exactly! As long as we bring the Grand Sorceress back to the order, they will worship us endlessly,” the Dark Lord boasted. He laughed manically before he began to cough violently.

“Are you all right?” Flabbergasted, Azalea quickly comforted the Dark Lord.

“Michael managed to injure me earlier, and I was forced to use Blood Shield. I only have ten percent of my power left.” The Dark Lord wiped the blood off the corner of his lips. “But that’s nothing. As long as I can bring the Grand Sorceress back to the Mystic Arts Order, I’ll recover in no time. I’ll be stronger than ever!”

“I can’t believe you’re letting me know such a huge secret.” Azalea was touched.

“You’re my favorite disciple and like a daughter to me. What’s a little secret? As soon as I secure a position in the order, I’ll make sure to promote you too!” The Dark Lord smiled.

“Master, thank you so much. I don’t have anything to repay you with, so please accept my small gift.” Azalea lowered her head.

“What is it?” The Dark Lord inquired. Before he had time to react, a sharp dagger pierced his chest, shocking him.

“Here you go.” An evil smirk appeared on Azalea’s face.

## An Understated Dominance by Marina Chapter 692 -

### Chapter 692

“Ugh...The Dark Lord was stunned. With his eyes wide open, he looked at the knife in his chest, then up at the smirking Azalea. His pale face was a mix of shock, disbelief, and confusion. It happened so suddenly that he still hadn’t registered that he had been stabbed.

“W-why?” The Dark Lord asked in disbelief. He never expected his most beloved disciple to kill

him.

“Your skills have greatly plummeted since you’re seriously injured, rendering you defenseless.

Today is the best day to kill you.” Azalea smiled. “By the way, I applied some Tranqurin on my blade. You’re just like a little lamb waiting to be sacrificed now.”

“I’ve treated you well. Why would you betray me? Just when have I ever treated you badly?” The

Dark Lord trembled, blood dripping from the corners of his mouth.

“You’ve never treated me badly. In a way, you’ve been quite kind to me. However, you still have to die,” Azalea said plainly.

“Why why? Why!” The Dark Lord’s emotions surged as he grabbed Azalea’s hand, and his eyes turned red as he roared, “I’ve treated you like my daughter since you were young. The other disciples have yet to receive such an honor. Why would you do this?”

Azalea slapped his hand away, her expression growing colder by the second. “You want to know why? Fine, I’ll tell you. It’s because you killed my parents!” The Dark Lord froze at her words, his eyes betraying his shock.

“Why are you silent now?” Azalea scoffed. “15 years ago, on New Year’s Eve, you led a group of men

in the middle of the night, broke into my house, and slaughtered my entire family. My father was

killed at your hands, while my mother was violated to death. I watched as you, beasts, massacred

the people close to me! I could never forget, nor will I ever forget, those horrifying scenes!

“I endured 15 years of humiliation, all to find an opportunity to kill you! However, you were too

strong, and you got suspicious easily. I never felt confident enough to make a move. That was why I tried my best to please you in every way, lowering your guard slowly. Finally, I succeeded. It’s been 15 years! I’ve waited exactly 15 years for this opportunity!” By the end of it, Azalea was

seething.

Nobody knew how she endured those 15 years. She hid right beside her enemy, putting on a fake smile and acting thoughtful throughout the day. However, she had endless nightmares at night, never getting a peaceful night’s sleep. Every night, to prevent herself from sleeping talking, and revealing her identity, she sealed off her acupoints, rendering herself mute.

For 15 years, she was extremely cautious and walked on thin ice, for she knew that once her cover

was blown, it would not only put an end to her plans for revenge but also put her in a situation.

worse than death. Fortunately, after 15 years of waiting, determination, and hard work, she finally had a chance at revenge.

1

“H-how did you find out? Who told you?” The Dark Lord’s lips trembled. It was true that he slaughtered the Larsons back then. However, when he stormed into the final room and saw the little girl asleep on the bed, his heart was stirred with compassion. The little girl reminded him of his late daughter. Since he hadn’t exposed his identity, he made a bold decision. He killed all of

1/2

r, taking her under his wing. He never expected myself would lead to such a calamity.

ssed every one of your killings with my own eyes!

## [An Understated Dominance by Marina Chapter 693 -](#)

### Chapter 693

“No, impossible! You were only six years old back then, and you were fast asleep! The Dark Lord shook his head furiously.

Azalea responded, “I’d be dead now if I hadn’t pretended to be asleep ”

“You” The Dark Lord was at a loss for words He could not believe an experienced fighter like him had been played by a six-year-old

“Since you now know the truth, you can die now” Azalea flashed a smile again.

“Wait! You can’t kill me!” The Dark Lord panicked as he clamored, “Don’t forget that you still carry the curse that I planted in you If I die, you won’t survive either!”

He would plant a venomous curse on every new disciple The first reason was to control them better, while the second was to prevent betrayals The current situation was a perfect example.

“The curse? You mean this?” Azalea smiled playfully and took out a clear glass bottle. Inside was a red centipede.

“H-how did you get it out?” The Dark Lord’s expression shifted. The curse he planted was connected to him, no one was able to break it unless the elder of the mystic arts personally

intervened

“I knew today would come, so I asked a miracle doctor to break the curse in advance. What else do

you have to say?” Azalea reached out and squeezed, crushing the bottle with the centipede inside.

“Azalea, let me live, and I’ll teach you everything I know!” The Dark Lord panicked and pleaded. Due to the effects of Tranqurin, he wasn’t able to muster an ounce of internal energy and was

rendered useless.

“There’s no need. Once I find the Grand Sorceress and join the Mystic Arts Order, I’ll naturally get

what I want.” Azalea was unfazed.

“Azalea! Even if you kill me, your parents won’t come back to life. Vengeance only breeds more vengeance. Put down your blade and seek redemption. As long as you spare me, your soul can be saved!” The Dark Lord preached, desperately trying to live. However, as soon as he finished his plea, Azalea raised her sword and swiftly severed his neck, showing no mercy.

“Ugh The Dark Lord’s voice choked. The bloody line on his neck spread rapidly, and in the next second, his head rolled off his shoulders and onto the ground with a thud. He had died with

discontentment.

“Only when you die can my soul be saved.” Azalea kicked the Dark Lord’s headless corpse, sending it flying several feet away. Carrying his head, she walked out of the hall, coming to a stop in the courtyard. Looking up at the sky, the chilling snowflakes fell upon her face, carrying at

sense of desolation and sorrow.

“Mom Dad... Can you see it? This bastard is dead I personally killed him. I did it. I fulfilled my promise. I avenged the both of you!” With a thud, Azalea dropped to the ground heavily. As she knelt, two lines of tears streamed slowly down her face. She had endured 15 years of humiliation. Today, she finally slayed the murderer. Vengeance was hers

## An Understated Dominance by Marina Chapter 694 -

### Chapter 694

As night fell deeper, the snow fell heavier.

Meanwhile, Hector and the others stood outside the Harmons' meeting room, waiting in silence. They occasionally stole glances inside, where Michael and Dustin were engaged in a hushed conversation. Half an hour earlier, Michael had asked everyone to leave so he could speak to Dustin privately.

“Mr. Rhys, that’s the gist of what happened. I concealed my identity to hide from the enemy and protect Abigail from harm.” Michael poured his heart out, finally releasing all the feelings he had bottled up

“I never expected that Abigail’s mother would turn out to be the Grand Sorceress of the Mystic Arts Order” Dustin was shocked.

The Mystic Arts Order was known as the most formidable dark faction in existence, composed of talented individuals and high-level experts. The position of Grand Sorceress was prestigious Dustin had always been curious about the protective seal inside Abigail. With her mother’s identity as the Grand Sorceress revealed, everything now made sense.

“Though the title of Grand Sorceress sounds grand, they don’t even have the basic right to freedom. I don’t wish for Abigail to follow in her mother’s footsteps.” Michael sighed.

“Mr. Robinson, I don’t understand. Why are you sharing your secrets with me?” Dustin was confused. The Mystic Arts Order’s Grand Sorceress was a prestigious position in which few had the privilege of knowing their identity.

“It used to be a secret, but it won’t stay a secret much longer.” Michael shook his head. “From the moment I attacked the Dark Lord, I had exposed my

identity. The Mystic Arts Order will probably be making a move soon.” The disciples of the Mystic Arts Order were spread all over the world. The Dark Lord was one of them.

“So, what’s your plan?” Dustin asked.

“I’ve been on the run for so many years. It’s time to face reality and resolve things once and for all.” Michael frowned. “Abigail is the only one I have left. I have a favor to ask of you-I hope you can

take care of her for me.”

“Me?” Dustin was shocked. “But I’ve never been a father.”

“You don’t have to be her father, you can be her mentor instead. ” Michael smiled. “I know you’ve been guiding Abigail in martial arts. Since she inherited her mother’s genes, she has a strong foundation. I sincerely hope you will take her in as your disciple.”

“Mr. Robinson, you think too highly of me. You’re a martial arts grandmaster. How could I dare accept her as a disciple with you here?” Dustin scratched his head.

“Mr. Rhys, you are too humble. I’ve been part of the martial arts world for over a decade. I’m good at reading people, too. However, I can’t seem to read through you. If I’m not mistaken, you should have already attained the level of a grandmaster. Am I right?” Michael smiled profoundly.

“You have a good eye. It’s no wonder that you are one of the five ultimate grandmasters.” Dustin

1/2

didn’t deny it. Some things could be understood without being said aloud.

The younger generations are talented!” Michael’s expression was full of wonder. “A young grandmaster martial artist is hard to find in Dragonmarsh. It would be Abigail’s greatest honor to be your disciple.”

“You’re too kind, Mr. Robinson. Talents like Abigail are sought after by countless people.” Dustin smiled in response.

“Does that mean you’ve agreed?” Michael was surprised.



“As long as Abigail is okay with it, I naturally have no problems with it.” Dustin nodded. Abigail was talented, and they got along well. He would be happy to take her in as a disciple.

“Thank you, Mr. Rhys! I’m extremely grateful.” Michael stood up and shook Dustin’s hand.

“You’re welcome, Mr. Robinson. Perhaps I was fated to meet Abigail.” Dustin returned the gesture.

“Alright, I’ll send Abigail over to you officially as a disciple tomorrow.” Michael nodded in acknowledgment. After another short exchange, Michael left.

Dustin’s expression turned heavy as he watched the father-daughter duo depart. From their conversation earlier, he could tell from Michael’s tone that he was already passing on his final

wishes.

“Dustin, what did Mr. Robinson tell you?” At that moment, the members of the Harmon family

walked in.

## An Understated Dominance by Marina Chapter 695 -

### Chapter 695

The Harmons were naturally curious since Dustin and Michael’s conversation went on for some

time.

“Nothing much. Mr. Robinson just requested that I take care of Abigail in the future,” Dustin replied.

“That’s all? That can’t be.” Trent was suspicious.

“Yeah.” Dustin shrugged. He knew that Abigail’s identity as the Grand Sorceress shouldn’t be

made known for her safety.

“Alright, let’s set aside other matters for now. Our priority is to capture the Dark Lord. As long as he is alive, the Harmons will be in danger.” Hector changed the subject.

“Jacob has gone after him with some of his men. I wonder how he’s doing.” Trent was slightly worried. Although the Dark Lord was severely injured, he was still a Grandmaster martial artist. It would be a challenge to capture him.

“Mr. Hector...” At that moment, the butler rushed into the meeting room, holding a square gift box.

“What’s wrong?” Hector looked over at him.

“Mr. Hector, someone outside just passed us a gift earlier, asking us to deliver it to Mr. Rhys,” the butler responded.

“For me?” Dustin was perplexed. “What is it?”

“I’m not sure. That person said it was a surprise.” The butler shook his head.

“A surprise? I’m curious now.” Dustin smiled as he slowly opened up the box. Everyone else in the room watched, and their expressions transformed instantly. Inside the box was the severed and bloody head of the Dark Lord!

Meanwhile, inside the Grant family mansion, Tyler sat alone in his study, engrossed in a game of chess. Suddenly, a fleeting shadow glided by the corner. Moments later, a woman with a mask resembling a water droplet emerged slowly from the shadows.

“What?” Tyler remained focused on the chessboard, never once looking up.

“Master, I just received news that the Dark Lord failed. He didn’t manage to get his hands on the treasure map,” the masked woman reported in a hushed voice.

“What?” Tyler’s brows furrowed. “That trash! I spent all those resources to help him attain the level of a grandmaster, but he ends up not being able to deal with the Harmons? He’s better off

dead!”

“Something unexpected happened today, master. Michael Robinson appeared and injured the

Dark Lord,” the masked woman said.

“Michael Robinson? What was he doing at the Harmons?” Tyler was confused.

The masked woman replied, “Based on my investigation, the Harmons helped out Michael once. I

1/2

guess today was the day he repaid the favor.”

I didn’t expect the Harmons to have hidden a trump card.” Tyler was deep in thought.

Master, should we kidnap Natasha and threaten Hector to reveal the treasure map?” The masked woman suddenly asked.

“That’s a bad idea.” Tyler shook his head. “Once the existence of the treasure map is revealed, it will attract others’ attention. Not to mention, Natasha’s identity is somewhat special. Her maternal grandfather is no ordinary person. We can’t make a move on her for now. Hector is also stubborn and persistent, so it will be hard to snatch the treasure map from him: Since it’s difficult to deal with Hector, let’s change our approach.”

Tyler smiled as if he thought of something. “Traditionally, the treasure map has always been kept by the family patriarch. As long as we can sow discord among the Harmons and manipulate the succession of a new patriarch, our problem will be resolved naturally.”

“Master, you are a genius.” The masked woman caught on immediately.

“Go on. There is no room for failure this time.” Tyler waved his hand, gesturing for her to leave. “Yes, master!” The woman responded and vanished right away.

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