

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 751

Chapter 751

There was a crisp clap.

The portly man's face became disfigured from the force. His big body instantly flew dozens of feet away, crashing heavily into the jail cell. He immediately lost consciousness.

His nose and mouth were off-center, his face was contorted, and he had even lost a few teeth. He looked like an absolute mess.

The others' expressions changed when they saw the well-dressed, portly man lying on the floor like a log. "Oh no!"

Although he wasn't powerful, he was the warden's actual brother-in-law.

Hitting him was equivalent to insulting the warden. At this point, death would be a better option.

"Young man, you're really in trouble this time!" Cornelius looked worried.

"You-you-you psycho! Get it in your head-we're the Shadow Gang, not the Loony Gang!" the bald, muscular man said in dismay.

"We're done for. Now that you've hit the prison officer, we're all going down with you!" Everyone was stricken with panic, They thought that they'd gotten an ordinary new member. They just didn't expect that he was a bad luck magnet.

Immediately after entering prison, he'd turned the whole place upside down.

What a mess!

"Don't panic, everyone. I'll take responsibility for my actions."

After that, Dustin dusted his hands off and returned to his cell. "Young man, I'm afraid you won't be able to handle the consequences of what you've done today!" Cornelius shook his head.

"Do you know who the warden of Azkaban is? He's an extremely powerful Grandmaster martial artist and a sadist!

"Back then, he personally threw me into Azkaban and tortured me ruthlessly for seven days and nights!

"In the end, he even put a lock in my shoulder blade and sealed my cultivation. He made me endure excruciating pain every single day.

"You haven't experienced it before; you'll never know how terrifying this person is. If you fall into his hands, you'd wish you were dead!

"If this place is hell, then he is the fiercest, vilest demon!" After hearing this, everyone else couldn't help but shudder.

The warden had a terrifying reputation. To them, he was the dictator who decided whether they lived or died.

The deeply rooted fear was why they didn't even dare think about protesting.

It was because they all knew that if they did, they'd suffer a fate worse than death.

That evening, in the back garden of the Fallonge estate, Scarlet was playing chess with her assistant general. She was dressed in a red tracksuit, and her hair was streaked with gray.

After a long game, Scarlet only had her King and two pawns left on the white side of the chessboard.

She was only one step away from defeat.

"Madam, it's your turn." Across from her, Georgia was wearing a

smile, sure of her victory.

During training, Georgia usually got a good beating. It was time she finally got even on the chessboard.

She just needed one more move to win.

"Checkmate!" Scarlet picked up her white King and knocked over the black one. "You lose."

"What?" Georgia was confused. She cried, "Madam, the King can only move one square. That's the rule!"

"Other people's Kings can't, but mine can. Anyway, you lose," Scarlet said seriously.

"Madam, you're cheating!" Georgia was getting heated.

"There aren't that many rules on the battlefield. I'm just improvising," Scarlet insisted boldly.

"You..." Georgie wanted to cry, but there were no tears.

It was one thing to cheat, but Scarlet even justified her cheating.

"Madam..." At that moment, the other assistant general, Bridget, walked in and reported, "Madam,

I just received word that we found the whereabouts of the person you're looking for."

"He's been located? Where?" Scarlet jumped to her feet. Her normal cold expression was filled with surprise—a rare sight for all.

"In Azkaban!"

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In one of the studies in the Harmon estate, Natasha wrinkled her eyebrows in confusion. "Dad, are you really going to make Kate marry Tyler?"

Not too long ago, she suddenly heard the news that there would be a union between the Harmon family and the Grant family again..

And this time, the bride and groom of this marriage were Kate and Tyler.

"Although the Dark Lord is dead, the Grant family is still a huge thorn in our side. This time, they brought up marriage again and even selected Kate. I really couldn't reject." Hector shook his head.

"What did Uncle Trent say? Is he going to let his daughter jump into the fire pit?" Nathasha pressed further.

"That's exactly the problem." Hector let out a sigh.

"Your Uncle Trent and cousin readily agreed to the marriage. They also have the support of the family elders. I was not able to intervene."

"What? They agreed?" Natasha was a bit taken aback.

"Don't they know that the Grants have ulterior motives? They're after something else!"

"I've already explained the pros and cons to them too, but I still couldn't change their minds. If I attempt to stop them, the situation will blow up even bigger," Hector said helplessly.

When he initially heard about this, he naturally protested.

However, it was all in vain.

Trent and Kate wouldn't listen; they even insisted it was for the family's benefit.

In the end, the argument ended on a sour note.

"Hmph, Kate is such a gold-digger!" Natasha snorted.

"Does she think she'll rise to the top and become the general's lady once she marries Tyler? She's far too naive!"

"Forget it. The final decision has been made; it would do no one any good to speak more about it. Let's just begin preparations early." Hector shook his head.

"I just wish that the two of them won't become the Grant family's pawn," Natasha said, deep in thought.

For Tyler to swallow his pride and ask for marriage once again, it was clear that he wanted something.

It was better to have a real enemy than a fake ally. There would be trouble if they let the Grant family's influence seep into the Harmon family.

"Natasha, something bad has happened!" Ruth suddenly threw the door open and burst in.

"I just heard that Dustin has been arrested!"

"Arrested? What happened?" Natasha was stunned.

"Apparently, he killed a man named Hank Hoffman, and the Nicholsons reported him," Ruth said, gasping for breath.

"The Nicholsons reported him?" Natasha frowned. "What is Dahlia doing? She can't even protect a man!"

"Ruth, do you know where he's locked up?" Hector asked.

"In Azkaban," Ruth said truthfully.

"What? Azkaban?!" When Natasha heard this, color drained from her face.

Azkaban was where they locked up the most wicked felons. Not a single person who entered could walk out of there alive.

Just the name of the place was horrifying.

Hector quickly realized something was amiss. "That's odd. Why did he get sent to Azkaban over the murder of an ordinary

person? Could it be that someone planned this from the shadows?"

Even if someone committed a crime, there should have been an interrogation, a plea, and other procedures. Sending someone directly to Azkaban was obviously fishy.

"Azkaban is not a place for humans. I have to save him right away!" Natasha said, pacing back and forth anxiously.

"No one leaves Azkaban. There hasn't been an exception to the rule over the past few decades. It would be challenging to rescue him. Hector wrinkled his eyebrows.

The mastermind behind this must be extremely influential to have been able to send Dustin to Azkaban so easily.

"I have to try no matter what!" Natasha clenched her jaw. She seemed to have decided something and immediately walked out the front door.

"Natasha, where are you going?" Hector shouted.

"I'm going to ask Grandfather for help!"

In the warden's office in Azkaban, a middle-aged man with a potbelly was puffing on a cigar while reading the newspaper. He propped both his legs up on the desk. He seemed leisurely and carefree.

This man was none other than the warden of Azkaban-Caius Roswell!

"Knock, knock..."

A prison officer knocked on the door before entering. He said, "Mr. Roswell, Lord Xenos' adjutant, is here. He says he wants to see you."

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"George's adjutant? What is he doing here?" Caius was taken by surprise.

"I don't know," the prison guard said, lowering his head.

"Alright, let him in," Caius said, gesturing.

"Yes," the prison guard answered before leaving quickly. After a moment, he brought a man in a gray shirt in

"Hello, Mr. Roswell," the man in the gray shirt greeted politely as soon as he entered.

He knew the man before him wasn't just an ordinary warden; he was extremely powerful and had a wide network. Even his viceroy listened to him.

"What's the matter?" Caius crossed his legs.

"On order of Lord Xenos, I'd like to ask you to release a person."

The man in the gray shirt bowed his head.

"Release a person? Who?" Caius asked.

A young man named Dustin Rhys," the man replied without beating around the bush.

"Dustin Rhys?" Caius narrowed his eyes.

"Sorry, but I can't give him to you. No one walks out of Azkaban. This is a rule!"

"Mr. Roswell, I hope you can make an exception. After the deal is done, Lord Xenos will reward you handsomely." The man smiled apologetically.

"Rules are rules. It's not that I don't want to, but I can't disregard the rules of Azkaban. Go back and tell Lord Xenos that I'm sorry I can't help," Caius said indifferently.

"Mr. Roswell, rules are inflexible, but people aren't..."

Before the man in gray could finish speaking, Caius interrupted him, "What, you're asking me to break the rules knowingly? If this reached Oakvale, would you take accountability?"

"Well..." The man was at a loss for words.

Within the borders of Millsburg, the viceroy indeed held the highest authority. However, Akzaban was governed by the Ministry of Penalties in Oakvale. Even the viceroy had no power. Not to mention, there was no need to challenge the Ministry of Penalties for an outsider brazenly.

At that moment, a prison officer suddenly ran in. He said urgently, "Sir, it's bad! Outsiders have broken in!"

"Broken in?" Caius' face darkened. "Who is brave enough to do a jailbreak here?!"

"It's a very powerful woman. Our men outside can't hold her off!" the prison guard-replied.

"How useless! A gang of men can't even defeat a woman. Send the eight aces out there!" Caius roared.

"Yes!" With that, the prison officer ran off.

Less than three minutes later, a series of bangs were heard. A few holes suddenly appeared in the office ceiling. At the same time, a few figures suddenly dropped in from above, crashing heavily on the floor.

Instantly, the desks and chairs broke into pieces. Dust and debris flew everywhere.

"What?" Caius stared intently at the figures that landed in front of him.

To his surprise, they were the eight aces from Azkaban!

He tipped his head back and yelled, "Who is it?! Who dares wreak

havoc on my territory?!"

Instantly, the terrifying aura of a Grandmaster radiated from his body.

Suddenly, a great gust howled, causing sand and pebbles to fly everywhere. The entire office began to shake.

"It's me!" a woman's crisp voice declared. A red silhouette fell from above and landed in front of Caius.

Two craters formed where her feet touched the floor.

"How dare you! I bet you're-"

Just as Caius was about to lose his temper, he was slapped in the face before he could even react.

Caius soared through the air like a cannon had launched his entire body. He crashed into the wall, leaving behind a human-shaped indent.

The prison officer and the man in the gray shirt gaped, speechless at what they'd seen.

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"Well..." The man in the gray shirt and the prison officer were stunned by the sight of Caius plastered to the wall.

Never in a million dreams would they imagine that the almighty warden-a Grandmaster martial artist-would be sent flying with just a slap.

Not to mention, he was even stuck on the wall. He couldn't even

get on.

This was simply too shocking!

They turned their heads. The first thing that they saw was a beautiful woman.

She had silver hair and wore a red tracksuit. On her back, her three-foot viridescent sword was trembling slightly.

She looked bold and majestic, like a Goddess of War! Especially those cold and arrogant eyes that seemed to look down on everyone. They didn't dare look right into her gaze.

"How dare you hit me? Do you not know who I am?!" When Caius returned to his senses, he was furious from the humiliation he had suffered.

He had never been hit like that before, much less by a woman.

"Release Dustin," Scarlet spat coldly.

"You think I'll release him just because you said so? Who do you think you are? Let me tell you-

Scarlet didn't wait for Caius to finish speaking. She waved her hand and threw out a badge. With a "clang", it stuck to the wall.

"What?" When Caius turned to look, his expression instantly changed.

To his shock, that golden emblem was actually the Dark Panther Cavalry commander badge!

Wasn't the commander of the Dark Panther Cavalry none other than the famed Scarlet Warrior?!

No wonder she was so strong! It turned out the woman before him was one of the twin stars of the Spanner family, the unparalleled Goddess of War-Scarlet Spanner!

"My Lady, what are you doing here?" Caius forced an ugly smile and gulped.

"Release him," Scarlet was straight to the point.

"My Lady, this... this is against the rules!" Caius said, grimaced. The sharp blade of the three-foot viridescent sword was pressed to Caius' throat.

"Say that again?" Scarlet said coolly.

Caius swallowed. In the end, he choked back his words.

Scarlet had always been resolute and decisive. She never showed mercy.

Despite Caius' power and status, even if she killed him, she would merely get a slap on the wrist from the royal family.

It wouldn't hurt her much.

"My Lady, I can release him. But can I at least know why?" Caius asked. He had to settle for the next best option.

"Because you've captured Logan Rhys, the most important person to me," Scarlet responded icily.

"Logan Ryhs?" Caius' eyes widened. He was on the brink of tears.

"There's no way. Is he that guy from the Rhys family?"

"Who else could it be?" Scarlet deadpanned.

It was a simple response, but Caius felt like he had been struck by lightning. He almost crumpled to the floor.

F**k! He was in deep sh it!

The two demons of Dragonmarsh to never cross were both here...

Meanwhile, Dustin was leaning against the wall in the underground prison. He closed his eyes and tried to get some rest alone.

In the cell, Cornelius and the others paced back and forth anxiously.

The prison officers and correctional officer laid unconscious outside.

Despite this, they were getting more and more nervous.

It was almost time for the changing of guards. The people who

were beaten unconscious were about to be discovered. When that happened, there was going to be a disaster. "Mr. Adler, we can't just keep waiting. Why don't we try to break out of here?"

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The bald, muscular man had spoken out after a long moment of contemplation.

Cornelius retorted impatiently, "Don't be foolish! There are formidable barriers and numerous expert fighters out there. We won't stand a chance of escaping!"

When he was still powerful, he knew there wasn't any possibility of them succeeding. Now that he was weakened, he knew it was just a far-fetched dream.

"Mr. Adler, we'll die anyway. Why not try our best to escape?" The bald, muscular man gritted his teeth and said, "I've thought about it. If we manage to take the correctional officer hostage, there might be hope for us to survive."

"That's right! We might stand a chance of escaping if we have a hostage." Everyone else nodded in agreement.

Of course, it was impossible if it were just a regular prison officer. But the correctional officer was the warden's brother-in-law. He would be their most powerful bargaining chip since he was important.

"No one has ever managed to escape from Azkaban, and the consequences for those who fail are something all of you should

be well aware of. It better you abandon the idea." Cornelius shook his head.

"Then what should we do? Are we just going to sit here and wait for our deaths?" the bald, muscular man said with a mournful expression.

"We still might be able to reverse the situation, but I'm worried about this young man. I don't know if he'll be able to survive." Cornelius looked at Dustin, leaning against the wall, and felt sorry for him.

"How can this madman remain so calm when he created chaos as soon as he came in? I guess he hasn't realized the gravity of the situation." The bald, muscular man sighed and threw a dagger at Dustin, which landed by his feet.

"Hey, man, I truly admire your courage. Consider this knife a gift from me."

"Thanks, but I don't need it." Dustin shook his head in response.

"Don't worry. You'll be needing it soon." With a serious expression, he continued, "Trust me, once you realize that you can't make it through, end your life with the knife. It'll save you from more suffering."

Dustin was speechless. He thought the man had given him a weapon for self-defense. But as it turned out, it was to kill himself. How sweet of him.

"Someone's coming!" Suddenly, a startled cry broke the silence. When they looked up, they noticed a group of men rushing toward them from the end of the corridor. To their surprise, the one leading the group was none other than the warden himself-

Caius Rosewell!

"S hit, the warden came personally. This is serious!" Cornelius' expression turned to one of worry.

The rest of the group were similarly flustered and panicked. Azkaban's warden was a prominent figure to them, and he controlled their fate.

"Hahahaha..." After seeing Caius, the well-dressed, portly guy suddenly sprung up, laughing devilishly.

"Brat, you're dead meat! My brother-in-law is here. Not even the Emperor can save you now!"

"What the heck? This guy has been pretending to be unconscious all this time?" Everyone was shocked

"You bunch of bastards, I'll report all of you for planning to escape!" With a cold smile, the well-dressed, portly man ran up to Caius and cried out, "Caius, these bastards have acted out of line and even beat me up. You must stand up for me!"

"Oh, crap, we're done for!" Everyone broke out in cold sweat, and their faces grew pale as they took in the scene before them.

"Quick! Everyone bow down and apologize to the warden!"

Cornelius yelled as he bowed. "Hurry!"

Everyone bowed in a neat row without hesitation, looking fearful. They had no other choice but to beg for mercy.

"Young man, what are you doing? Bow down!" Cornelius' eyes darted frantically as he tried to signal Dustin.

"That's right, surviving is all that matters now! If you admit your mistakes, you might still have a chance at living!"

"Stop trying to be brave! The warden controls our lives and holds absolute power here. If you don't bow, you'll be signing your death warrant!"

"Come on, bow down!"

Everyone began to persuade Dustin, trying to make a last-ditch attempt to save him.

"Caius, they beat me up. You-" The well-dressed, portly man had huffed and puffed as he rushed forward.

"Get lost!" But before he could complain, Caius kicked him to the ground and rushed up to Dustin. Amidst the prisoners' shocked, bewildered, and fearful gazes, Caius bowed and greeted Dustin in a loud and respectful tone, "Your Grace, it's an honor to meet you. I'm Caius Roswell, Azkaban's warden."