

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori

Chapter 792

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After one minute, the metal doors of the pressure machine opened, and Dustin walked out calmly.

He seemed so relaxed no one could have guessed that he had withstood such high pressure.

"Sir, I get to advance to the next level, right?" Dustin asked.

"O-of course!" Getting over his shock, the staff nodded frantically.

He couldn't believe that Dustin could withstand level-100 pressure for a minute. Was Dustin made of darksteel? This was unbelievable!

"Damn, he's a monster." Georgia was in awe as well.

Dustin excelled in all four tests-strength, speed, internal energy, and defense. It was like he was perfect.

Usually, people would struggle to pass even a single test. Yet, Dustin managed to pass them with flying colors.

Was he a monster?

"I knew Dustin was strong." A rare smile appeared on Scarlet's face, who was proud of Dustin's achievements.

"I

guess Terry Doyle lost for a reason," Patrick mumbled. He had known that Dustin was strong, but he never expected Dustin to be so terrifyingly perfect!

Fortunately, they were currently on the same team.

"I've finished my turn. You're up next. Go ahead." Dustin looked at the Boulderthorn members and gestured toward the pressure machine.

"But..." His opponents shared unsure glances, at a loss for words.

There was no way they'd withstand level-100 pressure. They might even be squashed into a pancake!

"Dominic, w-why don't you try it?" Gianna asked

Dominic stiffened as he stopped himself from swearing. What on earth was Gianna saying? What's the use of him competing when Dustin pulled the lever to the max?

With Dominic's current level, no matter how hard he tried, he'd only be able to handle up to level 10.

There was no way they'd withstand level-100 pressure. The pressure would squash them into a pancake!

"Is no one going to compete? I guess that means I won?" Dustin held out his hands.

"I thought Boulderthorn disciples were incredible, but I guess I was wrong."

The others bit their tongue with dark faces, unable to deny their loss with the proof in front of them. They were utterly humiliated after losing four times in a row.

"Dustin, there's a physical combat test left." Patrick reminded.

"Alright, then. Let's get it done with." Dustin nodded and led everyone to where the fifth test was being held.

The final test was physical combat. Contestants had to pass the previous four tests to reach the fifth test.

The rules of the fifth test were simple. Each contestant needed to have hand-to-hand combat with two powerful invigilators. Then, the invigilators would rate the contestant based on their performance.

"I'm here for the test, please," Dustin walked up to the battle ring and polite

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"Um..." The invigilators shared a look and shook their heads.

"You can advance to the next level without taking the test."

"I can?" Dustin was surprised.

"We saw your earlier performance. Honestly, we're no match for you. You can just continue to the next level." One of the invigilators grimaced.

"You have potential. I'm sure you'll become a dark horse in the Knighthood Society Tournament." The other invigilator praised Dustin.

Dustin had broken the records for the first four tests. They were ashamed to admit they were far weaker than him.

"Thank you for going easy on me," Dustin thanked them with a smile and walked off the platform.

It was good that the invigilators avoided confronting him, or they'd have been beaten into a pulp by now.

"What the hell? It's unfair that he can advance to the next level without taking the test!"

"What else can they do? He's so strong even the invigilators are afraid of him."

"If it were me, I wouldn't fight him either. There's no way I can take a punch that's over 100 thousand pounds."

"He isn't just strong. His speed, defense, and internal energy are impeccable. We should respect how powerful he is."

The martial artists present gossiped about Dustin, their eyes filled with respect. After all, the martial world always respected the strong. A person's background didn't matter as long as they were powerful enough.

"The test is over. Let's go eat." Dustin ruffled Scarlet's hair and led the others out. He did not spare those from Boulderthorn a glance.

"Fuck! That bastard ruined our reputation!" Davon snarled.

"I wish Jared was here. He'd beat that brat up easily!" Gianna humphed.

Because of Jared's reputation, he proceeded to the final test without going through the first five tests. That was why he wasn't there with them. There was no way Dustin would be talking to them so arrogantly otherwise.

"I'm not happy with you, Dominic. Why didn't you give it a go earlier?" Desmond suddenly snapped.

"What?" Dominic was taken aback.

"Are you joking? That guy pushed the lever to 100! Why would I go in?"

"Yeah, right. A 100-level pressure? Well, you were all tricked!" Desmond overconfidently explained, "If my guess is right, he must have done something to the machine. I'm sure the machine didn't even put any force on him. He must have lied!"

"That can't be." Devon was skeptical.

"Think about it. Which sane person would put the pressure to the max? They'd explode if anything went wrong.

"Besides, didn't you guys realize that he didn't even break a sweat during the test? How is that possible?" Desmond continued.

"You're right! It's suspicious how unfazed he was!" Gianna was convinced.

"You're right. He must have cheated!" Devon nodded.

They still couldn't accept how strong Dustin was.

"No one is perfect. Everyone has a weakness, but that guy was too perfect, making him seem more suspicious," Desmond said confidently.

“Dominic, if you don’t believe me, you can give it a go. We’ll know the truth then.”

“Alright! Let’s see what tricks that guy used.” Dominic paused before gritting his teeth and entering the pressure machine.

Obviously, he planned to try bit-by-bit instead of pushing the lever to the max in one shot.

“Huh?” Dominic paled when he realized that Dustin hadn’t returned the lever to its original position after the test. It was still pointing at 100.

“Fuck!”

Terrified, Dominic reached for the lever. But before he could touch it, the metal door slammed close. Instantly, immense pressure pressed down on him.

“You asshole! You fucking lied-” Dominic snarled at Desmond.

But before Dominic could finish his sentence, there was a bang as he exploded, turning into a bloody mist.

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Dustin and the others left the martial arts alliance branch after the test. Scarlet suddenly received a call that darkened her face on their

way back.

“Got it. I’ll return as soon as possible.” Scarlet hung up after the brief conversation.

“What’s wrong, kid?” Dustin was curious.

“The call was from Oakvale. Someone accused me of gathering troops and planning a rebellion. They are demanding an explanation,” Scarlet replied calmly.

“A rebellion? What a load of crap!” Georgia was pissed.

“Madam, you suffered so much to protect our country at the borders while those trash at Oakvale did nothing. How dare they accuse you!”

"Those little shits! They deserve to die!" Even the usually quiet Bridget couldn't help cursing.

Being accused of rebelling was a major crime. Even if they were innocent, others would still make assumptions.

"Given your status, many eyes will be on you, and everything you do will be watched. Others will distort and exaggerate the truth if you make sudden moves." Dustin shook his head.

He knew something like this would happen sooner or later. After all, great power came with great drawbacks.

As Dragonmarsh's Goddess of War, Scarlet commanded an army of over 300 thousand men. She was a queen without a crown. It was unavoidable for someone with such military authority and an influential background to incur others' envy.

"I have to head back first, Logan. I need to eliminate some flies, or things will worsen," Scarlet told Dustin.

"Sure." Dustin nodded.

A slight misstep now could quickly escalate the issue.

They arrived at Flame Dragon Dojo ten minutes later.

Scarlet sadly watched Dustin leave the car and said, "Give me a few days, and I'll be back."

"Got it." Dustin smiled. He waved and watched them leave.

With the Spanner family's current influence, he was sure Scarlet could quickly take care of any issue.

"Hey!" Someone suddenly patted Dustin on the shoulder, so he turned around.

It turned out that Abigail and Nelson had stood behind him some time ago.

"Who's that chick? I've never seen her before. Don't tell me she's your new girl?" Abigail teased with a grin.

"Stop spouting nonsense. That's my sister." Dustin shot her a glare.

"Are you serious?" Abigail gave him a doubtful look.

"You seem to have a lot of spare time on your hands. How's your staff combat technique coming along?" Dustin asked.

"I've already reached the third level!" Abigail announced proudly.

"The third level? Pfft! That's barely anything. You should spend more time practicing. Keep practicing another 1000 times," Dustin instructed.

"What?" Abigail's smile froze.

1000 times? There's no way she'd finish before sundown.

Ugh, why did she have to have such a horrible mentor?

"Nelson, how's the group from Azkaban holding up?" Dustin turned his attention to Nelson.

"As you instructed, I've provided them with food, shelter, and money. But they refuse to leave and insist on joining the Kirin Gang to help you," Nelson replied.

Those from Azkaban were talented fighters who were hard to come by, especially Cornelius.

There was much more to the older man than meets the eye, and he could easily take on the strongest fighters in Kirin Gang.

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"We're short on talented individuals, so let them stay if they want to. Establish a subsidiary guild named Darklaws and let Mr. Adler be the leader." Dustin decided.

"Got it." Nelson nodded.

“Oh, right. It isn’t good that our guild is expanding so quickly. We need to slow things down and cut down on the recruitment. We need to move our headquarters to accommodate our growing numbers. I’ll leave this to you,” Dustin instructed.

“I’ve already considered the issue about our headquarters and picked out a location, but I’m not sure if it’s to your liking,” Nelson replied.

“Really? Where did you pick?” Dustin raised an eyebrow.

“It’s called Zephyr Lodge. It’s located on the city’s outskirts.”

Seeing Dustin’s confusion, Nelson elaborated. “It used to be the estate of a count, so it’s spacious and has good scenery. Transportation there is smooth as well. I searched high and low. This place seemed like the best option.”

“Not bad. You must have put in a lot of thought for this. Well, let’s go with your idea. Kirin Gang’s new headquarters will be there.” Dustin decided.

“Thank you, Sir!” Nelson was overjoyed.

He didn’t expect Dustin to agree to his idea so readily. He couldn’t help feeling touched by how much Dustin trusted him.

“While we’re on the topic of managing the gang, I just thought of the friend I recently made who’s clever and talented. She should be able to help you,” Abigail suddenly said.

“Really? Who?” Dustin was curious.

“She happens to be the sparring partner here. Follow me!” Abigail pulled Dustin into the dojo.

Several of Flame Dragon Gang’s skilled fighters surrounded a gorgeous woman in the battle ring.

The woman wore skin-tight clothes that showed off her curves and perfect legs, tempting the men. Still, despite her looks, she could take on all the men easily.

Using her legs like whips, she swept anyone who approached her off their feet so none of the men could get close to her.

“Damn it! They’re useless!” Nelson swore under his breath, his expression uncomfortable. He was embarrassed to show Dustin a bunch of men being beaten up by a woman.

There were thuds as all the Flame Dragon Gang disciples fell, allowing the woman to win.

“What do you think? She’s awesome, isn’t she?” Abigail asked proudly.

Dustin didn’t reply. His eyes were glued to the woman on the platform. He looked like he didn’t trust her.

“Hey, come here for a second. Let me introduce you to someone.” Abigail waved the lady over.

“Okay.” With a small smile, the lady brushed off the sweat on her forehead and walked off the battle ring.

“Let me introduce you to—

Dustin cut Abigail off. “No need for introductions. I know her.”

“You do?” Abigail was surprised.

“Are you trying to flirt with me?” The woman smiled.

“Quit acting. You might have changed your looks, but your scent didn’t change. Aren’t I right, Azalea Larson?”