

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 241 -

Chapter 241

“What the f*ck? Has the battle ended?”

The audience in the guild stared at Chunkster, who was lying flat on the ground lifelessly. They looked at each other in disbelief. At first, they thought that Dustin would never win, but the battle ended with a huge twist. More importantly, Dustin had only made one move throughout the battle, which was terrifying, to say the least.

“Fuck! That dude won? What happened?” Otto’s **eyes** widened, and he looked incredulous. Dustin Rhys beat Chunkster, who had defeated Mr. Chapman. Would that mean Dustin was more powerful than Mr. Chapman?

“I—impossible! That guy must have pulled some tricks. Why else could he win without breaking a **sweat**?” Julie vehemently shook her head, refusing to accept the outcome.

“What happened just now? Why did Chunkster collapse after the touch?” Brody was confounded. Chunkster’s defense should have been impenetrable for most, except for Maximus and the King of Kicks. What trick did

Dustin pull to win?

“He’s quite something. He **found** Chunkster’s weakness in no time.” **Maximus** narrowed his eyes and appeared

quite taken aback. The others might be oblivious to the strategy behind the move, but Maximus knew that Dustin had found Chunkster’s weakness and focused his attack **on** it, which resulted in the surprise victory.

“No wonder he was so confident. He came prepared.” The hawk-nosed old man scoffed. He would have acknowledged Dustin’s talent if the latter had taken down the opponent with his skills, but the trick that Dustin pulled was cowardly.

“Hahaha! He won! Dustin, you’re awesome!” After overcoming the shock, Ruth jumped up and down with joy.

“What’s so great about it? He had to thank Mr. Wangley and Mr. Chapman for exhausting Chunkster. He wouldn’t have taken advantage of Chunkster otherwise.” Quentin was a little jealous about Dustin’s win. In his opinion, Dustin merely beat the opponent due to luck.

“Mr. Wangley, Mr. Rhys was right. Chunkster’s weakness is on the top of his head.” Stephan, who was being treated for his injury, shot a glance at Mr. Wangley, who seemed embarrassed and quiet.

The unexpected victory set the crowd ablaze. Most were confused and doubtful about Dustin’s move, but he proved that the Harmons still had a chance to fight and win.

“Is that all the Boulderthorn disciples **have** to show?” Dustin stood boastfully in the ring with a disdainful

smile on his lips.

“That insolent bastard!”

“How dare you?”

“This is too much!”

Upon hearing the **insult**, the Boulderthorn **gang** stood up in rage. Anyone who looked down on their guild would be playing with fire!

“You punk! You’d better tone down **your** ego!” Brody angrily slapped the table and shot up,

1/3

Chapter 241

“Quit the nonsense. If you can, take me on.” Dustin **was** as calm as ever as he looked down upon those

beneath him.

Right then, the hawk-nosed elder suddenly cackled menacingly. “Kid, did you really think you could show off a couple of amateur moves over here?”

“If you do not believe me, come try it out for yourself.” Dustin wiggled his fingers at the old man provocatively.

“Great! If death is what you’re after, I shall grant your wish.” The old man finally lost it and walked up to the ring. At the sight, everyone at the scene cheered enthusiastically.

“Great! The King of Kicks finally joins the battle!”

“How dare that dude challenge the King of Kicks? He doesn’t know his limits.”

“Either way,

he’s going to lose. At least he’d lose with glory if he is defeated by the King of Kicks.”

“Hmph! The King of Kicks is known to be violent. He wouldn’t go easy on that kid.”

The crowd was murmuring about the scene in the ring.

Otto snickered. “Well, at least the punk will die an honorable death in the hands of the King of Kicks!”

“He’s too reckless! Did he think he could call the shots after his one lucky victory? Facing off **the** King of Kicks is the same as staring at death!” Julie couldn’t resist the touch of schadenfreude. But she admitted that Dustin had given her many surprises. At the end of the day, she believed that he wouldn’t escape his fate of being butchered.

“That old fart is utterly despicable! When he was repping the Harmons, he immediately ceded the fight. Now, he’s fighting against us. He’s the ultimate definition of shameless!” Ruth was irritated. Just when there was a sliver of hope for the Harmons, the King of Kicks showed up to give them a blow. It was disgusting.

“There’s no point talking about that. Let’s think about what we’re going to do after the loss.” Quentin shook his head. He obviously decided that Dustin would be defeated.

“Hey, little punk! I’ll give you **a** chance to live. If you bow to me here, I’ll spare your life!” the King of Kicks announced evilly in the ring.

“Bow to you? Are you asking me to bow to a filthy animal? You don’t deserve that.” Dustin chortled.

“You’re a brave one. I bet you’ll only regret it when you’re staring at death!” Looking offended, the old man took one step after another toward Dustin with an imposing air.

An average martial artist would have cowered under the pressure, but Dustin stood firmly on the ground. unaffected.

“To avoid accusations of bullying the young, I **shall** only make three moves on you. If you successfully block all the attacks, I’ll consider you victorious,” the old man said coldly.

“Bring it on.” Dustin gestured at him.

“The first kick is **to** destroy your **core!**” After snorting, the old man suddenly launched the first kick. He propelled himself like an arrow projecting from the bow. He was moving at an unbelievably high speed that the crowd could not make out his figure.

Chanter 241

When the old man was near enough, he quickly gave Dustin a kick in the abdomen. The strength of the kick was comparable to the destructiveness of a bullet. It was so powerful that it could make a hole in a metal board, not to mention destroying a human.

Seeing that, Dustin merely smiled and **swayed** aside, narrowly avoiding the attack.

“Hmm?” When the kick didn’t **land**, the old man looked quite perplexed. He had applied only half of his full strength in the first kick, which made it impossible to dodge. “He is something No wonder he’s so bold.” The old man scrunched his eyes and scoffed. “But that’s the end of it!”

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With that, he moved across the ring again, launching his second kick with 80 % of his full strength, aiming at Dustin's head this time. He was confident that Dustin would be annihilated after being struck.

A figure flashed across the ring quickly. Like an apparition, **Dustin** twisted his body and narrowly escaped the second kick.

"Why? Are you starving? Why are you moving so slowly?" Dustin jeered **at** him as though **he** was staring at a clown. His disdainful gaze had completely infuriated the old man.

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 242 -

Chapter 242

"You're asking for death!" Incensed, the King of Kicks finally decided to give it his all. He leaped into the air and served multiple flying kicks as he landed in Dustin's direction. This time, he did not only attack Dustin point-to-point—he was undiscerning in his moves, offering no escape for his opponent.

"You punk! Let's see how you're going to dodge this!" He laughed maniacally as the number of kicks increased and covered a wider scope. Dustin, who was targeted, stood there without fear.

"It's clear who's the winner here." Maximus shook his head and stood up to leave. He was initially surprised by Dustin's agility, but even that was no match for the King of Kicks. No level of agility could save the young man from the indiscriminate attacks by the King of Kicks. In the face of actual talent, Dustin's tricks would be

of no use.

All of a sudden, they heard a deafening explosion from the ring. The kicking legs in the air were nowhere to be seen. Instead, The King of Kicks stopped his leg right by Dustin's ear, but it wasn't an attempt to show mercy to Dustin. Unfortunately, his shin was locked in Dustin's grip, immobilizing him.

"Did I ever say I'd dodge your attacks?" Dustin grinned as he grabbed the leg of the King of Kicks.

“Did he block the kick?” Maximus, who was ready to leave, stood still, looking astonished. Not even he would think of blocking a full-strength attack from the King of Kicks, but Dustin seemed to have grabbed the opponent’s leg with much ease. Maximus wondered what had happened. Was the King of Kicks conserving his energy on purpose, or did he underestimate Dustin’s capability?

“How is that possible? How did you block that move?” The old man widened his eyes in utter disbelief, knowing he had not held back on the attack. Even though the kick wasn’t his most fatal move, it **was** more than enough to fight against most martial artists in the field. Therefore, he was shocked to see Dustin holding his powerful leg with one hand. It was too eerie a scene to make sense of.

“Is there even anything great about that kick of yours? It’s so weak that even a three-year-old could block it,” Dustin remarked, looking unbothered.

“Nonsense!” The old man was a ball of rage **as** he leaped into the air and struck again with an earth-shattering force.

“Hey! You used up your three moves! You lost!” Ruth yelled at the old man, but he ignored her reminder and capitalized on the force of gravity to strike Dustin on the head. This time, he was confident that Dustin wouldn’t be able to fend it off.

“You never learn, do you?” Dustin snorted and lifted his arm to block the kick without as much as moving aside. The collision between the leg and arm resulted in an explosive sound. An invisible blast wave spread across the space from the core of the collision while strong gusts of winds roared. Dustin stood on the ground without moving an inch. He looked **poised** and unhurt, but multiple cracks had formed underneath his feet.

On the other hand, the old man had **placed** one **leg** on Dustin’s arm as he mustered up all his energy in an attempt to press his opponent onto the **ground**. No matter **how** much force he exerted, Dustin’s arm remained motionless, like it was made of metal.

“Is that all?” Dustin raised a **brow**, looking disdainful. “Is that all the King of Kicks have to show?”

“No! This can’t be! How could you possibly block that attack? You aren’t even ranked on The Hundred Immortals!” The old man had shock written all across his face. He was sure **that** Dustin wasn’t ranked because he had fought the top ten in the ranking.

“The Hundred Immortals?” Dustin chuckled and whispered, “Let me tell you a secret: I made it to The Heavenly Immortals ten years ago.”

“The Heavenly Immortals?” The old man was stunned by the revelation. The Heavenly Immortals were levels above The Hundred Immortals, and those ranked on that list were the creme de la creme. It sounded impossible that a twenty-

something like Dustin managed to make it to that list. One must know that the martial artists who made it to The Heavenly Immortals were the ones who achieved divinity, at the very least!

“No! Impossible! You must be bluffing!” The old man refused to believe Dustin’s words. It was rare to run into martial artists ranked on The Heavenly Immortals, and a ranked martial artist wouldn’t have lived in a small town like Swinton, to begin with.

“Look out for my Phoenix Kick!” The old man put a distance between them, followed by kicking himself off the ground and launching himself into the **air**. Through consecutive kicks that morphed into **shadows**, he initiated a crazed attack on Dustin.

“All show and no go!” Dustin scoffed at the move and sent a punch into the sole of the old man’s foot. Following another explosive sound, the old man was sent flying across the air like a soccer ball. With another thud, he collapsed underneath the ring, bleeding from the orifices on his face and suffering from fractures **in** his legs.

The crowd went dead silent at the sight of the lifeless King of Kicks on the ground. People were gaping with alarmed looks. They could not believe that the King of Kicks, from the top ten of The Hundred Immortals, had lost a battle in record time and without warning. Some of the spectators had not even recovered from the blow.

More importantly, Dustin seemed to have attacked only once throughout the fight, apart from all the defensive

moves and the dodging. That **was** the scariest observation of the night. Had the crowd not witnessed it with

their own eyes, they would have scoffed at the idea of the King of Kicks losing to an obscure **young** man.

“Has the King of Kicks

lost?” Brody’s mind went blank. He could not comprehend the situation and even went as far as to suspect the King of Kicks of staging the loss.

“My lord! Where **did** that guy come from?” Otto swallowed hard as his disrespect for Dustin was replaced by

shock and fear, Dustin defeating the King of Kicks was a testament to his capability. At the thought of his previous provocations toward Dustin, Otto suddenly felt a prick of fear. Thankfully, Dustin **did** not take the remarks too seriously. Else, Otto might **have ended** up as **dead** meat.

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possible!” He’s just a good-for-nothing! Since when has he become a master? Julie was both dumbstruck and doubtful. She refused to believe that Dustin **was** capable of such powerful moves. The only

possible explanation was that the two men in the ring were putting on a show. The King of Kicks must **have been** bribed by Dustin and played out his part as the **loser**. Right! That must be it!

“Haha! He won! We won!” Ruth squealed in excitement and showed off to the others, “See **that**? That’s my brother-in-law in the ring! Isn’t he amazing?”

“Wait, he won? How did he do it? Quentin stared on, eyes widened into saucers.

2/3

“Never have I thought that he was a hidden talent. Since he’s beaten the King of Kicks, I believe he is capable of being ranked within the top eight in The Hu

ndred Immortals, Jessica mused. She admitted that she had missed the unpolished gem. Dustin Rhys was more remarkable than she had assumed.

“He’s my man! So impressive!” Natasha’s lips curled into a dazzling smile. Her lovely eyes were filled with

affection. Curiosity grew in her—she started wondering about Dustin’s real identity.

Chapter 243

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 243 -

Chapter 243

In the ring. Dustin stood tall with hands behind his back, exuding an imposing and majestic air. He no longer hid his talents and shone from the full display of his powers. No one dared to meet **his** eyes. The fact that he had defeated the King of Kicks with one move made everyone look at him with awe.

“Surprising! The Harmons have an ace under their wings.” Maximus narrowed his eyes, putting on a serious face. Dustin had won his respect through the display of strength. Not even Maximus could easily beat the King of Kicks with bare hands.

“Weakling!” Dustin dusted and straightened his sleeve. Then, he coolly announced, “**Next?**”

The Boulderthorn disciples exchanged furtive glances. They knew they weren’t Dustin’s match, especially after

he had defeated the King of Kicks.

“Max, what do we do? That punk is wild!” Feeling aggrieved, Brody clenched his jaws.

“Looks **like** I’ll have to go.” Maximus stood up slowly, his eyes **shining** with excitement. He had shown up to the battle **as** the ace and wasn’t originally planning to fight. In his eyes, the battle was child’s play and offered no challenge. However, Dustin’s presence shocked him and introduced some excitement. Maximus was not in the martial

arts practice for fame or wealth: he was in search of excellence in swordsmanship. Every time he

crossed paths with an ace, he would be combative.

“Max, he’s quite strong. Are you confident in beating him?” Brody questioned cautiously.

“I am not his match if we fight bare-handed, but I have full confidence if I fight him with a sword,” Maximus

remarked mildly.

“Great! Max, give it your all! He’s just trouble. We should get rid of him as soon as possible!” Brody sniggered with malice. Maximus **was** one of the rare talents in the art of swordsmanship, ranking sixth on The Hundred Immortals before reaching thirty years of age. He was levels above the King of Kicks and especially invincible when fighting with a sword.

Once, Brody’s father predicted that Maximus would achieve divinity within three years. By that time, Maximus would already make it to The Heavenly Immortals.

“What’s up? Is there no one else from Boulderthorn?” Dustin scanned the space with a sharp glare.

“I’ll go!” Maximus leaped into the air, and when he was close to landing, he tapped the tip of his feet on the shoulder of a spectator before bouncing back up in the air with extreme nimbleness. His movements were fairy-like, making the group of women in the guild squeal in admiration, their eyes sparkling in awe.

“Wow! He’s so cool!”

“A young man who looks **great** in white—he’s my type!”

Not only was Maximus blessed with good looks and gentlemanly, but he also pulled off a spectacular

entrance, giving off the impression of a young knight.

“Who are you?” Dustin scanned him from head to **toe**.

“I’m Maximus Kane, one of Boulderthorn’s disciples. I’m here for the experience.” Maximus bowed at him

1/3

Chapter 243

politely. His self-introduction **caused** a commotion within the guild.

“Maximus Kane? Isn’t he ranked sixth on The Hundred Immortals?”

“That’s right! He’s the famous ‘Lightning Blade’ in Balerno. I had the honor of witnessing him in action!”

“Oh, f*ck! It’s Maximus ‘Lightning Blade’ Kane! I heard that his sword moved as fast as lightning. He’s never lost a battle ever since he gained his fame. This is going to be fun!”

The crowd discussed Maximus with great interest, for Maximus was an ace ranked sixth on The Hundred Immortals, much stronger than the **King** of Kicks, who ranked ninth.

The gap in their rankings was huge, even though they were three places apart. It was hard to climb up in the ranking once a martial artist entered the top ten. The top five names in the ranking barely changed—they practically maintained the same ranking all year round.

“Ah, finally, a normal opponent.” Dustin looked amused and gestured, “Please .”

*Just a minute. Maximus said with seriousness. “I’m good at swordsmanship. Shall we change the battle into an armed fight?”

“Hey! You can’t change the rules **as** you wish! We disagree with that!” Ruth instantly protested unhappily at the suggestion. Any sane person knew that a bare-handed fight was totally different than fighting with weapons. An average man armed with a weapon could beat a group of opponents, not to mention that the person in question was Maximus “Lightning Blade” Kane.

“Why? Are you afraid that he’d lose to Max?” Brody jeered at her. “If you’re scared, just admit defeat right now! Stop wasting our time!”

“We’re not! You guys are the ones who break the martial arts code! Ruth argued the facts.

“Nonsense! We never banned weapons from battles. Why don’t you get Rhys to use a weapon too?” Brody laughed frostily.

“You-” Ruth choked in anger.

“Sure! Use a weapon if you’d like. It doesn’t make a difference.” Dustin **was** unconcerned and agreed to the change without fuss. A frustrated Ruth felt that his remarks went against all her effort to fight in his interest.

“Many thanks.” Maximus bowed again and drew his sword out of the sheath from the back. He even introduced it. “My sword is three feet and six inches **long**. It is made from deep iron and has been my companion for five years. It is so solid that it penetrates almost everything!”

“Come at me.” Dustin waved.

“Where’s your weapon?” Maximus raised an eyebrow quizzically.

“My bare hands are my weapons.” Dustin **answered**.

“Are you sure?” Maximus narrowed his **eyes**, thinking that his opponent was capable but overconfident. Dustin would be humiliated if he wanted to block the sword attack with bare hands.

“Of course. I’ll give it to you if you manage to injure me.” Dustin waved at him once more. “Come on!”

“Okay! Be my guest!” Without further ado, Maximus propelled himself forward with the unsheathed sword in

hand. When he got closer to Dustin, he plunged his sword at the opponent, creating glimmers of metallic

reflection and stirring gusts of wind in the quill.

“Great move!”

Most of the martial artists exclaimed in astonishment, Maximus sword moved fast and was unusually sharp. It was hard to tell the sword from its shadows, hence it was hard to defend oneself. Even skillful martial artists at the same level dared not fight bare-handed against the sword. However, Dustin stood in the same **spot** and appeared as though he hadn't noticed the attack.

“That rascal is bold! Why isn't he dodging Maximus **sword** attack?”

“Did he think he's invincible after beating the King of Kicks? He has no idea how powerful Maximus is!”

“Right! There is a huge gap in capability between each member of the top ten of The Hundred Immortals! Looking down on Maximus is the same **as** digging your own grave!”

Amid the murmurs, everyone heard a soft clunking sound as Maximus' sword came to a halt. The sharp blade came to a stop an inch before Dustin's throat, unable to move. When the crowd took a second look, their faces turned white because they realized that Dustin had caught the sword between his two fingers.

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 244 -

3/3

Chapter 244

“Hmm?” Maximus's pupils dilated. He didn't expect Dustin to grab his sword with bare fingers. It appeared that he had underestimated Dustin's sheer talent and confidence. Still, he was unflustered by the strength of his opponent. Quite the opposite—the stronger the opponent, the more excited he felt. He was getting more belligerent as a result.

“Return!” With the wave of a hand, Maximus called his sword back from Dustin’s fingers. The sword came flying back like a serpent.

“Oh?” Dustin was rather surprised by the move. Although he had reined in his capabilities to match his opponent at the earthly level, he acknowledged Maximus’ talent from how Maximus managed to free the weapon from his grip.

“Look out! I’ll show you my Illusory Sword Technique!” Maximus dropped a reminder before waving his sword again. In one move, his sword split into hundreds **and** thousands of different swords. The gleaming blades danced around, weaving a confusing web of swords within ten meters around them. The mind-boggling amount of swords made it hard to discern the actual sword from the illusory ones.

“Wow! It is the Illusory Sword Technique! Looks like Maximus Kane is getting serious!”

“I heard that no one could fight off the Illusory Sword Technique. That punk is going to lose!”

“Kill! Kill! kill him!”

There was an uproar among the audience. Some were shocked, some were concerned, and some were merely adding insult to injury. Soon, Dustin vanished in the midst of the illusory swords in front of their eyes. He and Maximus were nowhere to be seen, leaving only the blinding shine of blades dancing in the ring. The audience **glued** their eyes to the match and struggled to figure out which of them was making the moves. Even so, they couldn’t take their eyes off the climactic fight for fear of missing out on the highlights.

Dustin, the black horse, had garnered all the attention that night by fighting alone against Mr. Williams’ lineup. Earlier, he took down two masters in the top ten of The Hundred Immortals. Even if he lost the fight against Maximus, he still won himself the right to feel proud of his accomplishments.

Three minutes later, the audience heard the clanking of metal as the web of illusory swords suddenly vanished. A figure, who seemed to have taken a bad blow, stumbled speedily toward the edge of the ring.

where he finally managed to steady himself.

Everyone focused on the figure and realized that it was Maximus! As for Dustin, he stood in the middle of the

ring without moving, remaining in the same position as before.

“What happened? Who won?” The audience exchanged glances in confusion. Dustin and Maximus looked

unharmed, but one appeared **poised** while the other looked grim.

“Sir, you are indeed talented, I’ll give you that. I concede defeat.” After a long silence, Maximus finally opened

his mouth.

“He conceded?” The audience gasped. What was going on? The two of them **stood** there uninjured. No one had the upper hand yet, but why did Maximus concede defeat? Could he have been bought off by the Harmons, just like the King of Kicks?

Chapter 244

“Max, what is that nonsense? Us Boulderthorn guild men never concede defeat! Murder that punk!” Brody stood up and bellowed after recovering from the initial shock.

“Shut up!” Maximus scoffed. “You have to admit defeat when you know it. There’s no shame in admitting you’re not **as** good as your opponent!”

The audience might not be able to tell, but he was well aware of the truth.

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 245 -

Chapter 245

Maximus witnessed how Dustin handled the Illusory Sword Technique with ease. Even if he maxed up his powers and executed the complete set of moves in the technique, he still failed to harm a hair on Dustin’s head, not to mention that Dustin had only fended off the attacks with one hand. To Maximus, these were proof that Dustin **was** greatly ahead of him in terms of capability.

“You have indeed mastered the illusory Sword Technique, but unfortunately, there are three flaws. Dustin suggested mildly. He accorded Maximus respect due to the latter’s humbleness. Else, he would have sent him flying out of the ring.

“What are the three flaws?” Maximus furrowed his brow.

“The third move, the ninth move, and the twenty-sixth move.” Dustin deliberately offered a reminder. “The flaws you exhibited in the three moves were extremely subtle. They will go unnoticed in the eyes of an average martial artist, but they will also put you at a huge disadvantage when you are fighting the real masters.”

“Impossible! I have been practicing the technique forever. How could there be fatal flaws?” Maximus was in disbelief.

“Sure, you have spent a lot of time on the practice, but it is also true **that** you exhibit those flaws. If my guess **is** right, your mentor did not teach you everything— he hid part of the three moves from you. Plus, the three moves are extremely crucial and damaging. The mentor must have wanted to put you in harm’s way. Why else

would anyone do that? You’d better look out.” Dustin lowered his voice into a whisper that was only audible to

both of them.

The revelation was a huge blow for Maximus. “That’s **nonsense!** My mentor sees me as his son. He’d never

put me in danger!”

“I’m not going to say more. Believe me or not, it’s all up to you.” Dustin shrugged and sank into silence. The only reason he gave Maximus the advice was because he saw potential in the guy. Whether Maximus trusted his word and whether the man **lived** or died, Dustin would not be affected in any way.

“We lost the battle today. Hence, we shall not bring up the topic of Immortals. Farewell!” Maximus nodded at

Dustin and left the ring in strides.

“He won! The Harmons won again!” Ruth squealed in delight at the sight. Who else would beat Dustin when even Maximus, ranked sixth on The Hundred Immortals, admitted defeat?

“You punk! We shall see! This is not the end!” After shooting a death glare at Dustin, Brody fled the scene with his group of men, looking demotivated. He thought that their plan was perfect, only to be ruined by a formidable opponent out of the blue. Talk about bad luck!

“Otto, have we gotten ourselves into trouble? The young **men** and ladies, who had previously mocked Dustin, trembled at the sight of the victorious man in the ring.

“Fuck! He’s a monster. Let’s leave now!” Otto was covered in a cold sweat and fled the scene immediately. He would be easily crushed by Dustin, Judging from how the man had defeated the King of Kicks and Maximus “Lightning Blade” **Kane**.

1/2

“Young man, congratulations on the win. I am the leader of Humminghill. I wonder if you’d be interested in joining us as a consultant? Our pay and benefits are among the best! Right after Dustin exited the ring, a group of martial artists circled him to poach the talent.

“Humminghill? That’s a really tiny guild. Better not stunt the growth of our handsome dude here. Well, in my opinion, you should join us at the Valley of Joy! We have hot chicks around, and we offer a wealth of resources. I guarantee you’ll be on cloud nine after joining us!”

“Young man, I am the Falcon King of Glenstead and have a good-looking and well-educated granddaughter. If you’re willing. I will offer you her hand in marriage —”

Dustin was speechless by the greedy expressions on their faces. His excellent performance in beating the King of Kicks and Maximus “Lightning Blade” Kane had attracted a high level of attention. He made a mental note to keep a low profile moving **forward**,

“Get out of my way. At that moment, Natasha squeezed her **way** through the crowd with her people. Then, she took Dustin by the arm and publicly declared their relationship, “First of all, I’d like to introduce him as my husband. You’d better give up if you’re trying to matchmake!” Not only that, she kissed Dustin on the cheek as a reward, causing him to turn red in the face. Her action was embarrassing and rather improper in front of the crowd.

“Darling, let’s go!” She ignored the eyes on them and left the guild with Dustin in tow, looking gleeful, proud, and boastful.

The battle, which was full of twists and turns, ended with a victory for the Harmon family. From that moment, a new talent rose in Balerno’s martial arts scene. After beating Maximus, Dustin naturally assumed his opponent’s ranking, and he was subsequently ranked sixth on The Hundred Immortals, which **was** a brilliant feat for a newcomer.