

# An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori

## Chapter 844

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"Hurry up! He's going to catch up to us soon!"

In a black Mercedes-Benz, Gavin urged his driver and kept looking back anxiously.

It hadn't been long since he managed to escape, but he realized he was being followed.

No matter what they tried, the cars tagging him refused to let up. So, he could only order his driver to drive faster.

He knew that if Dustin caught him, his life would be in trouble.

"That f\*cking retard! Why would he even chase me for killing a stupid guy?"

"Just wait till I'm back in Oakvale. I'll order the military to destroy that f\*cking gang of his!" Gavin cursed despite the cold sweat dotting his forehead.

He'd never been so humiliated in his life. To think that a direct descent of the Killian family and a major general of Dragonmarsh was being chased.

The worst part was he had no other option than to run since his personal guards had been killed. Even Spike, his strongest bodyguard, was still hanging on the ceiling.

Now, his only choice was to flee.

If he managed to return to Oakvale, he'd regain his power. If that happened, it didn't matter how strong Dustin was—he'd still be killed.

"Sir, more cars are tagging us. At this rate, we'll never get to Oakvale!" the driver exclaimed worriedly.

From the rearview mirror, it was obvious that more cars were joining the chase and closing in on them.

"Fuck, they're relentless!"

Gavin quickly fished out his phone to ask for help.

Meanwhile, at the Killians' mansion in Oakvale.

"What? You're being chased?"

A middle-aged man holding a phone sprung up from his sofa with a grave expression. This man was the second son of the Killian family and Gavin's father, Charles Killian.

"What's going on? Who would dare to try killing a Killian?" Charles growled.

"He's a brute who's good at fighting. Even Spike was no match for him. He's dead set on killing me. Things are looking bad!" Gavin replied.

"He must be on a f\*cking suicide mission!" Charles was furious. "Hang on, Gavin. I'll send some men to help you!"

"You better hurry up, Dad! I can't hold out much longer," Gavin urged.

"Just keep heading toward Oakvale. I'll arrive with my men in an hour!" Charles hung up and roared.

"Prepare a few helicopters and 36 death warriors! We'll be heading to Balerno!"

"Also, contact Derek Lester and tell him to mobilize his troops and assist my son within 30 minutes! Make it quick!"

On the outskirts of Balerno, dozens of Kirin Gang vehicles were chasing after the black Mercedes-Benz. Both parties kept stepping on the gas.

"Sir, we'll be entering Lester's territory soon. Should we still chase after them?" Cornelius, who was sitting in the passenger seat, turned around and asked.

Unlike Balerno, the Kirin Gang was powerless there.

"Keep going," Dustin ordered coldly.

"Yes, sir!" Cornelius nodded and urged the driver. "Faster! Step on it!"

As the cars accelerated, the climax of the chase began.

"Damn it! Can't you drive faster? They're right on our tail!" Gavin was tense as he kept pressuring the driver, wishing his car could fly.

"Sir, we're running low on fuel, so we can't go any faster," the driver groaned. "What? We're out of gas? Why didn't you say so sooner?"