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Quinton sneered. "With these three forces against him, even the Kirin Gang won't stand a chance.

This guy is as good as dead."

Leah couldn't hide her satisfaction as she boasted, "Well, he deserves it for being arrogant."

Her dislike of Dustin made her enjoy his misfortune.

"He's hopeless now." Livia shook her head, only able to watch from afar as they couldn't get close

to the area.

After regaining his composure, Trent warned, "Punk! Surrender now, or else."

Kate, feeling victorious, added, "Rhys, I'll give you one more chance. Release Dylan immediately, or you'll regret it."

"Dustin Rhys, stop this pointless fight and admit defeat!" Jacob said with a menacing tone

The Harmons were determined not to let Dustin off the hook. They had to kill him to avoid more

trouble, but first, they needed to save Dylan.

With a laugh, Dylan mocked Dustin, The Kirin Gang leader? Even if you can fight, what's the use

now?

“Look! They are all on my side. I might spare **you** if **you** surrender now and kneel before me.”

Unfazed, Dustin replied, “Spare me? Do you think they can save you? I can kill you now, and no

one can stop me!”

Dylan retorted, “Still playing the hero? Can’t **you** see you’re outnumbered?”

At that moment, the Hills family had joined forces, outnumbering the Kirin Gang. The elite members were overpowering the Kirin Gang members outside the perimeter.

However, Dustin showed no fear and calmly replied, “Quantity doesn’t equal quality. These are just a bunch of losers, not worthy opponents.”

“Damn you!”

“Arrogant punk!”

Dustin’s words angered the martial artists, clenching their fists and itching to teach him a lesson.

Being labeled as losers hurt their pride.

“This guy is crazy; he’s not even afraid of them.”

“Just talking big, he’ll crawl back to his mother after being beaten up.”

“He must **have a death** wish!”

The crowd began to murmur again, voicing their disdain for Dustin’s arrogance. Some scoffed and

openly showed their contempt.

“Punk, where did you get your courage? Who do you think you are? A grandmaster martial artist?”

“Don’t make me laugh.” Trent mocked Dustin.

Dustin admitted, “You’re right. I am a grandmaster martial artist.”

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Trent burst out in laughter. “You must be joking, right? You, a grandmaster martial artist? Take a

look at yourself in the mirror!”

“Hmph! If you are a grandmaster martial artist, I’ll eat my shoe,” Dylan scoffed.

“More crazy talk, pretending to be a grandmaster martial artist. What a fool!” the crowd chimed in.

Grandmaster martial artists were rare in Balerno. If there were one, everyone would know. To

claim such a title at such a young age seemed impossible.

Dustin didn’t say a word. But he raised his hand and gently waved it toward the front.

Whoosh!

A crescent-shaped ray flew above the crowd and sliced through a nearby decorative rock

formation.

Boom!