

## An Understated Dominance Chapter 11 - 20

Chapter 11 “Hey, did you not hear me? That guy is a liar! It won’t do you any good if you stay with him!” Chris’s face was etched with concern when Natasha was unfazed by his provocation. He couldn’t bear to watch a beautiful woman like her be ruined at Dustin’s hands. “Damn, you sure are annoying. It’s none of your business who I hang out with!” Natasha snapped, having lost her patience. “You...” Chris was on the verge of a breakdown. Never had he imagined her to be so stubborn. How could she still go back to Dustin knowing that he deceived her? Was that guy so charming? “Mr. Nolan, this kind of person deserves to be deceived. Not only does she not appreciate your kind reminder but also speaks rudely to you. How ungrateful!” Lyra uttered unkindly from the side. “Hmph! So showing kindness is a crime now?” Chris felt unjust, but obviously, he was more jealous. “You two must have known each other for a long time, right?” Dahlia asked abruptly. Judging from Natasha’s behavior, she couldn’t help but suspect that they had long had a secret affair. Otherwise, there wasn’t a reasonable explanation for Chris’ determination. “That’s not important. What matters is that our feelings are mutual.” Natasha smiled. While speaking, she pressed her chest against Dustin’s arm as though swearing sovereignty. At this sight, Dahlia’s gaze became fiercer. Despite knowing that Natasha was deliberately pushing her buttons, she couldn’t suppress her irritation. It felt like someone had snatched away something of hers. “Dustin, I’ve seriously misjudged you. We aren’t officially divorced, yet you’ve already found yourself another woman.” Dahlia tried to calm her emotions. In fact, she had been brooding about their divorce because she felt like she owed Dustin. However, the latter had begun fooling around with women while she was busy thinking of a way to make up to him. At the end of the day, she was the clown. “If that’s what you think of me, I have nothing to say.” Dustin shrugged as he was lazy to explain anything. “Fine. I was thinking that I owed you something, but it looks like we’re even now!” Dahlia’s expression turned indifferent. She felt as if she was looking at a complete stranger. “Great.” Although Dustin’s poker face remained, his heart momentarily twitched for some reason. “Ms. Nicholson...” Just then, Nastsha spoke up with a smile. “The choice you made was rather unwise, but I still have to thank you.” “What for?” Dahlia slowly looked up at her. “Thank you for letting me have Dustin. If not, I wouldn’t have discovered such a treasure by myself.” Natasha was flashing a satirical grin, her words meant to humiliate Dahlia. “Hey! You b\*tch...” Lyra was about to explode when Dahlia raised her hand and cut her off. She looked Natasha in the eyes and replied, “Your so-called treasure is just average in my opinion.” “Average?” Natasha raised her eyebrow. “You’re calling a highly educated martial artist average? Ms. Nicholson, you do have high standards. However, the guy you’re with doesn’t seem to be

any better.” “At least he’s better than Dustin.” Dahlia didn’t back down. “Oh, really? Why don’t we make a bet then?” Natasha dared playfully. “About what?” “Let’s bet which of them will have greater achievements within a month. What do you say?” Hearing this, the three of them were taken aback. They didn’t expect she would suggest something like that. Chris sneered as he looked at Natasha incredulously. “Say, did you hit your head or something? Are you making me compete with this piece of trash? Is he even worthy?” “Exactly! Mr. Nolan is the successor of Nolan Pharmaceuticals with assets worth over a billion dollars under his name. What does Dustin have?” Lyra pursed his lips in disdain. “Are you sure you want to bet on this?” Dahlia felt a little lost. To her, Dustin had nothing other than his good looks. Conversely, Chris was excellent in all aspects, be it his family background or personal capabilities. The two of them were far from being on par with each other. Dustin could never beat Chris even if he were given five years, much less a month. “Of course. It’s only about whether you dare to accept the bet.” Natasha raised her chin obnoxiously. “What are we betting on?” “Whoever loses the bet will have to apologize to the other and admit that she had no standards.” “Sure. The bet is on.” Dahlia nodded. “Good. I hope you don’t regret it!” Natasha chuckled. Both of them possessed equal beauty but contrasting temperaments. At that moment, a rivalry had silently formed between the two. “We shall find out when the time comes.” After casting one last glance at Natasha, Dahlia turned around and entered Mirage without another word. “Pfft, you’re digging your own grave.” Chris and Lyra sneered again before following Dahlia into the building. Not once did they take Dustin seriously. “Mr. Rhys, what do you think? Did I do well?” Natasha asked coquettishly as she tucked her hair behind her ear. Even though her action looked simple, there were many meanings behind it. “You went slightly over the top,” Dustin said helplessly. “If we lose, you’ll lose your reputation.” “Lose? Are you kidding me? Don’t tell me you can’t even beat that loser?” Natasha started to agitate Dustin. “I’m an ordinary man. How am I supposed to compete with a successor of a wealthy family?” Dustin shrugged. “Ordinary? You’re too modest, Mr. Rhys. Your looks alone are out of this world!” As Natasha blinked at him flirtatiously, she appeared like a street thug harassing a lady. Feeling speechless, Dustin pretended not to see it. Nevertheless, he had to admit that her performance was impeccable. It saved his pride. After all, very few women could steal Dahlia’s limelight, and Natasha was undoubtedly one of them.

Chapter 12 After entering Mirage, Lyra vented her anger. “Ugh, that woman is hot, but she’s blind to fall for an incompetent fool like Dustin.” “I know, right? What a waste,” Chris chimed in with a long sigh. He was rich and handsome, so why was he unable to meet a beautiful woman too? “That’s enough talk. We’re here for business,” Dahlia

interrupted them and said, “Lyra, go and find out which Harmon is in charge tonight. It’d be best if we could promote ourselves.” “I know a close friend who works at this place. I’ll give her a call.” As Lyra spoke, she fished out her phone and dialed a number. Before long, she informed Dahlia of good news. “Ms. Nicholson, tonight’s charity event is organized by the Steel Lady herself. As for the partner, it’ll depend on her preferences.” “The Steel Lady? Could she be the famous business prodigy?” At the thought of this, Dahlia’s eyes lit up with excitement. The Steel Lady had a well-known reputation for being the only woman who singlehandedly conquered the business world of Swinton, surpassing nearly all of the other businessmen. Dahlia couldn’t help but admire such an exceptional businesswoman. However, she’d never met the Steel Lady. “Lyra, ask your friend whether she could help us arrange a private meeting with the Steel Lady. We can’t miss this opportunity,” said Dahlia. “I can try and ask her, but there’s no guarantee.” “Okay. I will thank her afterward.” Deep down, Dahlia was bubbling with anticipation. Being the Harmon family’s partner meant a lot to her. If she could meet the Steel Lady in advance, she was confident that she would be able to convince the other and prove herself. . . . As time passed, the number of guests gradually increased in Mirage. Although the charity event had yet to commence, Natasha was already busy. “Mr. Rhys, feel free to look around. I have to excuse myself. You can ask anyone here if you need anything.” “Alright. Thanks.” “Julie, help me look after Mr. Rhys.” Then, Natasha headed toward her office. “Ms. Harmon...” Upon entering the room, a middle-aged manager approached her with some documents. “Here is the information you asked for. After several screenings, we have narrowed down only four companies that qualify to be our partner. Please have a look and see if there’s anything else you need.” Natasha hummed in acknowledgment and nodded silently. She accepted the documents and began reviewing them. After a while, she raised her eyebrow as her interest was piqued. “Huh, what a coincidence.” A mischievous smirk formed on Natasha’s lips. It turned out that Jackson Group was among the candidates, and in the documents was Dahlia’s resume. Out of curiosity, she read everything about Dahlia and soon, discovered something unusual. Three years ago, Dahlia was a nobody while Jackson Group was unheard of. Nonetheless, ever since she’d gotten married, her career experienced inexplicably rapid growth. In merely three years, the small company with assets worth less than millions of dollars had developed into one of the most valuable corporations. During that period, Dahlia not only received a tremendous amount of investments but also orders for various projects. In Natasha’s opinion, these achievements were questionable and there must have been strings pulled behind the scenes. The problem was, however, Dahlia did not come from an influential family nor did she have connections to pull this off. “Could it be... him?” An image of Dustin appeared in Natasha’s mind. Besides Dustin, she couldn’t think of

anyone else who would help Dahlia so unconditionally. Subsequently, she became even more intrigued. Who on earth was Dustin? No one could easily build Jackson Group into a large corporation in only three years. “Dustin, oh, Dustin. What exactly are you hiding?” Narrowing her eyes slightly, Natasha was enthralled by the mystery surrounding Dustin. “And that woman, Dahlia... What were you thinking? Why did you let go of a wealthy husband and choose to get entangled with that bastard named Chris instead? Are you really that stupid?” Natasha pondered and silently heaved a sigh. A man had sacrificed so much for a woman, but in the end, she was ignorant and even self-righteously decided to divorce him. Natasha couldn’t wrap her head around that. Nevertheless, she realized that the situation had given her a chance to have Dustin all for herself. “Ms. Harmon, are you considering Dahlia Nicholson from Jackson Group?” asked the manager tentatively upon the rare sight of Natasha reading the documents so intently. “Dahlia? Hmph,” Natasha answered with a dissatisfied tone. “She is qualified to be our partner, but I don’t like her.” “Understood. I will remove her from the list right away!” “No need. Reorganize the documents and show them to Mr. Rhys. Let him decide,” Natasha instructed with an ambiguous smile. “Yes.” Although the manager was dumbfounded, he didn’t dare to question her orders. “Is there something else?” Natasha asked when he did not leave. “Ms. Harmon, Edward Spanner from Drey Group had arrived earlier and he wishes to meet you,” the manager explained with his head bowed. “Edward? Trevor Spanner’s son? What is he doing here?” Natasha was stunned. “He says he wants to discuss business matters with you, but I doubt that it is his true intention. Should I order the guards to kick him out?” “Trevor sent his son in his place? Ha... Never mind. I want to see what tricks he has up his sleeves.”

Chapter 13 The hall where the event was held had become lively. On the stage, a group of dancers dressed in vintage clothing danced to classical music. Every facial expression and move was full of charm and grace, leaving a lingering impression in the audience’s mind. Below the stage sat a crowd of well-dressed celebrities. While some clinked their glasses and chatted, others quietly enjoyed the performance. Dustin had found an empty seat and sat down, sipping on a glass of juice as he watched the show. “Yo, Rhys! Didn’t think you would actually sneak in here!” Suddenly, a discordant voice disrupted Dustin’s moment of peace. Glancing over at the source, Dustin spotted Chris and Dahlia together with the secretary. “Hmph, what an unlucky day. Why are you everywhere?” Lyra huffed in annoyance. Dahlia didn’t say a word. She threw a cold glance at Dustin and went to take a seat in the front row. “Hey, the charity auction is starting soon. Can you even afford to participate? Why are you sitting here?” Chris jeered. “Who says I can’t sit here because I can’t afford it?” retorted Dustin. “That’s the rule! How can a sucker like you sit

with us?” Chris said with a contemptuous look. “Are you deaf? Get up now!” Lyra kicked the chair Dustin was sitting in. “What happens if I don’t?” Dustin looked up at him. “I’ll call the guards to kick you out!” threatened Lyra. “Go ahead and try,” Dustin responded with an unbothered expression. “Fine, you asked for it! Don’t blame me when you get humiliated!” Just as Lyra wanted to raise her hand and call for the guards, Dahlia stopped her. “Cut it out. Let him be.” “But...” Lyra frowned. “Mind your own business,” Dahlia simply replied. “Hmph, consider yourself lucky.” Lyra glared at Dustin and left it at that. At this moment, her phone rang. After answering the call, her expression froze and the arrogance on her face was quickly replaced with horror. “What’s wrong?” Dahlia asked upon sensing something amiss. “Ms. Nicholson... it’s... it’s bad!” Lyra blurted nervously. “I just received a tipoff that the Harmon family wants to remove the Jackson Group from the candidate list!” “What?” Dahlia’s face fell at the news. “Are you sure the tip is reliable?” “It should be. My friend overheard it at work!” “How could this happen?” Dahlia’s expression was awful. After all, she’d expended great effort in getting the Jackson Group on the candidate list. Not only were large sums of money involved but she even owed countless favors over this. She thought that since they passed the preliminary screening and got on the list, she could effortlessly secure the position of the Harmon family’s partner as long as she met with the Steel Lady beforehand. Who knew that they would get removed at the very last minute? It was so sudden that Dahlia couldn’t comprehend what had happened. “Ms. Nicholson, what do we do now? If we make it on the candidate list, all of our hard work will be in vain!” Lyra lamented unhappily. “Let me think...” Dahlia’s brows furrowed as she fell deep in thought. Working as the Harmon family’s partner, they would be able to elevate their social status while making extra profits. Although the Jackson Group had grown quickly over the years, it lacked a solid foundation. Hence, if they could join the Harmon family’s business venture, they would have sure backing. Dahlia was so close to tasting success, yet everything had come to naught. “Mr. Rhys.” Just then, a manager from the Harmon family walked up to Dustin’s side and handed him a folder. “The Iron Lady wants you to review these documents and make the final decision.” “Hmm?” Dustin took the folder and his expression became a little strange. He was looking at documents consisting of Dahlia and the Jackson Group’s information. Natasha was indirectly making him choose to whether kick them out of the candidate list. “What the hell is she planning?” Dustin held his chin while thinking, feeling some uncertainty. Needless to say, Natasha was doing this on purpose. She wanted the power in deciding the fate of Dahlia’s company to fall on him. After thinking it over, Dustin chose not to remove them. Although they were divorced, their relationship wasn’t as bad as to require revenge. Besides, they had been married for three years. One way or another, he genuinely hoped that Dahlia would do well in her life. “Mr. Rhys, are

you sure about your decision?” The manager couldn’t help asking because he knew that Natasha wasn’t fond of Dahlia. “Yes.” Dustin nodded. “Okay. We’ll do as you say.” After giving him a polite smile, the manager promptly left with the documents. Deep down, however, his impression of Dustin dropped slightly. To him, this was Dustin’s best window of opportunity to gain Ms. Harmon’s favor. Meanwhile, in the front-row seat, the clueless Dahlia and Lyra were still worrying about the matter. Based on their status, they weren’t qualified to change the Harmon family’s decision. “Ahem…” Chris suddenly cleared his throat to get their attention before saying, “Dahlia, if you’re worrying about the candidate list, I might be able to help.” “Really?” Lyra lit up at once and asked hurriedly, “Mr. Nolan, how can you help us?” “To be honest, my father has some connections with Old Mr. Harmon. As long as my father makes the request, I believe the Harmon family will do something about it.” “Is that so? That’s awesome!” Lyra was filled with excitement as she said, “Mr. Nolan, if you can help us with this, you will be our greatest benefactor!” “It’s not a big deal. I’ll make the call now.” Chris laughed heartily, then dialed his father’s phone number to briefly explain the situation. “Alright, I got it. I’ll talk to Andrew when I have time,” Chris’ father, David, agreed perfunctorily and hung up the call. Thinking that he’d solved the problem, Chris started to claim credit and said, “My father has agreed to help. You guys don’t have to worry. It’ll be over soon.” “Great! Mr. Nolan, thanks to you, we can rest assured.” Lyra sighed in relief. “Thank you, Mr. Nolan,” added Dahlia. “It’s a small matter. Don’t worry about it.” Chris pretended to wave his hand generously. Then, he looked toward Dustin with a provocative gaze. Dustin was enjoying his juice, completely ignoring Chris. At this moment, Dahlia received a phone call. Taking out her phone, she realized that it was from the general manager of Harmon Group. “Hello, is this Ms. Nicholson? I have good news for you. The top management has decided to appoint you as the Harmon family’s partner.”

Chapter 14 “We were chosen?” Dahlia was shocked. She couldn’t believe his words. The general manager wasn’t talking about her place on the candidate list, but was referring to their appointment as the Harmon family’s partner! They’d even skipped the final assessment. What was happening? “Did you mean what you said?” Dahlia questioned tentatively. “Of course. If you don’t believe it, you may come to our office tomorrow to sign the contract. I have other things to attend to, so I’ll hang up now.” After saying a few words, the general manager ended the call. Dahlia on the other end was feeling both astonished and delighted. Never had she expected things to go so smoothly. A few moments ago, the Jackson Group was just about to get removed from the candidate list but in the blink of an eye, they had become the Harmon family’s partner. Everything was

happening too abruptly. Of course, it must've been due to Chris' help that she was able to make it this far. The Nolan family's influence was surprisingly impactful. Only a phone call was needed to change the Harmon family's mind. "Ms. Nicholson, what happened? Did the Harmon family change their mind?" Lyra asked. "Yes." Dahlia nodded and flashed a rare smile. "The general manager of Harmon Group called me just now and said I'm chosen to become their partner!" Lyra cheered. "Oh my god! I knew you could do it!" "It's all thanks to Mr. Nolan. This wouldn't have happened without his help," Dahlia said gratefully. "That's right! Mr. Nolan is indeed the greatest. He solved our problem with just a few words!" praised Lyra. "You're exaggerating. It was my father who did the favor," Chris replied with a smile. Although his words sounded humble, the smugness on his face was unconcealable. In fact, he was also somewhat surprised by the news. Since when did his father work so efficiently? "Dustin, did you see that? This is the difference between you and Mr. Nolan." Lyra turned to look at Dustin and remarked mockingly. "Mr. Nolan can easily secure us the position as the Harmon family's partner with a word. What can you do?" "Don't say that. At least, he's good at sucking up to people," Chris added with a chuckle. "Hmph, what else can he do? He's an absolute good-for-nothing." When Dustin didn't retort, Lyra's arrogance was boosted and she continued, "It's a pity that the b\*tch isn't here to see how useless the man she chose is." "Are you done talking? Move out of the way if you are, don't block my view," Dustin uttered indifferently. "Why? You can't stand it when we said only a few words? If you have half of Mr. Nolan's capabilities, would you be afraid of others calling you out? You're hopeless." Lyra sneered. "Oh? Then, tell me, what is Chris capable of?" Dustin's expression became solemn. He might prefer to be low-key, but he wouldn't tolerate anyone who insulted him. He wasn't a saint, after all. "Mr. Nolan made us the partner of the Harmon family through a simple phone call. If this isn't capability, I don't know what is," Lyra answered while staring down at Dustin condescendingly. "How are you so sure that it was him? What proof do you have?" Dustin countered. "Who else if not Mr. Nolan? It's definitely not you. I mean, look at your terrible attitude!" Lyra snorted coldly. "Hey, Rhys, what makes you think that the Harmon family would suddenly change their mind if it wasn't because of me?" Chris asked haughtily. "That's right. The truth is right in front of you. Why can't you just admit it?" Lyra echoed. "Don't get too conceited. If I were you, I would go and confirm the truth myself before thanking the wrong person," Dustin said, expressionless. "From what I see, you're just jealous of others because of your incompetence," scolded Lyra. "Whatever floats your boat." Dustin shrugged it off. "Rhys, you wanted proof, right? Fine, I'll give it to you!" Chris sneered as he pulled out his phone to call David again, "Hey, Dad." "What is it this time?" David sounded annoyed over the phone. "Nothing. I just wanted to know how did your talk with Old Mr. Harmon

go.” “What talk? I’m still in a middle of a meeting. I don’t have the time to help you with your nonsense. Don’t ever bother me over stuff like this again!” “What?” Chris was caught off guard when his father hung up the phone angrily. The smile on his face had stiffened. Instantly, his intention to boast about his capability was shattered. If his father didn’t help him, then who did? Could it be a coincidence? “Mr. Nolan, what did your father say? Let’s hear it,” Dustin said with a fake smile. As he was seated right behind Chris, his keen ears could pick up everything David had said on the phone. He didn’t even need to listen to their conversation to know what was going on. Chris’ stupefied expression was self-explanatory. “Mr. Nolan, don’t hesitate to tell us. We should let this bastard understand that he could never compete with you!” Lyra prompted. Meanwhile, Chris’ eye twitched. He pretended to be calm and replied with a dismissive smile, “What’s there to tell you about? My father has confirmed that he made a request to the Harmon family and helped us big time. Otherwise, Dahlia wouldn’t have qualified to be their partner!” Hearing this, Dustin frowned deeply as he didn’t expect Chris to be so stubborn. How could he lie in front of everyone? “Did you hear that, Dustin? I told you so, but you didn’t believe it. What do you have to say now?” Lyra barked proudly. “Would you believe me if I told you that Chris is lying?” Dustin questioned back. “Dustin, that’s enough!” At this moment, Dahlia couldn’t stand it anymore. “Can you drop with your act for once? I know that you’re jealous of Chris, but you can’t just slander him! Is it so difficult to admit he’s good?” Dahlia stood up and yelled, a hateful look on her face. Initially, she didn’t wish to argue with Dustin. However, seeing how obstinate he was behaving, she really couldn’t bear to watch any further. “Jealous? Slander?” Dustin paused, feeling slightly taken aback. “So, that’s the kind of person I am in your eyes?” “Look at yourself. Am I wrong?” Dahlia retorted. Her question rendered Dustin speechless.

Chapter 15 Never in Dustin’s wildest dreams would he think that was how Dahlia viewed him. She had no faith in him at all. As it turned out, three years of marriage meant nothing when compared to an outsider. “You’re right. I’m despicable, while Chris is a hero. I slandered him. Are you happy now?” Dustin said self-mockingly. It was pointless to defend himself when there was no trust to begin with. “What’s with your attitude? Are you saying I’m accusing you?” Dahlia frowned. “Not at all. I’m the one to blame for badmouthing a good person,” Dustin replied curtly. “You’re so stubborn!” His words angered Dahlia. She never knew that Dustin would act like this out of spite and refuse to admit his mistake. Was he finally showing his true colors after their divorce? “It’s all right, Dahlia. Don’t get too worked up.” At this time, Chris put up a pretentious act of



kindness and said, "Dustin must be doing this because he doesn't like that I'm too close to you. I don't blame him. Everyone makes mistakes." "Do you see how forgiving Chris is? This is the difference between you and him!" Dahlia spat, disgusted. "I'm not even going to try arguing with you if that's what you think," Dustin replied in a clipped tone. "Hmph, I bet it's because you feel guilty," Lyra commented disdainfully. "People like you are detestable. Why do you insist on putting on an act when you don't have what it takes?" "I don't care about what you think of me." Tired of bickering with them, Dustin stood up and left. Just then, a man with curly hair appeared at the hall entrance. He had on a pair of sunglasses and was smoking a cigar. "Damn, what a lively atmosphere!" Edward grinned as he looked around. As soon as his eyes landed on Dahlia, he was momentarily dazed. Then the look in his eyes quickly turned fiery. "Tsk, tsk. I wasn't expecting today to be my lucky day. I've met another stunning woman!" Edward licked his lips and approached Dahlia right away. He smiled and said, "Hey, beautiful. You look familiar. Have we met before?" Dahlia threw him a glance and ignored him. "Our meeting must be fated. Why don't you come and get a drink with me?" Edward invited. "I'm not interested," Dahlia rejected without hesitation. "Money can buy your interest," Edward stroked his chin and uttered slyly. "Let me get straight to the point then. If you sleep with me for one night, I'll pay you any amount you like." "Get lost," Dahlia growled. "Oh, dear. How feisty. I like it!" Edward laughed gleefully. While speaking, he reached out his hand to touch her. A loud slap sounded when Dahlia struck his face with her palm. Clear, red fingerprints were imprinted on his cheek within seconds. "You... you dare to slap me?" Edward touched his burning cheek, his gaze darkening. "What are you going to do about it? What an uneducated prick," Dahlia said impassively. "Bitch! You're asking for trouble!" Edward's blood boiled and he lifted his hand to hit Dahlia, but he was suddenly shoved away by Chris. "Fucker, you dare to act out at this kind of occasion? Are you asking for a beating?" Chris glared at Edward. How dare that bastard flirt with his woman in front of his face? "You rascal, you'd better stay out of this or face the consequences!" Edward bellowed. "Ha! Are you threatening me? Bring it on. Show me what you got!" Chris provocatively waved his hand. "Go to hell!" Without another word, Edward threw a punch at Chris. The latter swiftly dodged his fist and countered his attack, landing a blow on his face. Edward staggered backward with blood tricking down his nose. "You want to fight? Too bad you picked the wrong person!" Chris scoffed. "Mr. Nolan, you're awesome! This thug deserves to be beaten up!" Lyra praised loudly. "Yeah! Good one!" The guests at the scene followed suit and applauded, which stroke Chris' ego. At last, his time to shine had arrived. It felt incredible! "Bastard, do you know who I am? You dare to hit me?" Edward seethed through gritted teeth. If looks could kill, Chris would have been six feet under. "I couldn't care less about who you are. Get out of here if

you want to live!” Chris barked fiercely. “You’ve got guts, I’ll give you that. You’d better not have run away when I return!” After that, Edward quickly left the place. Chris sneered. “What a fool. How dare he act all mighty in front of me?” “Mr. Nolan, I didn’t know you were so strong. You beat him with just a punch!” Lyra complimented him, her eyes glowing with admiration after witnessing the fight. “Haha, I can beat ten weaklings like him!” Chris laughed. It seemed like his workout routine had paid off. “Thankfully, you are here to stop him. Or else, we would’ve been in trouble.” “Fret not. If you reencounter such situations, give me a call and I’ll protect you.” Chris patted his chest confidently. Naturally, he wouldn’t let an opportunity to show off slip by. “Ms. Nicholson, this is what a real man looks like!” Lyra said while glancing at Dustin with sarcasm, “Not someone who runs away like a scaredy cat whenever he faces small hurdles. How useless.” Although Dahlia was quiet, she was filled with even more disappointment. When she was in trouble just now, Dustin had stood idly and watched without any sign of wanting to help. Putting their past relationship aside, any other ordinary person would’ve stepped in to help out even if they were strangers. She might not have noticed this before, but now, Dustin’s uselessness was apparent as day. Compared to Chris, he was far from being on par. “Quick, seal off the exits!” All of a sudden, a burst of commotion sounded. It was none other than Edward, who’d stormed out earlier. This time, he was back with even more malice. “What? Do you want to get another beating?” Chris stepped forward like a heroic person. However, his vanity eventually faded away upon seeing the group of burly bodyguards following behind Edward.

Chapter 16 “What the hell? Why did he bring so many people?” Chris gulped, feeling faint for some reason. Weren’t they supposed to fight one-on-one? Edward had disrespected the rules of a fair fight by involving a gang. Though Chris was cursing in his heart, he had no choice but to face them head-on. No matter what, he couldn’t lose face in front of Dahlia. “That’s them. Surround them!” With a wave of his hand, the bodyguards led by Edward dashed forward at once, surrounding Chris, Dahlia, and Lyra. “What are you doing? I’m warning you, don’t you dare touch me. My father is David Nolan, the president of Nolan Pharmaceuticals!” Sensing that he was at a disadvantage, Chris hurriedly threatened them with his father’s status. “So what?” one of the bodyguards yelled. “Do you know who you’ve messed with? He is Sir Spanner’s son, the heir of Drey Group!” His words caused an uproar among the crowd. 2 “Sir Spanner? Is he talking about Trevor Spanner, King of the Underworld from East City?” “It must be him!” “Poor guy. I can’t believe he messed with Sir Spanner’s son. Looks like he’s doomed.” Everyone started whispering to one another, expressing their fear. “You... you guys work

for Sir Spanner?” Chris stammered out of intimidation. Trevor, also known as Sir Spanner, was East City’s infamous King of the Underworld, second only to the Mighty Three. He was a man of ruthlessness who showed no mercy to those who wronged him. Under his command were hundreds of subordinates specialized in blackmail and other types of crimes. In simpler terms, Trevor would be the most feared villain in a story. Whoever offended him would face consequences worse than death. “Fuck, I’ve made a huge blunder this time,” thought Chris in a cold sweat. “What’s wrong? I thought you were confident. Are you scared now?” Edward closed in on Chris, his eyes filled with viciousness. “Um, this is a misunderstanding...” Chris forced a smile, sounding extremely submissive. “Misunderstanding, my ass!” Edward roared in fury, slapping Chris across the face twice, leaving his face marked with red fingerprints. Suppressing his exasperation, Chris bit the bullet and smiled apologetically. “My father is acquainted with Sir Spanner. Could you let this slide for once? I’ll make it up to you.” “Who the f\*ck do you think you are? You’re not in the position to ask me for that.” Edward forcefully poked Chris on the forehead with his index finger. With each poke, Chris was forced a step back. At this very moment, Chris had his tail between his legs, not daring to make a sound. Lyra couldn’t take it anymore and shouted, “Hey, you bunch of thugs! Do you think it’s cool to bully others?” “Why? Are you angry?” Pushing Chris aside, Edward headed in Dahlia and Lyra’s direction with an evil smirk. “This is the Harmon family’s territory. Don’t you dare cross the line!” Lyra warned sternly. 2 “You think I’m afraid of the Harmon family?” Edward scoffed and said, “Besides, you guys were the ones who started the fight. I’m only acting out of self-defense. What is the Harmon family going to do about it?” 2 “What... what bullshit are you spouting?” Lyra started to become frantic. “Hmph, looks like you’ve not understood the situation. Let my men knock some sense into you if that’s the case!” Edward gestured for his bodyguards to make a move, and two of them stood forward menacingly. 1 “Stop right there!” Dahlia suddenly interrupted with a cold voice. “This has nothing to do with her. Let her go.” “Does that mean you will take the responsibility?” Edward let out a cruel chuckle. Sure. I’ll let her off the hook, but in return, you have to sleep with me tonight. If you manage to satisfy me, I’ll pretend that none of this happened.” “You’re shameless!” Dahlia raised her hand to slap him, but Edward caught her wrist just in time. “Bitch, how dare you hit me again? Boys, tie her up!” “Yes, sir!” Several bodyguards complied and immediately seized Dahlia. “Let go of her, you thugs!” Just as Lyra was about to rescue Dahlia, Edward ruthlessly Chagh kicked her to the ground. “Mr. Nolan... Please save her!” Lyra cried out in pain, unable to get to her feet. Helplessly, she could only beg Chris. “Edward, let’s talk this out. Why involve the women?” Chris tried to persuade Edward. For Dahlia’s sake, he had to resort to pleading for mercy. “Fuck you. I’m not done with you yet, and you’re trying to save

someone else?” Edward cursed. “No, no! That’s not what I meant. There’s no need to get violent. We can settle this peacefully,” Chris explained politely. “Shut your trap!” Edward’s heavy slap sent Chris stumbling to the ground. “Say one more word and I will kill you.” a Chris shrank back and kept silent. Although he cared about Dahlia, he had to save his skin first. After all, it was unreasonable to offend Sir Spanner over a woman. “Hmph. Turns out you’re just a coward!” Edward jeered, “I don’t understand why these women would stick with you.” Chris felt insulted, but he couldn’t do anything about it. “You two, stop struggling already. Take them away. I’m going to have a blast tonight.” Then, Edward ordered his men to tie Dahlia and Lyra up and bring them away. “Mr. Nolan! Please, help us!” Lyra screamed at the top of her lungs. However, Chris didn’t react as he kept his head bowed. His cowardness made the people around shake their heads. Obviously, Chris was too timid to do anything. Just when everyone thought that Dahlia would inevitably be violated, a figure suddenly appeared in front of Edward and blocked his path. “You’re not allowed to touch her.” “What the f\*ck? Are you trying to be the hero too?” Edward sneered. “I advise you to let her go before things get out of hand,” Dustin stated coldly. Edward chuckled with indifference. “What if I refuse?” “Then, go to hell!”

Chapter 17 “Then go to die!” Dustin stated expressionlessly, but his hard gaze was unnerving. “Go to hell?” Edward burst out laughing. Even the group of bodyguards standing behind him burst into laughter; all of them looked at Dustin as though he were an idiot. “You little punk! Don’t you know who I am? You’ve got some nerve speaking to me that way,” Edward said cockily. “I don’t know who you are, and I couldn’t care less. You have three seconds to let her go, or else,” Dustin stated plainly. His words instantly caused a stir; even the people who were holding Dahlia were shocked. None of them expected that Dustin would say such a thing; he was remarkably brave compared to the silent Chris. However, such bravery was useless. “You really don’t know what’s good for you. You’re going to die!” Chris’ face was full of resentment because Dustin’s show of bravado only made his cowardice even more apparent. Naturally, Chris was irritated and even filled with resentment when a good-for-nothing like Dustin was braver than he was. “Are you f\*cking insane?” Edward looked Dustin up and down before continuing, “So you want to play hero, huh? Fine! I’ll see just what you’ve got!” With that, he raised his hand and gave another signal. Two burly bodyguards swiftly charged forward at the same time to tackle Dustin. Both of them were 6.3 feet tall, extremely muscular, and the size of a bear. They each had an imposing presence. Dustin looked like a mere child in comparison, so everyone present assumed that this confrontation would be over without

suspense. They were wrong. As they drew nearer to him, Dustin delivered two swift punches that connected loudly with each of the men's faces. And just like that, the two huge men collapsed to the floor as though they had been struck by lightning and were motionless. "Huh?" Everyone was visibly shocked by what they had just seen. No one understood what had happened as, in the blink of an eye, both of the bodyguards were on the floor. Meanwhile, Dustin was standing there unscathed. "Fuck! What did that punk just do?" Edward's expression sank. The two men who had just fallen were his most capable bodyguards; they could take on a group of people on their own without any problem. Hence, it was strange that they were both laying unmoving on the floor after just one face-off. "This is your last chance. Let her go," Dustin threaten coldly. "In your dreams! Get him!" Edward retorted angrily and waved his hand to signal his men. The remaining bodyguards behind him immediately surrounded Dustin, but he merely scoffed and attacked first, not wasting any more time on words. His movements were as fast as lightning, and his attacks were extremely fierce. Each of his punches connected loudly with its target. The burly bodyguards were utterly defenseless, like sheep waiting to be slaughtered, in the face of Dustin, who was like a ferocious tiger. Muffled grunts could be heard, and in the short span of a few breaths, they were all lying on the floor. The hall was completely silent as the last bodyguard dropped to the floor with an audible thud. All the guests had their jaws slack and were staring at Dustin with wide eyes as though he were an anomaly. None of them would've ever guessed that he was so fearsome. He had effortlessly taken down so many men with his own strength, just like in a movie scene. "How is this guy so strong?" Chris' eyes were wide open in disbelief. "How can it be? Is this really that piece of trash, Dustin Rhys?" a dumbfounded Lyra wondered out loud, feeling unsettled. "He... knows how to fight?" Dahlia had an indecipherable expression on her face once she came back to her senses. They had been married for three years but she never knew that Dustin was such a formidable fighter. "Was he just really good at hiding it? Or was it because I never cared enough to notice?" she wondered. "Y- you! Who are you!" Edward started panicking at this point and he involuntarily took two steps back. "I... am your reckoning," Dustin stated as he slowly advanced toward Edward. "Stay back!" Edward shouted as he suddenly pulled out a switchblade and held it against Dahlia's throat. "Come any closer, and I'll slit her throat!" "The thing I hate most is being threatened." Dustin's expression turned cold and in a flash, he charged forward and grabbed hold of Edward's hand that was holding the knife. Then, with a forceful twist, the switchblade fell to the floor with a loud clattering sound. Edward was stunned for a moment before he let out a piercing shriek, similar to that of a pig being slaughtered. "Argh-" "Shut up." Dustin cut Edward off with a slap to his face just as his shriek barely left his mouth. Edward's expression instantly soured, as though he had just tasted shit.

“You... you’re dead meat! All of you are dead meat!” Edward somehow mustered up the courage to throw out a threat. “Is that so?” Dustin questioned stoically as he kicked Edward over with one foot. Seeing this, Dahlia immediately stood in front of Dustin to block him. “Stop! You can’t harm him, the consequences will be too severe!” “I don’t care,” Dustin stated indifferently. “But I do!” Dahlia’s expression was grave. “Do you even know that we will all suffer the 314 Chapter 17 consequences with you if you beat him up?” Dustin frowned upon hearing her words. He thought she was concerned for his well-being, but it turns out she was only concerned for herself. “Stop while you’re ahead, Dustin. Don’t drag us down with you!” Lyra called out. “That’s right! I see you’ve grown tired of living to dare lay a hand on Mr. Spanner!” Chris called out before hurriedly helping Edward to his feet and explaining, “We have nothing to do with Dustin Rhys hitting you just now, Mr. Spanner.” His words weren’t just to shift the blame onto Dustin; they were also a direct accusation. Dustin narrowed his eyes, feeling as though a weight had been placed on his chest. The only reason he had taken action earlier was to save Dahlia, but he was now being painted as a violent villain in the end. It was hard for him not to feel displeased about this. “You little punk! You’re good at fighting? So what!” Edward, having mistaken Dustin’s silence for terror, instantly rediscovered his confidence. “Let me tell you, power and status are what matter in society. You better believe I’ll make you meet a tragic end if you dare lay another hand on me!” Dustin didn’t say anything in return, but his furious expression could be seen in his eyes. “What’s the matter? Scared?” Edward grinned. “Since you’ve got no guts, get on your knees and bow down to me! I might just let you off if you put me in a good mood.”

Chapter 18 “Why are you just standing there? Hurry up and beg Mr. Spanner for forgiveness!” Chris chimed in, taking advantage of the situation to add to Dustin’s humiliation. Chris was green with jealousy when Dustin was showing off earlier, so he was now trying to get some payback. “Will he kneel? Or will he not? If he does, he will forever be too ashamed to show his face. But if he doesn’t, he might be dead or maimed once Edward retaliates,” Chris thought. “Hey punk, don’t say I didn’t give you a chance to make amends! I’ll spare you if you grovel at my feet today. If not, don’t blame me for being merciless.” Edward jabbed Dustin’s chest with his finger with a smug expression on his face. “What does it matter if he knows how to fight when he has no power and no status? In the eyes of the public, he’s nothing more than a foot soldier,” he continued mentally. “Are you aware that you’re playing with fire?” Dustin asked as he looked at Edward’s finger. “Playing with fire?” Edward smirked. “Not only do I want to play with fire, but I also want to play with your woman! Believe it or not, I’m going to have my way with her tomorrow while you watch. And not only me, but my men will each get a

turn as well, and I want you to watch it all helplessly. I want you to understand what it's like to despair, to believe that living is worse than death!" Dustin's expression instantly turned thunderous at Edward's words, and he could no longer hold back his rage. "You asked for this!" he shouted as his hand shot forward to forcefully grab Edward by the throat and lift him above his head. He then raised his other hand and ruthlessly landed two punches on Edward's abdomen. Edward made a gagging sound as he felt his stomach churn, making him want to vomit, but he found that he couldn't as his throat was being constricted. His face soon turned red as he felt himself suffocating. Suddenly, he had a sense that he had made a grave mistake. "Stop it!" Dahlia yelled, moving forward to intervene. Dustin ignored her and dealt another vicious punch, this time to Edward's crotch. The gruesome sound of flesh being minced could be heard before blood flowed to the floor. Edward let out a groan as his body spasmed. He was in such excruciating pain that he couldn't cry out even though he wanted to, and in the end, his head lulled to one side as he fainted. Everyone was stunned as they stared at the bloodstained area. Not even in their wildest dreams would they ever imagine that Dustin could be so cruel as to discontinue Edward's family line with a single punch. After all, he was Sir Spanner's son! Sir Spanner was the kind of man who would come after you for touching even a strand of hair on his son's head, much less injuring him. Safe to say, from today onward, Dustin had incurred Sir Spanner's vengeful wrath. "Have you lost your mind!" Dahlia's expression changed drastically as she forcefully shoved Dustin. "Do you even know what you've done? You've just gotten yourself into deep shit this time!" An apology or money could be used to rectify the situation if it was only a light injury or bruise, but there's no way Trevor will let things slide so easily now that Edward has been beaten to such a state. "All I did was take care of one of society's scum, is that so wrong?" Dustin shot back, perfectly composed. "That's not the point, the point is you shouldn't have harmed him!" Dahlia rebuked, frowning. "Hey Dustin, you shouldn't drag us all down with you if you're so eager to die! Do you know what the consequences of harming Sir Spanner's son are?" Chris' face was flushed with rage. Although Dustin was the one who had harmed Edward, Chris had also shoved Edward previously; hence, he's also worried that he wouldn't be able to get a way with it when Sir Spanner investigates and finds out about it. "Alright, that's enough! Since it's come to this, you should hurry up and run. Get as far from here as you can while there's still time!" Dahlia reacted quickly. She knew that once news of Edward's maiming got out, Sir Spanner would surely be furious. And when that time came, Dustin would be at a dead end once he mobilizes all of his forces. "I don't think I need to," Dustin stated, his demeanor still indifferent. "Stop acting tough! Sir Spanner is more powerful than you think, your martial arts skills won't be enough to save you!" Dahlia chastized. Even if he knew how to fight, he

couldn't stop bullets! "He's not the type of person to listen to reason, Ms. Nicholson, stop wasting your breath. Furthermore, we should not interfere in matters unrelated to us in order to avoid bringing trouble upon ourselves." Lyra quickly interjected. "That's right, this guy can't run!" Chris said, suddenly blocking the exit as though something had occurred to him. "What are we going to do if he runs away? What if Sir Spanner exacts his revenge on us instead? Won't we just become the fall guys!" "Mr. Nolan has a point!" Lyra chimed in, coming to the same realization. "If Dustin runs away, we're going to be the ones who suffer!" "What are you talking about? Dustin just saved us!" Dahlia's brows furrowed. "Nobody asked him to, he's the one who poked his nose into our business!" Lyra scoffed. "Exactly! And seeing as he has brought this upon himself, he should be the one to face it!" Chris chimed in self-righteously. "Both of you-" Dahlia's pretty face turned cold as she started to speak when Dustin interrupted her. "You all can be at ease. I will take responsibility for my actions; I won't implicate any of you." "This is a matter of life and death! Could you please drop the macho act!" Dahlia raised her voice, slightly annoyed. "You don't need to worry about what happens to me, Ms. Nicholson. This has absolutely nothing to do with you, so just sit back and watch," Dustin declared loudly, "What do you mean by that? Do you think I'm worried about being implicated?" Dahlia asked, frowning. "Is that not the case?" Dustin looked directly at Lyra and Chris as he said this. Dahlia was at a loss for words after his subtle hint. Although the thought never crossed her mind, the same couldn't be said for her secretary, who had already drawn a line early on. In Dustin's eyes, he thought her secretary's words were the same as hers. "I don't care what you think; you have to leave today!" Dahlia's tone suddenly became forceful. "And I don't care what you say, I'm not leaving." With that, Dustin turned and walked out to the flower garden. "You!" Dahlia was fuming. "Why is he so rebellious?" she wondered.

Chapter 19 The hall was in an uproar because of Dustin's actions. The timid guests had long left, in fear of becoming caught in the crossfire. As for the unconscious and critically injured Edward, his bodyguards had immediately taken him to the hospital. "This is troublesome." Dahlia had a concerned look on her face as she scowled. Sir Spanner was infamous for being cruel and ruthless, and he surely wouldn't be inclined to just let things go when his son had been beaten into such a state. Dustin may not have much longer to live. "Lyra, I want you to find out if there's any way this can be resolved peacefully," Dahlia suddenly said. Lyra was puzzled. "What do Dustin's actions have to do with us, Ms. Nicholson? Why do we need to expend effort for his sake?" Dahlia had a frosty expression as she retorted, "He saved my life earlier. Should I just watch him



die?” “That’s not what I meant, I just think it would be very unwise to cross Sir Spanner at this point. Moreover, no one would willingly get involved in this mess,” Lyra explained. “It doesn’t matter, we have to try.” Dahlia had a resolute look in her eyes. “... Very well then,” Lyra responded, having no choice but to comply. She then immediately started making calls to all their connections. However, all the big bosses immediately hung up from fright once they had gotten a grasp of the situation, and none of them dared step in since Sir Spanner was involved. “You see, Ms. Nicholson? It’s not because we don’t want to help, but because we can’t,” Lyra said, waving her hands. “Try again,” Dahlia ordered, frowning. “There’s no point-” Lyra shook her head as she began to speak when she noticed Chris off to the side. “Hey, maybe Mr. Nolan will be able to help us.” “Me?” Chris asked, surprised, as he pointed to himself. “Yes! Didn’t you say before that your father was friends with Sir Spanner? Your father Chapter 19 might be able to mitigate the situation, right?” Lyra asked expectantly. “Err...” Chris was taken aback. His father did indeed know Sir Spanner, but their relationship was strictly all business. There might be a chance of mitigation if it were just a small matter, but Edward had been severely harmed, so how could Sir Spanner possibly be persuaded to refrain from retaliating? “I’ll owe you big time if you’re able to help with this, Mr. Nolan!” Dahlia exclaimed earnestly. Looking at her expectant expression, Chris couldn’t help having a dilemma. This was his best chance of wooing her, so naturally, he wasn’t willing to let it pass him by. “I can give it a try, but I can’t guarantee anything. After all, it is Sir Spanner.” Chris eventually agreed after briefly mulling it over. Dahlia visibly relaxed. “I understand. I’ll already be so grateful as long as Dustin doesn’t lose his life!” “Alright, I’ll try my best,” Chris said casually, nodding. It would be great if it worked out, but there weren’t any cons if it didn’t. After all, Dahlia already owed him a favor by asking for his help. Meanwhile, at a lounge in Mirage. Natasha’s lips curled into a meaningful smile as she watched the events unfold on a monitor. She had a clear view of Edward being beaten and almost gave in to the urge to clap her hands and cheer. She had always found some members of the Spanner family to be as annoying as flies, but she hadn’t been able to take any action toward them due to certain reasons. Thankfully, Dustin did not disappoint. She was quite delighted with his performance today. “Ms. Harmon, I’m afraid Mr. Rhys does not have enough influence to protect him from Trevor’s wrath. Should we assist him?” Alfred Jarvis, a butler who was standing by her side, suddenly asked. “Let’s not be hasty. Have someone monitor him—it’s too soon to say if Trevor outmatches him.” Natasha’s eyes narrowed as she looked at Dustin’s imposing figure on the screen. “Oh? Do you think so highly of him?” Alfred asked, slightly bewildered. Natasha smirked. “More like intrigue—I have a feeling that he’s full of surprises.” “You don’t actually have feelings for him, do you, Ms. Harmon? Please keep in mind that you

already have a fiancé-” “Hm?” Natasha cast a chilly glance in Alfred’s direction, and he instantly went silent from fear. “Remember this: You are in no position to say anything about my personal affairs; just focus on performing your own duties well.” “Yes, Ms. Harmon.” Alfred didn’t dare say anything further as he felt a chill run down his spine. Midnight at the district hospital. In an instant, Edward was surrounded by a crowd of people as the emergency operating room’s doors opened, and he was wheeled out on a hospital bed with his lower half completely bandaged. At the forefront of the group was a tall and brawny man with a full beard and mustache. It was none other than East City’s King of the Underworld, Trevor Spanner. “Doctor! How’s my son!” Trevor asked first. The doctor sighed. “His life is not in peril, however, the damage to his genitals is quite extensive. I’m afraid he won’t be able to regain full function.” “What!” Trevor’s expression changed drastically upon hearing this. Won’t be able to regain full function? Didn’t that just mean he’d become impotent! “Don’t you all know how to do your jobs? You can’t even treat such a light injury?” Trevor yelled, grabbing the doctor by the collar of his shirt. “We’ve tried everything we could, sir, but I’m afraid the injury is just too severe. Preserving his life was no easy task either,” the doctor replied with a tinge of exasperation. The doctor had never encountered something so tragic—the patient’s genitals had been reduced to a pile of mush. If he hadn’t arrived at the hospital in time, he might have even lost his life. “You’re useless! Get out of my sight!” Trevor, whose expression was frighteningly thunderous, bellowed as he shoved the doctor aside. If the best doctors at the district hospital couldn’t do anything, then his son really was invalid. “Talk! What the hell happened!” Trevor abruptly turned and demanded angrily from the bodyguards who stood behind him. “Edward was fine, why has he been beaten to a pulp!” “Sir Spanner, he...” One of the bodyguards mustered up the courage to summarize what had happened. Trevor’s temper immediately flared once he finished listening, and he raised his hand and brutally slapped the bodyguard across the face. “Useless pieces of shit! What’s the point in hiring all of you if you can’t even defeat one man!” Trevor roared out. However, his rage didn’t subside at all, so he slapped each of them multiple times. The bodyguards lowered their heads, not daring to speak. “Why are you still standing there? Go gather more men and bring that punk to me! I don’t care who he is. I’m going to cut him into pieces for daring to harm my son!” Trevor’s forces began mobilizing with his one order. It would appear that a turbulent storm was rapidly brewing...

Chapter 20 The next morning, in the most luxurious private room at Mirage. “Mr. Rhys, thank you for protecting me. Here is the canscora you wanted. Please take a look.” Natasha put an exquisite wooden box on the table before pushing it forward. “Huh?”

Dustin opened the box and saw a blood-red canscora in it. The herb was crooked, like a dragon's tooth. It had an interesting appearance. He gently sniffed it, and its unique stench filled his nose. "It is really a canscora! Thank you, Ms. Harmon!" Dustin's face lit up. He had been searching for various rare herbs all these years. Finally, he found another one. There were still five herbs left. If he could collect the remaining five herbs, there would be hope! "You're welcome. You deserve it. Come to think of it, I should be the one thanking you." Natasha smiled. "Ms. Harmon, I have a favor to ask. Can you contact me immediately next time if you find such rare herbs? I am willing to pay heavily for them!" Dustin looked serious. "Of course I can do that. But I'm curious about the reason you're collecting these herbs." Natasha asked hesitantly. "To save someone." Dustin hesitated before saying, "I have a friend who is seriously injured. I need these rare herbs to save him." "Oh, what disease did he get? Even you can't cure him?" Natasha appeared surprised. She had witnessed Dustin's medical skills before. It was not an overstatement to say that he could even bring the dead back to life. "Medical skills alone are not enough. I need various herbs to heal him." Dustin shook his head. One could not make bricks without straw. No matter how good his medical skills were, he could not cure many diseases without the proper herbs. "I see." >> Natasha nodded as realization dawned upon her. "Alright. I'll keep an eye out for you. I'll contact you immediately if there's any news." "Thank you in advance, Ms. Harmon." Dustin gave a slight nod. "No problem. Let's keep in touch." Natasha gave a wink. "Sure. We'll keep in touch." Dustin did not stay for long. After making some small talk, he excused himself and left. 20 minutes later, in front of Peaceful Medical Center. Holding two bottles of alcohol, Dustin strolled into the medical center. "Hey, drunkard, look what I've brought you!" He exclaimed while scanning the area. He followed the sound of a man snoring, and soon he saw a drunk man with a flushed face under a table in the medical center. The man was one-eyed and had a broken leg. He looked like a shaggy beggar. "Hey, wake up!" Dustin pushed him. The man ignored him, turned around, and continued sleeping. His snore became louder. "You seem to be sleeping rather soundly." Smirking, Dustin opened a bottle of alcohol. The fragrance of the alcohol spread across the room. The next second, the sleeping man was jolted out of his sleep. He bumped his head on the table with a bang and broke the table in half! Ignoring the glass shards on the floor, he instantly snatched the bottle in Dustin's hand and poured it into his mouth. "This is some good stuff!" The one-eyed man exhaled a sigh of relief, feeling refreshed. "This alcohol cost me a lot of money. You'd better save some for later." Dustin reminded him. "Come on." The man rolled his eyes. "You're a wealthy guy. Two bottles of alcohol are nothing to you." "Even so, you can't waste them!" "Cut the nonsense! Why are you here?" The one-eyed man glared at him. "I've found another rare herb." Dustin handed him the box with the

canscora. “Huh?” The man opened the box and immediately frowned. “Bastard, I told you not to search for herbs for me anymore. I’m going to die anyway. Dying now and dying later doesn’t make a difference.” “That’s your problem, but I’m going to continue searching for herbs. It has nothing to do with you.” Dustin shrugged. “Hey! Why are you so stubborn?” The one-eyed man began to panic. “Do you know that the Rhys family controls all the main herbs needed for the production of life-sustaining medications? They will eventually find out if you keep searching for herbs!” “So what? I’m not the same person I was ten years ago,” Dustin answered. “Kid, I know you’ve progressed and are better than them, but the Rhys family is unbeatable. Nobody can fight against them. I don’t want you to get involved again!” the man said somberly. “Life is guided by destiny. I’ve been hiding for ten years, and I don’t want to hide anymore. I want to live the rest of my life confidently!” Dustin was determined. “You will face many hardships if you choose this path. Your mother wanted you to live peacefully like a normal person.” “My mother has passed away and she will never come back. You are the only relative I have left in this world. How can I watch you die just like that?” Dustin shouted. “My life is worthless. It doesn’t matter!” “Then I’ll die with you!” “Gosh! Why are you so stubborn? Even if you don’t think of yourself, you should consider your pretty wife. Do you want her to become a widow?” The one-eyed man used his trump card. He had already noticed Dustin’s ambition three years ago, so he had even chosen a pretty lady to marry Dustin so that Dustin would settle down. He would use this method every time they got into an argument, and it always worked! “It’s no use. We’re divorced.” Dustin shook his head. “What? Divorced?” The one-eyed man was stunned. No way. He couldn’t use Dustin’s wife as an excuse anymore. Without any ties, Dustin would go all-in soon! “I’ve already made up my mind. No matter if you agree or not, I will do it. You know my character,” Dustin said firmly. “Whatever. If that’s what you want, go ahead.” The one-eyed man waved his hand. “The worst that could happen would be me losing another leg and becoming completely blind.” “You won’t become blind. I’ll make sure you stay alive.” Dustin gently clenched his fist as determination filled his eyes. Ten years ago, the one-eyed man had protected him. Now, it was Dustin’s time to protect him.