

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 481 -

Chapter 481

Dustin was in a dilemma. “Dahlia, you know I’m only average at martial arts. I’ve never been a Chief Security

Officer before. Don’t you think I’m not suited for that post?” He **was** good at fighting and treating illnesses, but he had no experience holding an executive position in a company. It just didn’t feel right.

“You just need to be good at fighting.” Dahlia smiled at him. “You don’t need to do anything. You just need to oversee safety matters and, at the same time, protect me from harm.”

“Dustin didn’t know what to say.

“Hmph! If you don’t want to do it, fine.” She pulled a long face. “I’ll just die a quick death if someone wants to harm me. It’s no big deal.”

“Come on, it’s not that serious.” His eyes twitched.

Dahlia responded, “You’re right, it’s not that serious. Nicholson Corp. has tens of billions in assets. Of course, I don’t need any protection as the newly appointed chairman. It’s not like anyone is after their shares. Please. just remember to collect my body when I’m assassinated.”

“Stop speaking like that. Alright, I’ll do it, okay?” He smiled bitterly. This woman had started learning some tricks.

“Don’t force yourself. I don’t want you to regret your decision.” Dahlia said.

Dustin shook his head continuously I’m not forcing myself. And I won’t regret it.”

“Alright! You’re the one who said it; I didn’t force you.” She immediately flashed a beautiful smile.

He was helpless. “I feel like I’ve fallen into your trap.”

“You should be grateful. There are people waiting for the opportunity to be trapped.” She looked up at him proudly.

“Not to mention, I’ll treat you well.

I didn’t prepare any gifts today, so I’ll give you a small reward first.” She stood up on her tiptoes and swiftly landed a peck on his cheek.

As

she drew back, a waft of a light fragrance followed. Dustin froze and looked at her funny. “Dahlia, you seem to have turned into a delinquent.”

“Don’t guys like delinquent girls?” Dahlia retorted wittily. However, her face turned bright red. In the end, she wasn’t able to act freely without restraint like Natasha could.

Dustin was thinking of a response when his phone suddenly **rang**. It was a call from Patrick.

“Hello, Dustin? Sorry for bothering **you**.”

“It’s okay. Is there anything I can help you with, Patrick?” Dustin’s tone was pleasant.

“Well, the **thing is**, even though my grandfather’s condition has stabilized, he’s been coughing nonstop these past few days, and he doesn’t seem to be in good spirits either. I recalled that you mentioned he needs to take some medicinal wine?”

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“Medicinal wine?” Dustin was confused for a moment before it hit him. “Oh, I’m sorry! I’ve been so busy these

past two days that I’ve forgotten about it. But no worries; I’ve had it brewed beforehand. I’ll get someone to

deliver it to you immediately.”

“I see. Sorry for the trouble.” Patrick breathed a sigh of relief.

“It’s no trouble. It’s an oversight on my part.” Dustin felt embarrassed. Because of the Harmons’ annual family

gathering, he’d forgotten about the Hill family.

After he hung up, he made a call to Edmund. “Hello, Mr. Robinson. Can you help me check if the medicinal wine I left in the kitchen is still there?”

Very soon, Edmund responded, “It’s here. What should I do with it, Mr. Rhys?”

“I’m unable to leave at the moment. Could you please help me deliver the medicinal wine to Patrick Hill at the Hill family residence?”

Edmund agreed immediately. “No problem. I’ll go right away!”

30 minutes later, a Mazda came to a slow stop in front of the gates of the Hill family residence. The car door opened, and Edmund got off carefully while carrying the medicinal wine in his arms.

“Hey! What are you here for?” The guard by the gates yelled.

Edmund smiled apologetically. “Sir, I’m here to deliver wine to Sir Patrick Hill on Mr. Rhys’ orders.” For an affluent **family** like the Hills, even the guards thought that they were above others.

“Mr. Rhys? Which Rhys?” the guard questioned.

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“Mr. Dustin Rhys.”

“Who’s Dustin Rhys? I’ve never heard of him. Get lost, and don’t be an eyesore!” The guard lambasted. Every day, many people sent gifts to the Hill family. It had already become a regular occurrence for them.

“But Mr. Rhys instructed me to deliver this to Sir Patrick personally.” Edmund was in a hard spot.

“Hey, do you not understand what I said? I told you to get lost!” The guard was getting impatient.

Edmund was nervous and shrank back in slight fear. “Could you kindly deliver the message at least?”

“Who are you to ask me to deliver a message? Get lost before I lose my cool!” The guard’s expression was

cold.

“What’s the noise about?” At that moment, a tall, well-built man walked out.

The previously upset guard immediately greeted him with a smile. “Mr. Torben, it’s nothing. A beggar is being rowdy and wants to pass a gift to Mr. Patrick. I’ll get him to leave immediately.”

“Hold up.” Torben raised his hand to stop him and turned his attention toward Edmund. “You know Patrick?”

“No.” Edmund shook his head, his expression filled with fear. “Mr. Rhys asked me to pass a bottle of medicinal

wine to Sir Patrick. Could you kindly pass on the message?”

“Dustin?” A cold glint flashed through his eyes. “So you were sent by him.”

“It seems like you are acquainted with Mr. Rhys. Thank God.” Edmund was relieved, thinking he had met a

savior.

“Mmhm, thank God.” He sneered. “You mentioned a bottle of medicinal wine. It’s for Patrick?”

Edmund nodded. “That’s right.”

“It’s not poisoned, is it?” Torben narrowed his eyes.

“Poisoned?” Edmund was taken aback and waved his hands in panic. “That’s impossible. This is a medicinal

wine to treat the sick. How could it contain poison?”

“Really? Why don’t you try it then?” He smiled mockingly.

Edmund smiled apologetically. “This is medicinal wine for Sir Patrick. A person of my status can’t drink it.”

“What? You’re not going to listen to me?” Torben’s expression turned **dark**. “You not drinking just proves that

the medicinal wine is suspicious. Someone, take him away!”

“No, no, no. I’ll drink!” Edmund panicked and opened up the bottle in a hurry before **taking** a sip.

“That’s too little. Finish the whole bottle!” Torben ordered.

“What?” Edmund was shocked and at a loss. He would most probably collapse if he finished the whole bottle.

“Not going to drink? Let me help you out personally!” Torben grinned, then grabbed a fistful of Edmund’s hair

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and pulled his head down so his mouth was facing upward. At the same time, he grabbed the medicinal wine and forced it down his throat.

As the wine went down his pipes, Edmund coughed and choked uncontrollably until his face flushed red. He appeared extremely tormented.

Torben bellowed in laughter. “Drink up! Finish it all, buddy!” The sounds of his laughter never stopped as he continued forcing the remaining wine down his throat. He appeared exhilarated, as if tormenting others was a fun activity.

Torben didn’t seem satisfied even after he emptied the bottle. He snapped his fingers as he ordered, “This person is suspicious and added poison to the wine. Take him away immediately to be served his punishment!”

“I ... I didn’t poison the wine.” Edmund laid on the floor, barely clinging to life.

“Bastard, you’re still talking back?” Torben stepped on his face and sneered. “Trash like you at the bottom of the food chain are just our toys. Your life is in

my hands! I'm in a bad mood today, so I'm going to make sure you wish for death!"

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Chapter 483

When Dustin returned to Enchanting Villa, it was already dusk, but Edmund was nowhere to be found. Dustin found it suspicious. Typically, Edmund would already have dinner prepared by this time. With how considerate he was, he would even inform Dustin in advance when he had to leave the house.

Just as he was wondering about the situation, his phone rang. It was from Abigail.

"Dustin! Things are bad. Something happened to my dad!" Dustin could tell she was anxious as soon as she spoke.

"What happened?" Dustin turned serious.

"The hospital just called. They said my dad was beaten up so badly he almost died," Abigail replied.

Dustin's brows furrowed slightly. "Edmund treats everyone with kindness. Why would he suddenly be beaten up?"

Edmund was always cautious and reserved, and he interacted with people with an apologetic smile on his face. Logically speaking, he wasn't the type to engage in conflicts or make enemies.

"I'm not sure about the details. I'm on the way to the hospital."

"Which hospital?"

"Pinevale Hospital."

"Okay, I'll be right there." Dustin left the house right after he hung up.

Within 20 minutes, he had arrived at the hospital. In one of the wards, Edmund appeared lifeless. He was covered in bandages, leaving only his face exposed.

Abigail was pacing in the ward, at a loss. After all, she was only a 17-year-old high school student. She had never encountered a situation of such magnitude. It was inevitable for her to panic when her only relative was left in such a state.

“Abigail, how’s Mr. Robinson?” Dustin suddenly stormed into the ward.

“Dustin, You’re finally here!” It felt like she had found her pillar of support.

She said in a rush, “The doctor said my dad has multiple fractures and damaged organs. His whole body is also covered in all kinds of wounds. It’s suspected that my dad was tortured.”

“Tortured?” Dustin frowned. “Have you guys offended anyone before?”

“No!” Abigail shook her head immediately. “My dad is an honest though timid man. He’s never offended

anyone.”

Dustin was silent. He approached Edmund and took a seat before feeling for his pulse. The next second, his expression darkened. Although Edmund’s injuries were not life-threatening, the perpetrator had used extremely cruel means. They had deliberately avoided striking vital points, ensuring that their victim would endure excruciating pain.

Someone who could perform such an act was either harboring a **deep** grudge or just purely sadistic.

“Mr. Robinson, can you hear me?” Dustin asked softly.

Edmund’s eyes fluttered before opening slowly. His voice was hoarse and weak. “Mr... Rhys.”

“Mr. Robinson, don’t worry. I will make sure you get better.” His expression turned solemn. “I’m going to ask you a few questions. You need to answer me honestly.”

“Okay Edmund nodded as much as he could.

“Who made you like this?” Dustin went straight to the point.

“I don’t know. I went to the Hill family residence today to deliver the medicinal wine. But someone deliberately made things difficult for me and made me go through hell.” Edmund spoke with difficulty. A glint

of fear flashed through his eyes.

“Medicinal wine?”

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Dustin frowned. “That meant it was the Hills that did this?”

He had been kind enough to have Edmund deliver them the medicinal wine to treat Paul. Instead of being grateful, they attacked Edmund. No matter the reason, he was not going to let them go easily.

Dustin felt guilty. “I’m sorry, Mr. Robinson. I put you into this mess. You wouldn’t have endured such suffering if I didn’t send you there.”

Edmund forced out a smile. “No, it has nothing to do with you. I was just unlucky.”

“Don’t worry. Mr. Robinson. I will get revenge for you. It doesn’t matter who did this to you. I will make them pay!” Dustin vowed.

“Mr. Rhys, the Hills are a powerful and influential family that we can’t afford to offend. Please don’t act impulsively.” Edmund grew agitated. It was one thing for him to be beaten, but if he was the reason Dustin was harmed, he would never forgive himself.

“Don’t worry about me. You just need to make sure you get better. I’ll deal with this matter.” He took out a pill and fed it to Edmund before standing up to leave.

“Dustin, where are you going?” Abigail felt inexplicably uneasy.

“To get revenge.” He patted her shoulders.

“Take care of your dad. Call me anytime if something happens.” He left as soon as he said that.

Half an hour later, Dustin arrived at the front gates of the Hill family residence. Taking in the luxurious villa, Dustin walked up to it with deliberate steps, his expression dark.

“Stand right there! Who are you?” The guard yelled after noticing him.

Dustin asked coldly, “Are you the ones who have been standing guard the whole day?”

“So what if we are?” He cocked his head up. He wasn’t afraid of offending Dustin purely because of the clothes he was wearing. It was obvious Dustin wasn’t from a prestigious family.

“Very well. Did you guys beat up a man who delivered some medicinal wine to day?” Dustin asked again.

Realization dawned on his face. “Oh, you mean that old man? It just so happened that he ran into Young Mr. Hill, so he **got** roughed up.”

“You mean Torben Hill?” Dustin narrowed his **eyes**.

The guard glared at him fiercely. “Hey! Who are you to call Young Mr. Hill by his full name? That’s Sir Hill to you.”

“What’s the reason?”

“Reason?” The guard was puzzled for a moment before bursting into laughter. “Are you f*cking joking? Does Young Mr. Hill need a reason to beat someone up? Peasants like you are even below his pet dogs. He can just kill you without reason, not to mention beat you up!”

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“Is this how the Hill family operates? Disregarding human life for no reason?” Dustin’s expression grew colder.

“Who the f*ck are you?” The guard sized him up. “You aren’t that old man’s son, are you? What? Are you here

for revenge? Open up your f*cking eyes, and look at where you are!”

“Punk, this is not a place for you to act so recklessly. Scram! Otherwise, your father will be the last of his

bloodline!”

The rest of the **guards** laughed mockingly, with Dustin looking like a clown to them. They had gotten used to

their tyrannical bullying and wouldn't care about mere peasants.

“Last question. Did you join in the beating?” Dustin's expression **was** calm, but his eyes were frosty.

“So what if we did? Get the f*ck out of here before we make you a crippled man!” The guard yelled.

“It's good that you admitted to it.” Dustin nodded determinedly at his words, and without another word, he landed a forceful punch on the guard's abdomen.

The impact resembled a truck collision, and a thunderous explosion sounded as the guard flew backward. He crashed heavily into the gate, with the sturdy metal gates denting under the force.

The guard was stuck to the gate, every bone in his body was shattered as blood gushed out from his mouth and nose. He died on the spot.

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“What?” The rest of the guards froze at the sight of their buddy, who died with just a punch. They never

imagined Dustin would be so vicious. It was obvious that he didn't have any respect for the Hills if he would

kill someone over a disagreement.

“How dare you!”

“The audacity!”

“You must be tired of living! To actually kill someone from the Hill family!”

After a momentary daze, the few remaining guards brandished their knives and yelled angrily at Dustin.

Dustin stood calmly in place. His cold gaze scanning them left and right, he asked, “Did you guys also beat Mr. Robinson up?”

“What?” Their pupils constricted as they unconsciously took a few steps back. It felt like they **had** been

marked by **a** predator. However, they soon realized the absurdity of it. They were at the Hill family residence!

What was there to be **afraid** of when they were only up against a single **person**?

“You punk! If you don’t want to die, surrender immediately, or don’t blame us for being merciless!” The guard

on the left took **two** steps forward, his expression hostile.

A resounding **bang** rang out. With a kick, Dustin propelled him back **into** the wall. As blood sprayed out of his

mouth, his lifeless body collapsed onto the ground.

The guard on the right was bewildered. “You f*cking-” He was about to attack when another kick left him

stuck on the wall. In the span of a few breaths, only one guard was left standing among the four of them.

“I—I’m

warning you. Don’t try anything! I didn’t do anything. It’s **none** of my business!

” Taking in the sight of his

dead and crippled buddies, his face lost all color, and his legs trembled from the shock.

"I'll give you a chance. Get Torben out here!" Dustin demanded coldly.

"Okay! Just wait!" The remaining guard didn't hesitate and rushed inside immediately.

Not long after, nearly hundreds of people stormed out of the manor. "Who dared cause chaos in our residence?"

Torben led the way in front with his head held high. Following closely behind him was their head of security

and a large group of elite guards.

"Young Mr. Hill, that's the punk!" The guard who escaped earlier pointed at Dustin. "He not only spoke ill of

you, he even killed my good buddies just **now!**"

"What?" After taking a closer **look**, Torben let out an audible scoff. "So it's you. What's the matter? I heard you're here to seek revenge."

"Are you the one who beat up Mr. Robinson?" Dustin asked coldly.

"Mr. Robinson?" Torben raised an **eyebrow** and smiled teasingly. "Oh you **mean** that old thing? That's right,

I'm the one who did it. What about it?"

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"Why?" Dustin questioned.

"Why?" Torben let out a chuckle. "That's new."

He flashed Dustin a devious smile.

"I have always acted without reason. It depends on my preferences. Simply speaking. I do whatever I want. Understand?"

"Yeah." Dustin nodded. "Since you don't seem to speak reason, I have nothing else to say to you. Today, I will make you a crippled man and drag you in front of Mr. Robinson for an apology."

“Make me a crippled man?” While Torben was initially taken by surprise, he soon chortled in laughter. “Hey punk, you’re quite the wild person! Do you know you’re in the Hill family residence? This is an extremely dangerous place. What makes you think you can show off here shamelessly?”

With a calm demeanor, Dustin responded, “My two fists right here.”

“Bravo, bravo!” Torben grinned. “Since you don’t seem to value your life, you can’t blame me for what I’m about to do. Kill him!”

“Charge!” After receiving the order, the hundreds of elite guards brandished their knives. They charged at Dustin at the same time with the overwhelming urge to kill.

Dustin didn’t back down and walked forward with a stoic expression, every step leaving a deep imprint on the ground.

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With the distance closing in and only a few meters left between both parties, Dustin’s knees bent slightly before he stepped forcefully onto the ground. He propelled forward like a rocket, following an explosion–like noise that left a crater in its wake. What was left behind in his path were groans and splattered blood.

Protected by his energy sphere, the elite guards were sent flying before they could even touch him. Some suffered broken limbs, while others died instantly. No one could put up a fight against him. Dustin was like a fierce tiger preying upon a flock of sheep–unstoppable **and** invincible. Within a few minutes, half of the hundreds of elite guards had collapsed to the ground.

“Damn it, this punk has skills!” Torben frowned as he watched Dustin go on his rampage. The Hill family’s elite guards were the cream of the crop. It was a sight to see them fall one after the other.

“Young Mr. Hill, if my observation serves me right, that guy should be a divine-level martial artist.” The head of security, clad in a black outfit, suddenly commented.

“Divine-level martial artist? Aren’t you one as well? How confident are you?” Torben responded. To be head of security for the Hill family, one had to be at least a divine-level martial artist.

He was confident. “Don’t worry, Young Mr. Hill. Dealing with this guy will be a piece of cake.”

“Very well. Don’t kill him later, just make him crippled. I want to enjoy playing with him later!” Torben sneered.

He smirked. “No problem!”

While they were talking, the fight in front of them was coming to an end. Hundreds of guards were sprawled on the ground as anguished moans and groans filled the air from the wounded and the crippled.

The head of security clapped as he walked up front. With a smile, he said, “I have to admit, kid, you’re skilled.

It’s a pity you have encountered me today.”

Dustin spat out two words. “Get lost.”

“Hah! You have quite the temper for your age.” His expression darkened. “Today, let me show you how big the world is. You aren’t the only skilled one out there!”

As soon as he said that, he jumped on his toes and propelled forward like a bullet. The next second, a loud bang rang out. The head of security had just flown forward when he rebounded more than 20 meters from the impact. It was as if he had been hit by a train, his head and torso buried into the ground, leaving only his two

feet hanging outside that still twitched occasionally.

“What?” Torben was shocked by the turn of events. The Hill family’s head of security was a divine-level

martial artist, but he was defeated with just one move. How the f*ck was it possible?

“It’s your turn now.” Dustin turned his attention toward Torben and approached him slowly.

“Rhys! I’m **warning** you— don’t try anything! I am a direct descendant of the Hill family. If you touch me, I’ll

make sure you **die** a cruel death!” Torben yelled cowardly.

“The Hill family name is not your immunity card. It might work on someone else, but not me!” In a flash, Dustin

was already in front of Torben and threw a forceful punch to his abdomen.

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Torben screamed in anguish before he was lifted **up** high. Dustin slammed him to the ground, crushing his

knees in the process, and he spurted blood all over.

“Stop right there!” Suddenly, a huge number of armed soldiers swarmed out of all comers. The key members of the Hill family had come after hearing the news.

“Insolent bastard! Who gave you the courage to act like this on our family grounds!”

“Release him! Otherwise, there will be nothing left of you!”

“Surround him! If he moves, kill him immediately.!”

A wave of discontented admonishment rang out. In the blink of an eye, Dustin was completely surrounded.

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Dustin looked around him and found himself completely surrounded. What greeted him was a dense crowd of the Hill family's elite. He noticed a few familiar faces among the crowd, including Autumn and Patrick, who stood out especially.

"Dustin?" Upon arriving at the scene, Patrick was stunned, appearing greatly astonished. He had first thought it was someone who didn't know **any** better when he heard the news. He didn't expect that person to be Dustin.

Autumn's expression turned dark when he recognized the person. "You brat! So it's you! That's some courage

you've got! How dare you hurt my son? Release him immediately!"

"Release him!"

'Release him now!"

The elite members of the Hill family began clamoring, each one of them glowing with a murderous look on

their faces.

When he saw reinforcements arriving, the previously flustered Torben straightened his posture and arrogantly

declared, "Hey, punk, weren't you being arrogant earlier? Why are you silent now? You aren't frightened, are

you?"

"Let me tell you the truth: the power you are seeing before you is just the tip of the iceberg of what the Hill family is capable of. I know you have some skills, but so what? The Hill family has numerous experts and

highly-skilled individuals. Killing you is as easy **as** crushing an ant.

“I’m giving you a chance now. Kneel before me, and lick my shoes clean. And I might spare your life!”

After he said that, Torben spat out a mouthful of phlegm stained with blood on his shoe.

“Are y

ou seeking death?” Dustin raised an eyebrow in response.

“Hah! Do you dare touch me? Open up your eyes! You’re surrounded by my people. If you act rashly, you’ll die

for sure!” Torben sneered, looking smug.

“It seems like you haven’t realized the gravity of the situation. It’s alright, let me show you how karma works.”

With that, Dustin stomped on Torben’s knee, bending it 90 degrees into an unnatural position. A gush of blood

splattered out in all directions as his bone pierced his flesh.

Torben **was** stunned before letting out a high-pitched, anguished scream. The pain was so intense that he rolled on the ground.

“Dustin. Let’s talk it out. Don’t be rash!” Patrick was shocked. If Dustin only injured their guards, he could still

get away with it considering his previous merit. But it would be a different situation altogether if he attacked

Torben.

“Bastard! How dare you continue your assault! You must be tired of living!” Autumn was enraged and shot a

menacing glare in Dustin’s direction when he saw his son’s leg getting crushed.

Dustin ignored him and stomped heavily on Torben's other leg, leading him to let out another anguished

scream. His face contorted in pain as tears streamed down his cheeks, losing all of his previous arrogance.

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Autumn's anger reached a tipping point as he screeched, "You bastard! You're dead meat! Your whole family is dead meat!"

It was as if Dustin didn't hear him as he lifted his feet two more times, breaking both of Torben's arms. In a short amount of time. Torben had lost the use of all four limbs and was suffering from excruciating pain.

"Be patient; this is just the start. I'll return the pain and suffering you put Mr. Robinson through twofold." Dustin grinned, looking like the devil. He took out a silver needle and, with extreme speed, pierced it into Torben's governor vessel on his back. It penetrated into his body, disappearing instantly. On the surface, there didn't seem to be any traces of the needle left.

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Torben's pain increased immensely, and he let out miserable screams.

"You despicable bastard! There is no animosity between us. Why did you stoop to such heinous acts!" After screaming. Autumn gradually regained his composure. However, the murderous look in his eyes only intensified.

"No animosity? Why don't you ask your son what he's done?" Dustin finally looked up.

"No matter what my son did, that's not an excuse for you to assault someone here!" Autumn declared fiercely.

"All of you truly have the same corrupt principles. Since you can't be reasoned with, don't blame me for resorting to violence." Dustin impassively declared. "I

'm giving you three days to prepare. In three days, I want to see your son apologize to the victim. Otherwise, you'll bear the consequences!"

"Kid, did you think you could leave safely after injuring someone here? Do you think we are at a public playground?" Autumn's rage was boiling.

"If I want to stay, nobody can make me leave. If I want to leave, nobody can make me stay either." With that, he kicked Torben away, then turned around to leave.

"Kill him!" Torben was seeing red as he yelled.

The group of elite Hill family members charged at him. If it weren't for Torben being held hostage previously, they would have acted much earlier. Without the person in his hands, they could finally attack. Nobody had ever walked out alive after daring to cause trouble at the Hill family residence. Not even God!

However, ten minutes later, the final guard fell to the ground with a loud thud. Autumn and the remaining onlookers were bewildered. Taking in the figure standing in a pool of blood in the distance, their faces were filled with horror, as if they were staring at a monster.

They had mobilized a good two to three hundred fighters, yet the resulting outcome was everyone lying in a pool of blood within ten minutes. It didn't matter if they were low-level martial artists or divine-level martial artists; no one could stand against him.

The Hill family, established for over a hundred years, had never encountered such a formidable opponent. It wasn't an exaggeration to say Dustin had single-handedly destroyed the Hill family's array of highly-skilled fighters, dismantling their legacy as a martial arts family.

In the end, Dustin left. Nobody could make him **stay**, and no one dared make him stay either. Silence engulfed the entire Hill family courtyard.

"What monster is that punk!" Autumn swallowed with difficulty, his back drenched in sweat. He never would have thought the Hill family elites would face such a crushing defeat by one man.

“Uncle Autumn, you seem to have offended someone you shouldn’t have.” Patrick wiped the sweat off his forehead, trying his best to calm himself down. It finally dawned on him that Dustin didn’t stop Paul’s punch that day by **some** miraculous coincidence. It was pure talent!

From his actions earlier, Dustin must be at least a fully developed divine-level martial artist. That meant, other than being a grandmaster, he had no competition. The problem was that Dustin was only in his early twenties.

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His talent in martial arts was simply astounding if he managed to achieve such a feat at his age.

“Ha! Don’t joke with me!” Autumn’s expression grew menacing after he calmed down. “I’ll admit that kid is skilled. But don’t forget, we still have our shadow **guards!**”

Patrick frowned. “Uncle Autumn, the shadow guards are the Hill family’s hidden trump card. We can only deploy them when pushed to the brink of death. We’ll also need Grandpa’s permission. We can’t just use them at will.”

“I don’t care!” Autumn’s face was contorted in rage. “I won’t accept this treatment! I’m going to kill that kid!”

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Three resounding tolls of bells echoed throughout the Hill family residence. This prompted a large number of key family members to swiftly gather at the meeting hall. The Hill family had a clear rule that if **warning** bells were sounded, it meant a major incident had occurred within the family.

No matter where they were or what they were up to, they were **required** to head immediately to the meeting

hall.

“Autumn, what the hell are you doing? Who permitted you to ring the bell?” Spring had arrived with a few of his aides and strode into the meeting hall. He noticed that most of the key family members were already gathered.

The family members were drawn to the meeting hall by the sound of the bell, not yet knowing what had transpired. Since the Hill family residence was enormous, surrounding an entire mountain, those residing behind the mountains didn't hear the commotion at the front gates.

Autumn's expression was gloomy. “Spring! Someone had gone on a killing rampage at our residence. If I hadn't rung the bell our family's legacy would soon be reduced to ruins!”

“Oh? Who has such courage to start trouble with our family?” Spring was instantly agitated.

“It's that Dustin kid!” Autumn gritted his teeth. “That kid is audacious and arrogant. He openly disrespects our family just because he thinks he's got some skills. He not only injured two to three hundred of our elite members, but he also crippled my son!”

“Dustin? How could it be him?” Spring furrowed his brows, slightly surprised. “Are you sure you didn't get the wrong person?”

“How would I get the wrong person? Even if that kid was burned to ashes. I would still recognize him!” Autumn's expression was one of pure resentment.

“Everything must have a reason. Why would he do such a thing?” Spring questioned.

“No reason could ever justify his heinous acts!” Autumn insisted indignantly.

*Spring, just look at my son. Look at how badly he was beaten up!” He waved his hand, and soon, Torben was carried in carefully on a stretcher. He was covered in blood and had severed limbs, and his face was contorted

in pain as he wailed incessantly.

The horrifying sight caused an uproar among the family members. Torben was a direct descendant of the family. He was also someone the family nurtured with great care. Naturally, witnessing him reduced to such a battered state caused a significant commotion.

“Dustin has gone too far! We must make him pay for his actions!”

“That’s right! We must capture him so that it can serve as a warning to others!”

Everyone present spoke fervently with righteous indignation.

“Everyone, please quiet down. I have something to say.” At that moment, Patrick walked up and said calmly. “Uncle Spring, after investigating, I **found** that Torben **was** the one who started this fiasco.”

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Spring raised his eyebrows. “Oh? **Why?**”

“Dustin had asked someone to deliver a bottle of medicinal wine today to treat Grandpa’s illness. However, things were intentionally made difficult for the person at the front gates. Not only did Torben smash the bottle, he almost killed him. That was why Dustin came to take revenge.” Patrick explained the situation in detail.

“What?! Is that true, Autumn?” Spring turned his attention to Autumn.

“So what? He’s just a servant. What’s the big deal about beating him up? Is he worth being compared to my son?” Autumn confidently justified his actions.

“A servant is indeed not worth mentioning. But what about Grandpa’s medicinal wine?” Patrick rebuked him, “Torben is taking Grandpa’s health as a joke. Don’t you think that is disgraceful behavior?”

“You cut the crap!” Autumn’s expression shifted slightly. “Who knows if the medicinal wine was poisoned? My son might have stopped him because he had a good eye and realized the wine was tampered with!”

“That is just your one-sided opinion,” Patrick said impassively.

“Shut up!” Autumn **glared** at him. “Are you suspecting me? How dare you point fingers at someone with a

higher standing than yours?” Since he couldn’t argue against him, Autumn pulled rank. But that made him

more suspicious.

“Enough! Stop arguing!” Spring slammed his hand on the table to stop their dispute. “Autumn, I will investigate

this matter thoroughly. Go and get Torben treated.”

“Investigate what? My son has been battered to such a state! No matter what, I will get my revenge!” Autumn

spat out in anger.

“That’s right! It doesn’t matter why. The Hill family will not be bullied!”

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At that moment, many of them agreed. On a normal day, no one would dare cause a scene with them, as they were usually the bullies. Even if they were in the wrong, it didn’t matter to them. Whoever was the better fighter would be the superior party.

“What do you plan on doing?” Spring narrowed his eyes, seemingly upset.

“I want to deploy the shadow guards and turn that kid into minced **meat!**” Autumn was seething in anger.

“Nonsense!” Spring shot up as he slammed the table. “The shadow guards are the foundation of our family. How can you just mobilize them like that?”

“I don’t care! I’m getting revenge! If you don’t agree, I’m asking Father!” Autumn was stubborn.

“Who’s looking for me?” At that moment, an elderly man with a white beard and white brows slowly walked out. His hands were behind his back, and he looked calm. Even though he didn’t give off a powerful air, his every step and move exuded a subtle sense of authority.

“Sir Paul!”

Paul’s appearance had everyone on their feet as they paid their respects. Even Autumn, who was defiant

earlier, turned submissive.

Paul sat confidently at the head of the table, his expression indifferent. “Who said they wanted to deploy the

shadow guards?”

Everyone else, including Spring, could only obediently stand and remain quiet.

“It’s me, Dad.” Autumn stepped out determinedly.

“And your **reason**?” Paul picked up a cup of tea and took a sip, not even sparing him a glance.

“Someone crippled my son and injured at least two hundred of our elites. A threat like that must be dealt with!” Autumn complained with indignation.

Paul responded calmly, “So, what you mean to say is, your son was beaten up into a pulp because he’s useless, and now you want the entire family to pay for your antics?”

“What?” Autumn was taken aback. He couldn’t comprehend what **Paul** said. He never expected his father to

respond that way.

“Dad! It’s your grandson who was battered! Don’t you feel bad for him?” Autumn decided to use emotional

persuasion.

“He deserved it for being a bad fighter. If he has the ability, get him to fight **back** himself. He’s **a** weakling if he

needs to hide behind the family’s strength.” Paul was expressionless.

“But-”

“Don’t try your nonsense with me!”

Autumn tried to explain but was stopped by Paul, who had raised a hand. “The Hill family was built on martial

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proWess. Every generation has gone through battles and conquests. But your generation is pampered and

weak. You **have** completely forgotten about our ancestral teachings and the dignity that comes **with** being a martial artist. Did you think martial artists were born into lavish feasts and beautiful women?

“A martial artist sweats, bleeds, fights valiantly, faces death and emerges victorious, and crawls out of piles **of** corpses and pools of blood! Look **at** you. How many of you have experienced near-death experiences? And how many of you have truly set foot on the battlefield? Today, even a young lad can mess around with all of

you, and yet you have the audacity to complain to me? All of you are a bunch of useless trash!”

With his final insult, the entire room fell silent. Not only Autumn, but every Hill family member present broke out in cold sweats. They understood that Paul was furious not because they had caused trouble, but because

of their incompetence.

“Today’s incident will serve as a wake-up call for all of you.” Paul stood up and dusted off his clothes.

“Autumn, bring your son to apologize to Dustin. That lad’s future is bright, and he’s not someone we should be

enemies with. At the very least, he’s not someone you bunch of **losers** can afford to offend.”

“Dad”

“If you refuse, I will kick you out of the family.” With that, Paul left without another word, leaving the remaining family members looking at each other in fear and regret.