

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 191 -

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“What did you just say? A major shareholder?” Julie paused for a moment before she laughed. “Hahaha! Have you lost your marbles, Rhys? You? A major shareholder? What a joke!”

“Oh, Rhys, you can go around boasting to others for all I care, but what’s the point of bragging to us? You’re just humiliating yourself!” Matt guffawed. He had done a thorough investigation on Dustin, and from what he found out. Dustin was, simply put, a good-for-nothing. He might have had some underhanded tactics up his sleeves, but he definitely had no real capabilities.

“Whether or not you believe me, that’s your choice to make. But I guarantee that you won’t be getting the company’s rights,” Dustin said calmly.

“Hah! You guarantee? How highly you think of yourself! Mr. Marcs is in charge here. Just one word from him.

and the decision is final!” Julie made a disdainful face.

“I do not know any Mr. Marcs, but I’m sure he does not have the authority to do so.” Dustin remained unfazed.

“Hah! And do you? Take a look in the mirror, sucker! Who are you to say who has the authority and who

doesn’t?” Julie ridiculed.

“Oh, get out of here, Dustin. Quit embarrassing yourself!” Matt jeered, looking at Dustin as one would a clown.

He didn’t even quite understand how he had lost to such a loser twice in a row

*Julie.” As they were speaking, an obese man approached them. The man was the manager of Harmon

Pharmaceuticals.

“Harvey, you’re finally here!” Julie’s eyes lit up, and she quickly went up to him and hooked her arm around his. fawning all over him.

“Julie, it’s been a while since I last saw you. I swear you’re much lovelier by the day.” Mr. Marcs gave Julie a light smack on her behind and a lecherous smile on his face.

“Stop it.” Julie whined coquettishly as she twisted away. “Harvey, I’ve got some serious business to discuss with you today. Here, allow me to introduce you to Matt Laney. Mr. Laney here comes from a distinguished family in Millsburg.”

“Oh? Mr. Laney? Pleased to meet you!” Mr. Marcs’ eyes lit up, and he immediately reached out to shake Matt’s hand.

The Laney family were a prestigious family with assets amounting to tens of billions. He definitely considered it an honor to be acquainted with someone from the family.

“And this is?” Mr. Marcs’ gaze turned to Dustin.

“He’s just a useless burn. Take no heed of him.” Julie spared Dustin no slack.

“Oh...” Mr. Marcs threw him a contemptuous side-eye.

“To tell you the truth, Mr. Marcs, I’m actually here for Immortunol. I’m really interested in getting the Harmons’ company’s rights.” Matt cut right to the chase.

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“Mr. Laney. I’m afraid I don’t call the shots regarding the company’s rights.”

Mr. Marcs shook his head, pretending that he was stumped. “Ms. Harmon has given full authority on this

matter to Mr. Rhys. He’s the one who calls the shots on who the company’s rights go to.”

“Mr. Rhys? Who’s that? Is he a very powerful person?” Julie was curious.

“Truth be told, not only is Mr. Rhys the chief physician of Harmon Pharmaceuticals, but he’s also someone who’s really close to Ms. Harmon. I heard that he’s the one who came up with the prescription formula for

Immortunol!” Mr. Marcs explained.

“He must be a really brilliant person to be able to produce Immortunol! I wonder if I’ll ever have the privilege of

meeting him!” An expectant expression came over Julie’s face. She always had the habit of forming

connections with people by bringing them into her bed.

“Mr. Marcs, where is Mr. Rhys? Could you please introduce him to me?” Matt tried his luck.

“Well—” Mr. Marcs hesitated.

“Ah, right, I have a gift for you. Please have this.” Matt quickly pulled out a million-dollar check and handed it

to Mr. Marcs.

“Hahaha! How generous of you, Mr. Laney!” Mr. Marcs beamed brightly at the sight of the check.

“And about the company’s rights?” Matt prompted.

“Of course, there won’t be a problem!”

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“To tell you the truth, Mr. Rhys is a tight buddy of mine. We’d give our lives up for each other. In fact, I had a night out drinkin

g with him just yesterday! As long as I put a word in for you, he'll definitely do me this favor!"

Mr. Marcs assured.

Dustin chuckled lightly at that. What an artful liar!

"Hey! What are you sniggering at?" Mr. Marcs glared at Dustin.

"Ignore him, Harvey. He's just a loser." Julie rolled her eyes.

"Mr. Marcs, if you can get me the company's rights, I'll be sure to repay you handsomely!" Matt promised.

"Haha! No problem! I'll get it done!" Mr. Marcs was beyond elated.

"Thank you, Mr. Marcs!" Matt grinned too. Judging from the high demand for Immortunol, he would soon be filthy rich once he got the company's rights. And then, he would have no difficulty restoring his family to its former glory!

"Mr. Matt, I happen to have another business opportunity apart from the company's rights. Would you be interested?" Mr. Marcs asked sneakily.

"Oh? And what business opportunity is that?" Matt raised a brow.

Mr. Marcs looked around him and said softly. "Our company's demands a very high quality on Immortunol, so products that do not reach the benchmark will be destroyed. Several of us managers agree that that's a waste, so we kept those substandard products and plan on selling them off. If you want them, I can sell them to you

at a really good price."

"Substandard products? What good will they do?" Julie wondered aloud.

"See, Julie, they may be substandard and less effective, but they can easily be passed off as quality products. Nobody can tell them apart from genuine Immortunols when they are put together!" Mr. Marcs smiled

profoundly.

"Really?" Julie's eyes lit up.

“When have I ever lied to you? Here, how’s this? If you take them, I’ll sell them at a fifth of the original price. You can sell them off and earn a great deal!” Mr. Marcs proposed..

“That sounds amazing! Thank you, Harvey!” Julie was overjoyed.

“What do you think of this deal, Mr. Matt?” Mr. Marcs’ gaze bore into him.

“It’s a great deal, no doubt! I’ll take however much of the stock you have, Mr. Marcs!” Matt beamed. It

was a steal to be able to purchase Immortunol at a fifth of the original price. Matt was not one to let such a good offer pass

him by. As for the quality of the products, he couldn’t care less about that. All he cared about was that he’d make money from them. If anything were to

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“You! How dare you hit me?” Mr. Marcs held his face, which still burned from the smack. A mix of anger and shock was evident on his face.

With the Harmons behind him, people fought to curry favor with him everywhere he went. When has anyone ever had the gall to hit him?

“So what if I smacked you? As an employee, you’re supposed to uphold the standards of the company.

but look what you’re doing! You steal from the company and mix substandard products with quality products. I think you deserve every bit of that smack!” As Dustin spoke, he went up and delivered a few more smacks. Mr. Marcs saw stars and bled from both his nose and mouth.

The commotion attracted a lot of onlookers.

“Goodness! Who’s this? How dare he hit Mr. Marcs?”

“Wreaking havoc on Harmons’ premise! I gotta say, he’s something else!”

“I think he’s just ignorant. He’s going to end up in a lot of trouble!”

The crowd gathered around to watch and exchanged comments among themselves.

“Rhys! Are you out of your mind? Stop it this instant!” Shocked, Julie halted him immediately.

“Dustin! Have you any idea how much trouble you’ve gotten yourself into? How dare you hit Mr. Marcs? You’re

not getting out of this door in one piece today!” Matt roared.

But Dustin was not the least bit fazed. He went ahead and gave Mr. Marcs another round of beatings.

He could let things slide if all he did was run his mouth and be unrepentant about them. But he was even about to get violent! How reckless! That did not sit well with Dustin at all.

“Security! Someone! Anyone!” Mr. Marcs shouted in agony.

Soon, a large number of guards swarmed over. They had Dustin surrounded in less than a minute.

“Rhys! How dare you beat Mr. Marcs up! You’ll be sorry!” Julie scowled when she saw that they had backup. She looked at Dustin, waiting to see what misfortune would befall him.

“Hmph! You ignorant fool! Nobody can save you now!” Matt also basked in the pleasure of seeing Dustin get

into trouble with Mr. Marcs.

Dustin had rubbed him the wrong way for quite a while now. He simply hadn’t taken action yet because he had

an image to uphold. Matt couldn’t be happier now that someone was about to teach Dustin a lesson.

“What are you guys doing just standing there? I want to see his arms and legs broken. Right now! I’ll bear the

consequences!” Mr. Marcs hollered at the guards as he pointed his finger at Dustin.

“What’s going on?” A loud voice rang just as the guards were about to get rough.

A man with a squarish face rushed over with an imposing presence. He had several men following behind him. Dustin spared him a glance and recognized him as Morgan Finn, the vice president of Harmon

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Pharmaceuticals.

The moment they caught sight of him, the crowd made way for him to pass through. Even Mr. Marcs, who had been barking orders at the guards, quieted down.

“Is this their superior? We can’t be so unlucky, can we?” Julie wondered. She gulped dryly, an inexplicable anxiousness coming over her. She could tell that this man approaching them was someone of status based on how much Mr. Marcs feared him.

“This bastard really lucked out!” Matt thought as he gritted his teeth out of annoyance. He had thought that Mr. Marcs would be able to avenge his grudge against Dustin, but this man’s unexpected appearance seemed to have ruined that.

“Mr. Finn, you’ve come at the right time. This man here is stealing from the company when he should be protecting it. He’s stolen and sold substandard products. This will badly tarnish the company’s reputation. You need to arrest him,” Dustin said as he pointed at Mr. Marcs.

Morgan squinted and hummed lightly. “Oh? Are you telling me what I should be doing? And who are you to be doing that? Do I even know you?”

“Mr. Finn, we’ve met before,” Dustin replied.

“So what? I’ve met lots of people. Am I supposed to know all of them?”

Morgan gave Dustin a derogatory once over. “Also, who do you think you are? Who are you to butt into the

internal affairs of the company?”

Dustin frowned when he heard what Morgan had to say. “Mr. Finn, as vice president of the company, are you not going to look into actions that will ruin the company’s reputation?”

“Whether or not I look into the matter is my call to make. What evidence have you got to claim that Mr. Marcs

is selling substandard products?”

“You want evidence? Here’s your evidence!” Dustin kicked the box over, spilling Immortunol all over the ground.

“Hey, young man, so what if these Immortunols are substandard? How are you going to prove that they belong to Mr. Marcs? Who’s to say you didn’t steal them?” Morgan retaliated.

Mr. Marcs was taken aback for a moment, but he quickly reacted. “That’s right! Mr. Finn, this fella here is a thief! I caught him stealing from us! I did not expect this brazen rascal to fight back so violently! He’s truly heinous and despicable!”

“I can vouch for that! He’s the one who stole the Immortunols!” Julie added.

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“Do you hear that? Everyone’s saying that you’re the thief.” Morgan smirked maliciously. Which insolent bastard is this who dared meddle in his affairs?

“Mr. Finn, it seems like you’re going to cover up for him, then?” Dustin’s eyes narrowed, a menacing look in his

eyes.

It suddenly made sense to Dustin why Mr. Marcs dared to act so rampantly. It was because he had an equally unrighteous superior! Dustin had thought that he had seen the worst from Mr. Marcs, but it turns out that Morgan was worse!

Not only did he distort the truth, he even framed others for things that they did not do. It was plain for all to see that his subordinate was in the wrong, but he blatantly put the blame on Custin. That was too much!

“So what if I cover up for him? Who do you think calls the shots here?” Mr. Finn pressed his lips together into a thin line. “I’m giving you a chance now. Get down on your knees and apologize to Mr. Marcs right now, and admit that you were wrong. If you don’t, I’ll make sure you spend the rest of your days behind bars!”

“Are you sure that’s what you want to do?” Dustin challenged.

“Do I look like I’m joking? You should check if your opponent has someone behind him before you go throwing your weight around like that! Who do you think you are to do as you wish on my turf? Now get on your knees and apologize!” Morgan roared.

“Do you hear that? Get on your knees!” Mr. Marcs jeered, looking at Dustin like he had victory over him.

“Rhys! Why did you even intervene in the first place? This is what you get for meddling in other people’s business!” Julie gloated.

“You really think too highly of yourself! Matt shot him a contemptuous and dismissive look.

In the face of absolute power, it was irrelevant whether you were right or wrong. So what if you were right?

When the person in power dictated that you’re wrong, you have no way of defending yourself, Such was the

law of society.

“Alright, if you’ve made your choice, then don’t regret it.” Dustin didn’t waste much time talking to them. He

whipped out his phone and made a call.

“Oh? You’re calling for backup? Hahaha!” Morgan snickered. “Hey, brat! I don’t think you get the idea here! This

is my turf, and I call the shots here! Who do you think can save you now?"

"Mr. Finn, let's not get too cocky. I think the Harmons are in charge here at Harmon Pharmaceuticals, not you.

Mr. Finn," Dustin corrected him.

"So what? I'm a founding member of Harmon Pharmaceuticals! Even Natasha Harmon has to address me respectfully, what more of a scoundrel like you?" Morgan announced arrogantly.

As he finished his sentence, a crisp and clear feminine voice rang out. "Is that so? So I should be addressing you respectfully now?"

The crowd turned to the source of the voice to see an elegant woman dressed in red entering and approaching them. It was Natasha Harmon!

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"Ms. Harmon?" Morgan felt a premonition of oncoming trouble. He immediately forced a smile and went up to her. "Why have you come?"

"I'm here to join in the fun! Am I not welcome here, respected Mr. Finn?" Natasha put extra emphasis on how she addressed Mr. Finn.

"Ms. Harmon, that was just a joke. Don't take it to heart," Morgan explained awkwardly. How was he to know that she would appear at such a terrible timing?

know

"A joke? It didn't sound like one to me. You sounded so sure of yourself back there," Natasha said, unperturbed.

"Well— Morgan could not find the words to excuse himself for what he said.

"Forget it; I'll let that go. Now tell me, what's going on here?" Natasha asked calmly.

"Ms. Harmon, here's what happened." Mr. Marcs was just about to explain when he was cut off by a glare from Natasha. "Are you in a position to speak now?"

“Know your place!” Morgan turned to Mr. Marcs and scolded him. Then he turned back to Natasha and smiled apologetically. “Ms. Harmon, it’s nothing much. It’s just that there’s someone here with unethical intentions who stole some Immortunols. I’m already handling it, and this will be settled in no time.”

“Oh? Who’s so audacious to steal Immortunols?” Natasha asked.

“It’s that rascal!” Morgan pointed at Dustin.

“Mr. Finn, are you sure it’s him?” Natasha looked like she was holding back a smile.

“Of course I’m sure!”

“And do you know who he is?” Natasha asked, amused.

“No matter who he is, he’s committed a grave offense by stealing the Immortunols! We need to ensure that justice is served!” Morgan declared in feigned righteousness.

“Alright then. I’ll have you know!” Natasha’s expression darkened over. “This man whom you’ve accused of theft is the chief physician of Harmon Pharmaceuticals and the developer of Immortunol, Dustin Rhys!” An uproar broke out when the crowd heard that.

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“What? Mr. Rhys?” Morgan had shock written all over his face.

He had indeed received news that the developer of Immortunol, Mr. Rhys, would be present today, but he hadn’t expected him to be so young!

“N—no way! H—he’s He’s Mr. Rhys?!” Mr. Marcs’s eyes widened in disbelief. Never in his wildest dreams had he imagined that the person he had been bragging about being a tight buddy with was right there in front of him. This was bad. This was really bad. They were in deep trouble now.

“Mr. Rhys? Dustin Rhys?” Julie looked around in bewilderment. “They must be mistaken! The brilliant Mr. Rhys

who developed Immortunol was Dustin? How is that possible?” She mused.

“What ability does this rascal possess to be able to come up with the prescription formula for Immortunol?”

Matt felt astonished, which was soon taken over by jealousy. Immortunol was a precious drug that was able

to bring in endless fortune! But how did such a treasure end up in the hands of such a worthless person? It

was truly a waste!

“Mr. Finn, I’ll ask you one more time,” Natasha said. “Do you think that Mr. Rhys is the person who stole these

Immortunols?”

“This Well—

This might be a misunderstanding.” The corners of Morgan’s eyes twitched and he forced a

smile.

“A misunderstanding? So what you’re saying is that Mr. Rhys isn’t the thief?” Natasha scoffed.

“Of course! Why would Mr. Rhys steal his own products?” Morgan nodded repeatedly.

“Alright, then tell me, who was the one who stole this box of substandard Immortunol?” Natasha asked

authoritatively.

“I understand now!” Morgan pretended to finally understand what was going on. “It must have been Mr. Marcs who stole the company’s products when he was supposed to be guarding them! He misused his authority and accused Mr. Rhys before we even looked into the issue! We cannot tolerate such a vile person in the company!”

I'll fire him right away!"

"Mr. Finn, I-

"Shut up!" Just as Mr. Marcs was about to speak, Morgan gave him a hard slap and reprimanded him loudly. You piece of trash! Admit your mistakes or I'll not go easy on you!"

"Yes, yes. I was wrong. Please forgive me, Mr. Finn. I'll never repeat my mistakes again." Mr. Marcs covered his face with his hands, shaking as he admitted his wrongdoing.

"Why are you apologizing to me? It's Ms. Harmon you should be apologizing to!" Morgan roared.

"Ms. Harmon, I'm so sorry! Please let me off this time. I know that I was wrong!" Mr. Marcs fell to his knees,

asking for forgiveness.

Natasha ignored him completely, her gaze fixed on Morgan. "What a smart move, Mr. Finn. You're pushing someone else under the bus to save your own sorry ass. But do you really think that you'll get away scot-free?"

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"Ms. Harmon, what do you mean? I'm afraid I do not follow." Morgan's brows were tightly knit.

"Don't assume that I do not know what you've done. I just never bothered to take action. But you've messed with the wrong person now! I'm giving you one last chance. Give Mr. Rhys a sincere apology for your behavior

today, or be prepared to bear the consequences!" Natasha ordered with an icy expression.

"Ms. Harmon, you must be kidding me!" Morgan's expression darkened. "I'm a founding member and the vice president of the company! How could you make me apologize to a mere boy toy like him? How will I put my subordinates in line if I do that?"

“You’re not apologizing, are you? Guards, beat him up!” Natasha wasted no time with him. With a snap of her fingers, two bodyguards came up to them and gave Morgan several hard smacks on his face. He was totally befuddled.