

## An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 271 -

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Dahlia caught up with Dustin at the hospital entrance and pulled on his arm. “Hey! Stop! You’re walking too fast. I almost couldn’t catch up!”

“I’m really sorry. I can’t handle those relatives of yours. You should get some other doctor to deal with them.” Dustin remarked coolly. He was averse to the two difficult women and refused to engage with them.

“Did I force you to cure Aunt Jane? Why are you being sensitive?” She rolled her eyes at him.

“Well, I thought

“What? Did you think I’m an unreasonable woman who’d force you to grovel at them?” she scoffed.

“No, I didn’t.” He flashed an embarrassed smile at her, feeling rather uneasy at her newfound considerate personality.

“Alright. I know they’re in the wrong. Just stay away from them in the future.” She dispensed a kind reminder. “They’re from a wealthy and powerful family in Glenstead. Even Natasha Harmon couldn’t protect you if you get into trouble with them.”

“Is that so? They sound quite remarkable, then.” He smiled carelessly.

“They’re beyond remarkable! The three powerful families in Glenstead are steeped in history, dating back to a few centuries ago. They are well-connected in the military, government, **and** business field—living up to their reputation!” She tucked a strand of hair behind her ear. “Well, I had planned to bring you along and suck up to them. I didn’t know you got in to a fight with them. What can I say, except that you’ve missed the opportunity to get rich!”

“Oh, no thanks. I don’t need that opportunity.” He shrugged.

“Hmph! **Seems** like you don’t appreciate my help at all!” She rolled her eyes at him once more, but a little

flirtatious this time.

“Hey! Dustin Rhys! Stop!” Dakota emerged out of nowhere, drenched in sweat. “My mom coughed up blood just now! I’m telling you to get back there and check on her!” To catch up to Dustin, she opted to use the stairs

instead of the elevator, which explained her current breathless state.

“Oh, I recall that someone has vowed not to seek my help even if she has to jump from a building in pain! Why did she take back her word?” he mocked.

“Quit the nonsense! Do what I tell you to!” She glared at him. “I will write off the slap if you cure her, and I’ll grant you a chance to forge a connection with **us**.”

In her eyes, the chance to suck up to her family was a **rare** opportunity for a worthless man like Dustin Rhys.

“Well, sorry. I don’t care for that opportunity.” He looked unbothered.

“Dustin Rhys! Think carefully. Not everyone gets a chance like **this**! You should feel honored that I granted you the chance!” Dakota tossed her head. A spoiled princess **from** a young age, she was accustomed to acting arrogant and **getting** showered with compliments everywhere she went.

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“No. That is too great of an honor,” he turned her down without hesitation.

“You’d better not think too highly of yourself! I wouldn’t **have** stopped you if you weren’t a half-decent doctor.

Don’t be delusional!” She frowned at him.

“If so, please leave. I shall not see you out,” he **said** with a shrug.

“You-” She choked on anger at Dustin’s stubbornness. She would have gotten him torn apart if they were in

Glenstead. "Dustin Rhys, what will it take for you to help us? Give us an offer if money is what you want!"

Dakota hissed.

"Want me to save your mom? I can do that on the condition that both of you apologize to me. I'll also need handwritten apology letters!" he suggested with a calm expression.

"An apology? Dream on!" His words fanned her anger. "Who do you think you are? You have no right to ask us for an apology!" The Nicholsons were aristocratic and different from the lowly peasant class that Dustin Rhys belonged to. There was no way for the aristocratic Dakota to give in to his demand!

"If you refuse, let's drop this matter. Please get a better doctor for your mom." He did not care at all.

"You don't have to scare us! With our connections, we can hire any skilled doctor we need! I am offering you a chance to redeem yourself, but if you don't appreciate it, don't blame me for making you pay!"

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"Once my Mom is cured, we'll hash out our past and present grievances together!" Dakota said in a sharp tone, her eyes ferocious.

"Knock yourself out." Dustin shrugged nonchalantly.

"You" Dakota choked out. She was grinding her teeth so hard that the **grinding** was audible, but she couldn't do anything **anyway**.

While they were both in a standoff, a sudden uproar broke out near the hospital entrance. They raised their heads to find a fully armed motorcade bulldozing their way **over**.

The motorcade was from the military, and it was a huge spectacle. All the guards sitting on top were armed and radiating murderous energy. Everywhere they passed, people and cars parted to make way for them.

“That’s strange. What is the military doing? Could they be here to arrest some outlaw?” Dahlia looked around in confusion.

Dakota also looked perplexed.

At that moment, the commander ordered, “Hurry, surround them now!”

The guards got down from the motorcade and instantly encircled Dustin and the two women. Seeing the muzzle of the guns lined up next to each other gave them chills.

“Huh?” Dahlia was startled, and her face paled. She had been ready to watch the show. Never in a million years did she expect that these guards would be encircling them instead.

“Don’t panic. This has nothing to do with you. They’re here for me.” Dustin swept his gaze **over** the guards. He already had a plan in mind.

“They’re here to arrest you? Why?” Dahlia asked, flabbergasted.

She couldn’t understand what kind of crime the man in front of her had committed that could incite the military’s arrival.

“It’s just a trivial matter. It’s nothing.” Dustin smiled mildly.

“A trivial matter?” Dahlia frowned.

The military was here for him, and he still called it a trivial matter?

“Dustin, you committed the heinous crime of murder in broad **daylight!** We have been ordered to arrest **you** and

bring you to justice! If you resist, you will be killed!” the commander said with a cool face..

The murderous vibe he was exuding scared the wits out of Dahlia. “Commander, is there some kind of misunderstanding?” she asked tentatively.

“Unrelated persons are to make way at once! Otherwise, you will be charged with the same **crimes!**” the **commander** said mercilessly.

“Don’t worry, I’ll be fine. You should go home first.” Dustin placed a **hand** on Dahlia’s shoulder and **smiled**

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gently.

“I —” Dahlia said hesitantly.

How could this huge spectacle be nothing?

But she couldn't help in any way right **now**.

“Rhys, I bet you never thought this day would come!” At that moment, Dakota suddenly laughed, taking pleasure in his misfortune. “You must have committed a huge crime to have sparked the military into coming here. Now, I'll give you another chance. If you cure my mother's **illness** and then apologize to me, I'll agree to

save you.”

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“I don't need it.” Dustin said, rejecting Dakota outright.

“You don't need it?” When Dakota heard his answer, she was stunned. She **never** thought that even at this moment of life and death, Dustin would still dare to reject her. Did he really not want to live anymore?

“Dustin, don't make decisions based on your emotions!” Dahlia tugged on his sleeve, trying to talk some sense into him. “I don't care what crime you committed, but your life is important. The Nicholson family has connections in the military: only she can save you now!”

“She can't save me, and I don't need her saving.” Dustin shook his head. Judging from the license plates and flags, this troop was from the Balerno Military. The people in Glanstead couldn't do anything. Not to mention, Edwin had to pull strings to send this huge troop after him. He wouldn't let Dustin get away that easily.

“Hmph! You’re already on death’s door, yet you’re still so stubborn!” Dakota jutted her chin out derisively. “It seems like you still haven’t grasped the severity of the problem. I dare guarantee that without the help of the Nicholsons, you’ll be rotting in there for life!”

“Dustin, I’m begging you, alright? Agree to her terms!” Dahlia urged anxiously.

An average citizen couldn’t fight an officer. The high-ranking officers in the military could easily squash a civilian. With just one word, they could have them buried six feet under.

“You don’t have to worry about me. I’m just going in to have a cup of tea. I believe I’ll be out in no time, so you should just go home.” Dustin said with a small smile.

The military had come all the way here, so of course, he had to show them some respect.

“Enough yapping! Take him away!” The commander had obviously run out of patience and ordered his men to cuff Dustin and push him into the car.

Then, with a troop of guards in tow, they made a grand exit. The entire process had been so simple and straight to the point. No one had been dragging their feet.

Dahlia was extremely anxious, but she couldn’t do anything to help. With her network, she couldn’t even reach the high-ranking officials in the military, much less **get** them to save someone. As if she thought of something, she turned to Dakota and begged, “Dakota, you have a wide network. Can you help Dustin and break him out?”

“I’ve already given him a chance, but he wouldn’t accept my kind gesture. It’s none of my business!” Dakota

said huffily.

“Even if you don’t care about Dustin, you have to think about your mother,” Dahlia said, changing the subject.

“Well...” Dakota frowned. She didn’t care whether Dustin **lived** or died, but her mother was now suffering from a terminal **illness**, just like Dustin had **said**. If he kicked the bucket, then wouldn’t her mother be at high risk?

“If I save **him**, are you sure he’ll treat my mother?” Dakota asked doubtfully.

“I promise that he definitely will! Dahlia said with a **serious** face.

“Alright, I’ll trust **you** this time!” Dakota nodded. Then, she **took** out her phone and began to contact some

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people.

A few of the Nicholson family members were working in the military. To her, this small favor was clearly not an

**issue** at all.

At that moment, Natasha was lying down on the lounge chair in Peaceful Medical Center, sipping her tea

slowly like a dignified owner of a medical center.

“Natasha, something happened!” Ruth barged into the room in a panic.

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“What’s the matter?” Natasha said, slightly stunned.

“I just received word that Dustin has been arrested by the military!” In a no-nonsense manner, Ruth quickly gave a simple explanation of what happened.

After Natasha heard the whole story, her face instantly grew solemn. “Using the military to arrest him? It seems like the one behind this comes from a decent background.”

“Natasha, do you think the Hummers did this?” Ruth asked, frowning slightly. “Yesterday, Dustin went on a killing spree at the Hummers and even crippled Edwin’s son. The Hummers definitely won’t let this go easily.”

“It definitely has something to do with them. However, just Edwin’s network alone is clearly not enough to invoke the power of the military. I’m guessing the Grant family must have played a hand in this,” Natasha said thoughtfully.

Jade was Joshua’s fiancé. Considering their relationship, there was no way the Grant family would sit around and do nothing. As one of the Tremendous Three, the Grant family had immense power over the Belarno Military. Taking care of someone with no backing would be far too easy.

Although she already knew that Dustin would be in trouble, she didn’t expect it to be so soon.

“Natasha, what do we do now?” Ruth **asked** hesitantly.

“Go and find out where Dustin is being locked up. Leave the rest to me.” As soon as Natasha finished

speaking, she turned around and went out the door.

She knew that the battle was starting. This time, she was going to fight the Hummers to the death!

Meanwhile, at the Hummer Villa, Joshua lay on the bed, his face ashen. His arms were wrapped in thick bandages, and he looked listless.

Next to him sat an old man that was only skin and bones. He was completely focused on administering

treatment, droplets of sweat beading on his forehead. Edwin and Tina watched silently from the door, not daring to make a noise for fear of disturbing him.

The old man in front of him was none other than the miracle doctor, Dr. Rowan Cross!

After a long time, Rowan finally stood. Edwin couldn’t stop himself from speaking up. “Dr. Cross, how is my

son?”



“Mr. Hummer, I have reattached your son’s arms. It’s just that from today onward, he won’t be able to lift heavy things anymore.” Rowan dabbed the sweat on his forehead.

“What about his internal injuries? Can his injured core recover?” Edwin pressed. Whether or not he could restore his cultivation was the most important part.

It concerned his son’s future.

“The core is not like the arms; restoring it would be very difficult. Nevertheless, I can continue to research any

ancient methods that could work,” **Rowan** said, not making any promises.

“Then please, Dr. Cross, do everything that you can. Once it’s done, our family will reward you handsomely!” Edwin said gratefully. As long as there was a glimmer of hope left, they couldn’t give up so easily.

“Hmph, it’s all that damn Dustin’s fault! How could he hurt my brother so badly? I’m going to rip him to shreds! \* Tina grumbled fiercely.

“Wait a minute

Rowan paused. “Did you just say Dustin hurt your brother?”

“That’s right! It was that animal!” Tina nodded heavily.

When Rowan heard that, his face darkened, and he said coldly, “Based on my observation, your brother cannot be treated. He’ll just be a cripple for the rest of his life. You should hope for the best. Farewell!”

With that, he left with his medical kit.

Both father and daughter looked at each other, unable to understand what had just gone down.

What the f\*ck just happened?

He’d been very pleasant earlier, so why did **his** demeanor change in a blink of an eye?

Were all miracle doctors this moody?

As Rowan walked out of the Hummer Villa, he didn't forget to turn around and spit on the ground, cursing."

How

dare you ask me to treat your family after you wronged my savior? Eat shit!"

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At the drill ground of a military base. Dustin had been chained to a pillar by several thick chains made of darksteel, which was extremely malleable yet also durable. The blazing sun shone down on him, and he was surrounded by a troop of armed forces. They scrutinized his every action warily.

Dustin didn't seem bothered by it. He merely allowed himself to remain chained, looking poker-faced. His calmness surprised the soldiers—any ordinary person would've peed their pants long ago. It seemed there was something special about him.

"So, you're Dustin Rhys?" At this moment, a man in a deputy general's uniform walked over with a troop of soldiers behind him. He had a beer belly and a round face.

"Don't tell me you captured me without even knowing who I am," Dustin said coolly.

"Cut the crap! Answer the general's question!" one of the military officers roared.

"Fine. Yes, I'm Dustin Rhys."

"Good, good. The man nodded. "Since we didn't get the wrong guy, let's start by giving him 50 military whips. It'll also act as a deterrent to others like him."

The military officers with him subconsciously winced at his words. Military whips weren't the same as normal whips—an ordinary person would faint from three to five military whips; ten were enough to make one feel like one had a foot in the grave. If one were fortunate enough to survive 20 whips, they'd probably have to spend the rest of their life in a wheelchair. As for 50 whips. No one had survived it thus far. It looked like he was out for Dustin's life!

“Hold on,” Dustin suddenly said. “You’re a whip me without asking a single question?”

general, aren’t you? Don’t you think it’s a little against protocol to

The round–

faced man gave him an arrogant look. “My words are the only protocol to follow here–

I’m the one who calls the shots over your life and death, you peasant. You don’t even have the right to say no.”

“I suppose that means you’re gonna abuse your power.” Dustin narrowed his eyes.

“So what if I am? I have hundreds of guns aimed at you. Do you think you stand a chance against them?” The round–faced man scoffed.

“Quality over quantity. Having that many guns doesn’t actually mean anything.” Dustin shook his head.

The round–faced man sneered. “Putting up a brave front, are we? You’ll regret this when you’re on the brink of death! Whip **him!**” He waved a hand.

Before long, a burly man walked over with a steel whip in hand. Salt water dripped from it—it would make the wounds burn even more.

“I’ll ask **you** one last time before you do anything else—who sent you here?” Dustin asked.

“I did!” Someone walked out from behind the round–faced man and lowered her hood. It was Jade. “I bet you didn’t expect to end up in my hands, Rhys!” She sneered, “You were so obnoxious last night, but so what? You’re nothing but my prisoner now!”

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“What happened last night was between me and the Hummer family. I’d advise you to stay out of it,” Dustin

said coolly.

Jade snorted. “Joshua’s my fiancé: I want nothing **more** than to skin you alive for crippling him!”

“Joshua deserved what he got. You shouldn’t do anything to jeopardize yourself.”

Jade laughed derisively. “I don’t think you understand your predicament. Your life and death are in my hands- how dare you threaten me!”

“Believe what you may. I just hope you don’t regret this.” Dustin didn’t want to waste his breath.

“Keep this up. I’d like to see whether you’ll still be this arrogant when you’re bruised and battered!” Jade looked at him like he was already dead to her.

“Alright, that’s enough talking. Jade, don’t waste your breath on him. Let’s just sit and watch the **show**.” The round-faced man waved a hand. Soon, some military officers brought a table and two chairs over. The round-faced man gestured for them to be placed in the shade. Then, he and Jade sat down. “Well, what are you waiting for? Whip him with all you’ve got!”

With that, the burly man got to work and started whipping.