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“I was, but I’m already divorced,” Dustin answered straightforwardly.

“Aw, damn!” Adam grinned. “If that’s the case, my sister finally has a chance! I’ll be your brother-in-law soon.”

“Get lost!” Dustin rolled his eyes. “What kind of brother are you? Why would you throw your sister under the bus?”

“She threw herself in!” Adam retorted in exasperation. “You have no idea how much she bugged me after finding out that you were still alive. She would have flown back for you if the war hadn’t broken out at the border.”

“Has Scarlet been well?” Dustin suddenly asked.

“You’re still worried about her? That kid’s been practicing martial arts since young, and with her talent, she’s already a grandmaster. I can’t even win against her anymore. Who would dare to cross her?” Adam responded

nervously.

All his life, Adam has only ever been afraid of two people—Dustin, the person who’s been throwing punches **at** him since they were kids, and his sister Scarlet. He **always** lost his dignity when it came to them.

Dustin chuckled. “She is talented, so it’s natural that you can’t beat her.”

It’s been ten years. He never expected the little girl who used to follow him around everywhere to become

Stonia’s well-known Goddess of War.

“Won’t you just marry her? No one else can handle her!” Adam implored. The sooner his sister got married, the

sooner he’ll be free from being forced to be her sparring partner and ending up with bruises all over his body

every day.

“Nonsense!” Dustin kicked the other man. “Scarlet’s nothing more than a sister to me.”

“But she might not see you as her brother.” Adam shrugged. “I’m just going to put it out there. She probably won’t marry anyone but you, so you’ll have to take responsibility for her.”

“That’s enough. Shut up and drink!” Irritated, Dustin poured Adam a full glass of wine. “Drink it!”

Adam boldly downed the entire glass in response.

Chatting **away** while drinking, the two of them quickly began to feel tipsy.

“That reminds me, when are you going back?” Adam asked coldly.

“Why would I go back? Isn’t it quite nice here? All I need to worry about is making sure Gregory recovers nicely.

“Dustin responded indifferently.

“That’s true. Still, the Rhys family needs an heir.” Adam **sighed**.

“There’s still Austin.”

“That useless idiot? He only cares about his debauchorous pleasures. Who knows how many people will die if he takes your place.” Adam snapped disdainfully.

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“He isn’t that bad. The kid’s smart. Just give him some time, and he might outshine you.” Dustin said seriously.

“Are you serious? You’re pitting me against him?” Adam looked at him suspiciously.

“Many people have called me a loser in the past few years too.” Dustin smiled but didn’t elaborate further. With that woman around, his step-brother could never be mediocre.

“Holy shit! Look at that chick!” Adam lit up suddenly.

“Where?” Dustin followed Adam’s line of sight and spotted a Lamborghini at the restaurant entrance. A smartly dressed man emerged, and a gorgeous lady stepped out of the passenger side in a long black dress, as if she had just come out of a painting.

“Why is it her?” Dustin frowned, instantly sobering.

The beautiful woman was none other than Dahlia!

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Dustin never expected to run into Dahlia there. Worse, she was accompanied by another man, and it seemed like those two were on a date.

It irked **him** for some reason. He had just been captured by the military, his life in danger, but here Dahlia was, carefree and relaxed, as she went on a date with another man. It was clear that Dahlia didn’t give a damn about him, and it made him feel like a fool.

“Do you know that **lady**?” Adam quickly caught onto the change in mood and asked.

“Yeah. She’s my ex-wife.” Dustin answered bluntly.

“Your ex-wife?” Adam’s lips twitched. “Why don’t we go somewhere else?”

No one would be happy to see their ex-wife happily chatting away with another man,

“Forget it. I didn’t do anything wrong, so why should I be afraid?” Dustin lifted his glass to his lips and swallowed a mouthful of wine resentfully.

Just then, Dahlia and Luis arrived on the second floor, and the woman immediately spotted the two men. Dustin? What are you doing here?” she exclaimed excitedly.

“Why can’t I be here?” Dustin asked coldly.

“When did you get free? Why didn’t you tell me? Dahlia dashed toward him and asked joyfully.

“Does it matter if I tell you?” Dustin glanced at her stoically, stunning Dahlia with his attitude.

“What’s wrong? Did you get hurt? Should **we** go to the hospital?”

“I’m fine, Ms. Nicholson. Thank you for asking. You should focus on your date with your boyfriend instead of me,” Dustin answered.

“Boyfriend?” Dahlia looked at the man standing next to her and quickly explained. “You’re getting it wrong. Dustin. We’re just friends.”

“It’s unnecessary for you to explain yourself.” Dustin’s attitude was harsh.

Just friends? Did she think that he was a kid? Since when did normal friends of opposite genders arrive together in the same car for dinner?

“I’m telling you, you’re misunderstanding things, Dustin.” Dahlia gestured to the other man. “Let me introduce you to Mr. Luis Langford. He’s from Stonia, and he has a good relationship with the military. You got out so quickly thanks to him.”

“Is this the friend you were talking about, Dahlia? He’s fortunate to have someone like you helping him.” Luis suddenly spoke. Although the man was wearing a smile, the look he **was** giving Dustin **was** full of contempt.

“I don’t know who Mr. Langford is, nor do I care. He **has** nothing to do with me getting free anyway.” Dustin responded bluntly.

“Ha, aren’t you being too cocky?” Luis sniggered, “Do you really think you’d be here right now if I hadn’t made a

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call to the Balerno Military?”

“I have no idea **what** you did, but don’t think too highly of yourself. I don’t need your help.” **Dustin** retorted coolly.

“Dustin! How could you talk to him like this? Shouldn’t you be polite to the person who helped you?” Dahlia frowned. She knew that Dustin reacted that way because he **was** jealous, but he still shouldn’t offend Luis, who held a much higher status than him.

“When did I ever ask him for help? You guys did this willingly.” Dustin couldn’t care less.

“You-” Dahlia stomped her foot angrily and forced herself to take a deep breath to calm herself. “Stop making a fuss, Dustin.”

“What did I do? Was I interrupting your date? If that’s the case, I’ll **leave** you two alone right now.” Dustin got up to leave right away.

“Wait!” Dahlia instantly grabbed his arm. “What on earth is going through your **mind**? I told you that we’re just friends. Why won’t you believe me?”

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“Just friends, eh? Then you won’t mind going home with me right this instant!” Dustin snapped.

“But ...Dahlia frowned and glanced at Dustin and Luis, troubled. Although she didn’t have any feelings for Luis, the man **had** helped her, so it wouldn’t be right to turn her back on him now.

“What’s wrong? You don’t want to?” Dustin sneered. “Is this what you call an ordinary friend? How am I supposed to believe you?”

Dustin couldn't believe that Dahlia was still hesitating. It seemed that he was even less important than her ordinary friends, and here he thought that their relationship had been improving. It must have been his imagination.

"Forget it, Ms. Nicholson. You don't have to think about it so hard. We're nothing to each other now. Enjoy your meal.
I'll be taking my leave. Dustin shook his head and turned around.

"**Wait** for me." Grabbing two bottles, Adam hurried after Dustin. He didn't have any experience when it came to **love, so** he couldn't help Dustin.

After stepping out of the restaurant, Dustin remained motionless **as** he faced the cold wind, feeling frustrated. He was at a loss for how to deal with his emotions. He may have said it was fine, but his heart still **stung**

when he saw Dahlia with another man,

"Forget about her, buddy. There are lots of women everywhere else." Adam stepped forward and patted Dustin's shoulder. "With your skills, it won't be hard for you to get any woman you want. Why don't you consider my sister?"

"Hell **no!**" A feminine voice rang out from behind them.

The two men spun around to see a stunning woman heading toward them.

It was none other than Dahlia.

"Why did you come out?" Dustin was **surprised**. He didn't expect her to chase after him, assuming she would ignore him.

"You're such a petty man!" Dahlia huffed. "How could you run out when we've barely spoken!"

"Weren't you having dinner with your friend? What are you doing here?" Dustin pretended to be calm but was actually relieved.

"I'm here to enjoy the breeze, alright?" Dahlia rolled her eyes, secretly pleased to see Dustin jealous.

"Ugh, the stench **of love.**" Adam shook his **head**.

“**Shut** up!” Dahlia and Dustin shouted in unison.

“Aren’t you **worried** if you just **leave that man** alone?” Dustin asked.

“What else can I do? I’ll just have to get him a present as an apology.” Dahlia shrugged. She seemed to **have** finally opened her eyes.

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“You **haven’t** eaten, have you? Why don’t you join us?” Dustin offered.

Dahlia humphed. “At least you’re considerate.” She patted her belly, realizing she was hungry.

“Let’s go. **We’ll** bring you somewhere nice.” Dustin walked over to the car to open the door.

Just as she was about to get into the car, Dahlia’s eyes widened when she saw a truck loaded with dirt heading straight for them at top speed.

“Watch out!” She frantically shoved Dustin **away**.

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“Watch out!”

As the truck headed toward them, Dahlia’s immediate reaction was to push Dustin away, completely

disregarding her safety. Realizing that she had nowhere else to escape to, she instinctively shut her eyes

tightly. Right then, she came to a realization that it might not necessarily be a bad thing to die like this. At

least he would remember for the rest of **his** life.

As her eyes closed, a strong figure dashed forward and put itself in front of her. With an ear-splitting boom, a fist landed on the front of the truck, and metal bent under the force. The sudden opposing force upturned the entire truck, flipping it around, and the truck landed on the ground behind Dahlia with a crash, debris flying in **all** directions.

“Are you okay, Dahlia?” Dustin drew his hand back and quickly surveyed the woman for any injuries before letting out a breath of relief.

“What in the world happened?” Dahlia’s eyes were opened wide as she gaped at the empty space in front of her before turning around to look at the overturned truck, shocked. She couldn’t understand how the truck had made its way behind her, but she might faint if **she** found out it was thanks to Dustin’s list.

“Are you an idiot? Don’t you know how to run away when there’s danger? Why the hell would you think of me first?” Dustin snapped furiously. Fortunately, his reflexes were sharp, or she would have died on impact!

“At the spur of the moment, I couldn’t think much.” Dahlia was pale from fear.

“You better remember that your safety comes first from now on!” Dustin warned sternly. He would be plagued by guilt for the rest of his life if she died because of him.

“Bro, can’t you give me some attention **as** well?” Adam staggered to his feet grumpily.

“What the hell? Even if you’re saving someone, why would you throw the truck toward me? Is my life not important to you? What happened to bros before hos?” he thought.

“You’re alive anyway.” Dustin responded nonchalantly before turning **his** attention back to Dahlia. “It’s late. Let me send you home.”

He walked over to the road junction and flagged a cab to send her home. It was obvious that he had been the truck’s target, and he didn’t want to drag her into this mess.

At the entrance to the villa, Dahlia halted and spun **around** to ask, "Would **yo**u like to come in for a cup of tea?"

"It's fine. You should get some rest." Dustin politely refused as if he hadn't understood what she was trying to say.

"You idiot!" Dahlia humped, glaring at him before spinning around and going in to the house.

Dustin waited until the doors closed to **look** away, his eyes now cold and ruthless. "Adam, help me look **into** the truck."

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"On it. Give me three minutes." Adam whipped out his phone and made a call. In **less** than three minutes, the results came in. "Done. It turns out the Hummers put a bounty of up to ten billion dollars on your head. Most of the bounty killers should have their eyes on you by now. That truck was one of their attempts." He

summarized.

"The Hummers." Dustin narrowed his eyes, the air around him turning murderous. He hasn't settled the score

of being captured by the military. How dare they act up again!

"What's the plan? Do you want me to bring my team to their house and destroy their whole family?" Adam asked nonchalantly.

"It's fine. I'll take care of it." Dustin answered coolly. "If they're going out of their way to ensure my death, they

better not be surprised when I do the same!"

He spun around and disappeared into the darkness.

Back at the Hummer **Villa**.

"Josh, it's time for you to take your meds." Tina brought some medicine over to Joshua's bedside.

“I can’t be bothered to take them right now.” Joshua frowned in displeasure. “Jade hasn’t returned since

morning, and I can’t reach her phone. Do you think something happened to her?”

“Stop overthinking. Josh. She’s from the Grant family. What could happen?” Tina shook her head.

“T— then, do you think she’s disgusted that I’m crippled and wants to end it with me?” Joshua asked again.

Ever since his core was destroyed, he lost his pride, turning anxious **and** sensitive instead.

“Of course not!” Tina refuted him straight away. “I can tell that she really likes you. I bet she’s running all over the place for you. Didn’t she promise to avenge you before she left this morning? So, stop **worrying**.”

“I must be thinking too much.” Joshua sighed. As the fallen Chosen One, something inside him had changed tremendously.

“Josh, rest well, and don’t overthink this. Dad went to Millsburg to **ask** for medicine from Dr. Watkins. I’m **sure** all your **injuries** will be gone in no time with the panacea.” **Tina** reassured him.

“You’re right. After I recover, I’ll **rise** to the top once more!” Joshua swore through gritted teeth. “I’ll make sure

Rhys suffers like never **before!**”

Just then, the lights went out, **plunging** the room into darkness.

“What’s happening?” Joshua demanded **anxiously**.

“Calm **down**, Josh. The breaker must have tripped. Tina went over to the door and shouted, “Somebody **go** check the breaker.”

Silence was all she got in **response**, the entire villa terrifyingly silent.

“Hey! Are you guys **deal?**” Tina yelled again, but no one responded.

Joshua had a bad feeling **something** was going to happen. “Something’s wrong! Let’s get out of here!”

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He sprung up and prepared to **run** when a tall figure walked into his room with out a sound.

“Who the hell are you?” he shouted.

“The person who’s going to kill you.” The figure slowly lifted its **head**, and from the moonlight shining through

the window, Joshua finally had a clear look at the other person’s face.

“It’s you? W–w–weren’t you arrested? When did you get out?”

Joshua began to back up in terror. Just this morning, he’d received Tina’s message that the military had captured Custin. How did he get free in less than a day?

“Any last words?” Dustin asked coldly.

Tina threatened. “You better not mess around, Rhys! We have Boulderthorn and the Grants’ protection. If you

touch-”

Before she could finish her sentence. Dustin flicked his wrist, and a silver needle embedded itself into her forehead.

Tina twitched before tilting her head back and falling to the ground, dead.

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“What?” Joshua stared at his sister’s body incredulously. He never thought that Dustin would be so ruthless,

killing without warning.

“Anything else you want to say?” Dustin calmly asked.

“D—
don’t kill me! Please don’t kill me!” Joshua fell to his knees, begging. “I was an idiot to offend you. Please forgive me. I swear I won’t go against you ever again!”

“You **had** your chance, but you didn’t appreciate it.” Dustin’s face **was** void of any sympathy.

“N—no. I do. I promise!
Please! I’m still young. I don’t want to die! Just let me **go**. I’ll do anything you want. I

swear!”

Joshua began ramming his forehead into the floor. He wasn’t able to win against Dustin when he was in peak condition, so why would he have a winning chance now? For Dustin, killing Joshua would be as easy as killing

an ant.

“I’m pretty sure that’s not what you said just now.” Dustin **sneered**. “Didn’t you say that you were going to

make me suffer like never before after you recovered?”

“N—no, I didn’t!” Joshua shook his head frantically. “I would never dare!”

“Where’s Edwin?” Dustin demanded, clearly having lost his patience. He had searched the entire villa, but there

was no sign of Edwin Hummer.

“I—
I don’t know! I heard that my dad went to Millsburg to get me medicine, but I have no idea where he is.”

Joshua cried.

“He’s in Millsburg, eh? Lucky bastard.” Dustin felt regretful that Edwin managed to get away.

“Are **you** looking for my dad? D— don’t worry, I’ll let you know as soon as he’s home! I’ll be your faithful hound from now on.” Joshua smiled weakly, grasping at **straws**.

Dustin sneered. “You’re willing to betray your father? You’re worse than an animal.” He slowly **raised** his hand.

holding a silver needle.

“No! You can’t kill me! My mentor is the master of Boulderthorn, and my fiancé e is the Grants’ third daughter. You’ll become their enemy if you kill me. People will keep coming for your head, and you’ll have to live in lear

for the rest of your life!” Joshua roared, going berserk, his eyes bloodshot.

“You should have thought about that when you kidnapped Natasha. As for the Grants and Boulderthorn, well, I

don’t care about them. So, you’ll definitely die today,” Dustin replied coldly.

With a flick of his finger, the silver needle lodged itself in the space between Joshua’s forehead.

“No!” Joshua wailed with his last breath, the sound resonating in all directions.

Early the next morning. Inside a mansion in Millsburg, Edwin woke up with a start from his nightmare, sweat blanketing his whole body. For some reason, his sleep had been restless, an ominous feeling constantly

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hovering **over** him.

"Sir Hummer!" One of his bodyguards barged into his room, overjoyed. "We finally got our hands on Dr. Watkins

Substratumis. With this. Mr. Hummer will finally recover!"

"Excellent! Show me!" Edwin's face lit up, his worries forgotten.

"Here you go, sir!" The guard brought out a jade box and opened it, revealing a glistening sheer milky white pill that emitted a sweet, relaxing scent.

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