

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 511 -

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It was afternoon when Dustin arrived at the Harmon estate in a hurry after getting the news. He was greeted by the sight of armed soldiers surrounding the compound. Hundreds of armed men from the elite forces of the Harmon Family guarded the entrance in what appeared to be a standoff, and both sides weren't about to back down.

"Harmons, I will make myself clear—hand over the suspect, or we'll subject everyone to the same punishment!" The commander-in-charge bellowed, his full voice echoing through the compound. Behind him, the soldiers stood stiffly while holding their guns. Once the commander gave his orders, these soldiers would shoot mercilessly.

"What's all this about?" Dustin frowned at the violent confrontation. He wondered how the Harmons **got** involved with the military.

"Sir, what calls for the mobilization of these forces?" Dustin went up to him **and** questioned.

"I was ordered to capture the suspect. Unrelated personnel please leave the grounds right now!" The commander barked in his face.

"Mr. Rhys, you're here! Please, come on in!" Jack, the butler, immediately spotted Dustin and asked that the elite forces make way for Dustin to enter. The crowd parted before swiftly closing up the path again after Dustin made his way into the building.

"Listen up, people in there! I'll give you half an hour. If you **refuse** to **hand** the suspect over, do not blame us **for**

forcing our way in there!" The commander **gave** his final warning, but the elite forces did not budge at all, even

if **they** had to risk death.

"Mr. Rhys, Ms. Harmon is in the meeting room. Please come with me." Jack ignored the

commander's threats **and** led the way. A perplexed Dustin followed closely behind him.

The meeting room of the Harmon estate was filled to the brim. The core members of the family convened at

the venue. They were whispering to each other.

Meanwhile, Trent Harmon sighed with a troubled expression while Jacob Harmon paced the **room**, apprehensively. Natasha and a few others stayed by the side of an unconscious Hector Harmon.

"Natasha, what's wrong?" Dustin showed up in the room with a solemn look.

"Dustin, you've arrived at the right time! Please check on my dad!" Natasha's face lit up, and she frantically

pulled Dustin over to a pale and sweaty Hector, who had blood stains on his outfit.

Without further ado, Dustin performed a detailed checkup on Hector and announced, "Your dad is weak

because he **has** recently recovered from a grave illness. To top that off, he **was** drinking like a fish, and that's

why he fainted. He should be fine."

"That's good to hear." A relieved sigh escaped from Jessica's lips.

"Can you wake him up?" Natasha asked.

"**Yes**, but I wouldn't recommend that. It would be best to just let him rest," Dustin replied.

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"We're running out of time! We need to wake him up, or else the family will be **doomed!**" Natasha did not look like she was joking.

“Is it that serious?” Eyes twitching, he immediately took three needles and inserted them into Hector’s

pressure points between the brows, near the front hairline, and right under his nose. Soon after, Hector’s eyes fluttered open.

“Dad! Do you recall what happened last night?” Natasha immediately asked.

“Last night?” Hector rubbed his head and said groggily. “Last night, it was the birthday event of the regional deputy chief, Sir Moran. I was drinking at his place. Why?”

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“Dad, did you do anything else than drink?” Natasha pressed on.

“What do you mean?” He was puzzled by her questions.

“Dad, think carefully! You can’t make a mistake here!” She was dead serious.

“I think I blacked out from drinking. I can’t remember a **thing**. What happened?” Hector frowned softly. Natasha finally dropped the bomb. “Dad, Sir Moran’s daughter was dead!”

“She’s dead?” He was stunned by the news. “How did that happen?”

“We don’t have the details yet, but rumors had it that you were the murderer!” Natasha informed him.

“Did they say I was the murderer?” He was completely lost. Eyes bulging, he shook his **head** vehemently.

“No, that’s impossible! No matter how drunk I am, I would not kill someone!” He might be a lightweight, but he was a well-behaved drunk. Normally, he’d be dead asleep after he was drunk and never made a scene.

“I don’t believe them either, but witnesses claimed they saw you murder her. Sir Moran’s forces are at our door, and they will force their way in at any time! Think carefully! Did you do it or not?” Natasha growled. The regional deputy chief was the third-in-command in Millsburg, and he had the power to ruin the Harmons with a command.

“I—
I really can’t recall a thing, but I believe that I would never do that.” Hector furrowed his brows.

“Gosh, Hector, what’s that good for? Sir Moran doesn’t believe that!” Trent shook his head slowly.

“Yeah, Trent, how could you black out from drinking at someone’s birthday event? You do not have self-control at all!” Jacob seemed disappointed and furious at his sibling. The family had enough on their plate, and the new accusation added insult to injury.

“Uncle Hector, turn yourself in if you were the culprit. Don’t drag your family into it.” At that moment, a slender and alluring beauty emerged from the crowd. She was Trent’s eldest daughter, Kate. Trent **had** a son and daughter, but after Quentin’s death, Kate immediately came to her father’s side from Stonia.

*Kate Harmon, stop spewing nonsense! My dad is not a murderer!” Ruth glared at her cousin.

“Better not get ahead of yourself. It’s not uncommon for drunk people to commit crimes accidentally. If Uncle Hector is innocent, why would Sir Moran send his men to arrest him?” Kate remarked as if stating the obvious.

Ruth was dumbfounded, “You-”

The accusation might be hard to believe, but there was always a dreadful possibility that it might be true. The problem was that Hector could not recall any memories from that night.

“Could someone have pinned the murder on him?” Dustin blurted out.

Natasha, deep in her thoughts, said, “The possibility has crossed my mind, but I don’t have evidence for now. We need a detailed investigation,” It **was** too

much of a coincidence for the murder to happen at that point. She had reason to suspect foul play.

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“I heard that Sir Moran’s daughter was murdered after being s*xually assaulted. Uncle Hector, did you get

horny after you were drunk and took advantage of her?” Kate dropped another odd speculation.

“Bullshit! My dad is not a rapist!” Ruth instantly jumped up and **down** with **anger**. **Natasha and** Jessica, though

quiet, both frowned at the allegation, Kate was an impertinent young lady.

“Kate, stop that nonsense!” Trent berated his daughter. “Your Uncle Hector is a good man. He’ll never do

anything like that. Someone must have framed him!”

“You’ll never know what a man’s like behind the back. Who knows?” Kate’s reply was loaded.

“That’s enough! Are you going to add to the mess that this family is already in?” Natasha **finally** chastised

Kate.

Kate merely sneered. “You shouldn’t be yelling at me. Start worrying about cleaning up your dad’s mess.”

“You” Natasha was on the verge of an outburst when Jack ran in with urgency. “Ms. Harmon, things are bad!

The soldiers out there have barged in!”

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“They barged in?” Natasha’s expression dropped. “Quick! Get Deone to stop them!”

Before the truth prevailed, she would never allow them to **arrest** her dad.

“Stop!” Suddenly. Hector yelled at Jack, “Let them in. No one shall stand **in** th eir way!”

“Dad, what are you doing?” Natasha frowned.

“The truth will speak for itself. I have nothing to fear if I didn’t commit the crime .” Hector declared loud and clear.

“But

“Have you ever given it some thought? If I make a move now, I’ll never clear my name.” Hector wore a somber

expression on his face. Fighting against Sir Moran’s forces could be perceived as resisting arrest, or, worse,

staging a revolt. The Harmons could not afford to be accused of this grave crime.

“Hector’s right. We can’t butt heads with them. Tell all the Harmon disciples to stand aside!” Jacob yelled.

“Yes, sir.” Jack helplessly took the orders. Natasha and the rest were worried, but they were **aware** of the

importance of not **adding** fuel to the fire. Otherwise, the confrontation might spiral out of control

“Where’s Hector Harmon?” The commander, dressed in uniform, marched up to the doors of the meeting room

with a large number of armed soldiers behind him. These were troopers who were in service, and their

murderous air sent chills down one's spine.

"I am Hector Harmon. Sir, **what** are you here for?" Hector calmly greeted the commander and his men.

"You sullied Sir Moran's daughter and brutally murdered her! We are under orders to arrest you for trial!" The

commander announced icily.

"Nonsense! My **dad** never killed a soul. You must have gotten it wrong!" Ruth instantly protested.

"Sir, my husband has been a morally upright man. He couldn't have committed such a huge sin. He must have been framed!" Jessica fought for her husband.

"That's right! Our patriarch must have been framed!" The family members immediately voiced their support **for** Hector Harmon, who was known for his honorable character. No one else in the family could claim to be more

virtuous than Hector.

"Framed him? That's a joke!" The commander's face was taut. "We have solid evidence that clears all the doubts. Those who are not involved, please leave the scene now!"

"Sir, you claimed that my dad is guilty. But where's the evidence? You need a reason to arrest him, isn't that

right?" Natasha questioned the commander.

He bellowed, "The **witness** account is clear evidence of Hector Harmon murdering **the** young lady when he

was drunk!"

"A witness can be bought. With money, one can forge a witness statement. It's pretty common," Natasha

argued. She was displeased by how they wanted to **charge** Hector over the words of a few witnesses.

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“Is a witness’ account unreliable? Alright, then! I’ll show you some physical evidence!” The commander **played**

a video on his phone. The angle of the footage resembled that of a surveillance camera. In the video, one could see a stocky man assaulting a young lady in her prime. First, he sullied her, followed by suffocating her

to death. His actions were inhumane and would incur wrath from anyone.

After choking the lady to death, the man turned around and showed **his** face. It was Hector Harmon.

“H—how is that possible?” Everyone looked horrified when they saw Hector in the footage. They never expected that he was the real criminal after all! One could buy off witnesses, but it **was** hard to create physical evidence out of thin air! Still, the revelation was too shocking, and everyone struggled to process it.

“T— that’s impossible! My dad would never kill someone!” Ruth shook her head forcefully as the color drained

from her face.

“How did it turn out this way?” Jessica’s eyes widened in disbelief.

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Jessica had always believed her husband, but the result at the moment had left her completely stunned.

“Hector, look at what you have done!” Trent was exasperated.

“Y—

you son of a b*tch! You’re not worthy to be the patriarch!” Flying into a rage, Jacob threw a punch at Hector’s face.

Such a scandal was going to bring extreme humiliation to the entire family.

“Dad, you...” Knitting her brows. Natasha wanted to say something, but the words were stuck in her throat. At first, she firmly believed that her father had been framed. However, looking at the pieces of irrefutable evidence now, she was at a loss as to how to defend him.

Even Hector was inexplicably shocked. It was indeed his face that appeared in the video. On top of that, the way that person dressed up was also just like his.

“Did I really kill someone after getting drunk?” Hector muttered inwardly. At the thought of that, Hector coughed up a mouthful of blood, not able to withstand the shock. His face was ashen white.

“Dad!” Natasha wanted to support him subconsciously but was stopped by him.

“Natasha, I’m sorry for dragging you all into this mess. Now that I’ve done something like this, how can I continue to live with myself?” As soon as he finished speaking, he snatched the gun from the commander and pointed it at his own head. He pulled the trigger, attempting to **use** his death to make up for his mistake.

“Dad!”

“Patriarch!”

Everyone at the scene **was** taken aback by that. They wanted to stop him, but it was too late.

As the loud gunshot pierced the air, the bullet missed its target and brushed past Hector’s forehead by a hair’s breadth, leaving a streak of red on his skin.

It was Dustin. He had seized the gun in Hector’s hand.

“Mr. Hector, we haven’t gotten to the bottom of the situation yet. There’s no need to go to this extreme.” Dustin

frowned.

He did not expect Hector to be so cruel to himself. Hector directly sought to end his life because of a crime

that had not been confirmed. If Dustin hadn’t been fast enough, Hector would’ve been dead by now.

“It’s normal to be punished **for** making a mistake. Only by paying it with my life can I make up for **my** sin.”

Hector had been upright throughout his entire life. How could he carry on with his life when something like

this had happened?

“Mr. Hector, there’s something fishy about this matter. Don’t act recklessly. Let’s wait until we get the **ins** and

outs of it,” Dustin said solemnly.

“That’s right! You’re not going to solve anything by dying. As the patriarch of the Harmon family, **how** could

you seek death to **escape** your responsibilities?” Natasha reproached.

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“I...” Hector was at a loss for words. He had only wanted to save his family’s reputation, so he didn’t think

about it too much.

“**Dad**, give us some time. I believe we can bring the truth to light,” Natasha said. She felt that something **was** amiss about this matter.

Right then, the commander uttered coldly. “Alright, I have no spare time to see how affectionate your father- daughter relationship

is. Hector, you've committed murder, and the evidence is indisputable. Now you need to come with us to assist in our further investigation."

Then, the commander waved his hand. Two soldiers stepped up at once and cuffed Hector.

"Dad, it's easier to die than live. Take care of yourself. We will definitely save you!" Natasha was serious.

Hector nodded, not saying anything more.

"Take him away!" With that, the commander led the rest of his people and left the place.

"Sis, what should we do now?" Ruth was in a fit of panic.

"This is a serious crime. If we don't save Dad in time, his life is probably going to be at stake," she thought.

"Quick! Assemble all the resources we have and look into this matter comprehensively! Don't miss out on any clues or details!" Natasha ordered.

Hearing that, everyone immediately began to take action. This matter had caused chaos in the Harmon family.

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The fact that Hector was arrested caused quite a stir among the members of the Harmon family.

Everyone was rushed off their feet, using whatever connections they had to prove Hector innocent. Hector was the patriarch of the Harmons; he represented the family. If he was really charged with murder, not only would he be ruined, but the whole Harmon family would also be terribly criticized by the public.

After giving out the order, Natasha called some of the trustworthy people to her room to

discuss the countermeasures. Not everyone in the family stood on the same side. Trent and Jacob

harbored their own thoughts. She naturally didn't trust them.

"What do you think about this matter?" Natasha asked, glancing around.

"Could it be that Dad got sloshed for real, so he..." Ruth trailed off.

Before Ruth saw the video, she was sure that her father was not the kind of person who would commit such a crime. However, now that the evidence was right before her eyes, she couldn't help but doubt his innocence.

"Your dad is well aware of his alcohol tolerance level. But why did he drink so much this time that he couldn't even remember what he did after that?" Jessica's expression didn't look good.

"Ms. Natasha, saving Mr. Harmon is what's most important right now," Jack said worriedly.

It was going to be hard for Hector to clear his name anytime soon. Hence, keeping him safe and sound for now was their top priority.

"Dustin, what do you think?" Natasha looked at him.

"I don't think it's a coincidence that this matter happens at this time. Your dad is probably being set up by others," Dustin replied.

Ruth

furrowed her brows. "That's what we hope too, but all the evidence is directed at Dad. No one

will believe us."

"Sometimes, what we see might not be the truth, so we mustn't just look on the surface," Dustin said, shaking his head.

"You've gotten a clue?" Natasha asked.

"Those who have been around will know that there's a special skill in this world, which is called Face—

Changing Art. I suspect that someone has impersonated your dad and committed the crime.”

“Face—
Changing Art?” The rest of them exchanged glances with one another, shocked by Dustin’s words.

“Remember the Dark Lord’s disciple who showed up at the annual gathering that day? She had used Face—Changing Art to disguise herself as Celeste,” Dustin explained.

“That’s right! When she escaped, I think she left behind a human face mask!” Ruth said.

“That is to say, Hector might be framed for real?” Jessica’s eyes brightened.

Although they knew nothing much about Face—Changing Art, this speculation was their only

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hope at the moment.

“Are you saying that the Dark Lord is behind this?” Natasha’s expression turned cold. This wasn’t just about dirtying Hector’s good name; it was also about ruining the reputation of the Harmons and bringing the family to the brink of collapse.

“What a merciless move!” Natasha muttered inwardly.

“It’s possible, but there’s also someone who we mustn’t leave out,” Dustin reminded.

“Who?” Natasha narrowed her eyes.

“Tyler.” Dustin’s voice was flat. “He was rejected at the annual gathering. Judging from how the Grant family conducts themselves, it’s impossible for them to gloss over the matter.”

“Seriously?” Ruth frowned in thought. “The Grant family is one of the top three most prominent families. It’s impossible for them to do something like this. Moreover, framing my father won’t bring them any benefits.

“It’s just my guess. If we want to catch the culprit, it’d be best to investigate from here as a start,” Dustin said.

“Jack, get the shadow guards to look into these immediately!” Natasha gave the order directly. “Noted!” Jack obeyed and left in a hurry.

Right then, a glint of silver light surged from the window all of a sudden and landed fiercely on the wall. It wasn’t until they had taken a closer look that they realized it was a silver hairpin with a piece of paper attached to it.

“Miracle doctor, I know who the culprit is. Come alone to Lilyrius Restaurant tonight at 8 pm. See you then.” The note was signed off by someone called Azalea.

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“Azalea?” Natasha arched her brow. “Do you know her?”

“If I guessed it right, it was her who disguised herself as Celeste,” Dustin said. The fragrance lingering on the silver hairpin was exactly the same as that of the woman from that day.

“It’s her?” Natasha frowned slightly. “Could it be she’s the one behind this?”

“We’ll know more about it after I meet up with her tonight.” Dustin narrowed his eyes. Since that person had invited him out, it was clear that she must have known something.

“This woman is full of guile and good at using poison. Do you think this is a trap?” Natasha was worried.

“Don’t worry. Even if it’s a lion’s den, I’ll be able to come out unscathed.” Dustin smiled faintly. “No, it’s too dangerous for you to go alone. I’ll send a group of shadow guards to protect you,” Natasha said with a solemn expression.

The Dark Lord's disciple was nowhere near kind. Natasha didn't want Dustin to risk his life. With how insistent she was, Dustin didn't refuse her anymore. "Okay."

As a retro-style restaurant, Lilyrius Restaurant was usually lively. However, it seemed surprisingly deserted that night.

After getting out of the car, Dustin entered the restaurant and looked around. There was no customer. He casually chose a seat next to the window and enjoyed his drink while waiting for Azalea to show up.

"Quick! Go and catch the person inside!" At that time, several SUVs roared and pulled up outside the restaurant. Equipped with weapons, a group of black-clad, masked men got out of the cars and rushed into the place fiercely.

When the man in the lead saw Dustin, he took several steps forward and jammed his machete into the table. "You're Dustin?" Steven Lewis asked maliciously.

"You've been following me for half an hour. You can't possibly still not know who I am, can you?" Dustin held his cup, looking calm.

He had sensed that he was being watched the moment he stepped out of the Harmon residence. However, instead of alerting the other party, he kept quiet about it to see who was behind it.

Steven smirked. "You've got some guts. I didn't expect you to be so composed."

"Who are you? What do you want to do?" Dustin demanded.

"I heard that you have the flower of Crimson Gem. Hand it over, and I'll spare your life today," Steven said. He had been keeping a close watch over the Harmon residence for two days to catch

him.

"Flower of Crimson Gem? You're someone from the Grant family?" Dustin raised his eyebrow. Only a few people knew that he had the flower, and Jayla was one of them.

“Hmph! Cut the crap! Are you giving or not?” Steven’s face darkened.

“No.” Dustin gulped down his drink.

“Then, you’re just asking for death!” Steven flew into a rage and was about to launch an attack on

Dustin.

Right then, a charming female voice floated across the air. “Have you asked for my permission to make a scene at my place?”

When everyone looked over, they saw a veiled woman in skimpy clothes slowly descending the stairs.

Although her face couldn’t be seen clearly, her body figure was extremely hot and seductive—well-developed breasts, curvy buttocks, and a slim waist. She looked like a masterpiece, especially when she walked with her hips wiggling, exuding her alluring charm.

The group of men in black were stunned. With their eyes lit up, they couldn’t help but swallow their saliva repeatedly.

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“Whoa, I’ve never seen such a hot body before!”

“I don’t need to look at her face. Her fair and slender legs alone are enough to get me hooked for a year!”

“Damn, I can’t take it anymore! She is fucking seductive!”

The moment the veiled woman showed up, all the black-clad men had a hard time holding back their lusts. The sexy curves of her figure were flawless, especially her wonderfully-proportioned legs. They were literally perfect for those with foot and leg fetishes.

Rubbing his chin, Steven ogled at her. “Hey, beauty. Are you the owner of this restaurant?”

“That’s right. What do you want to eat?” The woman wore a sweet smile and slowly walked up to them.

“What a nice smell!” The men kept sniffing, immersing themselves in her fragrance that was tickling them pink.

“Can I eat you?” Steven gave her a lascivious grin.

“Me?” The woman chuckled. “I’m a thorny person; I don’t think you’ll be able to stomach me.”

“It’s okay. There is no rose without a thorn,” he uttered, licking his lips.

Really? Let’s see if you can walk your talk.” She smiled mysteriously.

Steven tugged at his clothes, looking like he was in dire need of devouring her whole. When the rest of the men saw that, they burst into laughter and began to tease her.

“You’re lucky today, beauty! Steven is extremely good at this!”

“It looks like your man must’ve failed to satisfy you. No worries, you have our company tonight!

As they laughed, they had already trapped the veiled woman in the middle.

Smiling, she pointed to Dustin. “Compared to you, I like the handsome man over there more.”

“Hmph! He is only pleasant to the eyes but of no use!”

“Exactly! Look at how thin he is!”

The men scoffed at Dustin.

“Do you want to play with me, Mr. Handsome?” The veiled woman ignored the other men.

“No, thank you. Go ahead and play with them.” Dustin continued enjoying his drink, completely unfazed.

“Did you hear that? He doesn’t have the guts!” With an evil grin, Steven reached out to grab her buttocks, but she easily dodged his touch.

“You’d better keep your hands to yourselves, or else I’ll get angry,” she warned.

Hearing that, Steven got even more excited. “

Angry? Haha! Come on, show me how angry you can get!”

“Sure.” The woman crinkled her mouth into a slight smile and gently blew into her palm.

Right then, a puff of red smoke came through and permeated the air, enveloping everyone in

it.

“What’s this? It smells so good.” The men sniffed the scent subconsciously. However, in less than three seconds, they felt dizzy and were struggling for breath.

“This is bad! The smoke is poisoned!” Steven’s expression changed, and he immediately covered his mouth and nose.

Unfortunately, it was too late. Those who had inhaled the smoke fell to the floor, their faces contorting in pain as blood oozed out from their mouths and noses.

“Bit*h! How dare you poison us! I’m going to kill you!” At the sight of his subordinates flumping down one after another, Steven flew off the handle and drew his machete to attack her. However, as soon as he moved, he lost his balance and tumbled to the floor.

“I wasn’t lying when I said that you wouldn’t be able to put up with me.” The veiled woman Smirjed

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“You-” Steven was seething. He spat out a mouthful of black blood and died on the spot.

In three minutes, all the black-clad men collapsed to the floor and kicked the bucket. “Miracle doctor, I’ve helped you get rid of all the nuisances. It’s only

two of us now.” The veiled woman came over with a charming smile and sat beside Dustin. “Don’t you think you should thank me for solving your problem?”

“Well, they were not really a problem to me. Let’s get down to business. What’s your motive for calling me here?” Dustin asked.

“I’m just a weak lady; what kind of motives can I have? Don’t think of me so badly.” Azalea teased. “If that’s the case, tell me. Who framed Hector? And where is the killer?” Dustin cut right to the chase.

“Nothing comes for free in this world. You’ve got to pay a price if you want to know the answer to that.” Azalea stretched out her finger and stroked his chin intimately.

“What do you want?” Dustin pushed her hand away.

“Can I have you?” Azalea shot him an alluring smile.

“I’m not interested in you.” Dustin refused her, unfazed by her advances.

“You’re indeed different. There aren’t a lot of men who can resist my seduction.” She chuckled. Alright, I won’t tease you anymore. Actually, I hope that you can cure my disease. I’ve witnessed your medical skills. Needless to say, they are exceptional.”

“You don’t look ill.” Dustin sized her up. Judging from her overall well-being, she seemed to be in the pink of health.

“To tell you the truth, my mentor has put a venomous curse on me. I will feel extremely terrible when it comes to the middle of the night. I hope that you can help me remove it.”

Dustin was a little surprised. “A mentor poisoning his disciple? It’s my first time hearing something like this.”

“My mentor is a person who suspects everyone. He doesn’t trust anyone but himself, so he uses the venom to control his disciples,” Azalea explained.

“I can neutralize the poison for you, but you have to first tell me who the murderer is,” Dustin said. “No can do. What if you go back on your word after

"I've told you the truth?" The world was full of danger. Azalea dared not trust anyone easily.

After a moment's thought, Dustin agreed in the end. "Fine, I'll remove it for you first. You'd better not come up with any tricks."

"I'm just a weak lady. Do you think I'm capable of doing that?" Azalea rolled her eyes.

"Open your mouth," Dustin said, not intending to waste his time talking to her anymore. Azalea lifted her veil slightly, revealing her delicate lips.

Dustin flicked a pill into her mouth with his fingers. Then, he took out a silver needle and poked it at her body a few times at lightning speed. Once the medicine began to take effect, he thrust his palm out all of a sudden and slapped her back hard.

Azalea coughed up a mouthful of black blood. A centipede that was as thick as a pinky could be seen wriggling in the pool of blood.

"Miracle doctor, you're indeed amazing. I didn't expect it to be settled this fast." Azalea was overjoyed; she had never felt so relaxed before.

She carefully put the centipede aside to keep it for future use. There was a subtle connection between the venomous curse and the person who planted it. Once the centipede died, her mentor would immediately know about it.

"I've removed the venom. So tell me, who is the murderer?" Dustin asked calmly.

"What are you talking about?" Azalea acted like she didn't know anything.

"How dare you trick me?" Dustin frowned, exuding a malicious mien in an instant.

"Miracle doctor, hadn't anyone told you before that you shouldn't simply believe a woman's words, especially the beautiful ones?" Azalea smiled playfully.

Dustin's expression darkened. All of a sudden, he reached out and grabbed Azalea by her neck, lifting her up from the floor. "If you aren't telling me about it, then don't blame me for being merciless."

Laughing in the middle of her cough, she said, "Miracle doctor, I advise you not to act recklessly. If you get me killed, your lover, Natasha, is going to die too."

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"What are you talking about?" Dustin tightened his grip around Azalea's neck, suffocating her so hard that her face flushed.

Without feeling any ounce of fear, Azalea smiled and said in a hoarse voice, "If I die, not only you won't be able to catch the murderer, but Natasha will also suffer. You'd better think about it properly."

"Are you threatening me?" When Dustin narrowed his eyes, a touch of murderous intent was laced in his gaze.

"I dare not. This is just my advice to you." Azalea curled up the corners of her lips.

"What exactly do you want?" Dustin demanded coldly.

Instead of saying anything, Azalea pointed at her neck.

Her message was loud and clear.

With a slight frown, Dustin still let go of her neck.

Azalea slumped down on the floor in an instant and panted heavily. "It hurts. Miracle doctor, I was just joking. Why did you have to be so rough?"

"I have no time to joke with you. You'd better tell me everything that you know." He shot her a piercing glare.

"Fine. Since you want to know about it so badly, I'll just tell you the truth." Patting her clothes, Azalea sat beside him and took a sip of his drink. "You've guessed it right. Hector is framed, and the one behind this is the Grant family."

"The Grant family?" Dustin raised his brow. "Where is the evidence? How am I supposed to know that you're not lying?"

This woman in front of him was too unpredictable. He couldn't bring himself to believe her.

"What's the point of lying to you?" Azalea rolled her eyes.

"Do you even need a reason to tell a lie?" Dustin's expression was frosty.

"You know me well!" She chuckled. "But I'm telling the truth this time, and I even have the murderer's location with me."

"Where?"

"A hidden safe house." With a flick of her wrist, a piece of paper fell on the table. "Here's the address."

Dustin took a look at it. "Is this the real address?"

"You have my word. However, I can only guarantee you that the murderer will be there for an hour. After that, the murderer will move to a different place," Azalea said.

Dustin nodded his head, his expression relaxing as he lowered his guard slightly. Judging from Azalea's body language, she didn't seem like she was lying. As long as he could catch the culprit, Hector would probably be safe.

"By the way, you said that Natasha was in danger. What do you mean by that?" Dustin suddenly asked.

"Do you want to know? Lift my veil, then." Azalea smiled meaningfully.

"What's so hard about that?" He reached out and grabbed her veil, slowly pulling it upward.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you that there is a rule in my family; whoever lifts up my veil will have to marry me."

"You're crazy!" Startled, Dustin immediately withdrew his hand. Fortunately, he had only pulled it up halfway through, so he didn't manage to get a clear look at her face.

"Scared? What a boring man you are!" Azalea teased, grinning from ear to ear.

“Childish!” Dustin snorted and turned around to leave.

“She’s too good at playing with people’s minds,” Dustin thought.

“Hold on,” Azalea called out to him. “Miracle doctor, why are you in such a hurry? Actually, I have spies at the Grant residence. Not long ago, I received news that someone wanted to harm Natasha. Those who followed you earlier were just the beginning of their plan. The Grant family’s real target is Natasha.”

When Dustin heard what she said, he stopped his steps all of a sudden and looked at her. “The Harmon residence is heavily guarded now. It’s not easy for the Grants to barge in.”

“True enough, but what about luring the target away?” Azalea quirked her lips.

“What do you mean?” He frowned.

“Well, if I’m someone from the Grant family, I can simply find a reason to lure Natasha to leave the house.” Azalea shot him a half-smile.

Right then, Dustin felt a wave of uneasiness.

At the moment, the Harmon family was leaderless, and on top of that, it was in a mess.

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori

Chapter 520

Chapter 520

Natasha would definitely do whatever she could to save Hector, and her concern for her father would only make her fall into traps easily.

At the thought of that, Dustin immediately took out his phone and dialed Natasha’s number. However, the line couldn’t get through.

“She’s not picking up? In that case, it seems like the Grant family has made their move,” Azalea remarked.

"Miracle doctor, time is tight. You have to choose whether to go to the safe house to catch the murderer or to save Natasha. You can't have your cake and eat it too."

"Only kids will choose. I want both!" As Dustin spoke, he made a hand gesture at the window.

Soon, Isfrid hurriedly walked in with a few shadow guards.

"Mr. Rhys, we are at your command," Isfrid said respectfully.

Dustin handed the piece of paper with the safe house's address to Isfrid. "This is where the murderer is hiding. Bring your men and head over there right now."

"What about you, Mr. Rhys?"

"I have something else to do. Hurry up and go," Dustin urged.

"Yes, Sir!" Isfrid dared not hesitate and immediately left the place.

Seeing that, Azalea fell silent with a smile on her face.

Upon walking out of the restaurant, Dustin called Ruth. "Ruth, is your sister at home?"

"She left with a group of shadow guards after receiving a call not long ago. What's the matter?" Ruth replied.

"She left? Where did she go?" Dustin continued asking.

"I think she went to Basilisk Hall."

"Your sister is in danger. Send help over immediately!" Then, Dustin hung up the phone and drove straight to Basilisk Hall.

A masquerade party that was only open to the cream of society was going on in Basilisk Hall. Everyone was getting wild. After all, they were all unrecognizable with the masks on. Hence, they were seizing the chance to indulge themselves in debaucherous fun.

With a cigarette in her mouth, Jayla sat on the couch and watched the skimpy guests on the dance floor, who were getting amatory with one another.

As a whole, the party looked like a dissipated one.

Right then, a bodyguard walked up to her and reported in a low voice, "Ms. Grant, Natasha is here."

"Oh, that's fast. Bring her in." Jayla put on a playful smile.

"Yes." The bodyguard obeyed and went away.

Seconds later, Natasha came in with the bodyguard. Looking at how wild the atmosphere of the party was, she couldn't help but frown.

"This is way too much. They don't have any self-restraint at all," Natasha thought.

Jayla stood up with a glass of red wine in her hand. "Natasha, I didn't expect you to have the guts to come over."

"I came here only for the truth; who exactly framed my father?" Natasha demanded.

Before this, Natasha received a call from Jayla and was told that the latter had a way of saving Hector. Hence, Natasha immediately rushed over.

"Well, get down on your knees if you want to know the answer," Jayla said with a mocking smile.

"Do you

think this is fun?" Natasha furrowed her brows.

"You don't want to kneel? I thought you cared a lot about your father, but now it seems like I'm wrong." Jayla sneered.

"Will you tell me the truth if I fall to my knees?"

"It's not your place to negotiate with me. If you don't want your father to die in prison, do as I say!" Jayla shouted.

After hesitating for a while, Natasha finally kneeled on the floor. She knew Jayla was humiliating her on purpose. However, for the sake of Hector, Natasha had no choice but to swallow her pride.

"What a good daughter!" Jayla curled the corners of her lips into a nasty smirk.

"Now, take off your clothes."