

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 61 -

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“Bitch, I’ll f*cking kill you!” Mr. Chansey screamed as he touched his scalded face. He **was** so furious he

started pouncing on Dahlia.

Her quick reflexes allowed her to deliver a swift but deadly kick to Mr. Chansey’s crotch.

“Argh!” he cried out in pain immediately and started rolling on the floor with his hands over his bruised member, his face turning a darker shade of purple by the second.

“You disgust me!” she spat before turning around to leave the room.

This caused her to bump into Dustin, who had been eavesdropping by the door the whole time. “What are you doing here?” she asked angrily.

“Nothing, I was just making sure you were doing okay in there,” he replied while shrugging his shoulders.

His **eyes** instantly perked up at **the** sight of Mr. Chansey, who was writhing in pain on the floor.

It **was** a good thing that she’d managed to mess him up, because if he’d stepped in, he’d surely make sure that Mr. Chansey won’t be using his hands ever again for the remainder of his life.

“We’re done here. Let’s go,” she snapped without any explanation, then started strutting out of the room in her high heels.

She was in a sour mood.

“You f*cking stop right where you are now!” Mr. Chansey suddenly bellowed with a fierce expression before continuing. “Running away like a coward after beating someone up? What do you take me for?!”

Under his orders, several security guards immediately started forming a human barricade in front of the main

door to prevent the two of them from leaving.

“You b*tch! How dare you kick me? I’ll make sure you never see the light of day again!” he yelled as he stormed

up to her with a hand **raised**, ready to strike her.

Dustin intercepted his blow without much effort.

“Who do you think you are? How dare you meddle in my affairs? You’d better get away from me if you know what’s **good** for you!” Mr. Chansey hissed.

“You’d better apologize to her now before I rip your mouth open!” Dustin threatened with **an** icy expression.

“Like hell I will!” Mr. Chansey spat, his rage growing by the second. He swung his fist at Dustin, but Dustin

managed to dodge it and delivered a heavy slap to his face instead.

This caused Mr. Chansey’s humongous frame to stumble several feet.

The blow had disfigured his face, and when he opened his mouth, some of his teeth fell out.

Everyone at the scene was dumbfounded that Mr. **Chansey** was sent flying. No one had expected Dustin to be

So vicious.

To think that he had slapped Mr. Chansey in front of everyone. Did he have no idea that this man was the

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manager of Eastern River Bank?

An influential man with power, money, and a vast network!

To offend such a person was simply asking for trouble!

“H—how...dare you hit **me?**”

Upon noticing the few loose teeth in his palm, Mr. Chansey’s face twisted into a scowl.

“So what if I just beat you up? Do I have to make an appointment first?” Dustin said indifferently.

“Do you even f*cking know who my backers are, you little shit? It’s the Spanners! The nerve of you to even lay

a finger on me, do you want to die so badly?!” Mr. Chansey screeched before pulling out his phone to call for

backup.

“Hmm?” Dahlia frowned slightly before making a call herself.

15 minutes later, Florence brought a team of security personnel and made her entrance in the flashiest fashion imaginable.

Standing beside her was a handsome man in a clean suit. The man seemed graceful and elegant and had an

aristocratic air to him.

“Matt Laney?” Dahlia **gasp**ed, her eyes wide as she stared at him in shock.

He **used** to be her upperclassman in school and had even tried to court her for a short while in the past. But

when he’d left the country, the two stopped seeing each other for a long time. She hadn’t expected him to

return so soon, much less with her mother.

“Dahlia! How are you? You’re not hurt, right?” Florence asked worriedly the moment she entered through the door. She was scared that her daughter had gotten hurt.

"I'm fine, Mom. There's no need to worry," Dahlia replied as she shook her head slightly.

"**Long** time no see, Dahlia," Matt greeted first, as polite as ever.

"Yeah, long time no see," Dahlia responded with a small nod.

Although she was still somewhat taken aback by his sudden appearance, she decided to regard him as a school friend for now.

"I heard that you came across some trouble lately, so that's why I rushed all the way here with your mom. So if

there's anything you need our help with, just let me know," he said with a grin. His words were calm but full of

confidence.

"I know, right? Nothing is impossible with Matt around!"

"I don't suppose you caught wind of the incident where our family got arrested. Thanks to Matt, we managed

to get out safe and sound,"

"Not only that, but he also caught that bastard Chris and recovered all the money we were cheated out of!"

"Just look at him. He should be the first person that comes to mind when you think of a capable man!" Florence yammered on, praising him every other sentence.

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Dahlia could only muster a strained smile upon hearing all of that. "Thanks," she mumbled.

"It's no biggie. No need to make me sound so **great**," **Matt** grinned.

"What are you doing here, Rhys?" Florence quizzed as she shifted her gaze to see Dustin standing next to her. She looked somewhat disgusted upon seeing him.

“Mom, it was Dustin who saved me,” Dahlia explained.

“He was the one who saved you? Hmph, it was more likely that he hurt you instead!” Florence’s expression and gaze turned cold **as** she said, “If it wasn’t for this man who offended Mr. Woods, our family could’ve avoided all that undeserved misfortune in the first place!”

“Mom, this whole thing started because of me. It has nothing to do with Dustin,” Dahlia corrected.

“I can’t believe you’re still taking his side even now. You will regret it sooner or later!” Florence exclaimed,

almost losing her cool.

If not for Matt standing beside her, she would have flung all sorts of expletives at her already.

“Hey, hey, hey... Where did you guys come from again? Do I look like I’m invisible to you all?”

At this time, Mr. Chansey, who **was** standing in a corner, finally lost his **cool**.

“Who are you?” Matt asked while glancing at him from the corner of his eye.

“I’m the manager of this bank!” Mr. Chansey barked as he shot him a glare. “I demand that these two people

pay the price for offending me today!”

“Do you know who I f*cking am? How dare you speak to me like that?” Matt spat in response as his expression grew cold.

“I don’t care who the hell you are! As long as your nose is in my business, I’ll make sure you never see the **light of day** too!” Mr. Chansey threatened viciously.

As soon as he finished saying that, two black cars drove up to the entrance of Eastern River Bank.

Immediately after, an army of buff thugs rushed into the building, their leader being an intimidating man who

wore a trench coat and held a cigar in his hand.

The way he walked made him look mighty imposing.

“Heh... My backer has finally arrived. None of you will be able to escape today!” Mr. Chansey **guffawed**

wickedly.

It wasn't like he had any connections or a good background, so how **dare** he act so cocky?

“Holy shit! Isn't that Sir **Zims**? What is he **doing** here?” someone whispered.

“Sir Zims? The new chairman of the Drey Group?” another piped up.

“It's him! I heard that he was the one who was ruthless enough to kill Sir Spanner in order to climb to the top!”

one exclaimed.

“That guy's dead meat. I can't believe he got involved with Sir Zims,” another gossiped.

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Whispers erupted from the crowd after everyone got a look at the man in the trench coat. Some even gave Dustin a few sympathetic looks afterward.

Sir Zims' infamous name could be heard everywhere these days, up to the point where the mere mention of his name was enough to make anyone turn pale.

“Hmm?” Dustin hummed. He couldn't help but get an odd feeling in his stomach upon looking at the imposing

man in front of him.

And that was because he just realized that Mr. Chansey's supposed backer was his own newly acquired

follower, Mason Zims.

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“Who dares to stir up trouble on my turf? Do they have a death wish?” Mason Zims bellowed as he strutted with a cigar in his mouth.

Everywhere he went, the crowd dispersed as they were all afraid of provoking him.

Even Dahlia’s expression turned grave upon laying eyes on him.

Although Trevor Spanner was dead, Mason Zims managed to inherit all of his power and was glowing in his element. With Edwin Hummer behind his back too, not many had the privilege of offending him.

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“You escape through the side door. I’ll cover for you!” Dahlia ordered as she stepped forward to shield Dustin. She was an influential figure herself, so even if Mason was batshit crazy, she knew he didn’t have the balls to do anything to her. It was a different story for Dustin though, for he wasn’t an influential figure or anything. So, if he were unfortunate enough to fall into Zim’s clutches, he would end up dead or disabled, at the very least! “You want him to escape? Where to? As long as Sir Zims is here, even if Jesus came down from Heaven today. He won’t be able to save you! Your death is imminent!” Mr. Chansey huffed before cockily strutting up to Mason. “You’ve finally arrived, Sir Zims! Just take a look at my face. Look how it got beat up!” Mr. Chansey lamented.

“What happened here?” Mason asked with an eyebrow raised.

“The story is, this woman approached me for a loan just now. But when I noticed that she had bad credit, I refused to lend her any money. Who knew she’d be so shameless as to start seducing me on top of toying with other men? And just because I didn’t want to give in to her mind games, she beat me up! Can you believe this?” Mr. Chansey lied through his teeth, spewing out bullshit the whole **time**.

“Oh, she’s a wild one, I see? Did you mention my name?” Mason snapped. He didn’t look like he came here to make friends.

“Of course I did! But they didn’t bat an eye at the mention of your name and even boldly proclaimed that they’d just fight you if you showed up!” Mr. Chansey instigated.

“Good—no, excellent! If I don’t flex my muscles once in a while, people will start thinking I’ve lost my touch!” Mason guffawed wickedly. He had just taken control of the Drey Group and was worried he’d have no opportunity to push his weight around.

It was about time a few people who weren’t afraid of death came up to him today!

“What a load of crap!” Dahlia exploded after holding herself back for so long. She took a few steps forward and started explaining. “Sir Zims, I was the one who approached him to take out a loan, but not only did he deny me a loan, he even tried to make things difficult for me! All those accusations about seducing him and toying with other men were totally made up and untrue, to say the least. He was lying the whole ti-

But before she could finish her sentence, she was interrupted by **a wave** from Mason’s hand. “What makes you think that I care about the truth? I don’t give a shit about who was right or wrong. The fact of the matter was that you picked a fight with someone on my turf, which meant that you were indirectly disrespecting me as well! So, for everyone who disrespects me, whether it be Tom, Dick, or Harry, I’ll have them kneel in front of me to beg for forgiveness.”

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Dahlia couldn’t help but frown upon hearing that. She didn’t expect him to be so unreasonable.

“Heh, didn’t you hear what he just said? Hurry up and kneel on the ground and beg for your life to be spared!” Mr. Chansey snickered. He was well aware of Mason’s character, which was why he dared to act so cocky and

reckless now.

“Tell me...Who was the man who hit you just now? Let’s see if he can escape with his hands intact today!” Mason twirled a knife in his hand. He vowed to make an example of someone today, no matter what!

“Sir Zims, he was the little shit who beat me up!” Mr. Chansey stretched out a finger and pointed.

As Mason chewed on a cigar hanging from his mouth, he raised his chin and turned his head around to **see** who it was. However, the moment his gaze met Dustin’s, it was as if his whole body **was** struck by lightning

and he became frozen on the spot!

The steel knife in his hand also fell to the ground and clattered on the floor.

“Oh, my God, why him of all people?!” Mason thought nervously. His body stiffened upon gazing at Dustin’s familiar face. Cold sweat immediately broke out on his face. He was so scared his legs started to buckle.

Even after all this time, that image of Dustin wiping out an entire building by himself was still as fresh in his mind as ever. It still gave him nightmares to this day. He became even more frightened after hearing about

Travis Spanner’s disappearance and the destruction of Spanner Villa two **days** ago.

That was because he knew very well that it was all Dustin’s doing. Somehow, Dustin **had** managed to make

Travis Spanner, a general of the western warzone, disappear without a trace in just one night.

That just solidified how terrifying the man standing in front of him was!

“Fucking pig! Why’d he have to get me in this mess!” he grumbled to himself.

“Weren’t you barking like a rabid dog just now, you little shit? Why aren’t you saying anything now that Sir Zims is here?” Mr. Chansey, who still didn’t get the memo, continued taunting Dustin as if he had nine lives.” Let’s see if you dare slap me again. I’ll see to it that you die a horrible death today!” The m

oment he finished speaking, Mason saw a chance to redeem himself and rushed forward to slap the living daylights out of

Chansey!

The sound of a crunch came, followed by a staggering Mr. Chansey, who looked like he was about to collapse any second. A red handmark could clearly be seen on his face.

“Sir Zims? A— aren’t you beating up the wrong person right now?” Mr. Chansey mumbled as he used his hands to cover his somewhat shocked expression.

“Me, beating up the wrong guy? But you’re the guy I’m supposed to beat up!” Mason roared furiously, and without skipping a beat, he lifted a hand to slap Chansey a few more times before throwing him onto the

ground.

As if that did not quell his rage, he started to punch and kick Chansey again, cuffing him out as he went.

“You fat pig! I feel like throwing up whenever I see you! Why would such a stunning woman like Ms. Nicholson seduce you? Do you even know what you look like?! How f*cking dare you spread my name so casually like that! How dare you make a fool out of me, I’ll see to it that you stay dead!”

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The more he cursed, the fiercer he became and the more blows he delivered.

At this point, Mr. Chansey had **been** beaten up to the extent of crying like a little b*tch, screaming for his parents, while he cradled his head and **begged** for mercy at the same time.

“What the hell is going on here?” someone whispered from the crowd.

The sudden turn of events left the crowd stunned. No one had expected the tables to turn so drastically. Wasn't Mason, who arrived like a hurricane minutes before, supposed to be on Mr. Chansey's side? So why was he beating up his own teammate instead?

Who was on whose side now actually?

"Um..." Dahlia trailed off as her eyes widened. She was speechless at Mason's sudden shift in attitude.

"Just a second ago, he paraded around like a cocky motherf*cker, acting so domineering and unreasonable but

now he was pretending as if he had a halo on his head, and was putting on a righteous front.

More importantly, she could obviously make out that there was a trace of fear on his face.

However, that was the part that got her stumped. Could one still be fearful of anything or anyone after assassinating someone so powerful as Sir Spanner?

Looking around the room, her gaze eventually landed on Dustin.

Come to think of it, Mason's sudden shift in attitude seemed to have something to do with his encounter with

Dustin.

Was it possible that Mason was terrified of Dustin?

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"No! That's impossible!" Dahlia thought.

She denied the notion as soon as it emerged. Apart from his good looks, Dustin was just an average man. There was nothing special about him.

Mason, on the other hand, had not only taken over Sir Spanner's position and had authority over the Drey Group, but he also had hundreds of henchmen at his beck and call. Why would he be intimidated by a small fry like Dustin?

She must be delusional.

Mason's kicks and punches rained down on Mr. Chansey unceasingly, causing him to spit blood.

He saw no other way to it than to give Mr. Chansey a good beating for fear that Dustin would do him in out of wrath.

"I'm sorry, Sir Zims, I was wrong! Please stop, I'm begging you, please stop!" Mr. Chansey cried out between wails.

Mason only stopped after he sneaked a glance at Dustin and saw that his countenance was much calmer than before. He counted himself lucky that there was a scapegoat. He would have been in a bad spot otherwise.

"A fat lot of use apologizing to me! If Ms. Nicholson does not forgive you, you will not see tomorrow!" Mason scolded harshly.

"I'm terribly sorry, Ms. Nicholson! I was wrong, it was all my fault. This will never happen again. Please forgive me!" Mr. Chansey was on his knees as he begged for forgiveness. Long gone was his unbridled arrogance.

"That's enough. Don't ever let **me** see you **again!**" Dahlia uttered frostily.

"Yes, I'll get lost right this instant!" He nodded incessantly **and** dashed for the exit. He did not even stop to

retrieve his shoe that fell off on his way out.

"My apologies, Ms. Nicholson. The blame is on me. He offended you because I have not disciplined him well. I will reflect on my mistakes." Mason smiled apologetically. He was a smart cookie. Knowing that Dustin

always maintained a low profile, he did not blow his cover.

"How fair and just you are, Sir Zims. I'm impressed." Dahlia **gave** a slight smile.

“Oh no, I’m only doing what’s right,” Mason replied with a guilty conscience.

“Hmph, at least you know where you stand!” Matt announced haughtily. “Had Dahlia been harmed in the slightest today, I would not have let you off the hook!”

“No, I wouldn’t dare,” Mason continued with the **same** apologetic smile. He had no idea who Matt was, but

seeing that he was with Mr. Rhys, Mason was sure he wasn’t someone to be trifled with.

“Take your men with you and scram. Such eyesores!” Matt said condescendingly.

Mason dared not retort. He peeked at Dustin for a brief moment before taking his leave. In no time, all his

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lackeys dispersed.

“Once **again**, Matt **saves** the day!” Florence’s eyes lit up as she smiled excitedly. “Dahlia, did you see that? Wasn’t Sir Zims cocky earlier on? But once he saw Matt, he got so **scared** that he was just short of peeing his pants! And that’s how powerful the Laney’s are!”

As soon as she said that, the realization dawned on the crowd.

“No wonder Sir Zims was terrified. We have a big shot here!”

“I wonder who that attractive man is. It’s amazing how he scared Sir Zims off like that!”

“He’s handsome and he’s powerful. How does one even resist a man like that?”

A few ladies in the crowd fawned over how charming Matt was.

“The Laney’s are, after all, a powerful family of the nobility. I think we have a say on what goes on around here.

Dealing with a mere thug is no big deal.” Matt smiled, feigning modesty.

“It’s no big **deal** to you, but it would definitely not be an **easy feat** for some people.” Florence then looked at

Dustin out of the corner of her eye and said cynically. “Hey Rhys, Matt here just saved your life. Are you not

going to thank him?”

“Why should I thank him?” Dustin could not seem to fathom it.

“Why? Well, had Matt not dealt with Sir Zims, do you think you could get out of this unscathed?” Florence

asked as she crossed her arms.

“First things first, I did not need his help. Secondly, he had nothing to do with me getting away,” Dustin said.

“Hmph! How stubborn!” Florence then continued, full of disdain, “Matt just saved you, and not only are you unappreciative, but you’re also boasting so shamelessly. Have you no conscience?”

“Precisely! What’s wrong with him? That is so rude of him!”

“He’s not even thanking the person who saved him! Should have left him to fend for himself!”

A few girls crowded around were outraged by the injustice toward Matt. From the way they saw it, Dustin was

plain ungrateful.

“Forget it, it’s just a small matter. Let’s not make a fuss.” Matt said with a wave of his hand, trying to look

magnanimous.

“Oh, Matt, you’re just too kind! Ungrateful bastards like this one here deserve to suffer!” Florence was

indignant.

"I simply saved him for Dahlia's sake," Matt smiled slightly and turned to look at Dustin. "Speaking of which, I should be the one thanking you. Thank you for taking care of Dahlia in my stead for the past three years."

Matt appeared to be thanking Dustin, but his words seemed to carry a different meaning. From what he **said**,

he had staked his claim on Dahlia, making her his.

"Well, if you're thanking me, why don't you kneel before me? That's not too much to ask for, is it?" Dustin

challenged.

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Matt was at a loss for words. His eyes narrowed ever so slightly. "I was just playing nice. Does he really think I'm easy?" he thought to himself.

"Hey Rhys, I'm warning you, you better watch your mouth!" Florence **was** furious.

Dahlia remained silent, but her brows furrowed too. She thought that Dustin had crossed the line too. After all, Matt had helped him out of a dire situation. Even if he wasn't grateful, he should at least be polite.

"Dustin, you were able to win her hand back then because I went abroad. But now that I'm back, you will not

have the chance anymore." Matt lowered his voice as he approached Dustin.

"Is that so? I beg to differ." Dustin shrugged.

"You should know where you stand. You and I, we're in totally different leagues." Matt straightened out **his** suit and looked down his nose at Dustin with scorn. "Can you even begin to comprehend how vastly different we are in social standing? Everything that you dare not even dream of having is within my grasp. And that is

the difference between us!"

He spoke in such low tones that his words **were** only audible to the both of them.

“I do not know where you got your inflated ego from, but if there’s one thing you should know, it’s that you do

not mess with me.” There was no trace of emotion on Dustin’s face.

Matt sniggered meanly. “Very well, we shall see then.” He reached out to pat Dustin on the shoulder when he paused midway, reconsidering his decision and retracting his hand slowly as though the act would soil his hand. The simple gesture itself was packed with a ton of humiliation.

“Alright, alright. Let’s not waste time conversing with the likes of him. How about I treat you to a good meal at Hillview Hotel to celebrate your return?” Florence suggested with a smile.

“I would be honored.” Matt turned around and his innocent facade was back in place again, a smile plastered

on his face.

“Come on, let’s go then.” Without another word, Florence led Dahlia away. Dahlia turned to speak to Dustin but failed to find the right words to say.

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Natasha was enjoying her coffee with Duane at Java Joys.

“Do you still remember our bet, Natasha? Three days are up, and I’m still fit as a fiddle. Isn’t it time for you to

make good on your promise?” Duane asked with a smile as he sipped on his coffee.

“Why are

you so impatient, Uncle Duane? We’ve got half a day left before time is up.” Natasha said collectedly.

“Hah! You can’t really be buying what that little swindler said, can you?” Duane found it ridiculous. “I’ve been

practicing martial arts for years. How would I not know my own physical condition? Look at me! Does it look like there's anything wrong with me?" 1

"I don't know if you look like anything, but I trust Dustin's judgment." Natasha smiled.

"Hmph! I wonder how that little swindler brainwashed you. Why do you trust him so much?" Duane wondered aloud.

"Who knows? Maybe this is just how things were meant to be." The corners of Natasha's lips tugged upward as she thought of Dustin. "Anyway, half a day is left before time is up. If you're still fine before the sun sets, I'll make good on my promise!" 1

"Fine! Half a day it is, then! When the time is up, I'll show you what a liar that little swindler truly is!" With that, Duane left with his bodyguards in tow.

Once they were out the door and got into their car, one of Duane's trusted bodyguards couldn't resist asking, "I

don't get it, sir. Ms. Harmon is such an exceptional lady. Why would she fall for that little swindler?"

"She never plays by the book. When you find an opportunity, look into Rhys' background." Duane instructed.

"Yes, sir!"

The bodyguard started the car after answering him. As the car drove on, Duane leaned back to relax. Not a moment later, he felt a sharp pain in his chest. He dismissed it initially, but as time went on, the pain became increasingly acute and unbearable.

It felt like a knife was stabbed into his chest and twisted around continuously. As tough as he was, the pain

caused him to gasp.

"It can't be! Could it be that the little swindler was telling the truth all along?" he wondered. Duane clutched at

his chest as he broke out in perspiration.

“What’s wrong, sir?” His bodyguard was quick to notice his discomfort.

“Quick! Send me back to Java Joys immediately!” Finally, Duane could bear it no longer. He ordered his bodyguard to turn back.

Flooring it the entire way, they were back at Java Joys in a flash.

“Uncle Duane, what’s wrong? Do you need to use the washroom?” Natasha raised her brows at the sight of

Duane, who was drenched in sweat.

“Who said anything about using the washroom? Can’t you see that he’s in pain?” His bodyguard huffed.

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“Hmm? And who are you to run your mouth here?”

The bodyguard immediately lowered his head as Natasha shot a glare in his direction. In a split second, his blood ran cold.

“Natasha! My chest hurts! Get that little swindler here to help me, pronto!” Duane said with agony written all over his face.

“Uncle Duane, it seems to me that Dustin was right. He said you’d get an attack within three days, and he

wasn’t lying. Doesn’t seem appropriate that you’re still addressing him as a little swindler, does it?” Natasha

remarked impassively.

“Fine, fine! He isn’t a swindler, I was wrong to call him that. Now can you get him here?” Duane gritted his

teeth.

“Uncle Duane, you’re the one asking him for a favor. It’s not nice to make him come here, don’t you think?” Natasha commented with a vague smile.

“You!” Duane was on the verge of rage, but in the end he chose to restrain himself. “Where is Dustin? I’ll go to

him

“Hang on, let me give him a call to see where he is.” Natasha smiled as she dug around for her phone to make

the call. Once she got Dustin’s location, she announced, “Peaceful Medical Centre.”

“Move it! Get to Peaceful Medical Centre right away!” Duane dared not dally any longer. He rushed to the

medical center. What should have been a 30–minute journey took them only 15. They ran multiple red lights

along the way.

“So you are here, you rascal!” Duane made his way in covered in sweat. He spotted Dustin, who was reading, the moment he entered. “Damn it! I’m suffering in such agony, and here you are, happily reading?” Duane

cursed internally.

“Uncle Duane, why are you here?” Dustin was taken aback for a brief moment, but he quickly came around.

From the looks of it, he must have suffered an attack.

“Tell me! I’ve been well all along. Why am I suddenly experiencing pain in my chest? Have you got something to do with this, you brat?” Duane questioned through clenched jaws. He had little faith in Dustin to begin with. And now, he was really suffering within three days, just as Dustin had predicted. It was only natural that he would suspect that Dustin was behind everything.

“Uncle Duane, what are you implying? Are you saying that I did this to you?” Dustin’s brows knitted together, showing his displeasure.

“Forget it! I don’t care who did it! Just get over here and treat me!” Duane said impatiently. The pain in his chest was getting unbearable. Every second that passed was pure torture to him. His priority was to get relief.

“Why the hell are you still standing there? Get your ass here right this instant! If my boss’ condition gets any worse, I’ll make you regret the day you were born!” Duane’s bodyguard, who was by his side, threatened.

Dustin’s expression froze over when he heard those words. They were the ones who needed his help, but this was the kind of attitude they came with? Who did they think they were?

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“If this is the attitude I’m getting, then you’d better find someone else to help you. I’m not the person to help you,” Dustin declared flatly.

“What did you just say?” Duane stopped for a moment before his expression turned malicious. “You bastard! I only came here because of Natasha! Don’t be so full of yourself!”

“Is that so?” Dustin scoffed. “Truth be told, I’m only addressing you as Uncle Duane out of respect toward Ms. Harmon. If not for her, you are nothing to me. Also, it would do you good to figure out how things stand right now. You are the one who came to me, asking for help. Not the other way around! Now, please get the hell out of here!”

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Dustin’s words took everyone by surprise. No one had expected him to be so audacious as to disregard them.

“You brat! Are you even hearing yourself?” Duane’s jaws were tightly clenched and his expression was slightly distorted from the anguish. He was a person of prestige in South City, much less a small place like Swinton. And now, this little scoundrel dared speak to him like that?

How impudent!

"I know very well what I'm saying. You, however, do not seem to fathom the severity of the situation at hand. I

am the only one who can help with your condition," Dustin spelled out coldly.

"You rascal! Don't go around thinking that you're some miracle worker just because you've got some medical

tricks up your sleeves! You better know what's best for you before I lose my temper!" Duane bellowed.

"That's right! I'll break your face if you don't cure my boss!" Duane's bodyguard threatened.

"You'll break my face? I'd like to see you try." Dustin sneered.

"I guess this one wouldn't be afraid until death stares him in the face!" The bodyguard was angered. He took a

step forward and threw a punch at Dustin's face. His fist was on the target, and it came on fast. It was evident

that he was a skilled fighter.

Before the punch made contact with his face, Dustin grunted and gave the bodyguard such a strong slap that

it sent him sprawling backward.

The bodyguard did not even have the chance to make a sound as he passed out on the spot, face disfigured.

Duane's face fell. It never occurred to him that Dustin was proficient in martial arts too.

"What's the matter?" Natasha came strolling in at her own pace, looking haughty and carrying an air of

authority. Even without knowing what was going on, she instinctively stood by Dustin.

“Natasha! This insolent rascal not only refused to heal me, he even beat my man up! Tell me, how do you think this should be handled?” Duane asked with hostility.

“Uncle Duane, I believe Dustin would not have attacked your man without being provoked. That being the case, your man brought it upon himself!” Natasha responded firmly.

Duane’s brows furrowed. “So, you’re adamant about taking his side?”

“Of course!” Natasha lifted her chin. “Dustin is my friend. If you have any problem with him, you may come to me.”

“Hmph! You’re turning against me for an outsider? Have you considered how you’re going to tell your parents about this?” Duane roared.

“That’s not something you should worry about, Uncle Duane. I’ll deal with them myself.” Natasha then continued stonily, “But you, Uncle Duane, look like you’re in serious pain. I think you’d better seek help. Don’t wait till it gets any worse.”

“You! Very well! Let’s go!” After giving them a spiteful glare, Duane left in a huff. Natasha’s reaction was not

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what he expected. But considering her status, he had no intention of crossing her, so he had no choice but to

walk away.

“Will you be in any sort of trouble for helping me out?” Dustin asked. Though he was not intimidated by Duane, he was still grateful to Natasha.

“Trouble?” Natasha chuckled. “Well, they used to call me Black Widow. Venomous and deadly, apparently.

What’s this trivial matter got on me?”

“Well, isn’t that phenomenal?” Dustin raised a brow.

“But of course! Are you interested in finding out?”

“Finding out? How?” Natasha chuckled yet again. With a sultry grin, she leaned into Dustin and whispered into

his ear. “Come over to my room tonight. I’ll show you.”

And then, she pulled away, biting her lower lip. That was no mistaking it for anything but seduction.

Dustin kept quiet and pretended not to hear her. His eyelid twitched. This woman was really something.

seducing him in broad daylight.

Meanwhile, Duane’s chest was hurting so much that he rushed to the hospital as quickly as he could.

“Quick! Get a doctor!”

Following Duane’s bodyguard’s rude barks, a group of doctors rushed to the emergency ward to tend to him. However, after going through a series of tests, the doctors came to the astonishing conclusion that there was absolutely nothing wrong with Duane. He was perfectly fine.

“Sir, are you sure that you are experiencing pain in your chest?” a doctor asked.

“Why the f*ck would I be lying about it?” Duane replied none too kindly. “Fuck it! I’m so close to spasming from the damned pain! Why would I be lying?” he thought.

“Well, the thing is, we are unable to diagnose the issue. Why don’t you get a consultation from another hospital?”

“You bunch of worthless morons!” Duane left after spewing profanities. Without a moment to waste, he hurried to two other renowned hospitals. Still, their conclusions were the same: He was perfectly healthy and nothing

was wrong with him.

“How could this be?” Duane grabbed at his chest, pale-faced with sweat running down his face. The worst part was that the pain was intensifying as time went on. It was as though he would never see the end of it. He had been practicing martial arts for many, many years, and he believed himself to be tough and resilient. But the excruciating pain he was going through was simply intolerable. He thought that he might lose his mind if it carried on any longer.

“Sir, even the hospitals can’t help. What do we do now?” Seeing Duane in so much pain, his bodyguards were

at a loss.

“Could it be possible that the rascal is the only one who can help me?” Recalling Dustin’s words, Duane gritted his teeth. Ultimately, he had no choice but to give in. “Head to Peaceful Medical Centre. Get that rascal to help.”

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Duane’s men dared not question his decision. They immediately sent him back to Peaceful Medical Centre. This time around, they lost all the contempt and arrogance they had before.

“Well, if it isn’t Uncle Duane? What’s got you coming back so soon?” Natasha, who had been biding her time, rose to greet him with a smile.

“Natasha, I acted rashly and said some rubbish earlier on. Please don’t take it to heart. Can you please get

Dustin to help me?” Duane tried to put on a smile.

“Uncle Duane, there’s no use telling me that. It’d be better for you to say it to Dustin.” Natasha gestured at Dustin behind her. He was reading leisurely, taking no heed of the few men who had just entered.

Duane cleared his throat before starting, "Hey, Rhys, I'm really sorry. I was in such agony that I was rash with my words and offended you. Please do not mind me. I'm really sorry, I apologize."

Duane chose to yield to him. Seeing that Dustin was ignoring him, he offered, "Hey, if you help me, you can have your pick out of my collection of treasured herbs."

Dustin finally lifted his head when he heard that.