

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 81 -

Chapter 81

Meanwhile, in a nearby hospital room, Dahlia's grandfather lay unconscious, his face ashen.

Florence and several members of the Nicholson family gathered together as they discussed countermeasures hushedly.

"How peculiar. Old Mr. Nicholson has always been fine. Why did he suddenly fall all ill?"

"Exactly! He's always looked so strong and healthy. Who would've guessed that at this would happen if he fell ill."

Everyone sighed with pity for the old man.

"How's Granddad?" Dahlia bolted into the room on her heels. She had been in a meeting when she received the

news of her grandfather falling ill and rushed over as fast as possible.

"Dahlia, the doctors think that he might not make it," Florence mumbled, shaking her head.

"What?" Dahlia's face paled. "How could that be? Wasn't he fine yesterday?"

"I think it's weird too! But maybe this is his fate." Florence sighed.

"Where's the doctor? Doctor!" Dahlia called, distraught.

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"It's futile. All sorts of doctors have checked him. They say his symptoms are too weird. There's no way for

them to find the root cause of his condition, and the only thing left to do is wait for his death.”

“I— impossible!” shrieked Dahlia as she began to panic. She couldn’t imagine her grandfather, who loved her

so dearly, passing away.

“Dahlia, I know a fabulous doctor. He might be able to do something.” Matt, who had been standing nearby, finally spoke.

“A fabulous doctor? Who? Can they really save my grandfather?” Dahlia perked up instantly.

“His name is Dr. Ross Leister. He just arrived from Millsburg, and his medical skills are top-notch. He’s able to

cure all sorts of illnesses! He also happens to be Dr. Rowan Cross’ apprentice,” Matt replied.

“Dr. Cross’ apprentice?” Everyone’s expressions began to brighten when they heard that.

Dr. Cross was well-known. Even people in South City were familiar with his accomplishments. He was on par with Dr. Watkinds and Dr. Peay, who were both already at the top of the pyramid when it came to medicine! His skills were so good they had already reached perfection. As his apprentice, Dr. Leister’s skills must be outstanding!

“Can you really get him to examine Granddad?” Dahlia asked, her tone hopeful. This doctor was her

grandfather’s only shot now.

“He’s my friend. He’ll come if I ask him to” Matt nodded.

“That’s wonderful news! If Old Mr. Nicholson gets well, the Nicholson family will be in your debt!”

Everyone agreed.

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"This is nothing. Let me ask for him." Matt smiled and left the room.

As soon as Matt had left, Dustin entered the ward but was stopped in his tracks by Florence.

"What are you doing here, Rhys?" she snapped.

"I heard that Granddad's sick. I'm here to visit him." Dustin's face was sombre.

"Visit him? Who do you think you are? You're no longer my son-in-law. We don't welcome you here!" hissed Florence as she glared at him.

"What's wrong. Mom?" Dahlia rushed over when she heard the commotion.

"This bastard is pretending to care and wants to visit your grandfather. I bet he knows your grandpa's time is almost up, so he's here to try to get a piece of the family fortune!" Florence mocked.

Everyone in the Nicholson family knew that Henry Nicholson had always treated Dustin like his own grandson. It would be no surprise if the old man left Dustin something to take over!

"You've got it all wrong. I'm just worried about Granddad's condition," Dustin explained.

Still suspicious, Florence scoffed at him, "Who knows what your true intentions are?"

"Mom, just let him in. He's just showing his love for Granddad." Dahlia quipped.

"Dahlia, this kid-

"I'll take responsibility if something happens."

Florence was about to say something else but swallowed her words and stepped aside reluctantly.

"Thank you." Dustin gave a nod of thanks and walked straight into the ward.

The sickly old man was ashen. He looked as though he had just experienced a stroke.

Dustin reached out to touch Henry's hand. He was shocked to discover that, although his limbs were cold, an extreme heat emanated from under the pale skin. 1

"The Flaming Frost Poison?" Dustin pondered as he narrowed his eyes, silently coming up with treatment

methods.

The Flaming Frost Poison caused the strangest symptoms. On the outside, the patient would be freezing cold while their insides were actually burning hot. Treating either symptom would be ineffective and could even

backfire

if the medication used was too strong. This explained why the doctors could not do anything to treat

Henry.

"Dahlia, bring me some hot water," Dustin ordered.

"Whatever for?" Dahlia was puzzled.

"Granddad's weak, and he can't hold on for much longer. I need to treat him now," he explained grimly.

"You?" Dahlia frowned. "What nonsense are you spouting now? Do you even know anything about medicine?"

"A little."

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"And you dare to show off? What in the world are you thinking?" Dahlia asked, visibly annoyed.

This was a person's life they were talking about, not child's play!

"Do you even know what you're saying. Rhys? What makes you think you can cure him? Will you take responsibility if something goes wrong?" Florence chastised.

"Exactly! Old Mr. Nicholson's already suffering enough, so why are you causing more trouble? Just stay out of the way!"

Everyone was unhappy as Dustin was nothing more than a self-absorbed punk in their eyes. How could he, a mediocre white-collar worker who had been fired and had achieved nothing outstanding in the past three years, know anything about curing diseases and saving lives?

"If I'm saying it aloud, it means I have faith in myself that I can cure him. Let me try," Dustin responded in a determined voice.

"Dustin, will you stop messing around?" Dahlia snapped. "You're neither a doctor nor are you medically certified. How can you say that you can save him? I let you in to visit grandpa, not to boast!"

"Can you just trust me this once?" Dustin pleaded, upset. If he wasn't sure he could do it, there was no way he would meddle with Henry's life.

"This has nothing to do with trust. The fact is, you cannot do it. I won't let you play around with Granddad's life!" Dahlia refused bluntly.

After three years of marriage, they both knew each other like the backs of their hands. There was no way Dahlia could know whether Dustin could do it.

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"Who said I can't do it? Fine. Then, who else can save Granddad if not me?" Dustin growled. He realized that it

was impossible trying to reason with women using logic!

“The only one who can save Grandpa now is the incredible Dr. Ross Leister!” Dahlia answered with a grim expression.

“That’s right! Matt’s already gone to call the doctor. If Dr. Leister agrees to help us, we can save Old Mr. Nicholson. There’ll be no need for a quack like you.”

“Dr. Ross Leister? Who’s that?” Dustin asked.

“He’s Dr. Cross’ apprentice who specializes in treating rare diseases. He’s way better than you are!” Florence stated proudly.

As soon as the words left her mouth, two people entered the room. The first was Matt. He was followed by a man in his 30s in a white coat and a pair of glasses, with a haughty and pretentious expression on his face.

“Matt! Did you manage to get Dr. Leister?” Florence rushed over.

“Of course!” With a gentle smile, Matt introduced the man, “This is Dr. Leister.”

“So you’re Dr. Leister! What an honor!”

“You’re a talented doctor indeed, Dr. Leister. You managed to become Dr. Cross’ apprentice at such a young age. How amazing!”

“That’s right! With Dr. Leister’s help, Old Mr. Nicholson will recover!”

Everyone began singing praises at Ross, especially since he was Dr. Rowan Cross’ apprentice. They had to make a good impression in case they needed his help in the future.

“Honestly, I wouldn’t have bothered coming here if it weren’t for Mr. Laney. After all, everyone who asks me to treat them is either a high-ranking official, an aristocrat, or a wealthy person,” said the man in glasses. He

raised his head, peering down at everyone else in the room.

“Of course! It’s an honor to have you here!” Florence and the others agreed, their faces showing signs of flattery.

The man in glasses soaked up the attention, pleased. “That’s enough. I’m a busy man, so let’s not dilly-dally and get this over with. Where’s the patient?”

“Over here!” Florence led the way to Henry’s bed.

“Hmm...” The doctor nodded and proceeded to take Henry’s pulse. “So it’s Havaska? Well, this might be slightly troublesome, but no big matter. A bowl of hot medicine will do the trick.”

“Really? That’s great!”

Everyone was overjoyed. As expected, they found the right man for the treatment.

“Doctor, aren’t you mistaking something?” Dustin asked.

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“What?” The man in glasses frowned and gave Dustin a look over. “And who are you? How dare you question me!”

“If it was Havaska, a bowl of hot medicine would take care of it. However, what Granddad has isn’t Havaska

but the Flaming Frost Poison!” Dustin asserted.

“What do you mean Flaming Frost Poison? I’ve never even heard of it!” The man glared at Dustin and asked, “Who are you to criticize me?”

“Dr. Leister, this is a misunderstanding. This piece of trash knows nothing. Please pay him no mind.” Florence smiled at the man before turning to Dustin. “You better stop running your mouth, Rhys! You’ll be done for if you offend Dr. Leister!” she snapped.

“I’m just stating facts. If he hasn’t even heard of the poison, I have reason to question his skills,” Dustin replied, shaking his head.

“Boy, do you have any idea who I am? How dare you talk to me like that!” the man demanded furiously.

“I heard that you’re Rowan Cross’ apprentice. However, you’ve still got a long way to go. If anyone’s doing the treatment, it should be him,” Dustin said calmly.

Henry’s condition would only worsen if the man in glasses provided treatment meant for Havaska. Naturally. Dustin doubted this man’s skills.

“Hey! Are you done yet? Who do you think you are? What makes you think you’re worthy of asking for my mentor’s help, you f*cker?” the doctor roared.

“Dustin, Dr. Cross is away on a retreat and isn’t so easily invited. Even Dr. Leister doesn’t dare disturb him,”

Matt warned.

“Mr. Laney! I came because you asked me personally. Yet instead of thanking me, someone decides to

question me. If this is the thanks I get. I’m done treating this patient!” The man turned around to leave.

causing an instant frenzy in the room.

“No! Please, Dr. Leister! This idiot is speaking nonsense. Please don’t get mad!” Florence pleaded, pulling him back while she turned to curse at Dustin, “Rhys, shut the f*ck up! How dare you criticize Dr. Leister’s way of treating patients. Get out!”

“That’s right! Who the f*ck are you to point fingers at Dr. Leister?”

“Dustin Rhys! How could you be so cruel? Are you going to drive Dr. Leister a way so that Old Mr. Nicholson dies?”

Infuriated, everyone began swearing at Dustin. A man like Dustin, who only cared about showing off and had

no regard for the lives of others, was disgusting!

“Enough of this nonsense. This punk is pissing me off. Throw him out, or I’m not treating the patient any longer!” threatened the man.

“Yes, of course!” Florence apologized profusely. She turned to Dustin and spat, “Didn’t you hear what Dr. Leister said, Rhys? Get out of here!”

“Yeah! Get out! Don’t worsen Old Mr. Nicholson’s condition any further!” chimed the others.

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“I’m just acting in Grandpa’s best interest. This person isn’t trustworthy.” Dustin tried to defend himself.

“Shut up!” Dahlia roared. “Dustin, it’s fine if you don’t have the skills, but please don’t make things worse. Get

out right now!”

“You don’t believe me either?” Dustin frowned.

“You’re a pathological liar, so why should I?” Pointing at the door, Dahlia commanded, “Get out this instant.

Don’t bother Dr. Leister!”

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Dustin was speechless as he faced the cold look

on Dahlia's face and a rightfully angry crowd. Eventually, after a few minutes of silence, he exited the ward. He knew no one would believe him no matter what he said.

"Humph! He should've left hours ago! What a nuisance!"

"I know! He has no awareness at all!"

The crowd insulted and criticized Dustin as he left the room.

Florence smiled and said, "Dr. Leister, that ignorant bastard is gone. Please calm down."

"Ross, can you let it go this time, for my sake? Curing the patient is an urgent matter. I'll repay you greatly for "this!" Matt chimed in.

"How could I ignore your offer, Mr. Laney? But this will only happen once. I won't let it go next time!" warned the doctor with glasses.

"Of course! Most definitely!"

The crowd nodded and looked at Matt gratefully.

"How maddening! That useless bastard Dustin only knows how to make things worse. Mr. Laney is the only

person who could save the situation," thought Florence.

"Alright, go fetch me some medicine." The glasses-clad man did not waste another second. He wrote down the prescription and tossed it to Florence. Without a moment's hesitation, she rushed to follow his

instructions. Luckily, she was in a hospital, and the medicine was easy to find.

In less than an hour, the medicine was ready.

“Did someone doubt my abilities earlier? I’ll show them how it’s done!” The doctor called for the crowd’s attention before he poured the medicine into Henry’s mouth. As the treatment flowed to his stomach, his face quickly regained color. He felt his frozen limbs warm up. Even his previously weak breathing had improved.

Seeing this, the crowd praised the doctor.

“It’s working! It’s working! His face is getting better!”

“Dr. Leister, you’re incredible! You were able to cure him with just some medicine. How miraculous!”

“Now that’s Dr. Cross’ best apprentice! Those medical skills of yours are superb! You’re probably better than your master at this point!”

The crowd’s expressions brightened as they started cheering.

“Although I’m not on the same level as my master, I’ve probably gained 70% to 80% of his skills. No illness will be able to defeat me!” Ross boasted.

“That’s right! Dr. Leister’s medical skills are beyond praise!” Florence complimented, smiling at him.

“Too bad that guy isn’t here. Otherwise, I’d show him what a great doctor looks like!” The doctor smiled proudly.

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However, as he finished his sentence, there was a sudden turn of events.

Henry’s face flushed red. Beads of sweat started to form on his forehead. His skin started burning as if he had a high fever.

“Ugh!” Henry sat up and coughed up blood. He fell backward as he fainted again.

The crowd was shocked at the scene. “What happened? Wasn’t he cured? Why did he cough up blood suddenly?” thought the onlookers.

“Doctor, what... what happened?” Dahlia asked as her face turned pale with shock.

“Oh heavens! He coughed up so much blood. Could he be dead?” The color drained from Florence’s face.

“That shouldn’t happen. I followed all the procedures. How could this be?” questioned the doctor, also “puzzled. “There was no way the cure could be wrong. Why would the patient cough up blood?” he wondered.

“Please think of another way, doctor! My grandfather is dying!” Dahlia was in a panic.

Henry had lost all signs of life. Blood continued to flow from his nose. It was clear that his situation was worse than before.

“Don’t panic. Let me take a look.”

Today’s Bonus Offer

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Dr. Ross Leister examined the patient again. However, Henry’s heart was beating rapidly as his body convulsed and trembled out of his control.

At that moment, the doctor was at a loss for words.

“This does not look good.” Ross was **puzzled**. He sighed and said, “The patient was previously diagnosed with other illnesses. Now that he’s got the **Havaska virus**, it’s impossible to cure him. It looks like he won’t make it. You should start preparing for the end.”

“What?!”

Everyone froze at

bie statement.

“After treating him for so long, this is the outcome? Prepare for the aftermath?!”

“Dr. Leister! Please, you have to save my grandfather. I’m willing to spend every penny I have!” Dahlia begged.

“...” As the doctor opened his mouth to speak, the door was kicked open with a loud bang.

Dustin entered the room with a gloomy look on his face. Without a word, he swiftly pulled out a silver syringe

and stabbed Henry’s chest. The fluids in the needle rushed into the man’s veins with a whoosh.

“Hey! What are you doing?!” Ross exclaimed angrily.

“**Since** you can’t cure him, let me do it!” Dustin replied coldly.

“Who who says I can’t cure him?” With a bold look, Ross demanded, “I already thought of a **way** to cure him. I could save him immediately. But now that you’ve messed around with the patient, his condition has

worsened!”

“So you’re saying that this is my fault?” Dustin sneered.

“Of course it’s your fault! If anything goes wrong, you should take all responsibility for it!” Ross barked. He had been worried earlier but never thought this man would appear and become his scapegoat. “Thank the heavens!” he thought. He might finally be able to save his reputation.

“You’re not good at anything besides shifting blame. I don’t understand why Cross took you on as his

apprentice!” Dustin mocked.

“You bastard! What **are** you blabbering on about? I’ll kick your ass!” The doctor was losing his patience.

“Go ahead and try it if you don’t mind dying.” Dustin glared at Ross. The stern look on his face managed to

instill fear in the doctor’s heart.

“Dustin! What on **earth** are you doing? You don’t have any medical skills, so why do you insist on messing around?!” Dahlia insisted, her blood starting to boil. Everything had happened so quickly when Dustin entered the room that she had only just returned to her senses.

“Are you guys blind? This person made Granddad cough up blood! You still believe him?” Dustin demanded

coldly.

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“Dr. Leister said he knows how to treat him!” Dahlia replied.

“So you just believe everything he says? Would you jump off a building if he told you to?!” Dustin insisted.

“You...” Dahlia started, but she was **at a** loss for words.

“Enough talking! Get out of my way!” Dustin said. His relentless manner made everyone freeze.

Ignoring the crowd’s shocked expression, Dustin grabbed a glass of warm water and slowly mixed in some antidote powder. He fed it to Henry slowly.

Although he could cure Henry with his equipment, it would take too much time and effort compared to giving him this antidote. After all, it had taken Dr. Cross three years of hard work.

“Are you sure this will work?” Dahlia questioned with a frown, clearly still filled with doubt.

“Are you

“Effective or not, you will see in a minute,” Dustin replied hastily.

“Humph! How ridiculous! You think you can cure Havaska poisoning with some random powder? Do you think you’re some wizard?!” the doctor chastised. How could some random guy cure an illness that he couldn’t?

“Rhys! I’m warning you! If anything happens to grandpa, I won’t let you off easily!” Dahlia snapped.

As she finished her sentence, Henry’s eyes shot open.

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“He... He’s awake?!”

Everyone was stunned. No one would’ve thought that a glass of warm water was all Henry Nicholson needed to wake up. How miraculous!

“No way! Did Dustin really cure the **old man’s** illness?!”

“That’s odd. Even Dr. Leister couldn’t cure him. How did he do it?”

The crowd exchanged looks of surprise as they watched Henry’s breathing stabilize. For a moment, they looked at Dustin in a different light. They never imagined that Dustin, who had come from an unknown

background, would have been the one to cure Henry.

“Granddad, how do you feel?” Dahlia asked hurriedly.

“That’s weird. One moment everything felt cold and then hot. It seems that I’m okay now.”

Henry ran his hands over his body, looking surprised. Earlier, he thought that his life had come to an end. He never imagined that feeling would disappear so quickly!

“Dad, you... you’re really okay?” Florence could not believe it.

“Of course. I feel refreshed and full of energy!” Henry smiled.

Hearing this, everyone sighed in relief. Despite their surprise, they were still doubtful.

“Since when has Dustin known how to cure illnesses?” they wondered.

“No! No way! The patient was clearly dying. How **did** you save him?!” Ross asked in surprise as he returned to his senses. No one but him knew that Henry’s heartbeat had been palpitating as he had never seen before. It

was impossible to treat, even for him.

How had this fellow cured the patient? How could this man be more capable than he was? He was the great

Dr. Rowan Cross’ apprentice!

“You couldn’t cure him, but that doesn’t mean I can’t. You should learn more from your mentor so that you don’t keep making a fool of yourself!” Dustin remarked coldly.

“You bastard! What was that powder that you used? What did you **do**?!” the doctor roared.

A glass of warm water couldn’t have cured him, so it must have been the powder Dustin mixed in.

“How can you call yourself Dr. Cross’ apprentice if you don’t even recognise Hexanavir?” Dustin mocked.

“What? That was Hexanavir?!” The doctor’s eyes widened. He couldn’t believe it.

“Dr. Ross, what’s Hexanavir? Is it rare?” Florence asked.

“Rare? It was Dr. Cross’ life’s work. He spent years producing such an antidote! With just a small sample, you

can cure any rare disease. It is invaluable. You can’t get your hands on it no matter how rich you are!” the doctor replied.

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“Huh? It’s that incredible?” Florence said, surprised.

“No wonder... no wonder you could cure him instantly. You used Hexanavir!” As he spoke, Ross remembered something. He asked, “Wait a second. How did you get your hands on Hexanavir? It was my mentor’s masterpiece! Tell me. Did you steal it?!”

“Steal?” Dustin scoffed. “I’m not that despicable.”

“You still dare to argue! Hexanavir is my mentor’s invaluable life’s work. He wouldn’t even give any to his

apprentices. How would you **have** gotten your hands on it if you didn’t steal it?!” snapped the doctor.

The entire room went into an uproar. Everyone’s gaze landed on Dustin. Some were suspicious, while others looked down on him with disdain.

“Rhys! I never thought you could be so despicable. You’d steal someone’s precious medicine just to gain

attention!” **Florence** yelled.

“That’s right! For a second, I actually thought you were skilled. After all that, you were only trying to outperform Dr. Leister!”

“You really are a piece of trash. With no skills, you have to resort to stealing!”

Everyone shook their head in disdain and continued mocking him.

“Dustin! Why? Why did you steal it?” asked Dahlia with a frown. She had thought that Dustin was capable, but

now it appears he stole this Dr. Cross’ antidote! 2

“I’ll say it again. I did not steal anything. It was given to me as a gift.” Dustin explained.

“Gifted to you? Who are you? Why would my mentor give his Hexanavir to you? Why don’t you look in the

mirror and reflect on your behavior!” Ross spat with disdain.

“Believe me or don’t believe me. It’s your choice.” Dustin did not want to explain any further.

“What? Are you guilty? I’m warning you. Return the Hexanavir to me this instant. Otherwise, you’ll have to deal

with the consequences!” the doctor warned.

“Dustin! Can you have some dignity? Even if you want to be in the spotlight, you can’t do such a despicable

thing. Return it this instant!” Dahlia commanded.

“I don’t want to argue with any of you. Get Dr. Cross to take it back from me!” Dustin’s face darkened. He felt

anger rising through his body.

“Hey! You still think you’re all that after stealing? Give it back to me now!” Ross yelled as he reached out to

snatch the bottle from Dustin.

With a resounding smack, Dustin stopped the doctor with a slap across his face. The doctor almost fell from

the impact.

The crowd was stunned at the scene. They never thought that Dustin was such a wild man. After stealing

someone’s medicine, he slapped someone in the face. How arrogant!

“You... you dare hit me?” the doctor sputtered in disbelief as he held his face.

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“So what if I hit you? Do I need to make an appointment to do it?” Dustin smirked.

“Bastard! You’ve got the balls doing something like that! It looks like you don’t know what the Crosses are capable of! If you don’t want to die, you’d better kneel and beg for my forgiveness!” the doctor said fiercely.

“Apologize? Are you worthy of an apology?” Dustin sneered.

“Alright! You asked for this!” The doctor glared at him as he pulled out his phone, dialling a number.

“Dustin, if I were you, I would apologize to Dr. Leister immediately.”

Matt sneered, “You should know that the Crosses helped cure many big shots. If you dare hit Dr. Leister, you’re making yourself the enemy of Dr. Cross and the entire Cross family!”

“So what?” Dustin muttered unfazed.

“So what?!” Matt looked as if he was talking to an idiot. “Stubborn till the end. When Dr. Cross gets here, you’re done for!”

“Who’s done for?” a powerful voice bellowed through the **door**.

An older man in a doctor’s outfit appeared. His presence filled the space as he strode into the room. It was Dr. Rowan Cross!