

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 91 -

Chapter 91

The Cobra was more brutal than they had expected.

He even dared to slap an elite from Millsburg over a minor misunderstanding. There was no doubt that he was the mighty Cobra!

“How dare you hit me?” Matt cried as he cradled his burning cheek in disbelief. How dare some random thug hit him? He was from the Laney family!

“So what if I hit you? Don’t you deserve it for causing trouble on my turf?” The Cobra shot him a **cold** smile.

“Do you know that I’m from the Laney family?!” Matt thundered. He had always been a prideful person, so getting slapped in public was the greatest humiliation of his life!

“The Laney family? So what?” snorted the Cobra. “Don’t you know how to show respect on someone else’s turf? I don’t care if you’re the king. When you’re on my turf, you bow to me. You understand?!”

The Laney family had been glorious once. Even his boss had to show them his respect in the **past**. Now, they were no different from anyone else. Even if they were famous, the Laney family **had** fallen a few social classes long ago.

“Cobra! Are **you** provoking the Laney family so openly?” Matt challenged, with an unkind look on his face. He had thought that using his family name **would** scare the Cobra. To his surprise, his trick was ineffective.

“Stop f*cking making a fool of yourself here! What’s so grand about being a **Laney**? I’ll be **honest** with you. I’ve got someone backing me up, and it’s Sir Anderson!” shouted the Cobra, his **eyes** bulging.

“Sir Anderson?!” Matt **looked** taken aback. All his rage dissipated instantly.

Sir Anderson wasn’t just an aristocrat but one of the Five Big **Guns** of the Anderson family. He was the **true** face of the business world and a powerful figure in this city!

Even when the Laney family was still in their prime, they had had to bow to Sir **Anderson!**

He never expected a puny thug like the Cobra **would** have the Anderson family backing him.

“Hey, Laney! If you don’t want to get a damn beating, then get lost. Or else, I’m going to beat all of you up together!” growled the Cobra fiercely.

“You—

* Matt trailed off. He was outraged but helpless. He couldn’t afford to offend Sir **Anderson.**

Seeing Matt fall silent, Florence **and** James’ **confidence** wavered. They had **tought** that they could do anything they wanted with the Laney family backing them up. They **never** expected the Cobra to be so brutal. He hadn’t just embarrassed the Laney family. He had even slapped Matt. If the Laney family was n’t enough to scare the Cobra, did this mean certain death for them?!

“Who were the ones causing trouble just now? Come **out** and face me!” the Cobra bellowed furiously.

James was terrified, **and** he nearly peed his pants.

“Sir Draco! Let’s talk things out. My brother is **young** and ignorant. I’ll apologize **on** his behalf. I’ll pay double for all the losses incurred!” Dahlia spoke up hastily as she watched the situation **go** awry.

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The Cobra was ruthless, and he meant what he said. In this situation, they had no choice but to sacrifice.

“Pay double? Do I look like I need the money? If I don’t make an example of you today, won’t any Tom, Dick, or Harry dare cause trouble on my turf next time? Men, chop their hands off!” he **ordered.**

The muscular men behind him strode forward, brandishing their machetes.

“Dahlia! Help me! Help me!” James exclaimed, scared out of his wits, as he hid behind Dahlia.

Just as he was about to get caught, a beer bottle flew through the air and smashed into the heads of one of

the burly men.

With a smash, the man collapsed dead on the spot. The crowd was stunned.

“Who’s there? Who did that?!”

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The Cobra’s expression darkened, and he swept his piercing gaze around the room. He was greeted by the

sight of beer bottle after beer bottle.

“Smash, smash, smash, smash!”

The bottles shot out like cannonballs and sent each man sprawling. Each bottle met its target with deadly

accuracy!

“Who’s being such a f*cking coward? Come out and face me if you have the balls!” roared the Cobra furiously.

No ordinary man could send a dozen men flying with just beer bottles.

“Sir Draco, forgiveness is a virtue. **Why** won’t you show mercy?” a voice **replied**.

Dustin strolled out from amongst the crowd, attracting stares across the room.

“Who is that? How dare he attack Sir Draco’s men? Does he have a death wish?”

“He’s quite handsome, but he’s not very smart to offend Sir Draco.”

“If it were me, I would have run **away** after hurling the bottles. Why would he f*cking show his face? Isn’t he courting death?!”

The crowd gossiped. Some were surprised, some showed admiration, and some enjoyed the drama.

“Why are you here?” Dahlia questioned, confused. She never assumed Dustin would show up.

“What is this idiot doing here?” Florence and James exchanged looks of confusion.

“Who are you, boy? How dare you attack my men?” the Cobra asked, with a menacing expression that

suggested he wanted to bite Dustin’s head off.

“Who I am is not important. For the sake of your safety, Let’s just let this incident slide,” Dustin replied curtly.

“Let it slide? Who the f*ck do you think **you** are? I’ll just let it slide just because you said so? — Just as he was about to curse, a beer bottle smashed into his head. 1

Blood and beer trickled down his face.

Everyone was appalled! The onlookers’ eyes bulged with looks of utter disbelief. No **one** had expected Dustin to be so bold. He had hit the Cobra just because of a disagreement. He showed no hesitation. He must be out

of his mind!

After a brief moment of silence, the whole bar exploded in an uproar.

“He’s done for! This young man is dead! No one can save him!”

“I must say I admire his courage. He even dares to hit Sir Draco! He has the courage of a lion!”

“He really is a hero. He has my respect!”

“He sure looks cool, but who can survive Sir Draco’s fury?”

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The crowd tattled on, but their gazes as they looked toward Dustin was like looking at a prisoner facing the guillotine.

The crowd muttered on, but their expressions turned to worry **as** they watched Dustin, a prisoner facing the guillotine.

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“Dustin! Are you crazy?! You you actually...” Dahlia sputtered. She **was** so shocked that she couldn’t

complete her sentences.

That was Sir Draco! He lorded over South City and the head honcho of the underground! He did not give a **damn** about the Laney family! How how dare he?!

“This idiot must have hit his head. How could Dustin be brave enough to hit Sir Draco?” James was dumbfounded.

Although Dustin was standing up for them, what he did was just too crazy! James would never dream of doing something like this.

“You like fooling around so much, don’t you? I’m going to watch your last moments!”

As the shock passed, Matt couldn’t help but smile coldly. He had felt uneasy since Dustin had shown off at the hospital. He had even dared to fool around on the Cobra’s turf this time.

He really didn’t value his life!

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“How... how dare you hit me?!”

The Cobra rubbed his head in disbelief. His hand was covered in blood. In the years since he had taken over South City, no one had dared disrespect him, much less hit him with a bottle.

“This fool must have a death wish!” he thought.

“Sir Draco, take my advice. Let it go,” said Dustin calmly.

“Fuck you! I’m telling you, you’re dead meat! I’m going to rip you apart!” the Cobra cursed and swore as he returned to his senses.

As the threat left his mouth, a knife was held to his neck. The sharp blade pierced his skin, and drops of blood trickled from the fresh wound. An inch deeper, **and** the knife would have pierced his artery.

Silence. The entire bar fell into complete silence. The Cobra’s roars stopped, along with the crowd’s prattling.

Everyone was utterly shocked as they turned to look at Dustin, who was wielding the knife. Hitting Sir Draco with a bottle could still be excused as an accident. Unfortunately, holding a knife to his neck was undeniably an act of provocation and humiliation.

Dustin’s boldness surprised everyone again as he shouted, “You idiot! Do you know what you’re doing right now?”

The Cobra went stiff and said fiercely.

“If you dare touch a hair on my head, I swear you won’t walk out this door alive!”

“Sir Draco, don’t frighten me. I’m a scaredy cat. You can’t blame me if my hand trembles and I slit your neck,” Dustin teased. The blade went deeper. More blood started flowing from the exposed flesh. The Cobra’s facial muscles twitched in fear.

“Stop!” Rosaline shouted. “I don’t care who you are, but let Sir Draco go. Otherwise, your friends will die with you!”

“Dustin! Don’t be a fool! Put down the knife!” Dahlia yelled.

She was petrified that Dustin would kill the Cobra in a moment of impulse. If that happened, then they were all done for!

“Dustin! Are you crazy? Let Lord Draco go! Don’t drag us down with you!” Florence shouted, panicked. Of course, she could not care less if Dustin died, but she didn’t want to be next. If Sir Draco died, they would have to face the consequences.

“Young man, I admire your courage. So I’m giving you a chance right now. Put down the knife, and I’ll spare your life!” said the Cobra icily.

“Sir Draco, it seems like you’re still missing the picture. Right now, I hold the power,” Dustin stated.

“What? You have the guts to kill me? Do you know what will happen if you touch a hair on my head?”

“I’m not afraid of you. If it comes down to it, I’ll just give my life for taking yours.” Dustin responded, an

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unbothered look on his face.

“You“..” The Cobra was a little speechless. He was fearless, but he feared those who did not fear death. To his dismay, Dustin did not fear death.

“Dustin, know your limits. It’s not too late if you stop now!” Dahlia persuaded. No matter what, she didn’t want to see Dustin get killed over this.

“Young man, I advise you to stop while it’s not too late. Sir Draco already promised to let you off the hook.

You’d better not push things too far.”

*That's right! Sir Draco is finally showing mercy. Don't play with fire, or you'll get burned."

People shot him advice from the crowd. They recognised Dustin's courage, but if he was stupid, he was just a typical **fool**.

"Young man! You have no idea who you've offended. I work for Sir Anderson. You're spitting right in Sir Anderson's face if you dare hurt me! If that happens, not just you, but your friends and family will all die!"

threatened the Cobra.

"Sir Anderson? Is he oh-so-great?" Dustin retorted.

"He's not just great, but the whole of Swinton respects him. I'm sure you've heard of Mr. Anderson of Swinton Group. He is Sir Anderson's kin! You should know how to weigh the odds!" said the Cobra.

"After hearing this, I want to meet Sir Anderson," Dustin exclaimed, **looking** interested.

"Hmph! I'm afraid you'll pee your pants if you meet Sir Anderson!" The Cobra smiled wryly.

A hubbub arose near the door.

A fit, middle-aged man wearing a suit walked in with bodyguards flanking him. He looked charismatic and intimidating without even trying.

"Sir Anderson?!"

The moment the man appeared, the Cobra's spirits lifted dramatically.

The bar went into an uproar, and the crowd retreated in respect. They knew that the man they were looking at was someone even the Cobra bowed to!

"Shit! Sir Anderson's here!" Dahlia's expression changed.

She could only imagine how the magnitude of the influence and background of someone in Mr. Anderson's

league.

"How foolish! If he had let Sir Draco go earlier. Too bad now that Sir Anderson is here. He dug his own grave!"

"I don't care if he dies, but he's dragging us down with him. What bad luck!"

Florence and the others were shocked and terrified at the same time. They couldn't even afford to offend the Cobra, much less the man behind him, who was none other than Sir Anderson.

"You fool! Sir Anderson is here. Aren't you going to surrender?" shouted the Cobra.

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Sir Anderson did not only have a strong family background, but he was also extremely powerful. He **had** seen Sir Anderson get away with killing dozens of men with his own eyes.

"Sir Anderson! You came at the perfect time. Someone caused trouble here and is even holding Sir Draco hostage!" Rosaline complained without hesitation.

"Oh? Who is brave enough to touch my men?" The middle-aged man cocked an eyebrow and looked toward the commotion.

However, when he saw Dustin, his expression went blank. He **was** clearly taken aback.

In fact, Dustin **was** also stunned.

He never imagined that Sir Anderson was also Duane Welch!

"Boy, you'd better put the knife down before Sir Anderson gets **mad**. Or else you're never going to walk out of

here alive!” threatened the Cobra nastily.

Dustin obeyed at once and dropped the knife with a clang.

“Hmph! You’re scared now, aren’t you? But it’s too late!”

The Cobra distanced himself and stood with a threatening stance, ready to enact his revenge.

Before he could give the order, Duane asked, “Dustin, what happened? Did my men offend you?”

“It’s just a small misunderstanding. I never thought they were your men, Uncle Duane.* Dustin smiled.

“Uncle Duane?” The Cobra was dumbfounded as he watched the two men talk amicably.

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When Sir Anderson showed up, everyone thought Dustin was done for.

To their surprise, nothing dramatic happened when Sir Anderson saw Dustin. Instead, they chatted amicably like they were old friends.

The Cobra was appalled by this turn of events. Even Florence **and** the others were stunned.

“This can’t be for real, right? Could he really know Sir Anderson?”

“My goodness, who is that man? How could he and Sir Anderson be talking like **buddies?**”

The crowd gossiped in hushed voices, obviously taken aback.

*S—Sir Anderson—
you know him?” The Cobra gulped. He was slightly panicked **and at** a loss.

‘Dustin is Natasha’s friend. What gave you the nerve to offend him?’ Duane’s expression grew colder by the second.

“Huh? Ms. Harmon’s friend?” The Cobra got the fright of his life.

Natasha Harmon wasn’t just one of Swinton’s big guns, she had the support of Millburg’s aristocrats. She was as prominent a figure as Sir Anderson himself. What’s more, Natasha was a very protective person. Anyone who dared to offend her friends was doomed to face ruthless revenge!

“Sir Anderson, I—1- the Cobra stuttered.

“Pack it up and stop being a baby. Apologize to Dustin, **and whatever** happened will be forgotten.” Duane waved his hand.

“Okay, okay...” The Cobra nodded repeatedly and bowed to Dustin. “Mr. Rhys, I’m terribly sorry. I didn’t know who you were and offended you. I hope you’ll let this slide and forgive me this once.”

“You’re exaggerating. As long as you won’t take revenge,” said Dustin plainly.

“I wouldn’t dare...” The Cobra kept wiping away his sweat as he said, “From now on, you and your friends will be treated as our VIPs. Everything will be on the house!”

His humble response shocked the crowd. Who would have thought that the Cobra, who was so villainous **just** a moment before, would apologize so humbly the next?

“Dustin, let’s have a chat. This way.” Duane wasn’t joking. He stretched out a hand in invitation and led the

way to the office on the second floor.

The moment they left, the entire bar erupted!

*I... I wasn’t just seeing things, was I? Did that fool just talk to Sir Anderson like the best of pals?” James asked in disbelief.

After all, Sir Anderson was the Cobra’s backer. He could turn Swinton upside down with a lift of his finger.

"If I'm guessing right, Ms. Harmon must have something to do with their acquaintance." Dahlia suggested, her senses returning quickly.

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She had heard Sir Anderson mention Natasha Harmon. It was undeniable that he had spared Dustin for the sake of the Harmon family's reputation.

"You must be right! It has to be! How else can a small fry like him know such a big shot?" James **nodded**

fervently.

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"Hmph! I thought he had some real potential, but it turns out that he was just putting on a show by relying on someone else's influence!" Florence huffed, displeased.

"A man should have a spine. How can a man always count on a woman to back him up?" Dahlia **shook** her head in disappointment. Climbing the ranks by kissing up to someone looked grand on the surface, but it was

just a quick taste of heaven. It would never last long.

"What a lucky bastard!" Matt's expression **was** stormy, and his gaze stung with disdain. It was **already** shameful enough getting slapped by the Cobra earlier, but now, Dustin's glory had made him look even more pathetic in comparison. He could not accept that a good-for-nothing like Dustin had outshone him! Meanwhile, in the office on the second floor, Dustin sat across from Duane while the Cobra **served** them.

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"Duane, let's not beat around the bush, shall we?" Dustin sipped his tea and said, "You said you've found the Panax root. Where is it?"

"Since you're so anxious, I won't tease you any longer." Duane smiled and clapped his hands.

A bodyguard entered the room carrying a wooden box. Placing the box on the table between him and Dustin, Duane opened it slowly. A dark yellow root no bigger than a palm sat inside. It was a Panax root with

unusually long roots.

*This really is good stuff!" Dustin exclaimed upon examining the root closely. He looked delighted.

A 500-year-old Panax root was an extremely rare treasure! Now that he had another herb, he was another

step closer to his goal!

"How is it, Dustin? Are you satisfied?" Duane smiled expectantly.

"Of course, I'm satisfied. Thank you so much." Dustin smiled, reaching out to take the root.

Suddenly, the lid of the box snapped shut.

"Dustin, what's the hurry? Let's talk more," Duane asserted. One hand remained wrapped around the box. Evidently, he was not planning on giving its contents to Dustin that easily.

"Duane, what's this about?" Dustin narrowed his eyes.

"I'm very interested in your Gemiphen formula. Can you sell it to me?" Duane smiled faintly.

"Duane, this wasn't what we agreed on. As per our agreement, I cure your ailment, and you give me a 500-year-old Panax root in return," Dustin reminded him.

"Are you sure you remember correctly? Yes, you cured me, but I gave you the Hillview Hotel in return. As for the Panax root, you'll have to exchange it for your Gemiphen formula!"

"You sound like you want to go back on your word," Dustin warned, his expression gradually growing colder. He had thought that Duane had come to give him th

the Panax root, but to his surprise, Duane had been eyeing his Gemiphen formula all along.

“Dustin, don’t put it that way. We just want mutual benefits. If you’re unsatisfied, I can give you another thirty million in cash!” Duane stuck out three fingers.

“I’ve said this before. My Gemiphen formula is not for sale. You can **only** give me herbs in exchange for it,”

stressed Dustin.

“Haha... am I not doing an exchange with you right now?” Duane hinted, tapping on the box between them.

“Duane, if people find out you’re not a man of your word, won’t you become a laughing stock?” Dustin’s

expression was as cold as ice.

If he negotiated politely, Dustin didn’t mind selling him two packets of Gemiphen. However, Duane’s way of obtaining the formula was foolish.

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*So what if people find out? Who would believe you?” Duane challenged. His nervous smile did not reach his

eyes.

The Gemiphen formula was priceless. If he could get his hands on it, he could take over the entire Anderson

family!

“Duane, for Ms. Harmon’s sake, I won’t burn bridges between us. So now, you’d best give **me** the Panax root.”

Dustin said calmly, suppressing his anger.

“And what if I don’t?” Duane retorted.

“Then don’t blame **me** for snatching it away.” Dustin was very blunt.

“Snatch? Haha. If you can take this box from me, I’ll let you have it for free!” Duane laughed. He had trained

in martial arts for years and had long since reached the highest level of mastery. How dare an amateur like

Dustin snatch something out of the hands of a master like him?

“Okay! You said it yourself!” Dustin wasted no time and reached for the wooden box.

Duane was fully prepared. His hand bent into a claw and grabbed Dustin’s forcefully. The battle had begun.