

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 401 -

Chapter 401

“Hmph!” Dahlia refused to talk to him. Before leaving, she made sure to stomp hard on his foot.

Thus, the brutal and unfortunate episode came to an end. The authorities arrived soon after the explosion. The fire brigade helped to clear the scene and put out the fire. At the end of the day, the authorities publicly announced the cause of the explosion, blaming it on a gas explosion.

Three days went by in the blink of an eye. During this time, Dahlia and her family returned to the Nicholson family home to keep Henry Nicholson company.

The Glenstead Nicholsons, meanwhile, sent a team to investigate Gloria and Dakota’s deaths, but after learning that the murderer, Edwin Hummer, had died in a suicide bombing, they had no choice but to close the case.

Notably, Regulus Nicholson made the decision to confirm Dahlia’s role as the chairman of the Cardinal Group. It was only time before she was officially acting in the chairman’s capacity.

During the three days, Dustin received surprising news as well. He heard that the 900-year green lotus that

Jayla Grant won in a bid was purchased by the Stoneray Order at a high price. Rumors had it that the Stoneray

Order was the owner of a secret formula to speed up the ripening process of the lotus, turning it into a

thousand-year green lotus in a short **time**. However, the veracity of the rumors remained to be confirmed.

In order not to miss out on the treasured herb, Dustin specifically sent Roderick back to Millsburg to carefully

gather information. If the formula were real, Dustin would have to pay Stoneray Order a visit.

He was also worried about Natasha, who had been out of contact for three days since she departed for

Millsburg. She did not reply to texts or pick up calls. Even Park Place was empty, with only a few servants

standing guard.

At noon on the third day, an increasingly concerned Dustin spotted a silver Bentley parked in front of the

medical center. Overjoyed, he rushed out to take a look, only to find Ruth stepping out from the car.

“Ruth, why are you here? Where’s your sister?” He was perplexed.

“Natasha will not be back for a while.” Ruth lost her usual **rigor** and appeared grim.

“What is that supposed to mean?” Dustin furrowed his brows.

“Something’s happened at home, and she **had** to take care of it. She sends me to you because she doesn’t

want to worry you.”

“What happened exactly?” he questioned. Based on his understanding of Natasha, she wouldn’t have missed his calls if she hadn’t run into grave problems

“Stop asking for the details and wait for her updates. If she returns to Swinton after a few days, that means the problem has been resolved. If she doesn’t return, you should forget about her.” Ruth was ready to leave.

“Wait a moment!” He grabbed her arm with a stern look on his face. “Tell me, is she in danger? If she is, I’ll immediately rescue her!”

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“Natasha is safe and sound. She’s unharmed.” Ruth shook her head woefully.

“But what was all that just now? Did Natasha run into trouble?” he asked in a firm tone.

“Dustin, let this go. You can’t sort out this matter on your own. It’ll only implicate you. Natasha doesn’t want to drag you into the mess.” Ruth let out a heavy sigh.

“How will we know if we don’t give it a try? I believe that we can overcome all the difficulties!” However, Dustin’s expression hardened when Ruth refused to open up. “Ruth Harmon, if you don’t tell me, I’ll travel to Millsburg and get to the bottom of it! Do not blame me for wreaking havoc in the Harmon family!”

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“Hey, how can you be so stubborn?” Dustin’s one-track mind made Ruth blow her top. “My sister didn’t tell you for your own sake. Otherwise, you’d always be at risk of a fatal disaster!”

“Hmph, I’ve been through rain and fire for years. Is there anything I haven’t encountered before? I stand by my words—if you don’t say it, I’ll go ask myself!” Dustin said resolutely.

“You” Ruth stamped her feet in fury, but she didn’t know how to rebut. After a moment, she shook her head helplessly. “It seems like my sister was right: you won’t give it a rest. I really don’t know if this is a blessing or a curse. Didn’t you say you want to go to Millsburg to see my sister? Fine. I can take you there, but you have to listen to me. You can’t act rashly! Or else my sister and I will also get dragged down with you. Got it?”

“Alright!” Dustin agreed. Right now, he only wanted to **see** for himself that Natasha was fine.

“Tidy up. I’ll wait for you in the car,” Ruth said, then went straight to the car,

At that moment, Maximus, who'd heard the commotion, walked over. "Dustin, you're going out?"

"Yeah, I'm going to Millsburg to get something done. I'll probably be there for about five days. Please help take

care of the home in the meantime." Dustin patted his shoulder.

"No problem! If there's anything, just ring me anytime!" Maximus patted his chest.

"Okay." Dustin nodded. He picked up his bags, turned around, and got into the car.

With Maximus—who'd already achieved divinity—around, things should be fine in Swinton.

The car moved out quickly, making its way to Millsburg. After half a day, the car finally came to a stop in an urban village in the evening. They arrived at a small villa with a garden.

The door opened, and Ruth and Dustin alighted.

"Ms. Ruth, you've arrived." At that moment, a kind-looking middle-aged man walked out of the villa.

"Mr. Robinson, this is Dustin Rhys. Over the next few days, you are in charge of his meals and

accommodations," Ruth said in lieu of an introduction.

"Hello, Mr. Rhys." Mr. Robinson bowed respectfully.

"Ruth, what kind of place did you bring me to?" Dustin was taken aback.

"This is the temporary lodging I arranged for you. Mr. Robinson used to work for the Harmon family and can be trusted. If you need anything, just let him know," Ruth explained.

"I'm not talking about that. Where's your sister?" Dustin pressed.

"My sister can't meet you yet. Just stay here for a few days, and when the time is right, I'll arrange for you two

to meet,” Ruth replied.

“Then you have to at least tell **me** what happened.” Dustin frowned.

“Water won’t boil if you watch it. The situation right now is unfavorable. Knowing too much won’t do you any good, either. If you trust my sister, then wait a couple of days.” Ruth looked serious.

“But Dustin started, but Ruth interrupted him.

“Before **we** came, we already agreed that you would listen to me. Otherwise, please go home!”

“Fine, I’ll wait!” Dustin took a deep breath. In the end, he chose to give in. After all, he was already in Millsburg.

If trouble really arose, he could lend his support anytime.

“Great. Just wait here, and I’ll contact you in case of anything.”

With that, Ruth got in the car and left. She’d snuck out, so she couldn’t stay for long.

“Mr. Rhys, please have some tea.” Mr. Robinson handed him a cup.

“Thank you.”

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Dustin accepted the cup with both hands and said, “Mr. Robinson, I’m afraid I’ll have to trouble you for the next

few days.”

“It’s no trouble. It’s what I should do.” Edmund Robinson smiled. “Ms. Harmon saved

me before, and my family is hugely grateful for her. Any opportunity to repay Ms. Harmon is my honor.”

“Really? I didn’t know Natasha was so beloved,” Dustin said with a chuckle.

“Why, of course!” Edmund said, his voice tinged with pride. “I watched Ms. Harmon grow up. No one can say anything about her character—no one in Millsburg can measure up to her!”

“I can tell.” Dustin nodded, smiling.

“Mr. Rhys, look at me. I was all focused on chatting that I almost forgot to do my job. Have you eaten? Please wait a moment while I whip something up.” Edmund said, hurrying into the kitchen and getting to work.

He looked like a proper househusband.

Dustin smiled softly. Sipping at the tea in his hand, he surveyed his surroundings.

The villa consisted of two floors, complete with furniture and electrical appliances. Although it wasn’t the most luxurious, it was immaculate. It looked rather homey.

“Hey, who are you? Who let you in here?!” At that moment, a high-pitched scream came from the door.

Dustin turned around to find a young girl wearing a short skirt watching him carefully. She looked to be about eighteen years old. Her features were very delicate, and she wore some light makeup. Her hair was dyed a bright blue, and she was chewing gum in her mouth, giving off a cool girl impression.

“I’m talking to you. Are you mute!” the blue-haired girl shouted.

“Abigail, don’t be rude!” When Edmund heard the commotion, he immediately ran out and smiled apologetically. “Mr. Rhys, this is my daughter, Abigail Robinson. I spoil her too much, so please don’t hold it

against her.”

"It's nothing. This is a normal reaction to seeing a stranger in your house," Dustin said with a slight smile.

"Hmph, I don't know where you picked up this random person from!" Abigail said with a cold expression,

disgust evident in her eyes.

"Silly girl, what are you saying? This is Mr. Rhys, a respected guest of the Harmons!" Edmund glared.

"Fine, fine. I'm too lazy to deal with your bullshit. I'm **going** out with my friends later, so give me some money!" Abigail stretched out her hand demandingly.

"You're going out again?" Edmund frowned. "Abigail, your exams are right around the corner. How can you go out every night?"

"It's not like I'll get into a good college anyway. Does it matter if I have some fun?" Abigail said indifferently.

"It's not a matter of whether you get into a good college, but it's a matter of your attitude. Can't you let me

worry less?" Edmund said, exasperated.

"h, you're so annoying. Every time I **ask** for some money, you give me this non sense. If you want to give me money, then give it to me. If you don't, then forget it!" Abigail said impatiently. She slammed the door shut and stormed off.

"That girl Edmund said angrily, but he couldn't do anything. "Mr. Rhys, I'm sorry you had to see that." "It's alright. She's in her teens—it's understandable that she's a bit rebellious," Dustin said understandingly.

"Oh no, my pan!" Edmund suddenly remembered what he'd forgotten and dashed into the kitchen.

After half an hour, a scrumptious feast was served. Dustin took a bite. The flavor was amazing.

"Mr. Rhys, do you mind if I put some food aside? Abigail will probably be hungry when she gets home tonight," Edmund said tentatively.

“Of course, it’s no problem.” Dustin smiled, “Mr. Robinson, you don’t have to be so reserved. You’re the host: do whatever you want. Don’t mind me.”

“Thank you, Mr. Rhys!” Edmund said gratefully. Then, he set aside a bit of every dish. He didn’t dare take out too big of a portion. Afterward, he wrapped it in cling wrap carefully.

At that moment, a neighbor suddenly bolted inside in a panic, screaming, “Edmund, it’s bad! Something happened to your daughter!”

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“Something happened? What happened?” Edmund was stunned, unable to react.

“My daughter just called to tell me that Abigail got into a conflict at the karaoke bar, and both sides fight! You should hurry over and check on her!” the neighbor urged.

got into a

“What? A fight?!” Edmund was startled. He immediately threw down his cutlery and ran to the door, but then, he turned around suddenly and said, “Mr. Rhys, I truly apologize, but something happened to my daughter, and I need to go handle it.”

“I’ll go with you.” Dustin stood. It wasn’t good to just mooch off someone in their house. If he could lend a hand in any way, he naturally wouldn’t be stingy.

“Well...” Edmund was a bit conflicted.

“Don’t worry. I won’t make things worse.” Dustin smiled.

“Edmund, don’t dawdle any longer. More people means more power. Hurry!” the neighbor prompted again.

“Alright —

” Edmund nodded. Without another word, he **got** in his Mazda and drove off. He couldn’t care about

anything else right now. His daughter's safety was the most important.

Twenty minutes later, he stopped in front of the karaoke bar.

Dustin followed Edmund inside. He found a few burly men standing outside a particular room. Among them, the leader was a young man dressed in a Versace suit. His face **was** flushed, and he reeked of alcohol. He yelled and kicked the door. Meanwhile, Abigail and a few other female students were hiding in the room, not daring to come out.

"Fuck, it should be an honor that I touched your butt. How dare you hit me? I'm going to teach you a lesson **today!**"

After a series of hard kicks, the door suddenly fell with a resounding bang.

The girls inside the room instantly screamed in terror, except Abigail, who stood in front, unyielding. With stubborn eyes, she said, "Hold right there! I'm warning you not to do something rash. I've already asked for backup. Once my friends come, there'll be a good show!"

"Backup?" the man in the suit chuckled coldly. "To tell you the truth, this is my territory. It doesn't matter who you call over. I'm going to f*ck you tonight!"

With that, he reached out to grab her.

"Stop!" At that moment, Edmund suddenly ran over and stood in front of his daughter protectively. "Young man, let's use our words, not our hands."

"What are you doing here?" Abigail frowned, not the least bit grateful.

"Old geezer, where did you come from?" The man in the suit looked him up and down with an unkind gaze.

"Young man, this is my daughter. She's young and doesn't know better. If she's offended you in some way, I'll apologize on her behalf," Edmund said with an apologetic smile, bowing profusely.

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"That b*tch slapped me and broke my watch. Do you think an apology can fix this?" The man sniffed.

Right then, a girl with short hair beside Abigail suddenly said, “You’re the one who behaved obscenely first! If you didn’t grope her, you wouldn’t have gotten slapped!”

“She should thank her lucky stars that I touched her. Don’t be f*cking shameless!” The man glared.

Edmund’s face froze. In the end, he still forced a smile and said, “Young man, I think this is just a misunderstanding. There’s no need to make this bigger than it is. Why don’t we all take a step back, okay?”

“Don’t think it’s over just because you said so!” The man slapped Edmund harshly, cursing. “Who the f*ck are you? Are you even worthy of negotiating with me?”

Edmund staggered backward from the blow, almost falling.

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“How **dare** you hit my father?” Abigail flew into a rage. She picked up a beer bottle, about to swing it, but

Edmund stopped her.

“Abigail, don’t be impulsive!”

“What, are you going to hit me again? Why don’t you try? If you as much as harm a hair on my head, not a

single person in this room will walk out of here tonight!” The man in the suit laughed icily.

“Young man, it’s just a misunderstanding. Once you cool down, we can talk nicely.” Edmund said, smiling

apologetically.

“Talk? Hmph, what right do you have to talk to me?” The man lifted his broken watch and said disdainfully. “Do

you know what watch this is? It's a limited edition Patek watch that costs eight hundred thousand dollars!

Now, your daughter broke it. Tell me, how will you handle it?"

"Eight hundred thousand dollars? That expensive?" Edmund was thunderstruck. He only earned a few

thousand dollars a month. He didn't know how many years it'd take to save up eight hundred thousand dollars.

"What, didn't you want to talk? Then pay up. If you can fork out eight hundred thousand dollars tonight, I'll

consider letting your daughter off the hook," the man responded haughtily.

"Well..." Edmund's eye twitched. He didn't know what to do.

"I can tell you can't afford it. Fine, I won't make things hard for you. So long as your daughter sleeps with me

for a **night**. I'll let the eight hundred thousand dollars slide. How does that sound?" The man grinned wickedly.

"In your dreams!" Abigail glowered.

"Young man, give **me** a few days. I'll definitely come up with the money," Edmund said.

"I want it now! If you don't have the money, then get lost. Don't get in the way of my fun!" Getting impatient, the man in the suit pushed Edmund to the floor.

"Old geezer, consider it a blessing of a lifetime that I **have** my eyes on your daughter. Even a **small**-time celebrity doesn't have the price tag of eight hundred thousand

dollars. You should be happy!"

"You've crossed the line!" Watching her father get pushed over, Abigail couldn't hold back anymore. She

smashed the beer bottle over the man's head.

There was a loud sound of glass breaking as the bottle shattered into pieces, drenching the man in beer.

“Huh?” The smash sent the man into a daze, and he was in disbelief. Subconsciously, he reached for his head.

and his hand came **away** full of blood.

“H—
how dare you hit me?!” After staring blankly for a brief moment, the man instantly flew off the handle.

Bitch, I’m **going** to kill you!”

“Let’s see who has the guts to move!”

A group of boys wielding baseball bats stormed in aggressively. The leader was 6’2” with a buff **figure** and a handsome face. These boys brought a threatening aura with them when they barged in.

“Great. Mike is here!”

When Abigail and the other girls saw the men, they lit up. All of them looked at him with admiration, as if he was their savior.

Mike Horton was a popular figure at school. Not only was he from an established family, but he was also handsome and the captain of the school’s basketball team. He usually responded to people’s cries for help. No matter what the trouble was, he could easily handle it.

“Abigail, are you okay?” Mike asked as soon as he appeared, looking like the classic gentleman.

“I’m fine.” Abigail shook her head, her eyes bright. Naturally, she had some feelings for the school hunk, Mike. They hung out together a lot too.

“Mike, thank goodness you came in time, or we would have been harassed by these people!” the short-haired girl said, terrified.

“Don’t worry. With me here, no one would dare lay a finger on you!” Mike raised the baseball bat, shooting daggers at the man in the suit. “Are you the one bullying my friends? Get on your knees and apologize now, and I may let you go. Otherwise, I’ll break both your f*cking legs!”

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Mike assumed an aggressive stance, his eyes sharp. With his tall, buff body, he did look rather threatening. The girls standing behind him stared at him with sparkling eyes; their hearts pounding.

What young woman wasn't a romantic at heart? They had fantasized about being a damsel in distress saved by prince charming more than once.

"Punk, do you know who the f*ck I am? How dare you stick your nose in my business?!" The man in the suit cupped his bleeding head, his eyes dark.

"I don't care who you are. If you don't kneel and apologize today, don't blame me if I shatter your legs!" Mike waved his bat.

"That's right, apologize!" his group of buddies crowed. Boys at their age naturally had no fear.

"**Great!** A group of prepubescent boys dares behave so arrogantly in front of me? Just you wait!" the man spat harshly as he attempted to slip away.

"Fuck, who said you could go?" Furious, Mike swung the bat at the man's legs. The latter stumbled and almost crashed to the floor. "Boys, get him!"

Seeing the leader of their pack get physical, the other boys picked up their bats, ready to start swinging.

"Don't fight!" Edmund quickly stood in front of them. He **said** placatingly, "You're all still in school, so don't make this a big issue. Just let it go."

"Who are you?" Mike frowned.

"Mike, that's Abigail's father," the short-haired girl said with a scornful and disdainful laugh.

Abigail lowered her head in shame. It was really embarrassing to have such a **weak** dad.

“So you’re Uncle Robinson. In that case, for your sake, I’ll let them off,” Mike said, acting magnanimous. Although he looked down on people like that, since he was Abigail’s father, he still had to show him some respect.

“Thank you.” Edmund beamed.

“What are you still standing there for? Get lost!” Mike roared at the man.

“Hmph, if you have what it takes, then don’t run off!” The man in the suit gritted his teeth before leaving with his two lackeys.

“Mike, are you going to let them off just like that? What if they get backup and come back for payback?” the girl with short hair suddenly asked.

“Payback? Do they dare?” Mike laughed with confidence. “Do **you** know whose territory this is? I’m not afraid to tell you that this place belongs to Lord Horst of the Flame Dragon Gang! Anyone who causes trouble here has a death wish!”

“Lord Horst of the Flame Dragon Gang?!”

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Everyone’s expressions changed.

The Flame Dragon Gang were tyrants in this area. No one dared to get on their bad side. As the assistant leader, Lord Horst held a frightening amount of power. He even had connections to several wealthy families. If one angered him, they would die an unpredictable death.

“Don’t be nervous. My father has a close relationship with Lord Horst. In this area, no one has dared to pick a fight with me yet!” Mike boasted.

“As expected of Mike! I never thought he would even know the Lord Horst. It’s impressive.”

“Of course! With Mike’s protection, no one would dare touch us.”

Everyone began to lavish praises on him. The girls especially developed a deeper sense of adoration for him.

Mike was delighted. He enjoyed having everyone's eyes on him and the feeling of being admired. However, he soon realized something was amiss.

There was one person who'd kept a straight face throughout the entire ordeal, not showing him any respect. "And who are you?"

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Mike turned his attention to Dustin, who was standing next to Mr. Robinson. He couldn't help feeling threatened by Dustin's calm demeanor and good looks.

"This is Mr. Rhys, our family's honored guest. He came over to help out." Mr. Robinson explained.

"Help out?" Abigail humphed disdainfully. "He hasn't said a single **thing** since he arrived. You call that helping

out?"

"She's right! Although he has good looks, it's embarrassing **how** much of a scaredy-cat he is." The short-haired girl shook her head.

While none of the other girls spoke, it was clear that they were all secretly looking down on Dustin. What was the point of being so handsome if he was going to run at the first sign of trouble? He was nothing but an utterly unreliable man.

"A man should act like one, buddy. You shouldn't try to break up a fight if you're scared, or you might get hurt." Mike sniggered **and** patted Dustin's shoulder.

Dustin smiled without saying anything, unbothered by those measly words.

"Well, since everything's over, let's go back." Mr. Robinson smoothed things over before turning his attention to his daughter. "Abigail, I've told you many times not to run around at night, especially in places like these. It's dangerous! Hurry up. We're going home now." He grabbed her wrist.

"Let me go!" Abigail flung his hand away, annoyed. "You can go back alone! What I do is none of your business!"

“What are you doing? I’m just worried about you.” Mr. Robinson frowned.

“Worried about me? What’s the point?” Abigail snorted. “Even if I run into trouble, what can you do? It was their fault, yet you kept apologizing! You might not feel embarrassed, but I do!”

“I’m just locking out for you. Your safety comes first. And there was no need to make things worse,” Mr. Robinson reasoned.

“Does that mean I’m supposed to put up with everything?” Abigail was disappointed. “You always get treated like this. Do **you** know why I hate you? Because you’re a coward! I’m begging you. Don’t ever show up in front of my friends ever again. Having a father like you is the biggest embarrassment of my life!”

Mr. Robinson froze. He opened his mouth, but nothing came out. He didn’t know what to say. All he wanted was for his daughter to be safe and sound.

“What are you **waiting** for? Bri

at the door,

“Abigail-”

your guest and leave! I don’t want to see you guys anymore!” Abigail pointed

“Go away!” Abigail fumed, ashamed. Why was her father a mere servant who constantly had to be careful around others, while other people’s fathers were successful and famous?

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“You guys should head back first, Uncle Robinson. Don’t worry. Abigail will be fine. I’ll protect her,” Mike said with a smile. It was rare to see a father being chewed out by their daughters like this.

“Thank you.” Mr. Robinson forced out a smile and turned to leave.

Just then, they heard some noise coming from the entrance of the karaoke bar, and the man in a suit who had just left came barging in violently with a few dozen men.

“There! Gather them up!” the suited man yelled.

The fierce men drew out their blades and surrounded the room, their vicious gazes frightening those inside. As students, how could they ever win against knives?

“Wait!” Mike stomped forward. “I’m warning you. This place belongs to Lord Horst, who is a friend of my dad. You’re dead meat if you touch us!”

“Are you f*cking threatening me right now?” With a mighty slap, the man sent Mike tumbling to the floor. “So what? I’m his f*cking brother!!”

His words immediately caused an uproar.

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“Lord Horst’s brother?” Everyone was aghast to hear that, especially Mike, whose face had gone as white as a sheet.

He never expected the man to have that identity. Although his father and Lord Horst knew each other, they **were** merely acquaintances. However, the man before them was Lord Horst’s brother, so it **was** clear who mattered more.

He was doomed!

“Weren’t you showing off just now? Why don’t you do it one more time?” The man in a suit planted his foot into Mike’s chest, kicking him to the floor. “How dare you meddle with what I do! You must have a death wish!”

With that, he gave Mike another two **more** blows. Mike gritted his teeth from the pain but couldn’t say anything.

“You bunch of stupid cunts! What makes you think you can boss me around? Get on your f*cking knees. All of you! Break the legs of anyone who disobeys!” the man yelled, brandishing his blade.

“On your knees!” His lackeys spat, their blades instantly resting on the students’ necks. Shaking in terror, the students who had never experienced something like this frantically knelt.

“Hey! Why aren’t you kneeling?” One of the lackeys spotted Dustin.

“You **guys** are getting this wrong. I don’t know them. I’m just here to watch the show.” Dustin shrugged.

The students immediately glared at him, disgusted. He sure was a scaredy-cat.

The man in the suit glanced at Dustin but decided to ignore him, turning his attention to Mike instead. “Hey. punk! Weren’t you going to break my legs? Well, I’m giving you that chance right now. Go ahead.” The man tossed his baton, which landed beside Mike’s feet.

“That was

a misunderstanding.” Mike smiled apologetically. “I was stupid. How about this? I’ll set up a small dinner party tomorrow at Empress Hotel as an apology.”

“Fuck you!” The man slapped Mike across the face. “As if that’s enough to appease me! Who the f*ck do you think I am?”

“O—
of course, that’s not the only thing. I’ll also visit you with a grand present!” Mike forced a smile, looking rather pitiful.

Everyone couldn’t believe their eyes. The man they looked up to was groveling at someone else’s feet.

The man humphed. “I would have killed you already if you weren’t my brother’s acquaintance!” He kicked Mike aside before turning his gaze to Abigail. “Babe, it’s your turn now. I’ll let this matter go if you sleep with me. tonight.”

“In your dream!” Abigail spat.

“**I’ve** given you a chance!” The man’s expression darkened, and his palm flew to Abigail’s cheek.

“Don’t hit her.” Edmund hurriedly put himself in front of his daughter. “I’ll pay for your watch. Just give me two **days**. I’ll definitely bring you 800 thousand dollars!”

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“I’ve got no time to wait, old man! I need someone to f*ck right now, so no matter what, your daughter will be mine tonight!” The man signaled for two of his lackeys to tie Abigail up.

Edmund tried to stop them but was pinned to the ground by another man.

“Let me go!” Starting to panic, Abigail struggled and flailed around. She quickly looked toward Mike for help, expecting him to be her knight in shining armor as usual.

“Let’s talk about this. She is my friend. Can’t you do me a favor and let her go?” Unable to stand it any longer, Mike began to plead.

“Fuck off!” The man gave Mike another slap and swore. “Who the f*ck do you think you are? Why the hell

should I do someone like you a favor? Fuck off, or I’ll kill you!”

Mike immediately fell silent, swallowing the words he was about to say. Similarly, the rest of the male students kept their heads down without a word, terrified of offending the younger brother of Lord Horst from

the Flame Dragon Gang.

“Take her away!” Not wanting to waste any more time, the man grabbed the tied-up Abigail and turned to

leave.

“Stop!” Edmund sprang up and grabbed one of the knives. He slid it against the suited man’s neck shakily and threatened. “Nobody move! My blade might accidentally slip!”

“Do you have any idea what you’re doing, old man?” The other man’s face darkened.

“I don’t care about that. Let my daughter go!” Edmund yelled, the blade digging into the other man’s skin.

“Let her go!” Flustered, the suited man was scared he might agitate Edmund.

“Abigail, run!” Edmund urged as soon as his daughter was released.

“But what about you?” Abigail frowned.

“I’ll be fine. You go ahead. I’ll be right behind you.” Edmund forced a smile, not noticing when someone snuck up behind him. That person sent him sprawling to the ground with a blow.

“Dad!” Abigail paled and rushed toward her father but was pulled back.

“How dare you threaten me!” The suited man touched the cut on his neck, infuriated. “Your family should be honored that I want to f*ck your daughter. I’ll kill you if you refuse!” He grabbed one of his lackey’s blades and swung it toward Edmund’s arm.

There was a soft hum as the blade cut through the air, but the noise halted when someone reached out to grab the blade in midair. The suited man struggled, but his knife didn’t move an inch.

“That’s enough,” Dustin ordered.

“How dare you stop me!” The other man was flabbergasted.

“I don’t care if you want to kill everyone else, but you aren’t allowed to touch Mr. Robinson,” Dustin warned.

“And if that’s what I want to do?” The other man narrowed his eyes.

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“Then don’t blame me for beating you up.” Dustin answered with a straight face.

“Beat me up?” Surprised, the other man burst out laughing. He sneered. “Hey, punk! Do you even know what you’re saying? Look around you. These are all my men. You’ll be cut into pieces if you touch even a strand of my hair.”

“Even a strand of your hair, you say?” Abruptly, Dustin reached out and plucked a strand of the other man’s hair. “Here you go.”

“What?” The corner of the other man’s eye twitched. Feeling humiliated, he roared. “Kill him!”

Immediately, there was a loud bang as he flew backward, crashing into the wall astonishing everyone in the room.

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Chapter 409

“Um....

Everyone **was** shocked to see the man had been batted away. They never thought Dustin had the balls to hit someone. Besides having control over many men and being Lord Horst’s younger brother, the man in the suit

was well **known** for being a pompous devil. Even Mike, who came from a distinguished family, **had** to grovel

before that man, yet Dustin dared to talk back against him and even beat him up. Where did he find the

confidence to do that?

“How could he hit Lord Horst’s brother? Is he crazy?”

“Offending Lord Horst is the same as offending Flame Dragon Gang. He’s dead meat!”

“What a fool! He probably doesn’t even know who he just crossed.”

Everyone looked at Dustin like he was waiting to die.

“H—

how dare you hit me!” The suited man staggered to his feet, one side of his face swollen. As he spoke, two

of his teeth fell out.

“Didn’t I tell you? I’ll beat you up if you try to touch Mr. Robinson. Did you think I was joking?” Dustin responded nonchalantly.

“You’re **dead** meat!” the other man shrieked. “What are you guys waiting for? Get him!”

“Let’s go!” His lackeys charged toward Dustin ferociously.

Instead of retreating, Dustin slowly but steadily made his way through the **crowd**. Like a whirlwind, he slapped

away anyone who got too close. In just a few minutes, all twenty–three men were sprawled over the floor, moaning and wailing in pain from fractured limbs.

“What?”

Everyone couldn’t help gaping speechlessly at Dustin, who won the battle empty–handed. In fact, he hadn’t just won the fight; he’d completely annihilated them!

Was Dustin **even** human?

“Holy shit! Who knew the skinny kid had moves like that?”

“I judged him wrongly. He isn’t **a** coward. He’s just an introvert.”

“He’s good–looking and fights well. That’s so cool! Oh, I wish he was my boyfriend.”

After **seeing** Dustin’s moves, the students’ attitudes toward him immediately shifted, especially the girls, who now looked at him with adoring gazes,

“W–w– who the f*ck **are you?**” The suited man stumbled backward, terrified. His men were seasoned fighters, but Dustin had taken care of them so effortlessly it was terrifying.

“It doesn’t matter who I am. Right **now**, you have two choices. Either you let me cripple you, or you apologize

to Mr. Robinson,” Dustin replied calmly.

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“You better not think too highly of yourself! I’m telling you, my brother is Lord Horst from Flame Dragon Gang! You’re challenging the gang by hurting me!” the other man yelled. Although he was shocked by Dustin’s skills, he quickly regained his confidence when he remembered his brother.

Not wasting more time, Dustin began to slap the suited man again.

“Arrogant, aren’t you?”

Dustin slapped him again.

“Flame Dragon Gang, you say?”

Another slap rang out.

“And Lord Horst?”

And another.

“I’m hitting you right now. What are you going to do about it?”

Dustin struck the man and dished out questions alternately. Soon, the latter’s face completely swelled up. The girls in the room couldn’t control their fluttering hearts at the sight.

Even Abigail’s attitude towards him has changed. At first, she thought he was going to be a coward like her father, so she was taken aback to see him beat up Lord Horst’s brother.

This was what a real man was supposed to be like.

“Answer me. What are you going to do about this?” Dustin grabbed the other man’s collar and lifted him up. His frosty gaze sending shivers down the man’s spine.

“Who the f*ck dares to attack my brother?” someone bellowed.

Everyone spun around to see an imposing figure striding toward them commandingly. A few bodyguards donning suits followed closely behind him.

“Lord Horst?”

The students were shocked to see the new arrival. They quickly huddled together at one side, anxious. Lord Horst was the assistant leader of the Flame Dragon Gang and had control over hundreds of men. They would never dare cross this man who hardly cared about the law.

“It’s over, brat! Now that my brother’s here, no one can save you!” The injured man started cackling gleefully.

“Oh, shit! Even Lord Horst’s here?”

“I hope nothing happens to that hot dude.”

The girls began to fear for Dustin’s safety.

Mike silently humphed and silently sneered. “Serves **you** right for acting so recklessly. Let’s see how you suffer after offending Lord Horst!”

He felt humiliated after seeing how bold Dustin **was**, and those feelings only became stronger when he realized that all the girls were now attracted to Dustin. Fortunately, Lord Horst had arrived. No matter how

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powerful Dustin might be, he was still doomed. Mike couldn’t wait to see Dustin groveling for forgiveness.

“You came right on time, Brother! This asshole hit me. You have to help me get even!” the suited man immediately complained.

“Did you tell him my name?” Lord Horst asked.

“Of course I did! But all it did was make him hit me harder. He even insulted you!” The suited man’s words only

served to stoke the flame.

Lord Horst's face darkened instantly. "You've got balls, kid. Who do you think you are, causing trouble on my turf? Do you have any idea what the consequences are?"

"Nope." Dustin shook his head.

"Well, let me tell you right **now**. I might chop off your arms and legs, or I might just kill you!" Lord Horst spat with narrowed eyes.

"Really? I don't believe you." Dustin wore a small smile.

"You sure are naive and foolish!" Lord Horst **sneered**, his gaze turning menacing. "It seems like you still don't

understand how serious this issue is. I hope you **don't** piss your pants when your limbs get chopped off." He

waved to some of his men. "Clear this place out, boys!"

The students became visibly paler after hearing that. Whenever Lord Horst told his men to clear a place out,

someone would end up bleeding, sometimes even dying!

After all, with Lord Horst's power and background, it **wasn't** hard for him to make people disappear.

Dustin **had** landed himself in hot water!

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After Lord Horst **issued** his **command**, the entire room was quickly emptied, and all the surveillance **cameras** were turned off. Mike **and** some of the students were huddled together in a corner, shaking and not daring to

move. They were well aware that things were getting serious.

“You seem quite calm, kid. Don’t you know you’re in deep shit?” Lord Horst **was** surprised. Usually, people would be quaking in **fear** after hearing him order his men to clear out a place, but Dustin was oddly indifferent

about this.

He couldn’t tell if Dustin was brave or just foolish.

“Really? I can’t tell.” Dustin shrugged.

“I might consider letting you live if you chop off one of your hands **and** beg for forgiveness, so you better not whine that I never gave you a chance, kid.” Lord Horst drew out a knife and tossed it. The blade landed next to

Dustin with a clang.

“I’m also giving you a chance to scam with your idiot of a brother before I beat you two up,” Dustin replied calmly.

The room fell silent instantly. Some of the students were wide-eyed as they questioned their ears.

Had Dustin just threatened Lord Horst?

What the hell?

This **was** the assistant leader of Flame Dragon Gang they were talking about. The person who decided

someone’s fate!

How could

Dustin not beg for forgiveness, much less spew insults? Did he have a death wish?

“You do have guts, kiddo. I guess I’ll have to teach you a lesson today.” With a chilling glare, Lord Horst signaled to his men. “You lot! Teach him a lesson!”

“**Yes, sir!**”

Exchanging glances, several of the bodyguards began inching toward Dustin. They were the elites of Flame Dragon Gang. After enduring all the training, they had all become low-

level martial artists, so they assumed that taking Dustin down with their fists alone should be a simple task.

“He’s got skills, brother. Are you sure your men will be able to handle him?” the suited man asked hesitantly. He could still vividly remember what Dustin had done earlier.

“So what if he’s got skills?” Lord Horst humphed disdainfully. “My guards are elites that I handpicked. Getting rid of that punk will be a piece of cake!”

“I didn’t **know** they were so strong. That’s **great!**” The other man let out a breath of relief.

Flame Dragon Gang was one of the strongest gangs in South City. They had thousands of men of varying skills and strengths, as well as the Four **Guardians**, so these men shouldn’t find this task difficult.

“Just watch. They’ll **defeat** that brat in seconds.” Lord Horst announced confidently.

1/2

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Just then, groans and screams of pain rang out as someone flew past them and slammed into the wall.

“Huh?” Exchanging glances, the brothers turned around at the same time. The bodyguard who had been closest to Dustin was now lying on the **floor**, unable to move.

“What’s going on?” Lord Horst was astonished. Before he could process everything, more miserable wails rang out as the bodyguards all went flying before ending up sprawled over the floor.

Lord Horst and his brother were shocked. They never imagined that Dustin was strong enough to defeat the elites so easily.

“Damn! Those from Flame Dragon Gang couldn’t even withstand his attacks. That man’s a beast!”

The students began whispering, astounded.

