

## **An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 421 -**

Chapter 421

“Sir Rhys, you’re taking things too far.” Harry’s smile slowly turned cold. No one could stand taunts like that.

no matter how well-mannered they were.

“Aren’t we friends? Shouldn’t I help you in times of trouble? After all, helping others makes me happy.” Dustin’s

smile was still happy as ever.

“I don’t need your help on this, Sir Rhys. I can take care of it myself. Let’s drink. Harry struggled to keep the smile on his face and quickly changed the subject.

Still, Dustin didn’t let go of the topic. “Why don’t you ask her what she thinks? Who knows? She might agree.”

“Hey! That’s enough!”

The ladies could no longer hold back.

“Who knew you’re such a disgusting man under that nice-looking face? How could you keep your eye on

someone else’s woman?”

“Exactly. Just because you’re powerful doesn’t mean that you can humiliate others like this. You’re crossing

the line!”

\*Search for a prostitute elsewhere instead of putting us off.”

As women, they felt utterly disgusted by Dustin’s attitude.

Patrick merely narrowed his eyes without saying much. He has only known Dustin for a short time, so he couldn’t firmly identify Dustin’s personality. However

r, if this was Dustin's true colors, it'd be best for Patrick to stay away from the other man. He didn't have any cuckolding fetishes.

"Why are you ladies getting so worked up? He hasn't even said anything yet," Dustin responded indifferently.

"You're shameless!"

The ladies were livid. They've never met someone as sick as him.

"Ahem, if she's your type, I'll definitely get someone to serve you tonight." Nelson tried to smooth things over.

"He's right. There are so many women out there. This is your lucky day. Let's have a good time. I hope you pardon me for anything I've said to offend you earlier. To pay my respects, I take the first shot!" Harry lifted his glass and downed the drink.

"Why, your tolerance is impeccable. Very impressive." Dustin smiled teasingly.

"I see. So you were joking." Understanding dawned on Nelson.

"You shouldn't play pranks like this on your friends, Sir Rhys." Harry let out a breath of relief, sweat unknowingly beading his forehead.

"Who said I was joking?" Dustin's **expression** turned ruthless. "You have two choices right now.

me f\*ck your woman or die **here**."

Everyone's expression darkened straight away. **Was** he threatening Harry?

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"Don't you think you're being unreasonable? Harry frowned unhappily.

"So what? I'll count to three. If you don't make up your mind, I'll do it for you." Dustin held out three fingers.

\*Sir! I never did anything wrong. Why are you doing this to me?" Harry's fists clenched.

“Three ...”

“I know you’re a powerful man, but you shouldn’t be so unreasonable!”

“Two...”

“The martial world has its own rules. Your actions will cause backlash!”

“One”

“Sir, you-”

“Time’s up.”

Dustin grabbed a fork from the table and stabbed it into Harry’s throat in one fluid motion. Blood instantly began trickling down the length of the fork, dyeing the man’s shirt red.

“Ugh!” Harry froze, his face showing his disbelief, never expecting Dustin to act so mercilessly.

Harry’s sudden death shocked the entire room, and they remained rooted to their seats, unable to process

what had just transpired. Dustin decided to kill someone merely because the latter refused to let him sleep with his woman. He must be crazy!

“Y-y—you crazy bastard! How could you kill him?”

After a pause, all hell broke loose.

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The ladies shrank away from the table in terror. Nelson, looking as though he’d seen a ghost, immediately

pulled away, worried that Dustin might suddenly kill **him** as well. The only one left calmly sitting in his seat was Patrick.

“Can I know what you have against Harry?” Patrick asked coolly.

“Nothing.” Dustin shook his head.

“Then, do you have a grudge against him?”

“Nope.”

“Then, why did you kill him?”

“Because he deserved to die.”

“And the reason?” Patrick pressed. He despised people who killed others without reason. No matter how

powerful those people might be, they didn’t deserve to be his friends.

“Mr. Hill, doesn’t the vodka smell wonderful?” Instead of answering Patrick’s question, Dustin countered with a question of his own.

“Why does that matter?” Patrick frowned.

“It smells extremely delicious. Too delicious, in fact.” Dustin pulled out a silver needle and stuck it into the

glass. When he drew the needle back out, the tip had already turned black!

“It’s poisoned?” Patrick paled. The needle didn’t **just** prove that there was poison in the vodka but that the

poison was extremely potent!

“How could that be?” The crowd exchanged fearful looks. They had nearly drunk the same vodka.

“This is why I killed **him**,” Dustin responded calmly. “He puts on a facade of flattery but was secretly plotting such a deadly plan. Should I have kept a man like him alive?”

“I **see** ...” Patrick quickly understood. So Dustin had already seen through Harry’s plan. No wonder he killed the latter with such certainty, while Patrick **was** still kept in the dark.

“Even if the drink **was** poisoned, you can’t prove that Harry was the one who did it.” One of the ladies humphed

stubbornly, unable to accept Dustin’s reckless action.

How could he kill someone without proof?

“Both the **vodka** and the woman belong to him. Do you **really** think that he had nothing to do with this?” Dustin reasoned. “I **was** testing **him** earlier, but he endured it and kept changing the topic, trying to make me drink.

What else could this **mean**?”

His words rendered the ladies speechless. Now that they thought about it, things did seem odd. After all, no

ordinary man would be able to tolerate someone else humiliating their woman.

“You’re so observant, Dustin. I’m impressed!” Patrick’s smile returned. It was rare to see a young man as

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strong and observant as Dustin.

“Do you agree with what I said, Nelson?” Dustin turned his attention to the man in the corner of the room.

“Huh?” Startled, Nelson threw himself onto his knees before Dustin, sweating profusely. “It had nothing to do with me, sir! I had no idea! Harry planned this on his own! Please don’t kill me!”

“Why are you so nervous? I never said I was going to kill you.” Dustin helped Nelson to his feet before

continuing. “I know an honest man like you would never do something like this.”

“Thank you, sir! Thank you so much!” Nelson thanked repeatedly, tears streaming down his cheeks. He was absolutely terrified. Harry’s corpse lay next to him, his lifeless eyes staring at Nelson, creeping the man out.

\*Take care of this. You're in charge of the gang from now on." Dustin instructed, patting Nelson's shoulder.

Nelson's knees went weak, and he sank to the floor. To think that the mighty Lord Horst of Flame Dragon Gang was shaking in fear.

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Now that Harry was dead, Nelson, the assistant leader, successfully took over and replaced him as the one in

charge of the Flame Dragon **Gang**. With thousands of disciples and hundreds of elite members, the Flame

Dragon Gang **was** a significant force in the entire Millsburg. It would be easier for Dustin to do things in Millsburg with the Flame Dragon Gang backing him up.

"Dustin, although you **are now** the leader of Flame Dragon Gang, you might still face some troubles ahead," Patrick reminded him as they walked out of High Point Building.

"Troubles? What do you mean?" Dustin asked curiously.

"Harry didn't rise to power from nothing. He always had someone backing him up. By killing Harry, you'll definitely offend that person," Patrick said.

"Oh? Who is this person?" Dustin asked.

"Terry Doyle, the eldest son of the Doyle family."

"Terry Doyle? I haven't heard of him." Dustin shook his head.

"I can tell that you're not local. Everyone here knows Terry, but I must tell you, that man is not simple." Harry's face carried a hint of seriousness. "The Doyle family is an ancient martial arts family and is one of the Fabulous Five. They hold significant influence in the martial arts world of Balerno. Terry is the heir of the Doyle family and is in his early thirties. He is already one of the Heavenly Immortals! Only a few among the younger generation in Millsburg can match

him! If you encounter **Terry**, you must be extremely careful. This person seeks revenge for the smallest grievances, and anyone who offends him doesn't have a good ending."

Upon hearing that, Dustin couldn't help but smile. "Thank you for the reminder, Patrick. I will be cautious."

"Of course, nothing in this world is absolute. If you can find a backer in Millsburg, such as the Hills family, I believe Terry wouldn't dare to act rashly."

Patrick's tone changed as he began to coax, "The Hill family still holds considerable influence in Millsburg. With your talent and strength, you can become our consultant. I'm just not sure if you're interested."

"Thank you for your kind offer, Patrick, but I haven't considered it for now. Let's discuss it if there's an opportunity," Dustin politely declined with a smile. He was accustomed to freedom and didn't want to be bound by others.

"Hey! Do you even know what you're saying?"

At this moment, a glamorous woman next to them spoke unhappily. "Becoming a consultant of the Hill family is a dream sought after by countless people. Mr. Hill values you and wants to win you over, I didn't expect you to be so ungrateful!"

"Shut up! Don't be disrespectful!" Patrick turned around and glared at her before apologizing to Dustin. "Dustin, I apologize. It was my failure to discipline her. Please forgive me."

"It's alright." Dustin waved his hand, not wanting to dwell on it.

"Since you **have** other aspirations, I won't force you. But you can come find me anytime if you change your

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mind." Patrick smiled.

"Sure." Dustin nodded slightly.

Just as they were exchanging pleasantries, Patrick's phone suddenly rang. His face instantly changed upon answering the call.

"What? Grandfather old injury has relapsed, and he fainted? How did this happen? Alright! I'll go home immediately. You quickly go and fetch the doctor!"

Patrick's face fell after hanging up the phone. "Dustin, something urgent happened at home. I have to take my leave."

"Is someone in your family sick?" Dustin asked tentatively.

"Yes, my grandfather exerted himself too much during his cultivation, and his old injury acted up. The situation

is not good." Patrick looked solemn.

"If it's an internal injury. I have a pill that works exceptionally well." Dustin took a black pill and said, "It's called the Gemiphen. It can invigorate blood circulation, dispel stasis, and strengthen the body. It may be

helpful for your grandfather's chronic internal injury."

"Thank you, Dustin!" Patrick expressed **his** gratitude and accepted the pill. Although he didn't believe this pill could heal his grandfather's injury, it was still a gesture from Dustin, and he didn't want to refuse it.

After watching Patrick leave hurriedly, Dustin hailed a taxi by the roadside and returned to the villa in the

urban village.

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Just as he entered the house, Abigail ran toward him and shouted excitedly, "Uncle! I did it. I did it!"

"What do you mean?" Dustin was shocked. "Are you pregnant?"



How could she get pregnant at such a young age? This girl was too wild.

“Gosh! Of course not! I’m still a **virgin!**” Abigail retorted, rolling her eyes.

“Why are you so excited if you’re not pregnant?” Dustin was speechless. She shocked him for a second.

“Didn’t you teach me the cultivation technique last **night**? Well, I’m thrilled to announce that I have successfully cultivated my internal energy!” Abigail said, beaming with joy.

“What? So soon?” Surprised, Dustin frowned.

Usually, it would take an average martial artist at least a year or more to cultivate internal energy. Even for exceptionally talented individuals, it would still take several months to grasp the basics. Yet, Abigail claimed to have achieved it overnight. Did she master it that fast?

Dustin **was** skeptical and reached out to feel her pulse. Indeed, he felt a faint flow of energy circulating in her core. Although the energy was very subtle, she indeed had internal energy.

In other words, Abigail really succeeded!

In just one night, she had achieved what ordinary martial artists would take a year or more of arduous training to accomplish. Her talent was truly exceptional!

Just imagine, while others struggled for ten years, Abigail could achieve the same level of mastery in just a day of leisurely practice. How could anyone compete with that?

Hard work paled in comparison to natural talent.

“So, what do you think? I succeeded, didn’t I? I told you I’m not lying!” Abigail boasted.

“I have to admit you do have remarkable talent. It takes ordinary individuals a year to reach the same level, but

you managed it in just one day. You are truly a rare martial arts prodigy,” Dustin praised with a smile.

“Hahaha... I knew it!” Abigail laughed triumphantly. “Even though I may not be the sharpest tool in the shed.

I’ve never lost a fight.”

“Hmm. Are you saying you’re stupid?” Dustin asked.

“Pffft! No way! You’re the stupid one!” **Abigail** retorted. She narrowed her **eyes** and said, “I **mean**, I may not be good at studying, but I’m excellent at fighting. There’s a saying, how does it go? Everyone is born to succeed!”

“Girl, honestly, with your martial arts talent, you’ll be in high demand wherever you go. All the major sects will compete to recruit you. So, from now on, you need to think about where you want to develop yourself,” Dustin suddenly said

“Well, I don’t really **know** yet.”

Abigail scratched her head and said, “Forget it. Let’s not worry about that for now. Since I’m just starting out,

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you can teach me first. Consider it a favor to you.”

“A favor to me? That sounds odd.” Dustin raised an eyebrow.

“Think about it. I’m a martial arts prodigy. When I become famous and renowned, won’t you benefit too?” Abigail raised her chin.

“I guess I’ll have to wait for that.” Dustin shook his head.

“Hey! Are you underestimating me? You just said it yourself. I’m a prodigy. One day of practice for me is equivalent to one year for others. As long as I casually train, I’ll soon dominate the martial arts world!” Abigail **was** quite proud.

“It’s not that simple. Even if you have great talent, you still need to hone your skills.” Dustin chuckled.

“Hmph! That’s just how you mortals see it. You don’t understand the world of geniuses.” Abigail shook her head and asked proudly. “By the way, how long did it take you to achieve the basic level of internal energy? One **year** or two years?”

Dustin didn’t say anything but instead raised three fingers.

“No way? It actually took you three years?” Surprised, Abigail said, “Gosh, you’re really behind. I finished it in only one night, and you spent that much time?”

“Don’t judge others based on your own limited perspective.” Dustin said unkindly. “It took me three minutes to achieve the basic level of internal energy.”

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“What? Three minutes?” Upon hearing that, Abigail was dumbfounded.

Didn’t he say it took ordinary martial artists a year or more to achieve the basic level? Even she, a once-in-a-

century genius, took a day to cultivate her internal energy. To achieve it in a day was already worthy of **being** called a prodigy. Yet Dustin achieved it in three minutes? What should she call him

A monster?

A freak?

At this moment, she felt deeply shocked. Her earlier bit of pride evaporated into thin **air**.

“Are you... kidding me?” Abigail couldn’t accept it..

“Why would I lie to you? I gain nothing **from** it.” Dustin shrugged and said calmly. “Besides, it’s just talent. It doesn’t represent strength. This world is never lacking in geniuses. The path of martial arts is arduous and long. To become a true powerhouse, both talent and effort are indispensable.”

"I understand! I'll work hard and catch up to you soon! Abigail clenched her fist. Then she decisively ran upstairs and began her intense training.

Dustin laughed. He saw a familiar figure in Abigail.

Abigail was exactly like that girl from the Spanner family ten years ago.

At that moment, knocks rang out from the door. Dustin opened the door and found Ruth standing outside.

"Ruth, how is your sister? Does she want to see me?" Dustin's eyes lit up.

Ruth remained silent. She lowered her head and glanced behind her with a hesitant expression. Only then did

Dustin notice two people standing in the courtyard behind her.

It was **a** man and a woman.

With **a tall** and imposing figure, the man seemed to be in his forties and fifties. He exuded a compelling aura

from head to toe.

Dustin felt somewhat intimidated.

As for the woman, she had taken great care of her appearance. She had fair and tender skin, a well-

proportioned **figure**, delicate features, and **a** lingering charm.

She was none other than Ruth's mother, Jessica!

"So, you're Dustin?" the man spoke first. His tone was **calm** and emotionless but carried a tinge of domination.

"Yes, that's me." Dustin nodded.

"I am Hector, Natasha's father." The man got straight to the point.

"Oh, Mr. Harmon. Please come inside." Dustin smiled faintly and immediately extended his

hand in a welcoming gesture. From the moment he saw Jessica, he had guessed the identity of the visitors.

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“There’s no need for that. I came here today to have a few words with you,” Hector said calmly. “Natasha is already engaged to someone, and by the end of this month, she will be married. So I hope you won’t meet my daughter anymore.”

“Married?” Dustin frowned. “Why didn’t she tell me?”

“What difference would it make if she told you? This decision was made by two prominent families, and no one can change that.” Hector continued expressionlessly. “Young man, I don’t know if you truly love my daughter or are attracted to her family background. It doesn’t matter. In **any** case, the bottom line is to stay away from my daughter.”

As he spoke, he made a gesture. Soon, several bodyguards entered the courtyard, carrying two large boxes. When the boxes were opened, they revealed stacks of gold inside!

“Young man, this gold is a gift from me. Take it and leave the capital. From now on, don’t appear before my daughter,” Hector said.

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“The gold is indeed tempting, but I don’t like it. So I can’t accept the conditions you just mentioned.” Dustin shook his head.

“If you don’t like gold, then name your price.” Hector raised **his** chin.

“Mr. Harmon, forgive me for speaking frankly, but Natasha should decide her marriage herself. As her parent, you shouldn’t forcefully interfere with such matters,” Dustin said.

“What?” Hector frowned. “Are you teaching me how to do things?”

“I’m just speaking the truth.” Dustin remained composed. “As parents, shouldn’t you want your children’s marriages to be happy?”

“Hmph! What do you even know?”

At this moment, Jessica couldn’t hold back any longer. “Do you know who Natasha’s fiancé is? He is Tyler Grant, a natural-born genius and the future rising star of the Dragonmarsh! Only by marrying him can Natasha have a good future!”

“That should be up to Natasha to decide. If she doesn’t want to marry him, you can’t force her.” Dustin argued reasonably.

“Are you implying a challenge to the authority of the Harmon family?” Hector’s expression turned grim.

“Mr. Harmon, I don’t want to be enemies with the Harmon family, but I’m willing to take this risk for Natasha’s

sake. I’ll repeat myself. As long as she doesn’t want to marry, no one can force her!” Dustin’s tone became

assertive.

“Hmph! What an arrogant youngster!” Hector’s eyes turned cold. “I’ve tried to speak nicely to you for Natasha’s sake, but if you insist on being stubborn, **don’t** blame me for turning my back on you!”

“Dustin! Don’t provoke my father. It’ll bring you no good.” Ruth desperately tried to hint at Dustin.

Her father was the head of the Harmon family. He wielded great power and was known for his resolute decisions. Although Dustin had some ability, he was clearly far from being able to contend with the Harmon

family.

“Mr. Harmon, you’re the one being stubborn, not me.” Dustin remained undaunted.

“Fine! Very well!” Upon hearing that, Hector smirked. “Young man, you surely are fearless! I’ll give you three days. If you’re willing to leave Millsburg within three days, I won’t hold it against you. But if you persist in going your way, you’ll have to bear the consequences!”

After saying that, he turned and left.

“Wait!” Dustin suddenly called out.

“What? Did you change your mind?” Hector turned back, his eyes filled with disdain.

If Dustin were to resist to the end, Hector **would** hold some respect for him. At least Dustin was a persistent person. However, he would look down on Dustin even more if he gave in just like **that**.

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“Mr. Harmon, it seems your health is **in** a bad condition. You probably won’t last three days.” Dustin dropped a bombshell.

“What are you talking about?” Hector furrowed his brow.

“You have a dark complexion, yellowing pupils, and the breath you exhale carries a hint of a foul odor. If I’m not mistaken, you’ve been poisoned with voodoo!” Dustin said.

“Nonsense!” Hector snorted. “Do you think you can scare me just like that? You’re underestimating me!”

“Mr. Harmon, I’m sincerely warning you. The voodoo you’ve been afflicted with is not ordinary. It will inevitably flare up within three days, and by then, you might lose your life!” Dustin sounded solemn.

“Stop bullshitting!” Hector couldn’t bother to argue with him. He directly turned away and left.

He could eat and drink normally and could even run and jump. He didn’t feel any signs of poisoning. Moreover, his meals were strictly monitored by trusted individuals. It was simply impossible for anyone to poison him!

As Hector and the others got into their car, Dustin made no attempt to stop them. Instead, he turned to Ruth and asked, "Is your sister being held captive? Where is she now? Can I meet her?"

"L" Ruth opened her mouth, but Jessica's voice rang out before she could explain. "Ruth! What are you **waiting** for? Let's go home!"

"Coming!" Ruth responded and hurriedly said, "Dustin, my sister is temporarily safe. She will find a way to contact you. Also, be careful!"

After saying that, she quickly left.

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### **Chapter 427**

"Natasha is engaged to Tyler Grant?"

As Dustin watched the departing vehicle, he couldn't help but narrow his eyes. Clearly, this was **a** strategic alliance between two prominent families, and Natasha was the sacrificial pawn in this alliance. Born into a prestigious family, she enjoyed wealth and luxury but lost her freedom. At certain moments, she even had to make sacrifices for the sake of their family's interests.

Of course, Dustin would never allow such a thing to happen. With that in mind, he took out his phone and dialed **a** particular number.

"Hello, Nelson. Help me investigate someone."

"No problem. May I ask who you want me to investigate, Sir Rhys?" Nelson **asked**.

"Tyler Grant."

"Tyler Grant?" Nelson raised his voice upon hearing Dustin's words. "Sir Rhys, why do you want to investigate him?"

"Of course, to deal with him. Do you think I'm inviting him out for a meal?" Dustin replied impatiently.



“What?” Nelson froze in place, his voice trembling. “Sir Rhys, please don’t scare me like that. I’m easily frightened. I can’t handle this!”

“What’s the matter? Is Tyler that formidable?” Dustin asked in response.

“He’s way more than that. Sir Rhys, this person is like the living King of Hell. We can’t afford to provoke him! He can easily wipe out the Flame Dragon Gang if we offend him!” Nelson sounded like he was tearing up.

What kind of person was he working for? His first task as the new gang leader was to deal with Tyler. Weren’t they seeking their own death?

Known as a once-in-a-century genius, Tyler was the future head of the Grant family. Despite being only in his thirties, he had fought on many battlefields and achieved various victories. He earned the title of General Tiger with a third-ranking official position.

Not only was he tremendously powerful and exceptionally talented, but he also commanded an army of tens of thousands.

Anyone who provoked such a formidable individual would be doomed!

“Why are you panicking? I didn’t ask you to assassinate him. I only want you to gather information about him,” Dustin said calmly.

“Sir Rhys, if you have any ill intentions, it’s best to forget about them. It would be wiser to jump off a building than to **provoke** Tyler, Nelson said, his voice filled with fear.

“Stop the nonsense! Just do as I say!” Dustin shouted.

“Yes, yes... I’ll do it immediately.” Nelson didn’t dare to **say** more and quickly complied. However, deep inside, he silently prayed that Dustin wouldn’t act recklessly. Or else the Flame Dragon Gang would suffer the

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consequences.

Meanwhile, in the Hill family’s house, an elderly man with a white beard and eyebrows lay on the **bed**. His face was pale, and his body was weak. Bloody phlegm filled the copper **basin** under the **bed**.

A group of Hill family descendants gathered anxiously around the bed..

Paul Hill, the patriarch of the Hill family, had four sons named Spring, Summer, Autumn, **and** Winter. Besides that, he had dozens of grandchildren. He had a big family.

“Spring! Wasn’t Father doing well yesterday? How did his internal injuries relapse?” Autumn paced back and forth, his expression filled with anxiety. Among the four brothers, he was known for his impatience.

“Autumn, you know about Father’s chronic ailment. None of the doctors could cure it.”

Spring shook his head and sighed. “If he had watched out more usually, it wouldn’t have been a big problem. But he almost went astray to push his cultivation to the limit this time. He was too impulsive!”

“Gosh...” Autumn grumbled, “Why is he pushing himself so hard at his age?”

“Enough talk. Let’s go to Stoneray Valley and bring Dr. Linden here to treat Father,” Summer suddenly said.

“Dr. Linden is currently in seclusion and cannot come, but I have already called Mr. Turner to come. There shouldn’t be any problems with him here.” Spring replied.

“Then quickly call and urge them! Why haven’t they arrived yet?” Autumn was becoming increasingly anxious.

“Oh no! Grandfather is coughing up blood again!”

At that moment, a muscular young man exclaimed in shock.

He was Autumn’s son, Torben Hill. He had tan skin **and** a robust figure.

“What should we **do**? He keeps coughing up blood. Is there something wrong with Father?” Autumn was

shocked,

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“Stop talking nonsense!” Autumn glared at him.

“Uncle, I have a healing pill here. Shall we let Grandfather try it?” Patrick suddenly stepped forward from the crowd, holding a Gemiphen. He wouldn’t take such a risk if his grandfather’s condition weren’t critical.

“A healing pill?” Torben furrowed his brow. “This thing looks suspicious. Where did you get it from?”

“A friend gave it to me,” Patrick answered truthfully.

“Hah! Your friends? They’re a bunch of useless people.” Torben sneered. “Take that pill away quickly, and stop embarrassing yourself here.”

“Grandfather’s condition is not looking good right now. I want to give it a try. What if it actually works?” Patrick

insisted.

“I said it’s not going to work! Take it away!” Torben slapped the Gemiphen out of Patrick’s hand.

“You-” Patrick frowned.

“What? You got a problem? Should we settle it with a fight?” Torben clenched his fist, displaying his robust

muscles. Patrick was known to be a weakling in their family. Torben could easily knock him out with a single

punch.

“I can’t be bothered to talk to you!” Patrick took a deep breath and finally held himself back. As he was about to pick up the Gemiphen from the ground, a foot suddenly appeared **and** crushed the pill.

“What **are** you doing?” Patrick’s face darkened.

“Hmph! What’s the use of keeping such a worthless pill? What if it upsets grandfather’s stomach?” Torben said arrogantly. While saying that, he stepped on the pill even harder, grinding it into powder.

“Torben! You’ve gone too far!” Patrick clenched his fists.

“Disrespectful brat! How dare you talk to your older cousin like that?” Spring glared at Patrick and immediately began protecting Torben.

“Uncle, he was the one being unreasonable!” Patrick furrowed his brow.

“Nonsense! My son is just concerned about his grandfather’s safety. Who knows if that pill of yours is

poisonous?” Autumn spoke arrogantly.

“That’s right! What if you’re trying to harm grandfather?” Torben said haughtily. With his father backing him up, they could easily bully Patrick.

“That’s enough! Father is sick, and you’re still bickering here and there. What do you think you’re doing?”

Spring spoke sternly. Instantly, the guys shut up.

As the eldest brother, he still carried some authority.

“They’re here! Mr. Turner from Stoneray Valley has arrived!”

Suddenly, a voice rang out from the entrance. Soon after, a thin man in a black robe slowly walked in with a

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medicine box.

“Mr. Turner, you’ve come just in time. Please hurry up and take a look at my father!” Spring quickly led the man to the bedside.

“Everyone, please remain calm. Allow me to examine him first.” Nicholas sat down slowly and began feeling Paul’s pulse. After a while, his eyebrows furrowed. “Everyone, the patriarch’s situation is grim. The internal injuries have accu

mulated too long and suddenly erupted with great force. His meridians are shattered, and his vital energy is in disorder. With my abilities, I'm afraid I can't do much to help."

"What?" Spring panicked.

"Mr. Turner, you're an elder of Stoneray Valley. If even you can't treat him, who else can?"

"Unless my master comes out of seclusion. Otherwise..." Mr. Turner shook his head.

"My father would have passed away by the time he comes out of seclusion!" Autumn frowned.

"Wait!" Suddenly, Nicholas sniffed and said, "What a fragrant medicinal scent. Do you have any miraculous panacea here?"

"What do you mean by panacea? We would have let Grandfather take them if we had any." Torben replied rudely.

However, Nicholas ignored him. Like a hunting dog, he kept sniffing and tried to search for the smell. Soon, he fixated his gaze on the crushed Gemiphen, and his face fell immediately.

"What... Who did this? Such a waste! Such a terrible waste!"

## **An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 429 -**

### Chapter 429

Looking at the crushed Gemiphen, Nicholas was heartbroken and furious. He didn't care about his Image anymore and immediately threw himself to the ground, collecting the powder bit by bit.

It left everyone dumbfounded. Was it **necessary** to make such a fuss over a broken pill?

"Mr. Turner, what's going on?" Spring was perplexed. People from Stoneray Valley were usually proud and arrogant. They **had** never lost their composure like that.

“What’s going on? How dare you ask me such a question?” Nicholas angrily retorted, “How can you destroy **a** panacea? This is a very rare pill. Such a waste! Who is the idiot who did this?!”

“Mr. Turner, are you mistaken? How could this black broken thing be a panacea? Torben looked skeptical.

“You’re such a fool!” Nicholas stared at him like he was an idiot. “What you call a broken thing is the Golden Crow Pill, a holy medicine for healing! It specializes in treating various internal injuries **and** chronic ailments. Your grandfather’s life could have been **saved!**”

“What?”

Everyone’s faces changed upon hearing that. Although they didn’t know what Gemephin was. The fact that it

could treat their father’s internal injuries and that Nicholas held it in such high regard indicated that it was no

ordinary item.

“You wastrels! You bunch of wastrels! To think that such a miraculous healing tablet was treated like **garbage**

by all of you. How foolish!” Feeling his heart aching. Nicholas pounded his chest **and** stomped his feet.

As an elder of **Stoneray** Valley, he held precious tablets in higher regard than anything **else**. His heart was

bleeding to see the Gemiphen get destroyed.

“Torben! Look at the mess you’ve caused! You destroyed a medicine that could save Grandfather. **How** will you explain yourself to everyone?” Patrick shouted sternly.

“I... I didn’t know this thing could save a life.” Torben stammered, feeling guilty. “Besides, this wouldn’t have happened if **you** had explained it clearly earlier.”

“You make a mistake, and now you’re trying to blame me?” Patrick’s face turned cold.

“Enough, enough! It’s just a pill. If it’s destroyed, then it’s destroyed. Just get another one. Why make such a **fuss?**” Autumn continued to defend Torben.

“Uncle, do you think this **is a** common cabbage? Do you think we can just conjure another one out of thin air? It was a gift from my friend. Who knows if there’s another one?” Patrick frowned. Not only did Torben make a

mistake, but he also remained stubborn. It was truly unreasonable.

“Patrick, let’s not dwell on this for now. Saving Grandfather is the priority. Contact your friend immediately and

have them deliver the Gemiphen as soon as possible!” Spring **urged**.

“Alright, I’ll try to ask. Knowing how urgent the situation was, Patrick didn’t hesitate and immediately dialed

Dustin’s number. He briefly explained the situation to Dustin.

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Dustin didn’t refuse him. After asking for the address, he rushed over. Within half an hour, he arrived at the Hill family’s residence.

“Dustin, you’re finally here! Come on in!” Patrick **had** been waiting for him and immediately led him inside when he saw Dustin exiting the car. Before long, they reached Paul’s room.

“Hey! Is this your friend? Can he be trusted?” As soon **as** they entered, Torben blocked their way. He sized Dustin up and down, full of doubt.

He looked like **a** young boy. Could someone like him really treat illnesses?

“Don’t worry. He’s definitely more reliable than you!” Patrick said coldly.

“According to the rules, we need to frisk you before entering. Raise your hands and stand against the wall,” Torben ordered.

“Frisk me?” Dustin frowned and said in a displeased tone. “You invited me here to treat your grandfather, yet you treat me like a criminal. Is that appropriate?”

“These are our rules. Strangers must be thoroughly searched. Who knows if you’re carrying weapons?” Torben said condescendingly.

“Torben! Don’t go too far!”

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Chapter 430

Patrick’s face darkened. “Dustin is my friend. I can vouch for him. If there’s any problem, I’ll take full

responsibility!”

“Hey! What are you all dawdling for? Come in quickly!” Seeing the group **standing** at the doorway, Spring urged

them from inside the room.

“Hmph! Kid, you better not play any tricks. I’ll be watching you closely!” Torben warned before stepping a side.

“Dustin, don’t bother with him. Please come in.” Patrick said, not wanting to waste any more time. He quickly

led Dustin to the bedside.

“Young guy. I heard you have the Gemiphen?” Nicholas spoke first. His eager demeanor was like that of a

person who had starved for three **days** and finally saw a delicious feast.

“I do have it, but not many. They were all passed down through my ancestors,” Dustin replied. He could tell from the emblem on their clothes that they were from the Stoneray Valley. To avoid trouble, he could only **give**



such an answer.

“So it’s an ancestral elixir? Young guy, how many pills do you have left? I’m willing to buy them at a high price!

Nicholas urgently asked.

“I had two pills before, but one got destroyed. Now I only have the last one.” Dustin replied.

“What? Only one pill left?” Nicholas frowned, looking regretful. He wanted to buy a few pills from Dustin **and** study them after returning to Stoneray Valley. What a pity.

“Mr. Turner, let’s cut the small talk. Since this guy still has one Gemiphen, let’s **save** the patient first.” Spring

urged from the side.

“Yes, yes. Please proceed,” Nicholas replied, maintaining a relatively polite attitude.

“Hey! Don’t blame me for not warning you. You better be able to cure my grandfather’s internal injuries. Otherwise, you will be doomed!” Torben suddenly interjected coldly.

About to start the treatment, Dustin suddenly stopped and said indifferently, “I’m a timid person and can’t handle such intimidation. If you’re going to **say** that, then I won’t treat him. You’d better find someone else.”

With that, he turned around and was about to leave.

“No, no, no... Young man, please don’t listen to his nonsense.” Spring panicked and quickly grabbed him. At the same time, he shouted at Torben, “You brat! Shut up if you don’t have anything nice to say!”

Torben felt somewhat displeased but didn’t say anything more.

“Dustin, this guy **has** a loose tongue. Please don’t stoop to his level, Patrick quickly reassured.

“Alright, if you want my Gemiphen, it’ll cost you, but you’ll have to pay extra,” Dustin said calmly.

“No problem. How much?” Spring asked eagerly.

Dustin didn’t answer directly. Instead, he held up one finger.

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“One million dollars?”

Torben furrowed his brow. “Kid! Don’t you think you’re being too greedy? How dare you ask for one million dollars for such a worthless thing?”

“Who said I want one million? I want 100 million!” Dustin said, astonishing everyone with his statement.

“What?”

“What? 100 million dollars?”

Torben was dumbfounded. “Are you out of your mind? Why don’t you just go and rob someone? What makes this dark thing worth so much money?!”

“Now, I’ve changed my mind. 200 million dollars.” Dustin extended two fingers casually, as if he was discussing an everyday matter.

“200 million? Are you intentionally messing with us?” Torben was so furious that he was on the verge of hitting someone.

“300 million,” Dustin couldn’t be bothered to argue with them. He extended three fingers. The more Torben shouted, the higher the price Dustin demanded. That was the cost of being rude.

“You...!”

Before

Torben could say anything. Spring’s face turned pale, and he slapped Torben across the face, shouting. “You beast! Shut your damn mouth!”