

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 56 -

Chapter 56

Dustin took a step forward and leaped into the air. He moved as fast as lightning.

“Quick! Kill him!” Edward immediately tensed up and yelled when he noticed Dustin make a move.

However, before the armed elites could react, Dustin had already leaped forward. Dustin reached out and kicked one of the armed elites, who flew away like a piece of paper. A hole was pierced through the bulletproof vest on his chest. Even his bones were shattered!

Before he could land, Dustin swerved before another person and kicked him in the neck.

After killing two people in a row, Dustin did not stop and continued his attacks frantically. Anything he touched was destroyed in mere seconds. No one could stand in his way.

These armed elites could not even react to his speed and strength. In a short time, they were defeated one after another.

Their guns couldn't keep up with his speed. Not even a single shot had been fired.

The entire time Dustin had been holding on to Dahlia and attacking with his feet!

Edward was dumbfounded as he watched what unfolded. He looked like he had seen a ghost.

These elites were experienced in battles and each one were heavily armed. It should be effortless to defeat Dustin. How come they were the ones on the chopping board? What was happening?

“Is he a martial arts expert? No wonder he’s so full of himself!” Travis narrowed his eyes in surprise. It had not been easy for him to obtain his current position. He was also quite skilled and knowledgeable in martial arts.

All the elites in the army have to be trained in martial arts.

With the exception of intelligence agencies, proficiency in martial arts greatly affected **the** ranking of military personnel. The skills displayed by Dustin easily qualified him to be a highly ranked officer!

“General, this man is quite powerful, should we retreat?” the adjutant asked in a low voice.

“There’s no need. It’s rare to come up against such an expert. I want to personally fight **him!**” Travis loosened

his muscles. That burly body of his carried the strength of a panther.

“Your turn!” When the last person fell, Dustin’s eyes once again fixed on Edward.

“Uncle Travis! Save me!” Edward stumbled back in fear.

“Nobody would be able to save you today!” Dustin stepped forward and headed toward Edward.

“Your opponent is me!” Travis roared and leaped toward him.

He threw a punch at Dustin.

Dustin didn’t even look at him as he severed Travis’s leg without any hesitation.

As Edward was calling out for help, Travis landed his fist on Dustin’s back.

There was a loud explosion. Dustin was unmoved, but his clothes tore open, revealing his muscular body.

1/1

CS CamScanner

Chapter 56

Travis, on the other hand, was taken aback by the impact and spat a mouthful of blood as he stumbled to the ground.

“General!” The adjutant was overcome by worry and he quickly helped Travis up.

Travis coughed violently, feeling a surge of blood rising inside. His fist, especially, was trembling uncontrollably, as if it had lost all senses.

“This is not possible!” Travis was shocked as he stared at his trembling arms. His eyes were filled with shock.

Never in his wildest dreams did he imagine Dustin’s body would be so impentable. His full strength did not even make a scratch on his opponent, yet he had sustained multiple internal injuries.

Dustin was an absolute beast! Who on earth was this man?

Travis raised his head in confusion and doubt. In an instant, he stood there dumbfounded as if struck by lightning because he realized that there was a large tattoo on Dustin’s sturdy body.

It was an animal with a dragon’s head, an ox’s tail, a tiger’s back, a bear’s waist, and a snake’s scales.

It was a black beast!

The tattoo of the beast was so realistic that, as Dustin breathed, it looked as if it was coming alive.

It looked so majestic and ferocious! It was so daunting!

“A kirin tattoo?” Travis was stunned, as if he had suddenly remembered something.

He looked terrified.

His surname was Rhys, with a tattoo of a black beast, and he knew the commanding general. Could he be the Rhys family’s Kirin?!

No! That wasn't possible!

Why was the man that stirred up the whole of Choux and disappeared for ten years here?

"Are you of Choux descent?" Travis asked tentatively, his lips quivering.

"Oh? You finally figured it out?" Dustin slowly turned around with a blank expression. There was no harm in him knowing as he was going to die anyway.

"It really is you. Why are you here?" Travis was so frightened that he broke out in cold sweat. His confidence from before completely dissipated. There was nothing but fear on his face.

No wonder he knew Adam Spanner. It turned out he was the legendary Kirin!

Travis was done for! He had angered someone that made even Sergeant Adam uneasy!

"General? What's wrong?" The adjutant was horrified. He had never seen Travis with such a terrified expression. He could remain calm even on a mountain of corpses on the battlefield. He had always been fearless in the face of danger.

What happened to him now? How could a tough guy like him be trembling from fright?

Who was this man Dustin?

"We're done for." Travis fell to the ground with a thud dejectedly. He knew he would die today. The only difference was if he would die in one piece.

"General! I've called for backup. They'll be here soon! Hold on!" the adjutant tried to encourage him.

"There's no use." Travis shook his head as if he had been exhausted of all strength.

"General, what's wrong?" The adjutant started to panic.

Travis trembled as he pointed at Dustin and stammered, "He's **the** Kirin of the Rhys family, Logan Rhys!"

The adjutant froze when he heard this name. His face was as pale as ash.

They were done for! The dead had come back to life.

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 57 -

Chapter 57

Who was Logan Rhys exactly? The hurricane that had stirred up the city of Stonia! The demon that had

disturbed the peace of the people!

He was also the one behind the tragedy in Osnal ten years ago.

No one had ever expected that a 15-year-old could cause so much destruction.

Thus, it was no wonder Travis was horrified to see him. Who would've guessed that the man who was

standing in front of them was the stuff of legends who had disappeared from the face of the planet ten years ago. THE Logan Rhys!

The adjutant's legs instantly gave out, causing him to crumple to the ground with a thud. His mind was

drawing a complete blank at the moment.

After Dustin gave Travis, who was behind **him**, a glance, he started walking toward Edward.

*Help me, Uncle Travis! Uncle Travis!" Cradling his broken **leg**. Edward kept screaming his head off as he wriggled on the floor like a maggot, trying his hardest to evade Dustin.

"I told you, I'll make sure you won't even have a corpse left after I kill you!" Dustin declared as he picked up a long whip covered in spikes from the ground, then delivered a swift blow to Edward's face mercilessly.

“Argh!” Edward cried out in pain. The skin of his face was torn apart down the middle, and blood started

spurting out of the wound.

Dustin didn’t hold back and delivered another swift blow to another part of his body.

As a crunching sound rang out, Edward’s skin and flesh, along with his clothes, got torn to shreds.

“Gah!” he yelped miserably once more and resumed crying for help. “Hurry, Uncle Travis! Please save me!”

Even though he witnessed all this happening, Travis didn’t move a muscle. It was as if he didn’t hear a thing.

all while Dustin showed no mercy, delivering blow after blow onto Edward’s battered frame.

Every blow caused blood and flesh to spurt out, and the man kept screeching in excruciating pain.

“S— stop hitting me! I f*cked up! I know I really f*cked up this time!” Edward begged for mercy profusely **as** he

knelt on the ground.

However, his cries fell on deaf ears, and Dustin continued to whip him, his eyes devoid of mercy.

*This was for all the pain Dahlia endured up until now. I’ll make sure you pay it back ten, no, a hundred—fold!”

Dustin exclaimed to himself.

“Good, good! You’d better whip his ass to death!” Chris Instigated from a corner of the room with a mischievous look.

The saying went that the wicked always got what was coming to them. This was proven true by Edward, the amateur evil mastermind, who ended up abused and beaten up by mega supervillain Dustin Rhys.

Just as Dustin was in the middle of exacting his revenge, a long procession of cars suddenly drove toward

1/3

CS CamScanner

Chapter 57

them and halted right in front of Spanner Villa. A large number of armed elites swarmed out of each car to **seal**

off the entire premise.

The armed elites, who were all clad in black suits and body armor, each carried with them a gun on their backs. All of them looked intimidating. Even if they were just standing there quietly, they still gave off a very menacing feeling.

Plus, this was more than a step up compared to Travis' men last time!

"So... it was Rhys who sent them!" Travis thought and immediately felt a pang of **despair** after looking at the army of elite forces.

The last trace of hope he had in his heart vanished that very second!

At that moment, the door to a Rolls-Royce suddenly opened, and Hunter Anderson got out of the car.

"Mr. Anderson?"

The moment the badly battered and bruised Edward laid his eyes on Hunter, he felt as if his savior had arrived. He immediately perked up and started clawing his limp body toward Hunter, frantically begging him for help.

"Help me, Mr. Anderson! This kid is trying to kill me! Quickly, arrest him for me! As long as you help me now,

half of the Spanner's fortune will be yours!" Edward offered without hesitation, fully intent on luring him into

saving him with his obscene riches.

After all, wasn't life more important than all the riches in the world?

The whipping he'd endured had already scared him shitless. He knew very well that if the whipping **didn't** cease, he would get beaten to death sooner or later.

"Is that you, Edward Spanner?" Hunter asked as he gazed upon the bloody figure before him. He had to

examine him for a bit before recognizing him.

"Yes, it's me! You must save me on behalf of Sir Hummer, Mr. Andersin!" Edward pleaded as he lay on the ground, clutching Hunter's pant leg with a deadly grip.

"Fuck off!" Hunter growled in response as he kicked him away and ignored his pleas.

Instead of helping him, he quickly walked over to the other side of the car, bent over slightly, and opened the

car door to reveal an old man clad in a dated suit. He got out of the car and started walking nonchalantly

using a cane.

"Sir Francis, you'd better be more careful..." Hunter cooed and reached his hand out to prop the old man up. Edward was dumbfounded after witnessing him act all respectful and humble like that.

It **was** known for a fact that the person standing in front of him was the President of the Swinton Group, one of the three major groups in the city.

He was even the type to laugh and joke around with someone of such high standing as Sir Hummer.

So, who exactly **was** this old man who managed to bring out his humble side?

What the hell was going on?!

Then again, he wasn't the only person who was surprised at this turn of events.

2/3

CS CamScanner

Chapter 57

Chris, who was still hiding in a corner, also had a bewildered look on his face.

In his eyes, Hunter Anderson was an influential man whose standing was at the top of Swinton.

So, who was this person able to reduce him to the demeanor of a mere servant? What was **the** identity of this man clad in such a dated suit in front of him?

"Sir! Please help me, sir!" After coming out of a daze, Edward immediately limped over to the old man in **the** suit and kept bowing his head to him, disregarding the fact that he **had** no idea who the old man was.

It was obvious to him that this man was way more influential than he thought, judging by the fact that he regarded Hunter Anderson as his grandson.

Heck, he **might** even be a government official from Stonia for all he knew!

Thus, as long as this mammoth of a **man** was willing to lend him a hand, he'd be able to reverse his fate and

even turn his life around!

Hearing Edward's plea for help, the suited old man merely shot him a glance before withdrawing his gaze. He then proceeded to tidy his hair and straighten his clothes. After making sure that he **looked** immaculate and

presentable, he started walking toward Dustin.

Then, to the utmost shock and dismay of everyone at the scene, he dropped to his knees on the floor and knelt

before Dustin.

“My sincere greetings to you, Mr. Rhys!” he proclaimed.

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 58 -

Chapter 58

Silence ensued.

The atmosphere was so quiet, one could hear a pin drop. Everyone was stunned and dumbfounded the moment the elderly gentleman in the suit knelt down in front of Dustin Rhys.

No one had remotely expected that such an influential man with the power to make Hunter Anderson grovel in front of him would kneel in front of Dustin! It was almost like he was a slave who was greeting his master.

What the hell was going on here?!

“Uh-..” Chris hummed and froze on the spot, his face full of disbelief. He had thought that Dustin was only good at fighting, but who knew that this man turned out to be more powerful and influential than he thought?

Hunter Anderson was already an influential figure in his own right, wasn't he? So why did he have to grovel and act meekly in front of the older gentleman in the suit?

Surely, the older gentleman in the suit was even more powerful, right? So why on earth was this big shot kneeling in front of Dustin Rhys?!

How dare that bastard. This was simply too humiliating!

The scene in front of him clearly showed him how terrifying the man he despised, Dustin Rhys, truly was. “No... that's impossible! Absolutely impossible!” thought Edward, who was scared shitless at this point.

From the moment he witnessed the older man in the suit kneel, his spirit had been utterly shaken!

This instantly shattered his remaining hope for survival. Now, only despair and fear were left in its place.

Who would have thought that his perceived lifeline would turn out to be Dustin's servant of all people?

Shit, what kind of monster had he gotten himself tangled with this time? He was just way too different from Chris and Edward.

At this moment, Travis felt his death looming on the horizon...

He reckoned that it was his fate that he would not be able to leave this place alive today the moment he found out about Dustin's true identity.

If he put up a fight, he, along with his entire family would be eradicated!

"Dustin, it's been ten years. I can't believe I finally found you!" Sir Francis said as he knelt on the ground. Tears streamed down his face profusely, but he didn't give a shit what other people thought of him at the time.

Dustin, on the other hand, didn't even flinch at this. Instead, he looked at him indifferently, as if he was a complete stranger.

"Fuck off!" he screamed as he averted his **gaze** from Sir Francis before walking up to Edward.

His intent to kill was at its peak now!

"P_

please don't kill **me**... Please don't kill me. Just spare my life, I'll do anything!" Edward whimpered in fear, pissing himself in the process. Even so, he didn't stop bowing his head and begging for mercy.

1/3

CS CamScanner

Chapter 58

“If I don’t kill you now, I won’t be able to let go of this hatred in my heart!” Dustin growled maniacally as he put one foot forward to stomp on Edward’s chest, which caused the latter’s eyes to widen, and look up at him with resignation and fear.

So much for a peaceful death.

“Mr. Rhys! I’m willing to accept death as my punishment, but please spare the lives of my puny subordinates!”

When Dustin’s gaze landed on Travis, they immediately knew that their time on this earth was up. Without another word, the both of them took out their knives and slit their necks simultaneously.

No one had the privilege of negotiating with Dustin at this point.

After seeing the two corpses fall to the ground, Dustin said nothing as he left the scene immediately with Dahlia in his arms.

Sir Francis let out a long sigh, his expression conflicted. Although he’d already found him, seeing how turbulent his heart was now, he wondered if he’d ever return to normal.

“How should we go about this, Sir Francis?” Hunter asked with his head lowered.

Standing before the older man, his status and reputation were like pieces of paper that could be torn into shreds at any time.

“Don’t let the news get out. As for everyone related to this matter, dispose of them all,” Sir Francis replied Indifferently.

The cavalier manner in which he said it made Hunter’s heart quiver in fear.

Does he not know the number of people who would have to suffer because of this?

“P— please don’t kill me! I’m friends with Dustin!” hollered Chris, who had been hiding all this time. He ran out

in a panic the moment he saw that the elite forces surrounding him were preparing to burn down the house.

“You’re a friend of Dustin’s?” Sir Francis **asked as** he looked him up and down.

“That’s right, that’s right! We’re best buds! We even had dinner together before!” Chris nodded profusely, akin

to a chicken pecking rice off the ground.

At this point, he’d do anything to stay alive.

“Is that so? Then can I trouble you to ensure the he doesn’t stay out too late?” Sir Francis requested, his tone

softer now.

“Yes, of course, I’ll definitely tell him that!” Chris immediately assured him.

“Someone please drive this gentlemah.” Sir Francis gestured.

“N–no, no, it’s fine... You don’t have to! I can go back by myself!” Chris replied while waving his hands in the air frantically.

How could he still have the nerve to get in someone else’s car when he was already this scared?

Sir Francis didn’t pursue the matter further and merely waved his hands to let his team know to disperse.

2/3

CS CamScanner

Chapter 58

“I–

I’ll get going then...” Chris murmured before fleeing as if he’d just escaped from prison. He thanked God for his quick wits, which helped him save his skin just now. However, he reckoned that he couldn’t stay in Stonia for much longer. He decided to leave once he’d saved up enough money. 1

“Sir Francis, I’m convinced that man just now wasn’t very honest with us,” Hunter remarked respectfully.

“It doesn’t matter, he’s just an ant to us, so it doesn’t matter if we kill him or let him live.” Sir Francis said

nonchalantly.

It was evident to him that Chris was lying the whole time, but he did not dare take the risk, as he feared that

Dustin would not take too kindly if he involved himself in his matters too much.

He certainly didn’t **want** to make himself **an** enemy of the Kirin!

Half an hour later, over at the Peaceful Medical Center, Dustin felt his heart shatter as he gazed at the bloody

gash on Dahlia’s body. Although the two were divorced, it wasn’t easy to shrug off three whole years of

feelings toward one another.

Some emotions simply could not be contained, it seemed.

After taking a deep breath, he took off her clothes and began carefully cauterizing the wound for her.

Although his movements were subtle, when touching certain wounds, her unconscious body would still twitch from the pain involuntarily. This prompted him to be more careful in handling her.

Whether it was cleaning up, disinfecting, putting on ointment or bandages, he made sure to be extra cautious

every step of the **way**.

Once everything was done, he breathed a sigh of relief, not noticing that a film of sweat had formed on his

forehead.

Just as he was about to up and leave, a slender hand suddenly reached out to grab his wrist.

“Don’t go... don’t go. Don’t leave me here...” In her unconscious state, Dahlia looked as if she was experiencing a nightmare. Her tightly closed eyes kept rolling from side to side as she kept muttering inaudibly.

Dustin fought to control his rising emotions. “I’m not going anywhere, I’m right here.” He slowly moved to sit next to her, holding her hand with both of his hands.

“D— don’t go. Dustin... Seeming as if her sense of security had returned, her murmurs slowly became softer, and she started to calm down.

However, she held on to his hand for dear life and refused to let go.

“I’m sorry...” he mumbled as he felt the force behind her fingertips. He couldn’t help but feel a twinge of headache at this.

In the past, she had never shown him her soft side and always insisted on being a strong, Independent woman.

However, after today, he realized that the icy businesswoman lying in front of him was also a woman who needed someone to care for her.

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 59 -

Chapter 59

Two days later, at the Peaceful Medical Center, Dahlia finally woke up.

The first thing she noticed was that she was in a very plain room that contained a table, two chairs, and a hospital bed.

She thought everything looked vaguely familiar, as if she had been here before.

“You’re up?” Dustin quipped as he appeared at the entrance of the room.

He was carrying a bowl of chicken soup in one hand. Even though it wasn’t the most flavorful dish, the soup looked tantalizing to her as she hadn’t eaten an

nothing for the past two days. So much so that her stomach began to growl non-stop at the sight of it.

"Were you the one who saved me?" she asked first to break the awkward tension between them.

"You were injured and unconscious on the roadside, so I patched you up," he answered plainly. 1

"You patched me up?" she repeated with furrowed brows. A split second later, she hastily asked, "Oh, right! How long have I been unconscious? What's the situation with the Spanners now? Are my parents in danger?"

The sudden barrage of questions made his head spin.

"You were unconscious for two days and two nights. Your family is safe and sound. As for the Spanner residence, it **has** been engulfed in flames," he answered each of her questions calmly.

Upon receiving news that her family was safe, she couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief. However, it didn't take her long to ask another question in surprise. "Engulfed in flames? What happened?"

"I don't know the specifics, but I heard that there was a gas leak, so all 20 to 30 people inside the Spanner residence got burned alive inside," he said.

"A gas leak? Do you suppose it was a coincidence?" she asked in a confused manner.

"The wicked reap what they sow. The Spanners have done many evil deeds and always sought to harm others. Seeing them fall from grace like this, I suppose this was just karma coming for their ass in a way." Dustin said.

She nodded in response, feeling a sense of relief on the inside.

With the Spanner household destroyed, she surmised she did not have to worry about being their target anymore in the future.

"Alright, stop letting your mind wander. Have some soup first," he said as he handed her the chicken soup.

“Thanks,” she replied. Since she was hungry, she didn’t refuse his kind gesture and happily started **digging** into the soup. She managed to finish the entire bowl shortly after.

However, she still felt hungry after finishing her food and considered licking the bowl.

“I’ll get you another bowl,” he said after noticing her expression and served her another bowl of chicken soup.

Without a word, she devoured the second bowl of soup as well.

1/3

CS CamScanner

Now that she was having the chicken soup, she soon felt a pleasant warmth in her stomach, which made her feel so content it was hard to describe in words.

Although the two bowls of soup may not look like much, he was the one who cooked them precisely because he was aware that they were very good at speeding up the recovery process.

“Still hungry?” he asked.

At that moment, she couldn’t stop herself from letting out a small burp.

She realized that she might come across as improper to him, so she tried to swallow the air back into her stomach.

“I guess you’ve already had your fill then. Be sure to get lots of rest, and I’ll come back later.”

Before he could leave, she called out to him and said, “Wait! I have something to say to you!”

“What is it?” he said, as he stopped in his tracks and looked back at her.

“It’s about Chris. I’m sorry for accusing you,” she muttered.

After hesitating for a second, she clenched her teeth and continued, “That guy wasn’t a good person to begin with. I can’t believe he managed to trick us out

of such a large sum with his silver tongue. If only we had listened to your advice in the beginning.”

“What’s wrong with you today? Did the great Ms. Nicholson just apologize to someone?” he teased.

“What do you mean? Do I seem like such an unreasonable person to you?” she shot back, clearly offended by his remark.

“I’m kidding! So what if I got accused again? It’s not like this is the first time anyway, so forget about it,” he said and shrugged his shoulders.

“Why does it sound so wrong coming from you?” she retorted while wrinkling her brows.

“Alright, let’s just forget about the past, shall we? Now, take off your clothes...” he said casually.

“Huh?” Her expression instantly changed and she subconsciously shielded her chest with her arms. “What are you planning to do to me?” she exclaimed.

“No need to get so worked up, you have injuries, so I’m just helping you change your bandages,” he answered as he lifted up a bottle of ointment in one hand.

“You want to change my bandages for me?” she repeated.

As if she had just realized something, she hurriedly quipped, “Were you the one who changed my bandages for the past two days?”

“Who else?”

“Then, I... You’ve seen everything by now?!” she cried, her eyes wide as saucers.

“So what if I’ve seen everything? It’s not like I haven’t seen them before, so what’s the big deal?” he said easily.

“You **get** your ass out of here right now!” she screamed in response, her face flushed from the shame **and**

CS CamScanner

anger.

She couldn't believe the nerve of this man. How dare he undress and touch her body without her consent.

How despicable!

"I can still scam if you want, but I'd advise you to give it some thought. Although the injuries on your body have healed, the scars are still there. So, if not treated in due time, I'm afraid you won't be able to get rid of them in the future," he patiently explained.

She bit her lip and began to feel somewhat conflicted on the inside.

"Fine, since you obviously don't care about that, I won't help you anymore. You'd better not regret it when you see yourself covered in scars in the future," he retorted with his hands across his chest before turning around and beginning to leave.

"Wait!" she hollered, finally heeding his advice. It was simply a woman's nature to take care of her

appearance. Even she wasn't an exception. The thought of her body being covered in scars was worse than the idea of getting killed!

"What, changed your mind?" he asked as he turned back to face her with an amused **look**.

"Help me change my bandages, but with your eyes blindfolded!" she ordered, then threw a random piece of clothing that was lying next to her at him, as if to vent her frustrations. However, her whole body froze when she realized what she had thrown at him.

It turned out the item of clothing she just **threw** at him was her underwear!

"You sure have weird tastes. I refuse to use this as a blindfold, if you don't mind," he remarked as he threw the panties back to her.

"S— shut up!" she stuttered in embarrassment, her face turning pinker by the second.

Her pretty face **was** similar to a ripe peach covered in morning dew now. He was tempted to touch her.

“Fine, I’ll only apply the ointment on your back while you apply **the** rest on the front yourself,” he finally

relented, for fear **that** she would storm out of the room.

“Hmph!” She pouted.

It was only after multiple bouts of hesitation that she finally agreed to his plan.

Her injuries needed to be healed, but it wasn’t like she could take care of the scars on her back properly

without external assistance.

“I’ve already finished applying the ointment on your back evenly...” he trailed off before continuing in a cold

voice. “... Now, on to your butt—”

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 60 -

Chapter 60

After struggling to get away from him, Dahlia’s face was as red as a tomato. Beads of sweat trailed down her body. Her sultry eyes looked as if they could drill a hole into Dustin’s skull.

Didn’t he just apply some ointment on her? So why was she giving him such an embarrassed look?

“Haven’t you seen enough? Get out!” she screamed as she pulled up the blanket to cover her body.

Her slender waist and upturned hips were a sight to behold indeed.

“Just apply this ointment for three to five days, then your scars will disappear,” he said bluntly. He then put down the ointment before leaving the room sheepishly.

After about ten minutes, Dahlia exited the room fully clothed.

Compared to the woman full of rage and shame a moment ago, the woman in front of him now was her usual, cold self.

She pretended as if nothing had happened between them at all

“Lend me your phone. I have a call to make,” she ordered as she rushed over to him while he was sipping on some chicken soup with her hand outstretched

.

He didn't make a peep as he handed his phone over to her without hesitation.

“What's your lock screen password?” she asked.

“Your birthday,” he answered without even lifting his head.

His answer made her stiffen and a small corner of her lips turned upwards for a short while before disappearing again.

“Hmph!” She pouted, feigning disdain.

After unlocking his phone, the first number she dialed was her family, to update them on her whereabouts.

Following that, she dialed Lyra's number.

*So good to finally hear from you again, Ms. Nicholson! Where have you been for the past two days? How come there weren't any updates at all?” Lyra asked anxiously.

“Something came up, so a few things had to be put on hold. How's the company doing now?” she asked.

“The new company just opened shop and is currently doing well. And with the Harmon family's backing, everything **is** in order. However, the Jackson Group managed to get itself into some hot water the past two days, I'm afraid.” Lyra explained.

“What kind of hot water?” she asked, feeling a little uneasy.

“We had a hard time recouping our funds as several partners have not paid back their share of the money yet, so the company **was** unable to break even. It’s a good thing that you still have that reserve fund of 80 million dollars, just enough to save the company.” Lyra chuckled.

1/3

CS CamScanner

Chapter 60

“Reserve funds?” she repeated while her expression twisted into a frown. “I’m afraid that the money is

gone,” she admitted.

“Gone? What do you mean gone?” Lyra spluttered.

“I trusted the wrong person. I was **fooled** by Chris,” she answered honestly, without trying to conceal the truth.

She then gave **Lyra a** quick rundown of the events that transpired.

Upon reaching the end of her story. Lyra exploded in a fit of rage. “That bastard Chris is certainly a piece of

work! How **dare** he cheat us of our money when we put all our trust in him! Let’s get him arrested right away!”

“There’s no point. He’s probably fled the country by now,” she mumbled as she let out a soft sigh.

“What should we do now, Ms. Nicholson? The company has no liquidity, so it’ll be hard to run operations

normally.”

“I’ll think of something...” she trailed off in reply.

“Oh right, don’t we still have the Harmons? Since we’re their partner, the Harmons can definitely help us if only you give them a call,” Lyra suggested hurriedly.

“The Harmons?” she asked with wrinkled brows.

She would’ve thought of doing that had she not learned about Natasha before this, but it was impossible to

ask her for help now.

Dahlia had her pride as a woman too, so she absolutely refused to bow down to Natasha Harmon!

“I’ll take care of this, so you go busy yourself with other matters now,” she directed. After exchanging a few more words with her secretary, she hung up the phone.

“What’s this about the company being in hot water?” Dustin looked up and asked.

“Drive me to Eastern River Bank. I have something to do there,” she ordered without giving him an explanation.

my command,” he said with a nod before finishing his soup in one gulp.

“Your wish is my

He then drove the both of them in his car to Eastern River Bank.

Upon her arrival at the bank, Dahlia was quickly ushered into a private office.

As for Dustin, he **was** instructed to wait outside.

“Oh? Isn’t this Ms. Nicholson from the Jackson Group? What brings you here to my office today?”

Sitting inside the office was a balding man with a fat **head** and big ears. He peered up the moment he laid his

beady eyes on her.

“Mr. Chansey, my company has encountered some problems with our capital turnover, so we need a loan from you with the same interest rate as before,” she explained concisely.

“A loan? How much?” he asked while stroking his chin. His lecherous **eyes** looked her up and down.

“80 million **dollars**,” she answered without flinching.

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“Heh, you are aware that this isn’t a small sum of money, right?” he shot back with a pained expression.

“This isn’t the first time we’ve worked together, Mr. Chansey. You should know where my company stands by

now,” she retorted.

“I’m afraid it’s no longer a matter of credibility, but my mood, Ms. Nicholson,” he said slowly.

“What do you mean by that?” she asked, puzzled.

“We’re both smart, so I’ll say it outright. I’ve taken a liking to you for quite some time now, Ms. Nicholson, so

I’m proposing that if you sleep with me for one night, be it 80 million or 300 million dollars, I’ll make sure to

lend all of it to you!” he said, leering.

“Do you have any idea what you just proposed, Mr. Chansey?” she shot back, her brows furrowed.

“I said what I said. I’m well aware that your company is in a crisis right now and that you need money fast. So, I **don’t** suppose your company could get through these tough times without my funds, right?” he said amusedly.

“Are you threatening me right now?” she asked as her expression darkened.

“No need to phrase it like that, think of it as a mutual exchange. You want my money, and I want you for one night. If you manage to satisfy me, I’ll lend you the money. Isn’t this a mutually beneficial situation for

everyone?” **he** explained while stretching his hands outward. 1

“You’re absolutely shameless!” she snapped. She didn’t want to give him any more of her time, so she got up

to leave.

“You’d better stay right where you are!” he bellowed before continuing. “The minute you step out of my office, I’ll make sure to blacklist you! Then, good luck finding another bank in Stonia that’s willing to lend you your funds! Thus, you’d better listen to me if you know what’s good for you!”

“I refuse to make such a dirty deal with you even though I’m short on cash! Furthermore—just the sight of your

pig face **makes** me want to vomit!” she spat coldly.

“What the f*ck did you just say to me?!”

As though she managed to hit a nerve, he instantly got out of his seat and started yelling. “For a married woman, you sure are great at acting like a virgin! You should be glad that I laid eyes on you! So, how dare **you** turn **me** down like that! Believe it or not, I can make you go bankrupt with one call!”

“You? Bankrupt me? I’d like to see you try,” she snorted.

She was not in the least bit afraid.

“Fine! Since you’re so f*cking sure of yourself, don’t blame me if I use a few tricks up **my** sleeves! **When** the

time comes, I’ll have you sucking on my toes!” he bellowed.

“Go to hell!” she yelled.

She **was** so pissed she flung a cup of hot coffee directly onto his stupid face.

It was so hot it made him screech like a b*tch and his **face** soon turned bright red.

Now he really looked like an actual pig roasting on a stick.