

## **An understated Dominance – Dahlia and Dustin Chapter 1341**

**Chapter 1341: A Mystic Spell** "Dustin, these guys have ill intentions, you don't need to pay attention to them," Isabela quickly advised. She volunteered because she was confident that Brinkley wouldn't dare to act recklessly. But if Dustin were to step in, there was no guarantee that he wouldn't embarrass himself. "Don't worry, I know how to handle it." Dustin smiled and looked at Brinkley, "I wonder how Mr. Brinkley wants me to cooperate?" "It's very simple, give me a drop of your blood, and then a few strands of hair. After that, just follow my instructions," Brinkley grinned. "Alright." Dustin nodded, took out a silver needle, pierced his index finger, and squeezed a drop of blood into an empty cup. Then, he plucked a few strands of hair and tossed them into the cup, asking, "Is this sufficient?" "Perfect." Brinkley smiled maliciously and exchanged a glance with Owen. Owen smiled and nodded, reclining comfortably on the sofa, as if he were watching a show. Brinkley's abilities were well-known to him. Especially his methods of controlling people, once you fell under his influence, you were completely at his mercy. He couldn't wait to see Dustin in a miserable state. "Please wait a moment, everyone. This is a secret technique of our sect and must not be disclosed to outsiders," Brinkley said, holding the cup containing the hair and blood. "Hmph! Playing tricks!" Isabela sneered, quite disdainful. She never believed in supernatural things and always felt that they were just tricks used by a bunch of charlatans. Five minutes later. Brinkley walked out of the bathroom, holding a yellow talisman paper in his hand. The talisman paper was covered with strange symbols that really looked authentic. "Mr. Dustin, please close your eyes and relax your

whole body," Brinkley said as he approached. "Okay," Dustin responded. He then slowly closed his eyes and relaxed his entire body. Isabela furrowed her brows, wanting to say something but ultimately chose to watch and see what would happen. She wanted to see what kind of trick these people were playing. "Go!" Brinkley held the talisman paper in one hand, silently chanted a few incantations, and then slapped Dustin's chest with his palm. The next moment, Dustin's head seemed to lose strength and slowly drooped. He appeared to be in a state of unconsciousness. Seeing this scene, Brinkley smirked and said, "From now on, you will obey my commands. First, stand up and take a look." Dustin, with his eyes closed, stood up slowly as instructed. "Turn in place twice," Brinkley ordered again. Dustin obediently followed, turning twice as instructed. "Very good," Brinkley nodded with a smile. He picked up a cup of wine from the table and handed it to Dustin, saying, "Drink it." Dustin took the wine glass without hesitation and drank it all in one gulp. Witnessing this, the onlookers couldn't help but express their amazement. "What the heck? What's going on? This guy is completely submissive to Brinkley?" "Could this be Brinkley's magic? It's incredibly impressive!" "A single talisman can control a person's actions? This is truly eye-opening!" A group of wealthy youngsters whispered to each other, showing astonishment on their faces. Although they knew Brinkley was up to something, they didn't expect it to be such a bizarre method. "Brinkley! What have you done? Wake Dustin up right now!" Isabela shouted. At first, she had her doubts, but seeing Dustin being controlled, she immediately realized that something was wrong. "Sister-in-law, don't worry. Once I finish the spell, he will naturally wake up,"

Brinkley said with a faint smile. "No! We must wake him up right now!" Isabela insisted, reaching out to touch Dustin. "Wait!" Brinkley suddenly shouted, giving a stern warning. "Sister-in-law, once the spell is cast, it must be completed. If you forcibly wake him up, you could potentially turn him into an imbecile!" "What?!" Isabela was startled and quickly withdrew her hand.

**Chapter 1342: Out of Control** "Isabela, relax, we're just playing around, we won't harm him," Owen reassured. "Hmph! It's better be that way!" Isabela frowned but ultimately held back. She was mostly worried that her impulsiveness would harm Dustin. "Brinkley, have you already controlled this person?" a girl asked. "Of course!" Brinkley proudly smiled. "He's now just a walking corpse, no pain, no memory. He does whatever I say, completely obedient, and there's no recollection afterward." "Really? Then, can you make him slap himself?" the girl asked with anticipation. "No problem." Brinkley grinned maliciously and turned to Dustin, ordering, "Now, use your hand and give yourself a good slap." "Brinkley! You—" Isabela was about to stop it, but Dustin had already raised his hand. Then, in the shocked eyes of everyone, he slapped Brinkley directly in the face. "Smack!" The slap was incredibly forceful, causing Brinkley to stagger, his head spinning, and blood flowing from his nose. "Ah?" The sudden turn of events left everyone dumbfounded. Wasn't he supposed to slap himself? How did it end up on Brinkley's face? "???" Brinkley was completely baffled, holding his burning face, finding it hard to believe. He wondered if he had given the

wrong command or if Dustin hadn't heard him at all. "Hey! Listen to me carefully. I told you to slap yourself!" Brinkley's face couldn't take it, and he raised his voice. "Smack!" Dustin raised his hand again and delivered another slap to Brinkley's face, leaving him dizzy and causing teeth to fly. Brinkley's once plump face swelled up like a steamed bun, and the imprint of Dustin's five fingers was clearly visible. Isabela was stunned. Owen was also stunned. The wealthy kids around them wore expressions of shock, utterly confused. Weren't he supposed to be completely obedient? Why wasn't this going according to plan? "Damn! Are you deaf or something?" Brinkley wiped away his nosebleed and shouted in frustration. "I told you to slap yourself, not me!" "Smack!" Without any extra movements, Dustin delivered another forceful slap to Brinkley's face. This slap was so powerful that it sent Brinkley spinning in place before he fell to the ground, face down, in an embarrassing heap. "Damn it! Are you trying to rebel? Let me show you a lesson today!" Brinkley, infuriated, got up and grabbed a bottle from the coffee table, intending to smash it onto Dustin's head. But before he could do anything, Dustin slapped him across the face again, and he saw stars. "You, you..." "Smack!" "You bastard..." "Smack!" "I..." "Smack!" With each word Brinkley uttered, a slap landed on his face. By the end of it, his nose was crooked, his mouth was askew, and his appearance was beyond pitiful. Forced into helplessness, he could only curl up on the ground, holding his head in his hands and whimpering repeatedly, "Please stop, please stop... I was wrong, I was wrong... please, stop!" Dustin remained oblivious to everything, his eyes closed as he continued to unleash violence, delivering a barrage of punches and kicks as if

possessed. "Quick! Stop him!" Seeing the situation deteriorate, Owen urgently ordered a few of his henchmen to intervene. However, as soon as the henchmen approached, Dustin sent them flying with a single slap each, causing them to tumble helplessly. The situation had completely spiraled out of control.

**Chapter 1343: Undo The Spell** "Damn it! What's going on? Is this guy gone crazy?" Watching Dustin behaving as if possessed, Owen furrowed his brows, his expression turning ugly. Unfortunately, he didn't dare to approach, fearing he'd receive a slap too. In that moment, Owen seemed to think of something and shouted urgently, "Brinkley! This guy has lost control. Quickly remove the spell!" "Undo, undo, undo the spell!" Brinkley gritted his teeth in pain and quickly tore off the talisman on Dustin's chest. The next moment, Dustin shivered all over and immediately stopped his actions. Everyone let out a sigh of relief; they had finally resolved the situation. Damn, this guy was incredibly strong when out of control, and ordinary people couldn't restrain him at all. "What happened?" After a few breaths, Dustin slowly opened his eyes and looked around, wearing a bewildered expression. "What just happened?" He looked from left to right, noticing the strange looks on their faces. "Huh... What happened to your faces?" The several young men who had been slapped were grinding their teeth with anger but didn't dare to react. They pretended to know nothing. "Ah! Mr. Brinkley! How did you get hurt like this?" Dustin lowered his head to take a look, and he was shocked. He quickly helped the bruised and swollen Brinkley

to his feet and asked with concern, "Who attacked you? They were too harsh! Look at this handsome face, it's been ruined! This is truly despicable!" Brinkley's face twitched uncontrollably, tears streamed down, and he was crying. Damn! This was just too frustrating! If it were any other person who dared to hit him like this, he would have been furious long ago. But the problem was that he had initiated this with his witchcraft, and it had gone out of control, leading to the current situation. To put it bluntly, he had brought this upon himself. Dealing with this kind of situation, he could only swallow his pride. "Brinkley, why are you crying too? Here, let me wipe your tears for you." Dustin pulled out two tissues and offered to wipe Brinkley's tears, being exceptionally considerate. "Get away from me! Stay far away!" Brinkley, covering his face, took two steps back, looking as frightened as a startled bird. The barrage of slaps had left a deep impression on him. "What's going on?" Dustin pretended to be clueless. "Why is everyone looking at me like this? What happened?" "Cough, cough..." Isabela cleared her throat twice, her expression somewhat peculiar. "Dustin, you were just controlled by Brinkley with some mystic arts, but then you unexpectedly lost control, and you went on a rampage, violently attacking Brinkley." "What? Lost control? Went on a rampage?" Dustin feigned surprise. "Are you serious? You mean I caused the injuries on Brinkley's face?" "Exactly," Isabela nodded. "No wonder... no wonder my hand hurts so much." Dustin rubbed his palm, then looked at Brinkley and said with a serious tone, "Mr. Brinkley, you should be more careful when practicing your arts. Look, you've pushed me to lose control. Well... let's just consider today's incident as a lesson." "You...!" Brinkley

was about to start swearing, but as he opened his mouth, his teeth started falling out with a "crack, crack" sound. He immediately covered his mouth, fearing that he would soon be searching the floor for his teeth.

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**Chapter 1344: Did It On Purpose** "Alright, let's put an end to this for today," Isabela slowly stood up and glanced at Owen. She said deliberately, "I have to have lunch with Dustin, so I won't keep you company here. I wish you all a good time." With that, she linked her arm with Dustin's and confidently walked out of the VIP room. Leaving behind a group of people staring at each other, their faces gloomy. The little bit of good mood they had just now had been completely destroyed. "Brinkley, my friend, are you okay?" Owen checked Brinkley's injuries and saw that he was in a miserable state. His entire face had been disfigured, making his already unattractive features even uglier. "Damn it! That guy went way too far. I've never been humiliated like this!" Brinkley gritted his few remaining teeth, full of resentment. "Originally, I wanted you to deal with that guy, but you ended up getting yourself into this mess," Owen shook his head. If you weren't skilled, you shouldn't show off. It was truly embarrassing. "This is weird. My mind control witchcraft has always worked flawlessly, but today, there seems to have been a glitch," Brinkley frowned, deep in thought.

"Is there a possibility... that the guy named Dustin was intentionally acting?" Suddenly, Samara, the lady in the red dress, chimed in.

"Intentionally acting?" When this statement was made, everyone's gaze turned to her. "I find it strange. Even if he lost control, should he really have grabbed Brinkley and started hitting him?" Samara analyzed. "That makes sense," Owen rubbed his chin, pondering, "That kid looked polite on the surface, but he seems quite shrewd underneath. We can't rule out the possibility that he did it on purpose." "Really?" Brinkley furrowed his brow. "My mind control art has never failed. Master Hudson said that as long as the other person isn't from the same realm, they shouldn't be able to resist." "Nothing in this world is absolute. Maybe that kid had some strange methods," Owen squinted his eyes and said, "Brinkley, my friend, think about it carefully. A normal person, why would they willingly become a guinea pig? He not only didn't resist, but he also agreed willingly. Doesn't that strike you as odd?" "Come to think of it, that does seem a bit off," Brinkley began to ponder. In the elite circles of Stonia, talent abounded, and many remarkable individuals could be found within the city. Unexpectedly encountering fellow practitioners wasn't out of the realm of possibility. "Brinkley, my friend, it seems like we've been set up today. The attack was so ruthless. If we don't regain our reputation, how can we show our faces in the future?" Owen's expression turned dark. "Damn it! I swear I won't let this go!" Brinkley slammed the table, but the motion was too forceful, and it pulled at his wounds, causing him to grimace in pain. "Miss Isabela seems to hold Dustin in high regard. It might not be easy to make a move against him," Samara commented. "Isabela is indeed a problem, but we can take



care of it discreetly," Owen said with a cold smile. "He's just a pretty boy without power or influence. As long as we deal with him quietly, there won't be any trouble." "Exactly! Isabela can protect him for a while, but not forever. Sooner or later, I'll kill him!" Brinkley declared with a menacing tone. "Brinkley, my friend, to keep things low-profile, it might be best to get Master Hudson involved in this matter. With his abilities, I believe he can easily resolve it," Owen suggested. "No problem! I'll contact Master Hudson right away. Within three days, I'll make sure that guy has no place to hide!" Brinkley's eyes flashed with malice. As the esteemed young master of the Crawford family, being beaten like this required some severe retribution. If he didn't make an example of this situation, how could he maintain any face in their social circle? "Hmph! Dare to steal a woman from me? You're truly seeking your own death!" Owen's lips curled into a cold smile.

**Chapter 1345: Lucky Star** "Hahaha... Little Divine Doctor, those slaps you delivered earlier were truly beautiful. You turned Brinkley's chubby face into a pig's head. It's so hilarious!" Isabela laughed heartily as they walked out of the Imperial City Club, her previous gloom completely gone. Originally, she had brought Dustin here to assert her dominance and intentionally provoke Owen. She didn't expect the results to turn out so unexpectedly well. Not only did she disgust the scumbag, but she also taught a lesson to his group of friends. It was a satisfying release of frustration. "All in all, they brought this upon themselves. If they hadn't harbored malicious intentions, they wouldn't have ended up

like this," Dustin said with a faint smile. "What can I say? They tried to steal a chicken but lost their rice!" Isabela couldn't help but chuckle. She knew very well that Brinkley had intentionally targeted Dustin, but due to his lack of expertise, he accidentally lost control. In the end, not only did he fail to harm Dustin, but he also suffered the consequences. It was poetic justice! "These people aren't good folks. You should avoid associating with them in the future," Dustin cautioned. Rakes like Brinkley, who could learn witchcraft, definitely had someone knowledgeable guiding them. Innocent young ladies like Isabela were easy prey for them. "Don't worry; I can handle them easily," Isabela said confidently. "Little Divine Doctor, I've noticed that you seem to be my lucky star. You saved me before, and now you've helped me again. Being with you makes me feel incredibly lucky!" "I also owe you for obtaining the Dragon's Blood Ginseng," Dustin smiled. "Hehe... So, does that mean we're mutually beneficial? Great! From today onwards, you're my best male friend!" Isabela put her hands on her hips and declared with a triumphant tone. Dustin could only smile lightly. This girl had absolutely no sense of caution. "Master, master, there's a call for you..." At that moment, Isabela's phone rang suddenly. After answering the call, her expression changed immediately. "What? Grandfather is in trouble? Alright, alright... I'll be back right away!" She hung up the phone and rushed into her car in a hurry. As she was about to drive off, she seemed to remember something, stuck her head out of the car window, and quickly said, "Little Divine Doctor, something has come up at home, and I need to go back. We'll have dinner together another day!" "Alright, take care," Dustin nodded and waved goodbye, watching

Isabela's car speed away. At that moment, Dustin's eyelid twitched as if he sensed something. He suddenly turned his head and glanced at a car parked nearby. The vehicle was stationary at the side of the road, with its windows unusually dark, making it impossible to see what was inside clearly. However, he had a distinct feeling of being observed. "Hum—!" After staring for a few seconds, the vehicle suddenly started its engine and quickly drove away. Dustin snorted coldly, already forming a plan in his mind. It seemed he was being followed. Was it the Stratford family? Or the Grantwood family? Dustin didn't think on it too much. He hailed a taxi by the roadside and headed straight for the hotel. "Ring, ring, ring..." Suddenly, his phone rang. He checked it and saw it was a call from the Southern Province, and the caller was displayed as "Maximus Kane." "Hello! Brother Dustin, I've got good news to tell you. I'm in Stonia!" Maximus's excited voice came through as soon as Dustin answered. "Why did you come to Stonia instead of staying in Millsburg?" Dustin found it odd. Before leaving, he had appointed Maximus as the head of the Flame Dragon Hall, and he was already a prominent figure in the provincial capital. "Master Cornelius said that you're traveling alone, and it might be inconvenient for you, so he sent us to help you with some miscellaneous matters," Maximus explained with a cheerful tone. "Us?" Dustin quickly caught the keyword. "Besides you, who else is with you?"

**Chapter 1346: Darkness In Past** "There's also Caitlin," Maximus replied, "Ever since Senior old drunken Gregory left, Caitlin has been feeling

lonely at home, so she decided to join me on this adventure. We've never been to Stonia before, and we've heard it's a place of great talent and opportunity, so we wanted to see it for ourselves." "While Stonia is indeed a place of talent, it can also be quite treacherous. Just the two of you, you might not even know if you've been tricked," Dustin remarked without holding back. "Don't worry, we have you, Brother Dustin. With you around, we fear nothing," Maximus said with a smile. "Alright, stop with the flattery. Where are you guys now?" Dustin asked. "We just got off the train at the South Station," Maximus replied. "Stay where you are; I'll come to pick you up," Dustin said and instructed his driver to head to the South Station. An hour later, the vehicle arrived at the South Station entrance. "Brother Dustin, over here!" As soon as Dustin stepped out of the car, he saw Maximus and Caitlin waving enthusiastically. They had brought a lot of luggage, and it looked more like they were moving than going on a trip. "Why did you bring so much stuff?" Dustin asked, dumbfounded. "It's better to be prepared; we can use everything we brought," Maximus replied with a grin. It was their first time visiting the capital, Stonia, and they were naturally excited and a bit nervous, so they had made full preparations. "Alright, let's find a place to stay first, and then we can go eat together," Dustin suggested. He reached out to help Caitlin with her luggage, but she shook her head and refused, saying, "Mr. Dustin, you have a distinguished status. Let me handle the heavy lifting." With determination, she single-handedly loaded the luggage onto the car, even though she was out of breath and visibly exhausted. Dustin couldn't help but shake his head in resignation. Caitlin hadn't changed a bit. She had grown up accustomed to hard work, so

she couldn't stand idly by and let others do the heavy lifting. Once they were in the car, Dustin led them back to his hotel. The hotel was a five-star establishment, although not the most luxurious in Stonia's southern district, it was still quite expensive. Upon entering the hotel, Caitlin couldn't help but look around in awe, her eyes sparkling with excitement. Seeing the attention from others, Caitlin immediately lowered her head and covered her face with her bag, appearing somewhat self-conscious. "Mr. Dustin, how much does it cost to stay here for one night?" Caitlin timidly asked as Dustin checked them in. "This is a prime location. For a regular single room, it's about 250 dollar per night," Dustin casually replied. "What? That's so expensive!" Caitlin was shocked, frozen in her tracks. Back when she worked for others, she couldn't earn 250 dollar even after working hard for a whole month. Now, just for one night's stay, she had to spend this much money. This was difficult for her to accept, given her frugal nature. "Caitlin, don't worry about it. Brother Dustin isn't short of money. Just relax and stay here," Maximus reassured her with a smile. "No... it's too expensive!" Caitlin shook her head repeatedly. "Mr. Dustin, this place isn't suitable for me. I won't stay here. I'll go outside to find a cheaper place." With that, she picked up her bags and hurriedly left the hotel. Her panicked appearance made it seem as if the hotel was some kind of dangerous place. Dustin and Maximus exchanged glances, feeling both amused and helpless. While they understood her reluctance, they couldn't help but feel sorry for her. Caitlin had suffered too much and experienced too much darkness in her past, to the point that when a ray of light finally appeared, she was hesitant to embrace it.

**Chapter 1347: Buy A Villa** Dustin didn't force Caitlin to stay in a star-rated hotel. Instead, he bought a villa for them in a relatively secluded location. It was a two-story villa, fully furnished, with a small garden. They paid for it and moved in right away. Dustin thought it would be convenient to have a place to stay in Stonia for some time. Renting an apartment or staying in a hotel might not be as convenient, so he decided to buy a villa. Money was not an issue for him at the moment. Once they settled into the villa, Caitlin felt more at ease. She heard that property prices in Stonia had been on the rise, so buying a house was a good investment. Plus, having a place where she could cook her own meals would save her money in the long run. After taking care of all the arrangements, it was already dark outside. Dustin and Maximus were quite hungry. Fortunately, Caitlin had been considerate enough to buy groceries in advance, and she prepared a sumptuous dinner for the two of them. There were five dishes and a soup, with a mix of meat and vegetables, and they were all delicious. Dustin couldn't help but admit that Caitlin's cooking skills were impressive. She could turn simple ingredients into a delightful meal. After dinner, Caitlin cleaned up the dishes on her own, showing her thoughtfulness. Dustin and Maximus went to the balcony, enjoying the night view and chatting. Suddenly, Dustin's phone rang with a familiar and cold voice on the other end: Roselyn. "Dustin, come to the Comcast Tower as soon as possible. I have something important to discuss with you." "Can't you tell me over the phone? I'm busy, and I don't have time to run around," Dustin replied casually. "This matter is very important. If you don't come, you'll regret

it," Roselyn said sternly. "I'll hang up if you don't talk," Dustin said, not wanting to waste any more time on her. He had never had a good impression of this woman. "Wait! Don't you want to know why Mr. Lorenzo is in Healwell Clinic?" Roselyn quickly added. "Hmm?" Dustin's eyes narrowed. "What do you mean? Explain yourself." "I know some secrets about Mr. Lorenzo. Come to the Comcast Tower before nine o'clock tonight, or the opportunity will be lost," Roselyn replied. "Alright, I'll be there in a while," Dustin responded quickly. Meeting Roselyn in the middle of the night was definitely not without ulterior motives. However, Dustin was more curious about the secrets she mentioned. Could it be that there was something that Dr. Elijah was hiding from him? "Maximus, come with me," Dustin said and took Maximus out of the door. He couldn't afford to miss any information related to uncle Lorenzo and the mysteries surrounding the past. Half an hour later, Dustin and Maximus arrived at the Comcast Tower. The Comcast Tower, on the surface, was a private club, but it operated as an underground casino. It was a members-only establishment, and regular people couldn't enter. Despite strict anti-gambling laws in Stonia, the fact that such a luxurious casino could operate openly in the city center showed the tremendous influence of its behind-the-scenes owner. Roselyn had probably made prior arrangements, as Dustin and Maximus were guided in without any issues. They walked through the bustling and opulent gambling hall and finally entered a VIP room. Compared to the noisy main hall, the VIP room was a different world—elegant, exquisite, quiet, and harmonious.

**Chapter 1348: Comcast Tower** Inside, there were over a dozen gambling tables of various kinds, and a few wealthy patrons sat scattered around them. Each patron had a dedicated beautiful waitress to cater to their every need, handling everything except gambling. The service was meticulous and considerate, and the guests who entered the VIP room were either rich or noble, casually betting tens of thousands or even millions. Those who were more extravagant would bet tens of millions or more. This was a world that ordinary people could never step into in their lifetime. Upon entering the VIP room, Dustin immediately spotted two familiar faces sitting at the central table, Carlos and Roselyn. Given Roselyn's status, she clearly couldn't enter the VIP room. The person who had arranged this meeting with Dustin was likely Carlos. "Hey! Dustin, you're here? Come, let's play a few rounds together," Carlos stood up enthusiastically and invited Dustin to take a seat. While his face wore a brilliant smile, there was a hint of coldness in his eyes. "Mr. Carlos, you asked to meet me, so what's the matter?" Dustin got straight to the point. "No rush, let's play for a while first, then we'll talk business," Carlos smiled and called a waitress over. "Fetch five million worth of chips for this gentleman and put it on my tab." "Yes, sir." The beautiful waitress responded and soon brought several dozen crystal chips. "Dustin, feel free to play today. If you win, it's all yours; if you lose, it's on me!" Carlos said in a generous tone. "I don't like gambling, and I don't like beating around the bush. If you have something to discuss, Mr. Carlos, please get straight to the point," Dustin remained unfazed. This kind of place was a paradise for gamblers, but he had no interest in it. "Dustin, you're indeed a straightforward person," Carlos



chuckled and continued, "The main reason for inviting you here today is to introduce you to a big shot. If you have him as your backer in the future, you can dominate the Southern City area with ease!" "Oh? Who is this person?" Dustin asked in return. "This big shot is none other than the owner of the Comcast Tower, Mark Walter, Mr. Mark!" Carlos said with a hint of pride in his tone. "I'm sorry, I've never heard of him," Dustin replied casually. "Hmph! You don't even know Mr. Mark? How ignorant!" Roselyn sneered with disdain. In the Southern City area, Mr. Mark, known as Mark Walter, was a dominant figure. He was the only one who dared to challenge the two major aristocratic families, the Stratford and Torby families. Anyone with a bit of knowledge would know who Mr. Mark was. "Is Mr. Mark really that formidable? I wonder if his head can withstand my sword," Maximus coldly interjected. "Dustin, is this guy your friend?" Carlos gave Maximus a scrutinizing look and said with a hint of hostility, "Kid, you better watch your mouth. This is Mr. Mark's territory. If you're not careful, you'll lose your life!" Maximus was about to say something else when Dustin raised his hand to stop him. "I'm not interested in getting to know Mr. Mark. I just want to know about Lorenzo." As soon as he finished speaking, the doors to the VIP room suddenly swung open. Following that, a burly middle-aged man in a suit entered confidently. The man was smoking a cigar and had an imposing figure, giving off an immense sense of pressure even just by standing there. The newcomer was none other than Mark Walter, the owner of the Comcast Tower and the underground overlord of the Southern City. "Mr. Mark Walter is here, and you're in luck!" Carlos grinned wickedly, looking like he was ready to enjoy the show. "Mark

Walter, hello!" "Mark Walter, hello!" As Mark Walter entered the room, all the gamblers in the VIP room stood up and greeted him with great respect. "Carry on, everyone," Mark Walter said, pressing his hand down and then walking toward Carlos. He looked down at Carlos and asked, "Carlos, have you brought me the person I asked for?" "Dustin, I would never dare to defy Mr. Mark's orders," Carlos smiled obsequiously and gestured toward Dustin. "Here he is, the person you wanted to find!"

**Chapter 1349: Formula Already Sold** "Oh? Is that so?" Mark Walter followed Carlos's gesture, his gaze locking onto Dustin. He carefully observed Dustin, his eyes carrying an invisible aggressiveness. "Young and talented, indeed," Mark Walter chuckled. "Don't just stand there, have a seat. We have something to discuss." With those words, he plopped down on the nearby sofa and took a glass of red wine from a passing server, drinking it all in one go, displaying his extravagance. "Dustin, this is the renowned Mr. Mark Walter. Make sure to make a good impression; don't miss this opportunity," Carlos said with a smirk. "So, you brought me out here to meet Mr. Mark?" Dustin said calmly. "Young man, I had Carlos summon you here because I want to discuss a deal with you," Mark said as he took a deep drag from his cigar and then exhaled a smoke ring. The smoke ring floated lightly towards Dustin's face but shattered suddenly, disappearing into thin air just a foot away from him. "A deal?" Dustin asked. "Smart! I like talking to clever people," Mark snapped his fingers and grinned. "Since you already know what I'm after, why don't you tell me your price? I don't

negotiate." "Mr. Mark, I can't sell you the formula for the Jade Dew Ointment," Dustin replied flatly. "Oh? Do you think I can't afford it?" Mark squinted slightly. "Young man, a third of the economy in the entire Southern City is under Mr. Mark's control, and his wealth exceeds your imagination!" Carlos chimed in. "Young man, there aren't many things that interest me, and even fewer people I'd consider negotiating with. This is your chance to rise from a nobody to a somebody. Seize it wisely," Mark said, smiling, but his eyes held a hint of warning. "It's not a matter of price. I've already sold the formula for the Jade Dew Ointment," Dustin replied, shrugging. "What? Sold it?" Carlos's eyes widened, and he became visibly excited. "Who did you sell it to? Why didn't you say so earlier?" He had gone to great lengths and even invited Mr. Mark himself just to obtain the formula. He couldn't believe that Dustin had sold it to someone else. "To the Torby family," Dustin replied. "The Torby family?" Upon hearing this, Carlos immediately frowned. The Torby family was one of the eight prominent families in Stonia, and it wouldn't be easy to wrestle the formula from them. "Young man, how much did the Torby family pay you? I'm willing to offer double," Mark suddenly spoke up. With his power and the support he had, he was not afraid of the Torby family. "Business is business. Once the formula has been sold, I can't go back on it. If Mr. Mark wants it, you can negotiate with the Torby family," Dustin replied. "Young man, if you could sell it to the Torby family, you can certainly sell it to me. Double the money for one formula, doesn't that sound tempting?" Mark chuckled. "That's right! Your deal with Mr. Mark is private. The Torby family won't know about it. After you receive the money and provide

the formula, you can live carefree and travel wherever you want for the rest of your life," Carlos tried to persuade him gently. "If the Torby family finds out that I sold the formula to you as well, I'm afraid I won't have a peaceful life, even with the money," Dustin shook his head. "Don't worry. I'll protect you from the Torby family's retaliation. They won't dare to touch you," Mark Walter said confidently. "Mr. Mark, are you really willing to risk a feud with the Torby family for someone unrelated to you?" Dustin asked, with a meaningful tone. "Hehe... you are indeed a clever person," Mark Walter extinguished his cigar and placed it in the ashtray. He smiled and said, "While I won't engage in a conflict with the Torby family for your sake, I can promise to make sure they won't find you. That should ensure your safety." "Mr. Mark, I can't rely on others for my safety, so I must apologize," Dustin shook his head firmly.

**Chapter 1350: Clear Threat** Upon hearing this, Mark Walter's smile gradually faded, and his gaze became sharp. "Young man, I hate it when people reject me, especially repeatedly. I've been patient enough. You better not disappoint me." His words carried a clear threat. "Young man, those who understand the situation are the wisest. If you earn Mr. Mark's favor, you should consider it an honor. If you continue to be stubborn, you might end up in hot water!" Carlos warned. "Enough talk," Mark was growing impatient. "Today, I'm taking the recipe for the Jade Dew Ointment. If you hand it over honestly, you'll not only be safe but also receive a substantial sum of money." "What if I refuse?" Dustin

asked. "You refuse?" Mark sneered, not saying more, but clapped his hands. *Clap, clap!* As the applause rang out, the door to the VIP room suddenly swung open. Following that, a group of burly men in suits stormed in aggressively, numbering at least forty to fifty. Each of them exuded a menacing air, resembling a pack of wolves. "Kid, this is my turf. With a word from me, I can determine your life or death," Mark stood up slowly, looking down at Dustin. "Today, if you don't hand over the recipe, I'm afraid you won't leave through that door!" "Mr. Mark, I don't want trouble, but if you keep pushing, don't blame me for smashing your Comcast Club!" Dustin replied in a cold tone. Upon hearing this, Mark was initially taken aback, but then he burst into hearty laughter, as if he had heard the greatest joke. "Damn! Is this kid crazy? He actually dares to challenge Mr. Mark?" "He's really fearless!" Some of the guests in the hall abandoned their gambling and watched the scene with great interest. "Heh! Ignorant fool!" Carlos sneered, looking at Dustin as if he were an idiot. With his arms folded, Mark Walter wore an expression of schadenfreude. "Kid, do you know what you're saying?" After laughing, Mark's face suddenly turned cold. "Just because of that statement, do you believe that I could shoot you dead right now?" As Mark's gun was aimed at Dustin's forehead, Dustin remained motionless, as if nothing had happened. He calmly said, "Mr. Mark, your gun's safety is off." "You damn—" Mark Walter was about to react when suddenly, a sultry and seductive female voice gently floated in. "Mr. Mark, what's got you so angry? You even have to resort to using your weapon?" Following the voice, a woman wearing a silver body-hugging skirt and crystal high-heeled shoes gracefully entered the room.

She walked with a sway of her hips. The woman had fiery red lips, a breathtaking face, and a seductive figure. Her brown wavy hair cascaded down her shoulders, and her long, slender legs crossed as she walked, each step seemingly planted on the hearts of the men present. She carried a stylish designer handbag in her left hand and held a women's cigarette in her right hand. A flirtatious smile played on her lips. Her presence exuded charm and sensuality, incredibly alluring. "Hazel?" Upon seeing her, Carlos immediately furrowed his brow. It was quite a coincidence to run into this detested woman in such a place.