

## An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 266 -

### Chapter 266

The following morning, at Peaceful Medical Center.

Dustin got up early, washed up, and started preparing breakfast. As usual, it was his signature dish, deviled eggs. It was simple but smelled amazing. He'd just brought the food to the dining table when someone walked in.

"Wow, that smells great!" It **was** Dahlia. Today, she wore a smart suit and heels. Her hair was in a ponytail, revealing her fair **and** slender neck. She looked happy to see the food. 'Are those deviled eggs? How did you know I hadn't had breakfast yet, Dustin? Since you prepared this for me, I won't stand on ceremony!" She sat down and started to dig in.

"This isn't "Dustin was about to say something when his bedroom door swung open to reveal a gorgeous **woman** standing there.

"Darling, I'm starving. Is breakfast ready yet?" It was Natasha. She had on an oversized shirt. As she stretched, it dipped to reveal her cleavage. "Hmm?" She and Dahlia met each other's gaze. They were both equally

stunned.

"What are you doing here?" they asked simultaneously. The air crackled with electricity, and the tension was

so thick one could slice it with a knife.

"Dustin, what's going on here?" Dahlia looked hostile. She could tell that Natasha was wearing Dustin's shirt. **That**, coupled with the fact that Natasha **was** coming out of Dustin's room, was more than enough for even a

fool to tell that something was afoot.

"Don't get the wrong idea. It's not what you think." Dustin wanted to explain, but Natasha cut him off.

"Darling, since she's caught us redhanded, we might as well come clean. There's nothing to hide, anyway!"

“So, you slept with her? Dahlia bit her lip, looking jealous. She’d always thought Dustin could keep it in his

pants; she was obviously wrong.

“Why bother asking when it’s obvious?” Natasha tugged the shirt lower to reveal more of her cleavage.

“Nothing of the sort happened.” Dustin felt a headache coming on. “Ms. Harmon was injured yesterday, so I brought her back here to treat her. Nothing else happened.”

Dahlia took a closer look at Natasha and noticed the wounds on her body. Even so, she couldn’t keep the jealousy from her tone as she said, “Why didn’t she go **to a** hospital if she was injured? Why come here?”

“I can go wherever I want. It’s up to me.” Natasha smirked. “Correct me if I’m wrong, but you two are divorced,

right? If so, it’s none of your business even if anything were to happen between me and Dustin.”

“So what if we’re divorced? We can always remarry!” Dahlia glared at her, refusing to back down.

“Do you think marriage and divorce is a game? What do you take Dustin **for**?” Natasha’s smile faded. “Ms. Nicholson, one shouldn’t be too greedy. Since you’re the one who chose to give up, you should bear the

consequences accordingly.”

“Everyone makes mistakes; it’s fine as long as they realize where they **went** wrong and correct them. I made a

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mistake in the past, but now, I’ll do whatever I can to make it up to him!” Dahlia glanced at Dustin as she

spoke, seemingly hinting at something.

“Since you refuse to give up, let’s see who’s better at this.”

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Natasha shrugged and sat at the dining table. She pulled the deviled eggs to her and said with a smile, “Thank you for breakfast, darling. You’re so considerate!”

“That’s where you’re wrong. These eggs are mine.” Dahlia pulled the eggs back. “It’s been three years, but I’ve yet to fall out of love with Dustin’s cooking. Besides, he knows I love deviled eggs.”

“Ms. Nicholson, stop thinking so highly of yourself. What’s in the past is just the past. These eggs belong to me now.” Natasha didn’t back down. She dragged the eggs to herself again.

“Ms. Harmon, robbing someone of something they love isn’t the best habit to have. These eggs have been cooked to my taste; they only suit me!”

“What makes you think I don’t like deviled eggs? I love anything Dustin cooks!”

“Hmph! Just because you like them doesn’t mean they suit you!”

“It’s up to me to decide whether they’re suitable!”

The conversation between the two women became increasingly heated as they dragged the plate of deviled eggs back and forth. Neither of them wanted to back down. It was as if they’d lose something precious if they were to give in. Dustin felt a headache coming on as he watched them duke it out. Honestly, he didn’t think he was worthy of their affection.

At the entrance to the guest bedroom, Caitlyn stuck **her** head out to peek at the commotion. She asked in confusion. “Max, what do you think Ms. Harmon and Ms. Nicholson are doing? Do they need to act like this over some eggs?”

“Caitlyn, you’re too **young** to understand the intricacies of a relationship between a man **and a** woman,”

Maximus mysteriously said as he stroked his chin. “They’re not fighting over the eggs, but their dignity as

women!”

“Dignity?” Caitlyn still didn’t get it.

“Dustin personally cooked those eggs; whoever gets to taste them first **wins** the round.” Maximus looked in awe. “As expected, he’s truly admirable—beautiful women surround him, yet he remains unaffected by them.

Look, they’re about to get into a brawl, but Dustin still looks so calm and collected. He truly is someone to **look**

up to!”

Dustin, with his sharp senses, heard this. He turned around to glare at **Maximus** and Caitlyn. The two heads immediately shot back into the room. A few seconds later, they sneaked out again.

“Dustin, you decide! Who do these eggs **belong** to?” After an inconclusive argument, Natasha and Dahlia

turned to look at Dustin. They looked like they wouldn’t give up until they had the answer they wanted.

Faced with the toughest question he’d ever been asked, Dustin’s lips twitched, sweat beaded on his forehead.”

“Uh these are my eggs!” he blurted out. He grabbed the plate and scooped all the eggs into his mouth. With

nothing left to fight **over**, the crisis **had** been averted.

“Hmph!” The two women glared at **each** other before turning away in opposite directions, still refusing to give

in to each other.

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\*As expected of Dustin—only he would've thought of such a great **idea!**" Maximus was in awe of Dustin's ability to avert such a deadly crisis: he **wanted** to drop to his knees and worship the ground Dustin walked on. He was amazing! Perhaps this was what a true pro was like.

Dustin was the first to break the silence after finishing the eggs. "Dahlia, did you come here for something?"

"Do I have to have a purpose for coming here?" Dahlia still looked miffed.

"Uh, no." Dustin looked a little **awkward**.

"I came because we're having guests; you need to meet them with me. In fact, you might make some money from this. I don't want people saying you're leeching off me." Dahlia **gave** Natasha a pointed look as she spoke.

"What's wrong with him leeching off someone? Others may not even have the chance to do **so!**" Natasha didn't

bat an eye.

Before long, the women started squabbling again.

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"Ms. Nicholson, did you come here because you wanted something from me?" Dustin asked when he saw how tense the atmosphere was.

"What, do I have to have a reason for coming here?" Dahlia glared at him.

"I didn't mean that." He looked awkward.

“Whatever. Let’s get down to business—you know Dr. Rowan Cross, right? I want to ask him to examine someone.” Dahlia stopped beating around the bush.

“Examine someone?” Dustin sized her up, then checked her pulse. Confused, he said, “Aside from being a little out of whack, you’re fine. You just need to control your emotions and diet.”

your period

“You’re the one who’s out of whack!” Dahlia glared at him again, her face turning red. “I didn’t say I was the one who needed an examination—it’s for a relative of mine who suddenly fainted yesterday. She’s been complaining of a headache, but the hospital said she’s fine. She wanted Dr. Cross to examine them just to be

sure.”

“I see.” Dustin nodded. “There’s no need to bother Dr. Cross for something as simple as that—I’m more than enough.”

“You?” Dahlia eyed him doubtfully. “Can you handle it?”

“My medical center’s been around for a number of years now. Wouldn’t it have closed down long ago if I didn’t have a few tricks up my sleeve?” Dustin said confidently.

Dahlia **was** speechless. She’d never seen any patients in the dingy medical center; how was it different from being closed down?

“We can forget about it if you don’t trust me.” Dustin shrugged.

“Who said anything about me not trusting you? You’ll do!” Dahlia said decisively. “I’ll be frank—this relative of mine is a pretty big deal, so if you can cure her, it could be your ticket to success. You won’t have to leech off anyone anymore when that happens.” As she spoke, she gave Natasha a pointed look.

“What’s wrong with leeching off someone?” Natasha puffed **out** her chest. “At least my darling is capable of leeching off someone—others may not be able to do so even if they wanted to!”

Dahlia snorted. “No upstanding man would want to be at a woman’s beck and call. Think about how humiliating that’d be!”

“What good is a man for if not to serve a woman? He can’t fool around with himself, can he?” Natasha rolled

her eyes.

“Why, you-

“Dahlia was exasperated. How could this woman be so crude? She wasn’t ladylike in the slightest!

“Alright, that’s enough. We should focus on whatever’s ailing your relative. Let’s head to the hospital.” Dustin quickly interjected when he saw the two women were about to start quarreling again. He **dragged Dahlia out**

of the medical center.

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“Darling, be back soon, okay? I’ll be waiting for **you!**” Natasha called, smiling seductively and sending him an air kiss. At the same time, she undid another button on her shirt to reveal **more** of her cleavage. Dustin stared at her.

“Hmph!” Dahlia stomped on his foot and gave him a warning look. He smiled awkwardly **and** retracted his gaze. “Get in the car!” She stuffed him into the car before speeding off.

“Do you think you stand a chance against me, you flat-chested preteen?” Natasha smiled victoriously as she looked down at her voluptuous chest. It was enough to put any woman to shame, and none of her future children would ever go hungry.

Half an hour later, in one of the wards at East Swinton Hospital.

“My head hurts! I feel like it’s gonna split in half!” Jane lay in a hospital bed and clutched her head, occasionally smacking it to alleviate the pain.

“Mom, hold on for a little longer. Dr. Cross will be here soon.” Dakota kept comforting her. Nobody knew what had happened—Jane had suddenly passed out yesterday and kept complaining about a heada

che when she'd come to. They'd done all the examinations possible, but the results showed nothing was wrong with her.

"I shouldn't have come to this accursed place. We've had problem after problem since arriving. First, someone crashed into our car. Then, I got slapped for no reason at all. Now, I'm having a terrible headache. What have I done to deserve this?" Jane looked positively miserable.

"We'll head home once you're okay; we're never coming to this dump again!" Dakota **said**. Then, she turned to Florence, who stood at the ward's entrance, and screeched, "What's taking so long? When is Dr. Cross coming? Tell him to hurry!"

"Of course, of course." Florence didn't dare delay. She hurried out of the ward, took out her phone, and was about to dial a number when she saw two people approaching her—Dahlia and Dustin. "Dahlia, you're finally here!" Her face lit up as she hurried toward them. "Your aunt's headache **is** getting worse, and the doctors here are too useless to do anything about it. Dr. Cross is our only hope now! Where is he?" She looked around but didn't see him.

Dahlia shook her head. "He's busy with something else and can't be here."

"What? What are we gonna do, then? Florence was taken aback. Had they waited for nothing?"

"Dustin has some medical expertise. How about we have him give it a shot?"

"Him?" Florence frowned. "Have **you** lost your mind? How can this good-for-nothing possibly know anything about treating a patient? Who's gonna bear the **responsibility** if anything goes wrong?"

"He cured Granddad when he was poisoned, remember? I have faith in him," Dahlia said firmly. She'd

misunderstood Dustin one **time** too many; this time, she chose to trust him unconditionally.

"Stop this nonsense! Your grandlather **only** made it through because of Dr. Cross' Hexanavir, it had nothing to do with this man!" Florence scowled, looking contemptuous.



“Do you have a better idea, then?” Dahlia asked.

“Well, I- Florence had no words.

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“Since we’re out of ideas, why don’t we let Dustin try? We can think of something else if it doesn’t work.” Dahlia’s tone became domineering.

“Rhys, you’d better watch what you’re doing. Don’t you dare try to pass just about anything off as a cure!” Florence warned. The two people in the ward were her cash cows. If anything were to go wrong, she’d be in big trouble.

“Let’s see how the patient’s doing.” Dustin didn’t want to waste his breath on her.

“Hmph! Come with me!” Florence led Dustin and Dahlia into the ward. Once she stepped in, her arrogance faded, replaced with a fawning smile.

“Florence, what the hell took you so long? Where is Dr. Cross?” Dakota asked impatiently.

“I’m here!” Florence said sycophantically, gesturing to the people behind her. “Behold the doctor we’ve brought!

“Huh?” Dakota and Jane looked up, then exclaimed in unison. “It’s you?”

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“It’s you!” **Dakota** was momentarily taken aback **when** she recognized Dustin. Similarly, he looked **at** her funny with a hint of astonishment. Never had he expected that the two b\*tches were the relatives that Dahlia had

mentioned to him. What a small world!

“Oh, did you know **each** other?” Dahlia’s quizzical gaze traveled between the two.

“Not only are **we** acquainted,” Dakota **hissed** through clenched teeth, “He’s also the guy who beat **us up** yesterday!”

“What?” Everyone **was** surprised to learn that.

“Um, Dakota, did you get the wrong person?” Florence questioned cautiously.

“No! How could I? I’d recognize him even if he turned into ashes! I also suspect my mom’s gotten a headache from his slap!” Dakota seemed merciless.

“Right! I must **have** fallen sick because of that slap! Get someone to arrest him!” Jane was bellowing in bed. She had been unable to put yesterday’s events behind her, and she was extremely furious upon meeting her

enemy again.

“Dustin, what’s the matter? Why did you hit them?” Dahlia was baffled to learn that he had a grudge against

Jane and Dakota when she introduced him to her **Glenstead** relatives.

“They deserved it, Dustin replied bluntly. “They reversed and **crashed** into an other car, almost killing the victim. But they acted unreasonably like two bullies. I slapped them across their faces because I couldn’t

stand them anymore.”

“You rascal! Do you know who they are? How dare you hit them?” Florence **was** incensed to learn that Dustin had laid a finger on her two Goddesses of Fortune. She took it as a personal affront as well.

“Don’t waste your time talking to him! Call the police now!” Dakota seethed resentfully.

“No, wait!” Dahlia jumped out to stop her. “This might be a huge misunderstanding. There’s no need to **make** this a bigger issue than it is. Why **don’t** we have Dustin work on Aunt Jane’s illness to make up for his

mistake?”

“Hmph! Nobody needs his help!” Jane spat on the ground. “Just look at his behavior. What if he makes things worse? Will anyone take the responsibility?”

“That works. I have no intention to cure you either,” Dustin said in an unperturbed manner. “Oh, by the way, do not forget what I told you before—headaches on the first day, coughing up blood on the second day, and paralysis on the third day. You’ll suffer a sudden death on the fourth day. Since **today is** the second day, it will not take long before you start coughing up **blood**. By that time, you’ll have to leave your fate in the hands of God.”

“Y—y— you’re a jinx! Quit the nonsense! As Jane trembled in anger, her headache worsened as well.

“See? **Did** you hear him? How dare he curse my mom! This is an order— get him arrested! If you don’t. I’ll hold you accountable! Dakota started ordering people around. Florence’s face fell, and she yelled at Dustin,” Dustin Rhys! Apologize to them now! If you don’t, I will not go easy on you!”

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“Apologize to them? They don’t deserve it.” Dustin chortled. “If **anything**, they should be apologizing to me. If they do that, I might consider saving the mother.”

“Bullshit! Who do you think you are? You aren’t qualified to treat my mom!”

“Yeah! With our status, we can hire **any** skilled doctors we want! We don’t need you showing off here!”

Jane and Dakota were being stubborn. In their eyes, an ordinary man like Dustin had no business attending to

their medical needs.

“Hah! **Sure**, keep being stubborn, I do hope you don’t have to beg me in the end.” Dustin chuckled with a shake of his head.

“Beg you? What a joke!” Jane sneered. “Look, even if I am suffering from a horrible headache or in so much pain to the point of jumping off a building. I still wouldn’t give in to you!”

“Okay. We shall see.” Without further ado, Dustin took **leave**. Dahlia frowned at his exit, but after a moment of hesitation, she ran after him.

After they left, James brought in an old man dressed in a cloak and dashed into the bedroom. “Mom! The skilled doctor you asked for is here!”

“The skilled doctor? Where is he?” Florence asked in a hurry.

James jumped aside and presented the old man in a cloak, introducing him, “This is Dr. Fenton Reyes from Bloomington Medical Center in Stonia. He’s a veteran in his field and had ancestors who were royal

physicians! No doubt, his skills are legendary!”

“Royal physicians?”

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Florence, Jane, and Dakota were delighted by the doctor’s presence. They could tell that he came from an

impressive background just from how James described him. Jane and Dakota believed they deserved the best. such as seeing a skilled doctor like Fenton Reyes.

“James. Dr. Reyes is a legend in Stonia. How did you get him to show up?” Florence asked curiously.

James smiled. “Well, it wasn’t me. It was Mr. Langford who arranged for Dr. Reyes to see Aunt Jane.”

“Mr. Langford?” Florence’s eyes lit up upon hearing the name.

Luis Langford was an aristocrat from Stonia who wielded great wealth and influence. He was also well-connected in the military and the government. More importantly, the Langford family was a close friend of the Nicholson family of Glenstead, Moreover, the Glenstead Nicholsons were greatly interested in an arranged marriage between Luis and Dahlia. In other words, if Dahlia was willing, she could marry into

the wealthy Langford family in no time, elevating the entire family to greater heights!

“That’s very thoughtful of Mr. Langford! He immediately asked for a skilled doctor to see my mom after hearing about her sickness. This way, Dr. Reyes!” Dakota led the old man to Jane’s bed.

He asked, “Where are you hurting?”

“I have a headache! My head feels like it’s splitting in half!” Jane scrunched up her face. She seemed feeble and lifeless.

“I’ll take a look.” The old man carefully placed his stethoscope on Jane. A few moments later, he replied, “There doesn’t seem to be an issue. I assume you are just sleep-deprived and stressed out.” With that, he took out a medicine bottle and poured three white pills. “Take one pill a **day** for three days, and you’ll be fine.”

\*Awesome! Thank you, Dr. Reyes.” Jane was beyond joyful. Florence took the chance to suck up to the doctor, “You’re indeed the legendary Dr. Reyes! You managed to cure an illness that has gotten many doctors in a bind!

“Hmph! That Rhys guy was fear-mongering when he said my mom would cough up blood! He’s talking crap. A fake like him should be dealt with!” Dakota **said** unhappily.”

“Right! When I’m recovered, I will get him!” Jane swallowed a pill. However, her headache only worsened after that, to the point where she was in greater pain and drenched in cold sweat.

As she was about to question the doctor, she coughed violently, her face red from the exertion.

“Mom! What happened? Are you okay?” **Dakota** asked her with concern. Soon, Jane opened her mouth and coughed up a mouthful of blood that splattered across her face.

“What was that?”

Everyone in the room was shocked by Jane’s declining condition. They exchanged confused glances with each other.

A frantic Dakota hurriedly called for the **doctor**. “Dr. Reyes, what’s wrong? Why did she cough up blood?”

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“That’s odd. I’ll take another look.” The old man furrowed his brow and went a head with the checkup. Not **long**

after, his expression became grim as he sighed. “I am sorry. Your mother has a terminal **illness**. She’s in the late stage. I’m afraid she doesn’t have much time left.”

“Huh? A terminal illness?” The people in the room were stunned. Didn’t Dr. Reyes just say that Jane would be fine? Why did he suddenly change his diagnosis?

“I am not knowledgeable enough to help you with this. I shall take my leave now.” The old man hung his head in shame. Then, he shook his head and stood up to leave. The others stared at him agape and panicked soon

after.

“Headaches on the first day, coughing up blood on the second day, and paralysis on the third **day**. Was that guy right?” Jane mumbled to herself and suddenly broke into a scream. “Quick! Get Dustin Rhys back here!

Now!”