

## An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 141 -

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“Who is it?” The sudden explosion caught everyone by surprise.

Initially, they thought someone had committed suicide by jumping off the building.

However, after a good look, they realized the figure who had jumped off the building was still standing tall. In **his** hand, he was holding a black umbrella as he **stood** in the **rain**, giving off an overwhelming and mysterious aura.

“Mr. Rhys! This man’s dangerous, run for your life!” Stephan screamed his lungs out.

that the White Dragon guild was here, why did he join the fray instead of escaping? Was he looking for

death?

“Punk, are you that Dustin guy?” Dracor sized Dustin up, noting his thin and frail build.

“Yes, it’s me,” Dustin replied.

“You got some guts for not running away from the sight of me, punk!” Dracor smirked.

“Why should I run? I was waiting for you,” Dustin said nonchalantly.

“Really?” Dracor raised his eyebrows.

“Interesting. It’s been a long time since I **have** last seen an arrogant punk like you.”

“Mr. Rhys, he is too powerful for you! With his impenetrable skin and overwhelming energy, even if **we** combine our attacks, we are no match for him! Go an

d get support from the Harmon family while I'll hold him back!" Stephan scrambled to stand up, using the last ounce of his strength to help Dustin escape.

"Mr. Chapman, it's alright. Leave the rest to me." Dustin smiled, touched by his resolution.

It was commendable that Stephan was prepared to die to protect him, **even** though he was ordered by

someone else.

"Mr. Rhys, you're still unaware of the situation. Not only is this man **the** guild master of **the** White Dragon guild, but he is also the best martial artist in Swinton! He is head and shoulders above both of us! **Just** escape while

you can!" Stephan urged.

Although Dustin was **a** martial artist **as** well, he could only harness internal energy.

On the other hand, as a high-level martial artist, Dracor already had the ability to manifest his **energy** externally.

In addition, he fortified his body to be as impenetrable as steel. Even among the high-level martial artists, he

was considered one of the best.

**Defeating** a **lower**-level martial artist like Dustin would be a walk in the park!

"Mr. Chapman, don't worry. I can deal with this," Dustin reassured him.

"Mr. Rhys, you are biting off more than you can chew! You are still young and trainable. If you survive, there is

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still hope for you to defeat him one day! However, the most important thing right now is to stay alive!" Stephan

was **getting** anxious.

Dustin couldn't help but feel frustrated. Were his words that unbelievable? He didn't even care if he went up

against a godlike opponent. Defeating a high-level martial artist was nothing.

"Shut your yapping! Today, both of you will die here!" Dracor snapped his fingers.

At his signal, his disciples swarmed all at once toward Dustin.

"Mr. Rhys, run! I'll hold them back!" Stephan gritted his teeth and **rushed** into the middle of the crowd. He had

to buy more time so that Dustin could escape.

Although Stephan was badly injured, he **was** still able to tackle a large number of men by mustering up

his remaining energy.

As Dracor's disciples were defeated one by one. Stephan's last-ditch effort angered Dracor.

"**What** a reckless idiot!" **Dracor's** expression darkened.

He leaped into the air and dove at Stephan with his palm open.

"Come at me with all you've got!" Stephan countered with his fists.

As Stephan's fist and Dracor's palm came into contact, a loud blast was heard as their energies repelled each

other.

Stephan flew into the air like a punching bag, blood spurting from his mouth.

Before his limp body crashed on the ground, Dustin caught him single-handedly and nullified Dracor's attack. He placed Stephan down and patted him on the back gently.

After that, Dustin stood up and walked confidently toward Dracor.

“Wait a minute, Mr. Rhys! I know you have some skills, but you are no match for Dracor! He is definitely not an opponent either you or I could handle! He **is** a monster! Quick, grab this opportunity to escape before it’s too late!” Stephan shouted frantically, ignoring the blood dripping down his face.

“Don’t worry, Stephan. On the contrary, he is no match for me.”

Heavy raindrops splashed on his umbrella as Dustin continued walking toward Dracor.

“Punk, you should have listened to his advice! Now, it’s too late to regret it! You lost your chance!”

Dracor laughed menacingly.

He dug his heels into the ground and shot out like an arrow in Dustin’s direction. He was planning to **use** his

momentum and crush Dustin with his body of steel!

“Mr. Rhys, be careful!” Stephan’s face turned **pale**.

Dracor was a high-level martial artist and one of the best in Swinton. Going squarely against an opponent of

his caliber **was** just looking for trouble!

Just as Stephan thought that Dustin would die on the spot, a miracle happened!

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Even though Dracor had smashed into Dustin’s body like a tank, he did not move an inch. He reached out, grabbed Dracor by the neck, and lifted him off the ground.

Dracor’s muscular body dangled in the air like a chicken awaiting slaughter, his feet kicking frantically.

However, he could not escape from Dustin's iron grip.

"Mr. Chapman, what were you saying just now?" Dustin turned to Stephan and asked nonchalantly, an umbrella in one hand and Dracor hanging helplessly from the other.

Dustin couldn't catch what Stephan had said to him just now because of the heavy rain.

Looking at the scene before him, Stephan was dumbstruck. Dracor was dangling helplessly in the air like a puppet.

Never in his dreams had Stephan imagined that the proud **and** arrogant Dracor Milfroy would be restrained by Dustin with just one hand.

Everything happened so quickly that Dracor **had** no chance to retaliate.

Besides, it had to be said that Dracor wasn't an average, run-of-the-mill fighter. He was a high-level martial artist with formidable energy!

How could Dustin single-handedly defeat a martial artist like him?

This was ludicrous!

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"Let me go..." Dracor flailed helplessly, his face red as he gasped for air.

At that moment, not only was he bewildered by the sudden twist of events, but he was also filled with dread!

He thought that he was a big fish in a small pond like Swinton. Who knew that he would end up sparring against a divine-level martial artist here?

A divine-level martial artist in his twenties? It was unheard of in all of South City. How could such an invincible lighter appear in Swinton?

“Fuck, this punk is incredible! Even our guild master was defeated by him!” The disciples of the White Dragon guild whispered among themselves in disbelief.

Seeing as their leader had been defeated, some of them slipped away as fast as they could.

“Dracor, seems like your disciples aren’t as loyal to you **as** you thought.” Dustin smirked.

“Who—  
Who the hell are you?” Dracor gritted his teeth as his veins popped from the pressure.

He didn’t have the energy to struggle any further.

“That’s not important right now. Go and send this message to Edwin. Tell him to bring his daughter and apologize to me. Otherwise, I will have a personal chat with him!”

With that, Dustin punched Dracor in the stomach. Dracor spat out a mouthful of blood as his internal energy dissipated instantly!

“H—How could you drain my energy?” Dracor widened his eyes in fear.

“Why can’t I? You have lost fair and **square!**” Dustin swung around and threw him into the air carelessly.

“Guild master!” The remaining disciples ran up to Dracor and helped him up.

Although they were indignant, they kept a safe distance from Dustin.

“Today, I’ve lost. I admit my defeat. Boys, let’s go!” Dracor wiped **away** the blood from his face as he and his men left with their tails between their legs.

“Mr. **Rhys**—  
Did you thrash Dracor Milfroy?” Stephan’s eyes were wide with shock and amazement.

“I told you. He is no match for me.” Dustin smiled easily.

He handed a gemiphen pill to Stephan. "Mr. Chapman, take this healing pill and have a good rest. You will recover from your injuries and be **as** good as **new** tomorrow."

"Thank you, Mr. Rhys!" **Stephan** popped the gemiphen into **his** mouth without hesitation.

After a few minutes, he felt a sensation of warmth spreading outward **from** his stomach. He could visibly feel the energy from the pill **healing** his wound from the inside out. His internal bleeding stopped, and soreness slowly disappeared from his limbs.

"Wow, this pill is incredible!" **Stephan** blinked in surprise at how fast his Injuries healed.

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"Mr. Chapman, sorry for the inconvenience. You should go back and have a rest now," Dustin said with a smile.

"Yes, sir!" Stephan nodded and made his way home.

With Dustin's overwhelming powers, his help was obviously unnecessary.

That night went by in a flash.

The next morning, in a VIP room at East Swinton Hospital.

"Mother, bad news! Something terrible has happened!" James rushed into the hospital room in a hurry, sweat pouring from his forehead.

"What's the matter? Why are you so out of breath early in the morning?" Half-asleep, Florence jumped out of her skin at James' sudden outburst.

Some other relatives who were resting in the room looked displeased at his disturbance.

"It's true!" James **was** gasping for air.

"I received news that the Hummers were going to boycott us, the Nicholson family! Half of the businesses in Swinton have us blacklisted and are unwilling to engage with our company!"

"What? Boycott **us**? James, are you joking? How could this be?" Florence was taken aback at the shocking news. She could not believe that was happening.

"Why would I joke about this?" James pulled a long face.

"Quine Group's stock prices have been plummeting since this morning. If this continues, we will **be** bankrupt in three days!"

When James announced this, the room erupted into chaos.

"How could this happen? Why would Mr. Hummer boycott us?"

"That's right, we have nothing against the Hummers. There's no reason for him to do this!"

Everyone **was** at a loss about this situation.

Edwin Hummer was one of the Mighty Three!

With his connections and influence, it would be as **easy** as pie to destroy the Nicholson family!

"James! Tell me exactly what happened! Did we do anything to offend Mr. Hummer?" Florence said anxiously as beads of sweat appeared on her forehead.

"It's **not** us, it's Dustin who offended him! I **heard** Dustin showed up at the Hummers' party last night and beat up Ms. Hummer. The Hummers are boycotting us for revenge!"

"That idiot **again**? Useless **bastard**! Why do we have to clean up **his** mess? Now the Nicholson family would have to pay for his deeds! Is there any justice left in the world?" Florence spat in anger.

"Why? We have already cut off ties with Dustin. Why would the Hummer family **go** after us? **This** isn't fair!"

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“That’s right! The Nicholson family has nothing to do with Dustin **any** longer. He should be punished for what

he had done!”

“There’s no use complaining. Let’s think about how to placate Mr. Hummer’s anger!”

The ruckus **started** up again as everyone had something to say. However, no one had any concrete **ideas about** how to solve this **issue**.

Dahlia, the backbone of the family, **was** still unconscious. With their status, no one of them had any right to

meet with Mr. Hummer.

“Is something the matter?” At that moment, Matt **walked** into the hospital room.

“Matt, thank goodness you are **here**! You **have** to help us, the Nicholson family is in a crisis!” Florence ran up

to him. Matt was her last hope!

The rest of them turned to Matt expectantly, nodding in agreement.

“Mrs. Nicholson, I will do my best to help. You have to tell me what’s going on.” Matt said comfortingly.

“It’s all Dustin’s fault! Here’s what happened— Florence did not hold back and briefly explained everything

that had occurred.

“I understand.” Matt nodded thoughtfully.

“Are you asking me to meet with Edwin and beg for the Hummers’ mercy?”

“Yes, that’s right! Aren’t you acquainted with Mr. Hummer? As long as you take our side, I’m sure Mr. Hummer

will relent!" Florence pleaded.

"Mrs. Nicholson, it's not that I refuse to help. However, Ms. Hummer is still unconscious after getting beaten up so badly. If I go to Mr. Hummer at this time, I'm afraid he would turn his anger on me." Matt replied

awkwardly.

"Matt! If you could help us through this crisis, you would be our family's savior! Aren't you interested in Dahlia? Both of you can register to be married immediately once she regains consciousness!" Florence

reassured him.

"That That doesn't sound like a good idea. I **don't** want to take **advantage** of his situation. Why don't we consider this again after Dahlia regains consciousness?" Mall **asked**.

"What's the big deal? Both of you are mutually interested in each other. It's just a matter of time before

getting engaged! Once we survive this **crisis**, both of you should get married as well!" Florence promised with

determination.

"Well I'll do my best." Matt nodded with a torn expression.

However, **on** the inside, he **was** elated.

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In an office of the Hummers Hospital, Edwin **was** resting with his eyes closed on a chair.

Suddenly, a knock was heard.

“Come in.” Edwin opened his eyes and **saw** Fletcher walk in with a grave expression.

“**What’s** wrong?” Edwin asked, worried.

“Sir Hummer, we received news last **night that** Dracor was severely injured.” Fletcher reported.

“What? Dracor was beaten up? Who was the perpetrator?” Edwin’s face twitched.

“It was Dustin!”

“Dustin again? How could that punk have such overwhelming powers?” Edwin frowned.

Dracor was his right-hand man. Being the best martial artist in Swinton, no one could withstand his attacks.

Merely the mention of his name was enough to strike fear into the hearts of his opponents.

Usually, Dracor could easily unravel any sticky situation that Edwin had assigned him to. How could such a

capable fighter like him fall into Dustin’s hands?

It was incomprehensible!

“Sir Hummer, Dustin told Dracor to send you a message,” Fletcher **continued** hesitantly.

“What is it?”

“Dustin insisted that Ms. Hummer had to apologize to him personally. Otherwise, he would pay you a visit!”

“That punk had the nerve to threaten me? He must have a death wish! Edwin slammed **his** fist on the table in anger.

He was the one who beat **Tina** up. Now, he expected the Hummers to apologize to him?

Dustin was going too far!

“Sir Hummer, please calm down. His abilities are far superior to any **of** ours, so it is best not to fight with him

head-on.” Fletcher reasoned with Edwin.

“Then should we just let him go?” Edwin demanded.

“Of course not!” Fletcher shook his **head**.

“Although Dustin is a formidable martial artist, he is but one **man**. We can use our influence to drive him out of

Swinton,”

“Continue.” Edwin nodded to Fletcher to continue.

“Eternumax, the medicine produced by **our** company, is sought after by many families, especially the Harmon family! We can use this to negotiate and get their cooperation. With their support, we can take Dustin on!”

Fletcher smirked.

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“That makes sense. If Natasha agrees to **abandon** him, dealing with Dustin alone would be a piece of cake!” A smile played on Edwin’s lips.

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“That’s what I thought! Nonetheless, the prescription of Eternumax **is** still in our control. After we are settled with that punk, it would make things easier for us to turn against the Harmon family as well. Fletcher cackled gleefully.

“Good idea. I’ll contact Natasha right away!” Without any **delay**, **Edwin** took out his phone and dialed Natasha’s number.

“Hello, is this Ms. Harmon? I’m calling about a business deal.”

“Yes, yes! This is about the Eternumax!”

“If both parties could reach an agreement, this would be a huge boost to our wealth and reputation!”

“Regarding my conditions—  
it’s very simple. As long as you turn your back on Dustin, we can be loyal business

partners!”

As the conversation continued, Edwin’s **expression** turned sour.

His face **was** livid when he ended the call,

“Sir Hummer, how is it? **What** did **Natasha** say?” Fletcher asked out of curiosity.

“She told me to get lost!” Edwin answered.

“What?” Fletcher **was** speechless at her reply.

“This woman must be blindly in **love** with that punk! What foolishness to forsake such a lucrative deal for a

man!” **Edwin** gritted his teeth **in** anger.

“Women tend to be emotional. She will **regret** it **once** Eternumax takes the world by storm!” Fletcher chimed in.

Edwin didn’t reply, as he had too many things on his mind.

These few days, nothing seemed to be going right for him.

“Sir Hummer, terrible news!”

At this moment, a doctor ran into the room hurriedly. “Ms. Hummer’s condition has suddenly taken a turn for

the worse!”

“What do you mean? She’s in danger? How could this have happened? Wasn’t she fine yesterday?” Edwin jumped up from his chair. He grabbed the doctor by the collar and roared.

“Ms. Hummer **is** suffering from **a** strange condition that can’t be cured medically. Y—

You would understand once you see it for yourself,” The doctor stammered.

“Show me!” Edwin growled.

He followed the doctor all the way to the intensive care unit. Tina was lying on the hospital bed. Her face was twisted with agony, and she appeared very weak.

“Tina, how are you feeling?” Edwin knelt beside her bed, his face filled with **worry**.

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“Dad—

I don’t feel so good, it hurts” Tina whispered weakly, as if her life was hanging on a thread.

“What the hell happened? Why would my daughter deteriorate into such a poor state?” Edwin glared at the

doctor.

“Sir Hummer, we have fixed the fractures on Ms. Hummer. Her injuries should be healed in a few days. However, she has other injuries that we can’t fix.”

“What other injuries?” Edwin furrowed his brows.

“Sir Hummer, please have a look.” The doctor removed the blankets from Tina’s body.

On her abdomen, there were a few purple bruises. It seemed like she was hurt by a heavy object. The size of the **bruises** was at least 3 inches long and slightly sunken inward.

“Isn’t that just a bruise? What’s there to be worried about?” Edwin asked, puzzled.

“Sir Hummer, this isn’t a normal bruise. It’s a symptom of a rare curse. The person who left the curse **has** blocked Ms. Hummer’s blood circulation. If this continues, the organs in her body will malfunction and die. According to my experience, Ms. Hummer’s life would be in serious danger!” The doctor explained gravely.

“What?! How could this be? Is there no cure?” Edwin was taken aback at the startling news.

“Unless the person who placed the curse lifted it, there’s no cure!” The doctor sighed and shook his head.

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“What do you mean it can’t be cured?” Edwin repeated.

“Are you telling me that only that Rhys punk can cure my daughter’s sickness?” He furrowed his brows as the

color drained from his face.

“You certainly need the right person for the right job, so we’ll have to track him down no matter what it takes.”

The doctor confirmed.

“I can’t believe this bastard! How dare he use such underhanded tactics!” Edwin growled through gritted teeth

**as** his eyes flashed with anger.

“What should we do now, Sir Hummer?” Fletcher asked.

They had failed to bribe Natasha, and Dracor was now in critical condition from getting beaten up. It seemed

like both civilized and uncivilized methods **had** failed to work. Dustin seemed to be a thorn in their side lately.

But most importantly, Tina's life was literally in that man's hands.

So, even if they had any countermeasures up their sleeves, they were still afraid of making the first move.

After remaining silent for a while, Edwin finally decided. "Call that punk and get ready to negotiate with him!"

"Yes, Sir!" Fletcher obliged. He then proceeded to hastily ask someone for Dustin's number.

After dialing the number, he swiftly handed the phone over to Edwin.

"Hello, who is this?" Dustin's voice came from the other end.

"Edwin Hummer speaking." Edwin greeted coldly while holding back his anger.

"Let me a

**ask** you one thing, kid. Did you harm my daughter in any **way**, or did you not?"

"So it's Sir Hummer on the line. Well if you're referring to the curse, then **yes**, they were from me," Dustin

replied dryly.

"You got a lot of f\*cking nerve, boy! How dare you lay your hands on my daughter?!" Edwin roared while

gnashing his teeth.

"Why don't you ask your daughter about the things she's done? How would she have ended up like this if she hadn't pushed her weight around so much?" Dustin retorted indifferently.

"Hmph, you're the last person I want to talk to about this right now! You'd better cure my daughter right this



instant!” Edwin ordered.

“What **makes** you think I should do everything you ask right away? Don’t you think you’re being a little too cocky right now?” **Dustin** scoffed.

“So you want to bargain first, don’t you? Fine, we can do that! As long as you cure my little girl, I promise not to hold you accountable for anything else in the future! Edwin barked.

“Heh, that’s it?” Dustin sneered in reply.

“I’ll also lift the ban on the Nicholsons immediately so that the whole family can get back on track.”

“I’m afraid you’re still mistaken about what I truly **want**. I do not need these, Dustin replied.

“What do you want then?” Edwin growled.

“It’s simple. I just want your daughter to apologize to me,” Dustin said.

“What?! You want her to apologize to you?!” Edwin shrieked, his face turning cold in an instant.

“Is it unreasonable to ask for an apology from someone who assaulted you for no reason?” Dustin asked rhetorically.

“Who do you think you are, kid? How dare you request that a Hummer apologize to you? What makes you think you deserve the honor?” Edwin **roared** while burning with anger.

While he did not intend to pursue the matter, which was already out of the reach of the law in the first place, he felt that this man **was** full of himself for thinking that the Hummers **owed** him an apology!

“If you refuse to give me an apology. I’ll just save my breath then. However, you can’t blame me for not reminding you that your daughter won’t be able to hold on for much longer, Dustin said, then immediately hung up the phone after

“Does this punk think that he can push me around?!” Edwin bellowed.

Edwin **was so** furious, he almost smashed the phone in his hands onto the ground. Who did he think he was. exactly?

He was one of the Mighty Three, the richest man in his city, and was also known as an important figure in the Underground World,

Within his domain, it could be said that he was the one who called the shots and that he could get anything he asked for at the drop of a hat.

He couldn't remember the **last** time he had been humiliated like this.

What would happen to the Hummer's reputation if word got out that they visited the Nicholsons to offer an apology? Would they still have **any** dignity left after that?

"I feel it would be wiser to be the bigger person in this situation, Sir Hummer. We should agree to his terms first in order to **save** Ms. Hummer." Mr. Lawson advised from the **side**.

"If we agree to his terms now, won't any Tom, Dick, and Harry **gain** the right to shit and piss on the Hummer name from then on?" Edwin snapped in a booming voice.

"This is just one way to slow him down, Sir Hummer. Once we manage to **save** Miss Hummer first, **we** can still take our time in thinking up ways to get back at that punk," Mr. **Lawson** suggested.

Edwin fell silent after hearing that.

His suggestion was reasonable, but the prospect of giving up the reputation of the Hummers to lower **themselves** to offer an apology to others was an unbearably uncomfortable thought to him.

"Dad, it hurts It's so painful! Save me! Tina Hummer moaned **profusely** as she laid in bed.

Looking at his daughter's pain-stricken face, Edwin took a deep breath and finally decided to settle on a compromise.

He dialed

Dustin's number once again and spat into the phone. "I'll adhere to your terms, kid, but you'd better not play tricks with me!"

"The apology has to be sincere. If you insist on acting like this, then we have nothing else to talk about," Dustin said indifferently.

"How dare you—" Edwin stopped as the corner of his eye began to twitch.

"Fine, you win! I'll send someone over **today at** noon to give an apology in person!" He roared **while** forcefully holding back his anger.

"I'll be waiting." Dustin replied.

During noontime, inside a VIP ward in East **Swinton** Hospital, Dahlia had woken up a long time ago, and the redness and puffiness on her cheeks had already faded quite a bit.

Her hands were still wrapped with bandages, so she was advised not to move around too much for the time being.

When Dustin walked through the door with a fruit basket in hand, he noticed that members of the Nicholson family had gathered together and were discussing something.

Even old Mr. Nicholson, who had been living in seclusion, had shown u

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"The **nerve** of you to show your face here, Rhys! Do you have the slightest idea about the amount of damage you've caused us? Because of you, the Hummers banned us! Are you happy now that the Quine Group is on the brink of collapse?" Florence yelled at him the moment she laid **eyes** on him. She went from her initial state of calm to jumping to her feet and **spewing** expletives

The others remained silent but eventually started donning indignant looks on their faces. Even Dahlia was

frowning at him.

She received news of the Nicholsons' ban from the Hummers the moment she woke up, and the reason for that was that Custin had allegedly given Ms. Hummer a beating.

Although she knew that she herself was the person he had done it for. But his 'help' had ultimately sent the entire Nicholson family to the fiery depths of an inferno instead!

"Alright, alright, stop bickering already. We all know that Dustin did all that to stand up for Dahlia. While it was somewhat impulsive, I'd like to think that he did it with pure intentions in mind," Old Mr. Nicholson tried to calm everyone down.

"Are **you honestly** still speaking **on** his behalf when things have gotten to this stage, Dad? Do you only intend to stop when the family is in **shambles**?" Florence said through gritted teeth.

"Don't worry, I've already taken care of the problem with the Hummers, Dustin spoke up calmly.

"What do you mean you've taken care of it? What's your solution? If you were **that** capable in the first place.

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would the Nicholsons still be banned by now? You'd better scram right now. I don't want to see your face

anymore! Shoo!" Florence **screamed**.

In the middle of her rage, she grabbed the fruit basket from Dustin's hands and smashed it onto the ground.

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"That's enough! Now's not the time to point fingers. Since we're in a tight situation now, what everyone needs to do is help one another out and ride out the storm together, not grab each other by the throat!" Old Mr. Nicholson **yelled** after witnessing Florence's burst of rage.

“Easy for you to say. This is the Hummer’s ban we’re talking about. Who knows, all of us might go bankrupt in a couple of days and no longer have a place to call home in Swinton anymore!” Florence snapped in fury.

“That’s right! If it wasn’t for Dustin, who **kept** stirring up trouble and dragging us down with him, how could the Nicholsons even have ended up in this situation today?” James spoke, and the rest agreed with him.

“What’s going on, Dustin? I believe that you can enlighten all of us here?” Dahlia suddenly piped up. She was giving him a chance to explain himself properly.

“Tina was unruly and unreasonable, which is why I decided to put her in her place,” Dustin replied bluntly.

“See, everyone heard that, right? He beat up the girl first, so he was the one who instigated this whole thing in the first place. So, he’s entirely to blame for the ban on the Nicholson family!” Florence shouted even more fiercely.

“You’re a thorn in our sides, Dustin! You owe us an explanation for every affliction you’ve caused all of us!”

“I suggest kidnapping him and handing him over to the Hummers so that we can quell their rage!”

A bunch of chatter erupted from the crowd, and it could be seen that most of them were in favor of kidnapping him.

“You are too impulsive, Dustin! Do you even know who Ms. Hummer is? What **makes** you think you’re worthy of going head-to-head with her? Do you know how much trouble you’ve caused?” Dahlia scoffed with a frown.

“So what you’re telling me is that I should’ve just sat there and watched as you got brutally beaten up **and** humiliated?” Dustin sneered coldly.

It didn’t matter if Florence and the others didn’t understand, but if Dahlia still insisted on pinning the blame on him, then he’d feel that all his efforts were for nothing.

“Don’t you twist my words! I am trying to tell you to consider the consequences first before doing

19 anything! Not only did you get us into trouble, you even hurt your reputation in the process!” Dahlia retorted with a scowl

on her face.

“I’m not the type to dwell on the details. All I know is that I’ll get revenge on anyone who **crosses** me!” Dustin said in a cold voice.

“You guys heard it yourself! This kid is still as stubborn as ever! Thus, we must hand him over to the Hummers! “Florence instigated as she gestured at two of the younger **Nicholsons**.

The two immediately understood her intention and placed their hands on each side of Dustin’s shoulders.” You’d better be more cooperative with us, or else you’ll get what’s coming to you!”

Dustin frowned and was ready to pounce on them when Julie suddenly burst into the room with a panicked look on her face. “This is bad, Auntie! The Hummers have brought their men here to kill us all!\*

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“What?!” A collective gasp arose from everyone in the room as the news startled them.

They thought it was already bad that the whole family got banned, but they never expected the Hummers to be this cruel.

They were already knocking at their doors. Were they trying to drive them into a corner?

“It’s over, it’s over! We’re dead meat this time!”

“How could this happen? Why can’t the Hummers give **us** a break for once?”

The crowd panicked and started jumping to their feet anxiously.

“It’s all because of that damn bastard! It’s all his fault!”

“**That’s** right! The Hummers must have come for Dustin, so let’s hand him over and we’ll be all right!”

Everyone in the crowd immediately turned their gazes to Dustin, causing a million laser-like glares to **land** on

him at the same time.

In their opinion, if they could sacrifice Dustin to save themselves, that would be the best course of action.

Just as the crowd was still in an uproar, a group of people from the Hummer family started boldly entering the

**venue.**

The leader of the procession was Tina, who was sitting in a wheelchair, Following behind her were a few representatives from the Hummer **family, as** well as a few escorting bodyguards.

At the time. **Tina** looked weak, as her **eyes** were half shut and half open. Both of her hands and feet were in casts, her entire face was bruised **and** swollen, and her features seemed to have been disfigured completely.

If someone were not closely acquainted with her, they would **have** a hard time telling between her current and

actual looks.

“M—Ms. Hummer?” The crowd let out a gasp.

Everyone from the Nicholsons was taken aback as they stared at the nearly paralyzed and disfigured Tina. Although they knew that she’d gotten her **ass** beaten, they didn’t expect it to be that **bad**. Her face had swelled up so much that it **almost** resembled a pig’s head.

If they hadn’t seen it with their own eyes, they wouldn’t have believed that the young, spoiled-to-the-core lady

of the Hummer family would even live to see such a **day**.

Wasn’t this Dustin fellow too much for doing that though?

“D—Dustin—

Don’t tell me you were the **one** who beat Ms. Hummer up **this** badly?” One of the **Nicholsons asked** shakily as he looked at the others in shock..

“Rhys! You’d better admit everything by **your** own choice later and not drag **us into this!**” Florence shouted as

she broke into a nervous sweat.

The situation **was** much direr than she **had** anticipated.

James went straight to the point. After walking three steps forward, he immediately fell to his knees with a

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loud “Thud” in front of the Hummers. The inertia generated by his fall caused his torso to slide forward by a

few inches.

“Ms. Hummer, this has nothing to do with us! It was Dustin Rhys who beat you up, so if you want to plot your revenge, please just plot it on his head. Please spare our family!” James pleaded in desperation.

Upon witnessing this, the majority of the Nicholsons unanimously approved of his actions on the inside. They admired him for his humble and responsible nature and thought of him as one of the good men in the Nicholson family.

He was probably the type to rush forward in the face of danger too. They were certain that the Nicholson family would continue to thrive and prosper, what with such an outstanding individual in the family.

“Huh?” A collective gasp arose from the people from the Hummers.

When they all saw James kneel on the floor, some of them exchanged glances with one another, completely dumbfounded by what had just happened in front of them.

Shouldn’t they be the ones apologizing? How come it’s the other way around now? What the hell was happening now?



“I suppose you must be mistaken about something, kid?” The butler of the Hummer family asked with perplexed look on his face.

Even though he had imagined countless horrible scenarios that could come out of this, this wasn't in his predictions at all

“Oh right, before I forget” before the butler could finish his sentence, James immediately assumed that the butler wasn't planning on letting them go.

He turned around and started flailing his hands in the air. “Someone, anyone! Bring Dustin to **me!** I'll get him to bow down to the Hummers and beg for their forgiveness!”

“Heh, I'll do it myself,” Dustin said, shaking off the two men before he trudged forward.

“Everyone! That's him! He's the one who beat her up- James shouted while pointing at Dustin.

When the Hummers finally saw what had unfolded in front of their **eyes**, their expressions changed dramatically and all of them fell to their knees with a loud ‘Thud“.