

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 19 -

Chapter 19

The hall was in an uproar because of Dustin's actions.

The timid guests had long left, in fear of becoming caught in the crossfire.

As for the unconscious and critically injured Edward, his bodyguards had immediately taken him to the hospital.

"This is troublesome." Dahlia had a concerned look on her face as she scowled.

Sir Spanner was infamous for being cruel and ruthless, and he surely wouldn't be inclined to just let things go when his son had been beaten into such a state.

Dustin may not have much longer to live.

"Lyra, I want you to find out if there's any way this can be resolved peacefully," Dahlia suddenly said.

Lyra was puzzled. "What do Dustin's actions have to do with us, Ms. Nicholson? Why do we need to expend effort for his sake?"

Dahlia had a frosty expression as she retorted, "He saved my life earlier. Should I just

watch him die?"

"That's not what I meant, I just think it would be very unwise to cross Sir Spanner at this point. Moreover, no one would willingly get involved in this mess," Lyra explained.

"It doesn't matter, we have to try." Dahlia had a resolute look in her eyes.

"... Very well then," Lyra responded, having no choice but to comply. She then immediately started making calls to all their connections.

However, all the big bosses immediately hung up from fright once they had gotten a grasp of the situation, and none of them dared step in since Sir Spanner was involved.

“You see, Ms. Nicholson? It’s not because we don’t want to help, but because we can’t,” Lyra said, waving her hands.

“Try again,” Dahlia ordered, frowning.

“There’s no point-

” Lyra shook her head as she began to speak when she noticed Chris off to the side. “Hey, maybe Mr. Nolan will be able to help us.”

“Me?” Chris asked, surprised, as he pointed to himself.

“Yes! Didn’t you say before that your father was friends with Sir Spanner? Your father

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might be able to mitigate the situation, right?” Lyra asked expectantly.

“Err...” Chris was taken aback.

His father did indeed know Sir Spanner, but their relationship was strictly all business. There might be a chance of mitigation if it were just a small matter, but Edward had been severely harmed, so how could Sir Spanner possibly be persuaded to refrain from retaliating?

“I’ll owe you big time if you’re able to help with this, Mr. Nolan!” Dahlia exclaimed

earnestly.

Looking at her expectant expression, Chris couldn’t help having a dilemma. This was his best chance of wooing her, so naturally, he wasn’t willing to let it pass him by.

“I can give it a try, but I can’t guarantee anything. After all, it is Sir Spanner.” Chris eventually agreed after briefly mulling it over.

Dahlia visibly relaxed. “I understand. I’ll already be so grateful as long as Dustin

doesn't lose his life!"

"Alright, I'll try my best," Chris said casually, nodding.

It would be great if it worked out, but there weren't any cons if it didn't. After all, Dahlia already owed him a favor by asking for his help.

Meanwhile, at a lounge in Mirage.

Natasha's lips curled into a meaningful smile as she watched the events unfold on a

monitor.

She had a clear view of Edward being beaten and almost gave in to the urge to clap her

hands and cheer.

She had always found some members of the Spanner family to be as annoying as flies, but she hadn't been able to take any action toward them due to certain reasons.

Thankfully,

Dustin did not disappoint. She was quite delighted with his performance today.

"Ms. Harmon, I'm afraid Mr. Rhys does not have enough influence to protect him from Trevor's wrath. Should we assist him?" Alfred Jarvis, a butler who was standing by her side, suddenly asked.

"Let's **not** be hasty. Have someone monitor him—it's too soon to say if Trevor outmatches him." Natasha's eyes narrowed as she looked at Dustin's imposing figure

on the screen.

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"Oh? Do you think so highly of him?" Alfred asked, slightly bewildered.

Natasha smirked. "More like intrigue—I have a feeling that he's full of surprises."

“You don’t actually have feelings for him, do you, Ms. Harmon? Please keep in mind that you already have a fiancé-”

“Hm?” Natasha cast a chilly glance in Alfred’s direction, and he instantly went silent from fear.

“Remember this: You are in no position to say anything about my personal affairs; just focus on **performing** your own duties well.”

“Yes, **Ms. Harmon.**” Alfred didn’t dare say anything further as he felt a chill run down his **spine.**

Midnight at the district hospital.

In an instant, Edward was surrounded by a crowd of people as the emergency operating room’s doors opened, and he was wheeled out on a hospital bed with his lower half completely bandaged. At the forefront of the group was a tall and brawny man with a full beard and mustache.

It was none other than East City’s King of the Underworld, Trevor Spanner.

“Doctor! How’s my son!” Trevor asked first.

The doctor sighed. “His life is not in peril, however, the damage to his genitals is quite extensive. I’m afraid he won’t be able to regain full function.”

“What!” Trevor’s expression changed drastically upon hearing this.

Won’t be able to regain full function? Didn’t that just mean he’d become impotent!

“Don’t you all know how to do your jobs? You can’t even treat such a light injury?” Trevor yelled, grabbing the doctor by the collar of his shirt.

“We’ve tried everything we could, sir, but I’m afraid the injury is just too severe. Preserving his life was no easy task either,” the doctor replied with a tinge of exasperation.

The doctor had never encountered something so tragic—the patient’s genitals had been reduced to a pile of mush. If he hadn’t arrived at the hospital in time, he might

have even lost his life.

“You’re useless! Get out of my sight!” Trevor, whose expression was frighteningly thunderous, bellowed as he shoved the doctor aside.

If the best doctors at the district hospital couldn’t do anything, then his son really was

invalid.

“Talk! What the hell happened!” Trevor abruptly turned and demanded angrily from the bodyguards who stood behind him. “Edward was fine, why has he been beaten to a pulp!”

“Sir Spanner, he...” One of the bodyguards mustered up the courage to summarize what had happened.

Trevor’s temper immediately flared once he finished listening, and he raised his hand and brutally slapped the bodyguard across the face.

“Useless pieces of shit! What’s the point in hiring all of you if you can’t even defeat one man!” Trevor roared out.

However, his rage didn’t subside at all, so he slapped each of them multiple times.

The bodyguards lowered their heads, not daring to speak.

“Why are you still standing there? Go gather more men and bring that punk to me! I don’t care who he is. I’m going to cut him into pieces for daring to harm my son!”

Trevor’s forces began mobilizing with his one order.

It would appear that a turbulent storm was rapidly brewing...