

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 9

He never thought Natasha would say something like that. Taking a closer look, he found that her beauty was different from Dahlia's. She was sensual like Aphrodite, and her smile could take anyone's breath away. In short, she was a natural femme fatale, ensnaring men with her bewitching charms.

"Why are you so shocked? I'm just playing around." Natasha's breasts heaved as she laughed heartily at Dustin's face. It was all Dustin could do to tear his eyes away from her voluptuous curves. The more he looked at her, the harder it was not to gawk at her figure.

"Mr. Rhys, back to the issue at hand. I need to ask a favor from you again." Natasha's expression grew serious.

"What is it?" Dustin asked.

"You know that all my bodyguards are stationed at the hospital, so I don't have anybody to protect me. Now that this incident has happened, no one knows when the next attack could occur. I hope that you can be my bodyguard and protect me 24/7," Natasha said in earnest.

"Personal bodyguard?" Dustin raised his eyebrows. "Ms. Harmon, wouldn't it be better for you to stay at a safe place?"

"It's impossible, Mr. Rhys. For your information, the Harmon family will be organizing a charity dinner tonight. As the main organizer, I have to be present. What if someone appeared tonight and made a scene? A damsel like me would be defenseless. Besides, who would bring you the canscora if something unfortunate befell me?" Natasha blinked innocently.

"Well..." Dustin hesitated for a moment and nodded. "Alright, I'll protect you."

Although it was a hassle, he had to do it for the canscora. Nothing could be allowed to go wrong until he managed to get his hands on the herb.

"Many thanks, Mr. Rhys." Natasha gave him a sly smile. Truth be told, she was much more interested in the bodyguard than being protected.

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It was the evening at the Mirage. The Mirage was the most prominent club in Swinton. The building was as large as a hotel and inspired by the Victorian period. It had gabled roofs, large bay windows, and decorative sculptures. The interior was similarly designed, exuding grandeur and magnificence. Outside, the club was surrounded by vast gardens, vineyards, and even a man-made lake.

A black Benz stopped at the entrance of the Mirage. A gorgeous woman dressed in a black evening gown got out of the car. She had flawless skin and legs that went on for miles. Her intricate features complemented her graceful motions. The second she arrived, everyone's eyes were drawn to her as she outshone all the other women in her presence.

"What a beautiful woman! Is she a famous actress?"

"Her face and figure are of out of this world!"

"Isn't she the president of Quine Group? She is one of Swinton's Four Beauties!"

People milling at the entrance whispered among themselves, marveling at Dahlia's beauty. However, none of them went forward to introduce themselves as they were too intimidated.

"I've never thought that the Mirage could be so grand! What beautiful designs and sculptures!" Lyra exclaimed as she got out of the car.

"The Mirage is one of the main establishments of the Harmon family, that's why the design and quality are impeccable. It is extremely difficult for most people to get an invitation to the Mirage." Dahlia surveyed the surroundings. Even with her high standards, she had to admit that the Mirage was in a class of its own.

"Dahlia, there you are!" A bespectacled young man in a suit came up to both of them. It was Chris, the second son of the Nolan family.

"Mr. Nolan, are you interested in tonight's charity dinner as well?" Dahlia greeted him.

"I'm not interested in just any charity dinner. Having said that, this dinner is organized by the Harmon family. Who wouldn't be interested?" Chris answered with a smile.

The Harmon family was one of the Mighty Three, the top three most reputable families in Swinton! Their financial power and influence were unrivaled in Swinton. Many people would die for the chance to just enter the Mirage, let alone to be invited to the Harmon family's charity dinner.

"Mr. Nolan, are you sure that's all you are interested in?" Lyra smirked knowingly.

"Of course I have an ulterior motive. I'm here to be of help to both of you." Chris chuckled.

"Help us?" Lyra was confused.

"I heard rumors that the Quine Group is shortlisted to be one of the Harmon family's partners. It's not easy to be partners of such a powerful group, especially for Quine Group. That's why I'm here to put in a good word on your behalf. This will boost the possibility of signing a contract with the Harmon family!" Chris boasted, his voice filled with confidence.

"That would be great! Thank you, Mr. Nolan!" Lyra was overjoyed.

If the Quine Group became partners with the Harmon family, not only would this elevate the company's reputation, her status as secretary to the president would rise significantly as well.

"You're welcome. Granting my relationship with Dahlia, this is no trouble to me at all." Chris shot her a deliberate smile.

"Of course, we are already one family." Lyra returned the gesture.

Dahlia had not heard a word of their conversation. Her gaze was fixed on a luxurious car in the distance. A man's silhouette was standing by the car.

"Could that be Dustin?"

Dahlia finally recognized the man. After she found out the truth about that fight, she had been feeling guilty about it. Dahlia decided to address the misunderstanding since Dustin was coincidentally here. With that thought, she walked up to him.

"Dustin!"

Dahlia was about to continue when she stopped in her tracks. She noticed a striking figure next to Dustin. The woman was dressed in a skin-tight, fiery red dress that showcased her tiny waist and alluring curves. In addition, her porcelain skin and captivating features radiated an aura of nobility, like a queen who had come to grace her presence on her subjects.