

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 226 -

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In the morning, at the airport. Edwin and Tina waited in front of a Rolls–Royce Phantom. “Dad, we’ve already been waiting for two hours. Why isn’t Joshua here yet?” Tina glanced around, looking anxious.

“It’s normal for flights to be delayed. Let’s wait it out a little longer. Edwin looked calm. Last night, he’d suddenly received a call from Joshua, saying he’d completed his refinement, which meant he was now the

Hummer family’s trump card.

As they spoke, a young couple exited the airport. The man was handsome and dignified, giving off an air reminiscent of a sharp blade, making one unable to look him in the eye. The woman beside him was dressed in red and equally outstanding. She was beautiful, elegant, and looked powerful.

“Dad, he’s here!” Tina’s eyes lit up with excitement. She’d been eagerly anticipating his return.

“Josh, you’re finally back!” Edwin approached him with a bright smile.

“Sorry to keep you waiting, Dad.” Joshua smiled and gestured to the woman beside him. “Allow me to introduce you to Jade Grant, my fiancée.”

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“Jade Grant?” Edwin looked taken aback before asking tentatively. “Is she the third daughter of the Grant family?”

“Yes, that’s right.” Joshua smiled.

“Nice to meet you. Mr. Hummer.” Jade nodded.

“Yes, yes, nice to meet you, too. As expected of a daughter of the Grant family— you’re the very embodiment of beauty and grace!” Edwin looked delighted. He never would’ve expected his son to be able to win the Grant family’s favor. The five wealthiest families in Millsburg were known as the Fabulous Five, but th

ere were three other families seven more powerful than them—the Tremendous Three. The Grant family was one of them. If the Hummer family could form an alliance with the Grant family through Joshua's marriage with Jade, they'd have a bright future ahead!

“Dad, why did you summon me home so urgently?” Joshua asked when they were all in the car. He'd just completed his refinement the night before when he'd been told to return immediately.

“I hate to say this, but Swinton has a new kid on the block. He's powerful beyond our expectations and has defeated all my men. Our family's been having a tough time recently because of him. I had no choice but to Summon you home.” Edwin sighed, looking helpless.

“Exactly! You have no idea how obnoxious he is, Joshua. He even beat me up on my birthday over the smallest things!” Tina started to complain. “Look at what he did to my arm—I've yet to fully recover! I've never been treated like this in my life. You have to get back at him for me!”

“Who is this guy? How dare he bully a member of the Hummer family! Joshua's face darkened, and a menacing aura surrounded him.

“His name is Dustin Rhys, and he's not someone to be taken lightly,” Edwin said. “He also has the Harmon family backing him up,” Edwin said,

“The Harmon family?” Jade chuckled lightly. “They're only one of the Fabulous Five—they don't hold much

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weight. If you need any help, Mr. Hummer, just say the word.”

“It's unnecessary for the Grant family to get involved in something as menial as this.” Joshua said calmly. Now that I'm back. I won't allow anyone to challenge the Hummer family's authority—not even the Harmon family!”

‘Josh, have you have you

have you had a breakthrough?” Edwin asked tentatively.

“Yes, I have. I've now achieved divinity!” Joshua smiled proudly.

“A divine-level martial artist?” Edwin was delighted. “That’s great! I knew you wouldn’t let me down!”

Joshua was probably the only divine-level martial artist in all of Swinton. Low-level martial artists were no match for divine-level martial artists—they could refine their martial arts prowess, but physical abilities could only take one so far.

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Divine-level martial artists, on the other hand, could manifest their energy externally and use it to harm or even murder others without anyone realizing it. Low-level martial artists weren’t even in the same league **as** them. Even in Millsburg, where powerful martial artists converged, divine-level martial artists were existences to fear. It was no wonder Joshua had won the Grant family’s favor—how could he not when **he** possessed such talent and potential? Which family wouldn’t want to have something to do with him?

“Dad, are divine-level martial artists truly that powerful? How will Joshua fare against Dustin?” Tina asked curiously.

*Joshua can destroy that brat with a snap of his fingers!” Edwin said proudly.

“That’s great! Joshua, you have to teach him a good lesson on my behalf!” Tina said excitedly.

“There’s no hurry to deal with Dustin—he’s a weakling that can be slaughtered at any time. What’s more important now is that we have to give Joshua and Jade a proper welcome.”

“You’re right. Let’s head home.”

At this moment, at Peaceful Medical Center. Dustin received a call from Ruth. “Dustin, something’s happened at Harmon Pharmaceuticals. You’ve gotta get **over** here right **now**.”

“Something’s happened? What is it?” Dustin asked curiously.

“A bunch of people suddenly showed up and demanded that **we** partner with them for the production of Immortunol,”

“Is that so? Where’s your sister? I’ll leave the decision up to her.”

“She went to Millsburg last night and won’t be back so soon. In any case, she was the one who told me to call you, saying that you had the last say.”

“Alright, then. I’ll be right there.” Dustin hung up and **drove** to Harmon Pharmaceuticals. When he arrived, twenty minutes later and strode into the conference room, he saw some people already seated inside. Jessica, Quentin, Ruth, **and** Mr. Wanglely sat on the left, while **a** distinguished man was on the right.

“Dustin, you’re finally here. Have a seat, quick.” Ruth stood up and gestured for him to sit. The others looked at him coolly.

“What’s going on here?” Dustin glanced around curiously.

“I have a question for **you**,” Jessica said. “I heard Natasha gave you 50 percent of the shares for Immortunol. Is that true?”

“Yeah,” Dustin nodded.

“Glad to hear that. Now, hand the shares over,” she said coolly.

“What? Why?” Dustin was taken aback.

“Because you don’t deserve them.” Jessica didn’t mince her words. “The Harmon family handles everything from the production, sales, and marketing for Immortunol. You don’t contribute anything to this process—why should you deserve 50 percent of the profits? Don’t you think you’re being a little too greedy?”

“Mrs. Harmon, there must be a misunderstanding somewhere. Ms. Harmon was the one who decided that the shares—”

Jessica cut him off with a wave of her hand. “That’s enough! I don’t want to hear it. Hand the shares over if you know what’s good for you; at least you’ll be able to walk out of this unscathed.”

“Does Ms. Harmon know about this?” Dustin narrowed his eyes slightly. He knew what was going on now- they’d obviously tricked him here to snatch the ownership of the shares away from him.

“It doesn’t matter whether she knows. This has to do with our family’s interests ; her word isn’t the only one that matters. Rest assured that we’ll compensate you handsomely for this. We’re willing to pay you 50 million dollars if you hand over the shares.” Jessica looked like she was talking about something inconsequential.

“Hey, just hand them over when we tell you to and stop f*cking around!” Quentin said impatiently.

“What if I refuse?” Dustin’s expression became icy.

“Then you won’t leave this room today!” Quentin slammed a hand on the table . The next second, a group of security guards barged into the room, circling Dustin with menacing looks.

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“What, are you gonna resort to physical violence?” A cold smile curved Dustin’s lips at the sight of the security guards surrounding him. He’d always been the type who was open to persuasion, not coercion. Perhaps he would’ve given in to them if they’d talked to him nicely, but if they wanted to opt for physical violence he didn’t mind teaching them a lesson or two,

well,

“So what if I am? Don’t think too highly of yourself, you brat!” Quentin snarled. He’d always harbored a grudge against Dustin for humiliating him at their first meeting. If not for Natasha keeping him in check, he would’ve exacted revenge on Dustin ages ago. Now that Natasha wasn’t around, it was his chance to get payback!

“Quentin, don’t take things too far!” Ruth couldn’t stand it anymore. “It’s up to Dustin whether he wants to sell the shares. If you dare do anything to harm him, I won’t let you off the hook!”

“Ruth, this has nothing to do with you. Keep your nose out of this! Quentin didn’t back down.

“Why, you-” Ruth was about to say something else when Jessica stopped her.

“Dustin, a wise man knows how to adapt to the situation. You can’t hoard all those shares for yourself, so cough them up when we’re asking nicely, Jessica said. “Many people have gotten into trouble not because of things they’ve done but because they possess things that shouldn’t belong to them. With your identity and ability, you’ll only get yourself into more trouble if you keep these shares.”

“Is that a threat, Mrs. Harmon?” Dustin didn’t bat an eye.

“It’s a piece of advice. One should know their limits—do you think you would’ve achieved what you have if not for my daughter protecting you?” Jessica looked at him contemptuously.

“I won’t deny that Ms. Harmon has given me plenty of help, but I didn’t rely on anyone to get to where I am now,

Dustin said coldly. “As for Immortunol, I think there’s something you need to get straight—

I provided the formula and was the first to develop it successfully. I don’t care about the shares, but that doesn’t mean I’ll

allow you to push me around like this!”

“How dare you!” Jessica slammed a hand on the table and shot to her feet. “Dustin, I’ve tried to play nice with

you. Don’t push me!”

“Who’s pushing who?” Dustin retorted. “When the Hummer family successfully developed and marketed

Eternumax, the Harmon

family had nothing and no way to compete with them. I was the one who helped you

make it past that crisis, yet here you are, burning bridges as soon as you get the chance. Is this how ungrateful the Harmon family—or certain family members, at least—is?

“Why, you- Jessica fumed. She didn’t expect a brat who relied on the Harmon family’s protection to rebuke

her like this.

“Aunt Jessica, don’t waste your breath on this brat. All we need to do is capture him; I have plenty of ways to make him give in!” Quentin fanned the flames.

“Mom, don’t do anything rash. If you lay a hand on Dustin, Natasha won’t ever forgive you!” Ruth warned.

Jessica stiffened. Ruth’s words made her stop to think for a while. Her relationship with Natasha was already strained; if she were to go ahead with this, Natasha would probably sever ties with her.

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At this moment, the man who’d been sitting opposite Jessica and the others spoke. “Mrs. Harmon, I thought it would be easy for you to retrieve the shares, but it seems I was wrong.”

“And who are you?” Dustin gave him a cold look. He’d noticed this man as soon as he’d stepped into the conference room. He supposed this guy was the cause of Jessica’s sudden interference.

“The name’s Williams, Brody Williams. I’m from Boulderthorn Guild; my father’s the second-in-command,” the

man said coolly.

“Mr. Williams is your father, huh?” Dustin raised an eyebrow in surprise. He’d met Oliver Williams earlier, it

seemed Brody was his brother.

“I’m sure you know how powerful the Boulderthorn Guild is.” Brody lit a cigarette and took a drag. Then, he waved a hand around and said arrogantly. “So, y

ou're left with two options—
either you hand over the shares and take the 50 million or make an enemy out
of me.”

“I won't give the shares up unless Ms.
Harmon personally asks me to.” Dustin said coolly.

“Excuse me?” Brody's expression became frosty. “Do you know what you're ta
lking about, you brat? Have you thought about the consequences you'd bear if
you make an enemy out of the Boulderthorn Guild?”

“Firstly, you don't represent the Boulderthom Guild. Secondly, so what if I mak
e an enemy out of you? Do you

think the Boulderthorn Guild runs the world?” Dustin didn't bat an eye.

“I admire your audacity, brat. It's been a while since someone had the nerve t
o speak to me like that. Still you'll have to pay for your arrogance! As for the re
st of you.” Brody grinned menacingly as he turned to Jessica and the others. “I
f you don't want to make an enemy out of the Boulderthorn Guild, you'd better
show me some of your sincerity in forming an alliance. If this brat refuses to gi
ve us ownership of his shares, you're the ones
who'll have to cough it up. Either way, we're definitely getting our hands on 50
percent of

Immortuncl's shares!”

Jessica's expression changed at his words, as did the others. If Dustin refused
to hand over his shares, he'd drag the rest of them down with him. Bouldertho
rn Guild was backing them into a corner.

“I've already said everything there is to say: I'll leave the final decision in your
hands. See you around.” Brody

snorted and stood up.

“Hold it!” Dustin said.

“What, changed your mind already?” Brody sneered. “I thought you were a tou
gh cookie, but it seems you're a bigger pushover than you look.” Then again, i
t made sense. How many people in Balerno dared to stand up

against the Boulderthorn Guild?

“At least you haven’t lost all sense of rationality. Dustin. We could’ve avoided all this hassle if you’d just. agreed to it earlier.” Jessica heaved a sigh of relief. Not even the Harmon family wanted to get on the

Boulderthorn Guild’s bad side.

Quentin scolded. “So you were just pretending to be a tough guy. You had to give in to the Boulderthorn Guild in the end anyway, didn’t you? Stop acting like you’re such a big shol.” The way he saw it, Brody only had to threaten Custin a little to make him pee his pants.

“Brody Williams from the Boulderthorn Guild, right?” Dustin slowly got to his feet. “Do you think you own this

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place, coming and going as you like? Did you bother asking me for permission?”

“What?” Brody raised an eyebrow, “What’s that supposed to mean, brat?”

“Do you think you can march in here, act all high and mighty, then leave whenever you want? What made you think you could do that?” Dustin gave him the stink-eye.

Brody snorted and pointed at his face. “What, do you wanna start a light or something? Go on, then. I dare you

to lay a punch on me, you-”

Before he finished his sentence, he was sent flying by a crisp slap to the face. He spun a few times midair before landing headfirst in a gigantic vase in the corner. It was large enough for his whole body to fit inside. leaving his feet sticking out of the mouth,

Jessica and the others were stunned to see that. Their jaws dropped, and silence descended upon the room.

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Nobody expected Dustin to suddenly get physical and attack someone from the Boulderthorn Guild. Had he lost his mind?

“Dustin, are you out of your mind? How dare you attack Mr. Williams’ son! Do you have a death wish?” Jessica glared at him with a mixture of shock and fury. Attacking Brody was equivalent to issuing a challenge to the Boulderthorn Guild.

“You may have a f*cking death wish, but the rest of us don’t! Mr. Williams isn’t someone you can afford to offend!” Quentin bellowed. Though he wanted nothing more than for Dustin to get in trouble, that didn’t mean he wanted to perish with him.

“Dustin, you’ve really done it now!” Even Ruth looked panicked. The Boulderthorn Guild was much too

powerful; even the Harmon family wouldn’t survive a retaliation from them,

“He’s nothing but a piece of trash. What does it matter if I’ve attacked him?” Dustin said coolly.

“You—you’re so thickheaded!” Jessica glared daggers at him.

At this moment, Brody had finally managed to free himself from the vase. Compared to his previous dignified appearance, he looked disheveled, with his face red and swollen from the slap and being stuck in the vase. How dare you lay a hand on me, you brat!” he bellowed, pointing at Dustin. Never in his life had he been on the receiving end of a beating: he was always the one beating people up.

“So what if I did? Do you really think no one has the nerve to teach you a lesson just because you throw Boulderthorn Guild’s name around like it means nothing?” Dustin scoffed.

“You’re f*cking dead!” Brody’s blood boiled. He raised a list and swung it at Dustin, Earlier, Dustin had

managed to get him because his guard was down; now that he knew what to expect, he wouldn't lose

Dustin snorted and caught his fist easily before kicking him in the stomach. Brody howled in pain and bent

over, falling to his knees as the pain coursed through him. He curled into a ball on the floor.

"Dustin, stop it!" Jessica's expression changed drastically. Wasn't it enough that he'd attacked Brody once? He was digging his own grave by doing it again!

"Fucking hell! Capture that psycho!" Quentin roared. At his words, the security guards in the room whipped out electric batons and held them up threateningly.

"I'd like to see you try!" At this moment, Natasha barged into the room. Her domineering aura was

overpowering enough to make everyone stop what they were doing.

"Natasha, thank goodness you're here." Jessica said grimly. "This man was obnoxious enough to attack a member of the Boulderthorn Guild in public. He's unforgivable!"

"That's right! We'll only be keeping a ticking time bomb around if we let him go. I say we get rid of him right here and now," Quentin snarled.

"I've already heard about everything that's happened today. I don't think Dustin did anything wrong." Natasha said calmly.

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"What?" Jessica was taken aback. "Natasha, have you lost your mind? How can he not have done anything wrong when he attacked a member of the Boulderthorn Guild?"

Natasha said calmly, "He had valid reasons for doing so, Brody was throwing the Boulderthorn Guild's weight

around to coerce us into giving up what belonged to us. Doesn't he deserve to be beaten up? If everyone were to throw their weight around and use a measly amount of money to purchase our shares, we might as well.

just give them Harmon Pharmaceuticals for free!"

The others had nothing to say in retort.

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Buying 50% of the shares with 50 million dollars was like robbing.

It was that they didn't want to displease Boulderthorn. Therefore, relatively speaking, they could only sacrifice Dustin. With that, they didn't really need to pay the price and could also take the opportunity to be on friendly

terms with Boulderthorn.

However, they didn't expect that Dustin would be so unyielding. Not only did he refuse to hand over the shares. but he also attacked Brody, Plus, Natasha also happened to be strongly supporting what he had just done

after she hurried back. Everything was such a mess that they couldn't resolve the situation.

"Natasha

Harmon! Break his arms and legs right now! This is an order! If not, we won't have mercy on the

Harmon family!" Brody stood up and staggered to his feet with a sullen look.

"Mr. Williams, I'm sorry, but I can't do it." Natasha spoke calmly. "Boulderthorn is indeed powerful, but the Harmon family isn't weak either. Nobody is able to harm the family easily."

"So, are you trying to set yourself against Boulderthorn because of him?" Brody gritted his teeth.

“Dustin is the Harmon family’s quest. It is our responsibility to protect him. If Boulderthorn still insists, you’ll

have to defeat me first.” Natasha was uncompromising.

“Very well! Since you must stand in our way, do not blame us for turning against the Harmon family!” Brody threw a note to Natasha, which threw down the gauntlet, and said fiercely, “My father had said that if you refuse to agree, we’ll meet at the battle ring. We will settle things with deathmatches!

“If you win, the Boulderthorn will never speak anything about it again. However, if you lose, you must hand over Immortunal’s shares! This is your only chance. I challenge you!” Brody exuded an intimidating aura, He looked like he was sure to win.

“Why not? I will accept it. You’ll decide on the time and venue.” Natasha did not bat an eye.

“We’ll have the battle at Williams Dojo tonight, at eight,” he said coldly and left immediately.

“Natasha Harmon! Have you lost your mind? How dare you provoke Boulderthorn just because of this little boy toy?” Quentin was flustered and exasperated.

“Boulderthorn’s connections were more important than that country bumpkin!” he thought.

“It is not your place to interfere with my decisions,” Natasha sneered, “Do you think I don’t know who involved Boulderthorn in this?”

“You” Quentin, shifty-eyed, looked guilty because of her accusations.

“Natasha, Boulderthorn is one of the most powerful guilds in Balerno. You’ll put yourself in trouble.” Jessica

knitted her brow.

It would be difficult to predict what would happen once the battle started. If they lost the battle, they needed to give the shares away, and it would also bring the Harmon family into disrepute.

“Mr. Williams himself is powerful indeed, but that doesn’t mean we don’t stand a chance of winning against them.” Natasha replied.

“Win? But how? Skills and strength aside, we don’t even have enough people to fight, Jessica grumbled.

Natasha wasn’t worried about her concern. “Who said so? I’ve already invited an expert from The Hundred Immortals.”

“The Hundred Immortals? Who is it?” Jessica asked. She was desperate for the answer.

Natasha didn’t reply directly. She clapped her hands, and an old man with gray hair and a hawked nose strode out quickly. He was wearing a black shirt with a tall and muscular physique. He made no sound when he walked, exactly like a ghost.

“Is this the King of Kicks, who was ranked ninth among The Hundred Immortals?” Quentin couldn’t help but gasp at the old man’s presence.

The Hundred Immortals, especially those ranked in the top ten, were all equipped with powerful skills. The King of Kicks, ranked ninth, was famous for his kicks. He had worked on his legs for years. His kicks were second to none.

Quentin once saw The King of Kicks flip a car by kicking it casually. There was no doubt that he was extremely skilled.