

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 391 -

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Was the bodyguard made of steel? Even a knife could not penetrate his skin!

“Hmph! Cougar is a martial artist who’s at the height of internal energy cultivation. Do you seriously think you can hurt him with that toy knife of yours?” Dakota scoffed in disdain. Gloria had called in the two martial arts experts who worked for her to make up for her loss of dignity earlier. No matter how powerful Dustin was, he was destined to be defeated.

“Get lost!” With a slap, Cougar subdued Florence. Gloria strutted up arrogantly and rested her walking stick on Florence’s face, saying, “I’m giving you a chance to get Dahlia and Dustin to come home. If you don’t, I’ll break the legs of your son!”

“Have mercy on me! I’ll make the call right now!” Florence frantically scrambled for her phone and called Dahlia, specifically reminding her daughter to bring Dustin home as well. However, she kept the reason from Dahlia, fearing that Dustin wouldn’t show up. That would only land the whole family in greater trouble.

“Madam Gloria, they’ll be here in no time. Please wait.” Florence was all smiles.

“I’ll allow 15 minutes, tops. With each minute that passes after that, I’ll crush one finger of your son!” Gloria threatened.

“What?” Florence was stunned. If Dahlia and Dustin were late for more than ten minutes, James would lose all fingers on both hands!

James felt aggrieved and helpless, for he didn’t ask to be part of this circus.

During the quiet wait, the door to the villa was busted open once more. A group of men marched in as though they were ready to kill.

“Sir Hummer?” Florence and James were shocked at the man in the lead. Edwin’s unannounced presence at midnight was quite unexpected.

“Who are you?” Gloria confronted the new visitors with a frosty tone.

“I’m here for these two.” Edwin pointed at Florence and James. “The rest of you better get out right now!”

“Oh, it looks like Florence has asked someone to help her out!” Gloria scanned the men with disdain. “What can a few men do? Tarragon and Cougar will easily annihilate you.”

“That’s right! You better beg for forgiveness if you don’t want trouble!” Dakota yelled at Edwin’s men, thinking that the few men were no match for Nicholson Family’s elite fighters.

“I shall repeat myself once more. Those who are unrelated to them— get lost right now!” Edwin warned them.

However, Gloria merely announced, “He needs to be put in his place! Someone beat him up!” “Yes, Madam!” The elderly servants chuckled menacingly and charged at Edwin. He was emotionless when he pulled a pistol with a silencer from his back and pointed it at the elderly

servants.

“Wait a minute! We can talk—

” The elderly servants looked alarmed and attempted to talk to him,

but what followed were muffled gunshots. The elderly servants fell to the floor, each with a gunshot wound in their foreheads. None were breathing.

Edwin blew on the pistol and asked coldly, “Who is next?”

The others stared at the scene with terror. No one expected Edwin to be as ruthless as to gun down lives without hesitation. His psychopathic behavior sent shivers down their backs.

“D—

do you know who I am? How dare you kill my people? You’re reckless!” Gloria gathered herself and grew furious. The elderly servants were her confidantes, and she was extremely angry to see them murdered.

“I’m uninterested in the names of the dead,” he said coolly, shooting Gloria.

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Edwin pulled the trigger, sending a bullet in Gloria's direction. At the life-or-death moment, the bulky Cougar positioned himself to shield her, arms crossed over his chest in a protective stance. At the same time, two heavy metal rings slid out of his sleeve.

The sound of metal clanking was accompanied by flying sparks as the bullet was sent flying astray after it came into contact with the metal rings. Cougar sneered as he stood in front of Gloria like a mountain. He clearly did not fear Edwin.

Bullets from an average pistol were not a threat when he was at the height of internal energy cultivation, thanks to his speedy response in comparison to that of an average shooter. He could either dodge the bullet or stop it with his weapons. It was impossible to hurt him as long as it wasn't an ambush from the back, and that was the power of a trained martial artist!

"D— did he stop the bullet?" Florence was shocked once more. At that point, they wondered if Cougar was even human for blocking both the fruit knife attack and the gunshot.

"Do you think you're invincible with that pistol? You bumpkin!" Gloria recovered from the initial scare and collected herself. With Tarragon and Cougar beside her, no one could hurt her.

"How dare you shoot at my grandma? You're asking for death! Cougar, I want him crippled!" Dakota gave out the orders.

"Roger that!" Cougar cackled and launched himself into the air by jumping lightly. He sailed across like an arrow from a bow as he crushed the tiles underneath his feet, and he barreled toward Edwin at a frightening speed.

"That's just a minor trick!" A short guy in a cap, who was standing behind Edwin, suddenly made his move and charged at Cougar. The two collided and set off an explosion. As the dust cleared, everyone could see that the short guy c

aught Cougar's fists in his hand. The impact of the collision had shattered the tiles underneath their feet into pieces.

Cougar's eyes wavered with shock as he grunted. He never thought that someone would have the power to stop his punch.

"Boss, he doesn't look like our target today." The short guy held his cap with one hand to prevent it from blowing it away. At the same time, he cast a cool look at Edwin. "If you want him killed, you need to top up."

"50 million for each person," Edwin replied, unperturbed.

"Haha! No problem!" The short guy grinned in excitement.

"You're asking for death!" Feeling belittled, Cougar was infuriated and lashed out with a punch. The punch was so heavy that it could break metal.

"You don't know your limits." The short guy shook his head and suddenly lurched at Cougar. He dodged the punch and hit Cougar hard in the abdomen.

A dull thud was heard. Cougar's abdomen, which had withstood the fruit knife stab, had a hole in it. The fist of the short guy penetrated through Cougar's flesh and emerged from the back. The scene was a horrifying, bloody mess.

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Cougar froze up and stared at the fist that pierced through his abdomen in disbelief. Never in his wildest dream had he imagined that someone would put a fist through the steely body that he trained and built for years.

"How is that possible?" Gloria and the rest were terrified and shocked, especially knowing that Cougar was powerful enough to take down a hundred men. He could even defend himself against guns with ease. To their dismay and bewilderment, Cougar was taken down by a martial arts expert in one move.

"50 million pocketed."

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The short guy grinned as he flung Cougar's body against the wall, where the body left a bloody

trail.

"Cougar!" Tarragon hugged the body of his little brother and seethed in vengeance.

"How dare you kill my brother? I'll tear you into pieces!" Then, he lunged at the short guy like a crazed beast, only to have the short guy kick him in the chest.

Tarragon seemed to have been run over by a truck. He was flung aside and fell hard onto the ground, where he coughed up blood. His rib had collapsed.

The Nicholsons gasped at the second casualty. They knew that Tarragon was way stronger than Cougar, but even the elder brother was defeated after an attack from the short guy. That left them wondering about his origins.

"W—who exactly are you?" Tarragon pressed on his chest as blood oozed from his nose and mouth. He knew his opponent must have been a divine-level martial artist to win with just a move.

"I'm Hillcrest, a gold-tier assassin in the Bounty League." The short guy grinned widely.

"A gold-tier assassin in the Bounty League?" Tarragon appeared mortified by the answer. Although he was not acquainted with Hillcrest, he was well aware of the weight of the reputation. The Bounty League was full of martial arts experts.

Even the bronze-tier assassins were formidable on their own, and the silver-tier assassins were

practically invincible. Not to mention the rare gold-tier assassins, who were the elites with

expertise in their fields of choice and cost billions to hire!

Tarragon had thought that he was sent here to teach some rascals a lesson, but little did he know

that he would run into the gold-tier assassins of the Bounty League. Talk about unlucky!

“Old hag, it’s your turn now.” Edwin lifted his gun again.

“Quick! Protect her!” Dakota’s eyelids twitched as she yelled in panic.

“Go!” The group of loyal bodyguards from the Nicholson Family charged at Edwin, who started firing like crazy with high accuracy. Each bullet was fatal. In no time, he had taken out half of the

bodyguards.

The rest who came closer were taken down by Hillcrest without fuss. In the blink of an eye, the Nicholsons’ bodyguards suffered a huge loss and multiple casualties. No one was left standing.

Gloria and the others were gripped by fear and trembling incessantly upon witnessing the scene.

They had never thought that they’d lose all the expert bodyguards whom they had specifically

called in from Glenstead.

“Do you have any last words?” Edwin marched up to Gloria without expression.

“Wait! You’d better not do anything rash. I’m from the Nicholson Family of Glenstead. If you dare so much as to lay a finger on me, the family will come at you!” Gloria rebuked him sternly.

“Is that all? Time to meet your maker, then.” Edwin did not waste time conversing as he raised his

gun once more.

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“Stop!” When he was about to pull the trigger, he heard a feminine and commanding voice from the entrance. He turned around and spotted two familiar faces—Dustin Rhys and Dahlia Nicholson.

“Oh! The real VIPs are here!” Edwin scrunched up his eyes with a murderous look. He had attempted to make use of Boulderthorn and Royal Valor to get rid of Dustin, but he did not succeed.

The bastards from Royal Valor had gone missing, and no one had heard from them so far. He had no choice but to take matters into his own hands and hired the gold-tier assassins to avenge his children. Now that he was face-to-face with the killer, he was overcome with vengeance.

“Edwin Hummer, you’d better not try anything funny! Release Madam Gloria now!” Dakota ordered.

“Oh, is she a madam from the family? This is great.” Edwin suddenly broke into a smile as he pointed the gun at Gloria’s temple. “I’ll give you a choice—either she or Dustin have to die. Pick one.”

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“What did you say?” Dahlia frowned at him.

“Was it not clear enough? I shall repeat myself then.” The smile disappeared from Edwin’s face. “I will only spare one person. Either that old woman or Dustin. Now, it’s your turn to decide who’s living and who’s dying.”

“Dahlia! Just let Dustin go! It’s your chance to redeem yourself!” Dakota started yelling.

“Right! If you save me today, I will forgive your wrongs and even help you secure the chairman position!” Gloria dangled a promise as well. She lost her min

d at that moment because of Edwin's mercilessness. He could not be reasoned with, and he would take any life without hesitation. She still had a lot to live for and refused to be sacrificed.

"Edwin Hummer! We do not have grudges against you! Why do you have to come after us?" Dahlia frowned deeply.

"You don't?" Edwin laughed maniacally, throwing his head back. "Oh, Dahlia Nicholson, why don't you ask the people around you about the grudges between us?"

After Edwin's son and daughter were both killed and his family went through a massacre, he developed a vendetta against Dustin Rhys. Dahlia was wrong to claim that there was nothing

between them.

"Edwin Hummer, just come at me if you want revenge. Why do you have to pull tricks?" Unfazed,

Dustin remarked.

"I would have killed you if I wanted to. But I will not make it an easy death for you. I want you to witness your family and friends dying in their pools of blood. I want to see anger, despair, and remorse in you. That way, you'll have a taste of the excruciating grief!" Edwin cackled like a

madman. He had nothing more to lose ever since he lost his children.

"Do you think you are capable of doing that?" Dustin had a calm look in his eyes. Many wanted

him dead, but he has been unharmed so far.

"Hah! I know you are powerful. It's hard to take revenge on my own. But today, I came prepared. I did not mind spending a fortune on hiring the three gold-tier assassins from the Bounty League just to take you down. With them here, you are destined to die, even if you are an invincible

monster."

As he was speaking, he made a gesture, and three people behind him took a step forward. The short guy

on the left was Hillcrest. Standing in the middle was a man with gray hair, who had oddly ape-like, lengthy arms that reached his knees. On the right was a lady wearing a mask. She was dressed in a bodycon suit, which flaunted her curvy figure. The two knives she held were sparkling dimly and were obviously dripping with poison.

“On the left is Hillcrest. Snow Monkey is the one in the middle. You’ll also see Scorpion on the right. They are all gold-tier assassins.” Edwin generously introduced the assassins to Dustin to instill fear and despair in him.

“You rascal! It’s your honor to die in our hands.” Hillcrest grinned.

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“Let’s get this over with and bag the money.” Snow Monkey remained expressionless.

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“Haha... It’s a pity that a handsome guy like you is meeting your end today. Fancy having fun with me before that?” Scorpion licked her lips greedily.

The air was filled with dread upon the entrance of the three assassins. The people in the room started trembling uncontrollably.

“My gosh! What is that guy doing, putting together three gold-tier assassins?” Tarragon was covered in a cold sweat. It was rare enough to come across a gold-tier assassin. It would be his

first time witnessing three of those working together, which was unheard of.

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To Tarragon, the fact that Edwin assembled the best to take down an average man like Dustin, was rather puzzling.

“After all the hoo—
ha, it turns out that their target is Dustin! Thank God.” Dakota let out a sigh of relief in secret. There was a saying: the enemy of my enemy is my friend. Since Edwin shared the same goal as the Nicholsons in wanting to get rid of Dustin, she believed they should not be stuck in a confrontation.

“Evil defeats evil. Dustin Rhys, you’ll be dead today!” Gloria chuckled gleefully. She had heard of the Bounty League and understood the severity of having a gold-tier assassin here. A humble doctor like Dustin would never defend himself against one.

“You really splurged to get me killed.” Dustin shook his head, appearing fearless at the threat.

“I’m willing to give up my family fortune as long as I get my revenge.” Edwin sniggered.

“I’m afraid you’ll be disappointed today. This bunch can’t kill me,” Dustin replied.

“Can’t they? Wow, you jerk. Look at you, facing death with that bold attitude!” Hillcrest smirked at him. “A small man like you does not understand the power of a gold-tier assassin. Killing you is like squishing an ant.”

“Is that so? Try me.” Dustin smiled at him.

“Alright! I shall show the difference in our powers!” Hillcrest grinned and launched himself at Dustin at the speed of a bullet. When he was near, he hurled a punch at Dustin’s chest. However, Dustin did not dodge the attack. Instead, he punched in Hillcrest’s direction as well, and their fists

came into contact.

The hard collision led to an explosive sound as their internal energy was unleashed, leading to strong gales blowing around. When their fists met, Hillcrest’s immediately cracked, and blood splattered everywhere. The bones in his arms shifted backward and pierced through his shoulder, and his flesh was twisted from the impact.

With a painful scream, Hillcrest was thrown against the wall. He vomited blood and lost consciousness right away. Meanwhile, Dustin stood firm in his original position with his fist

extended.

“What?” The people around them were dumbfounded. They could not believe that the proud Hillcrest, who had murdered Cougar with one move, was now taken out by Dustin’s punch. That was too ridiculous.

“You sure are something for being able to hurt Hillcrest. Too bad you’re still dying today!” Snow Monkey looked grim as he launched a quick attack at Dustin’s head with his long and girthy arms. He was much stronger than Hillcrest in terms of direct attacks. Still, Dustin stood there emotionlessly as he punched Snow Monkey in the chest at high speed.

Snow Monkey’s body stiffened before his chest dented inward. He slumped onto the ground lifelessly, heaving his last breath with his eyes open. Till death, he never expected Dustin to move at a lightning speed that he could not respond to.

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“Die!” Right after Snow Monkey collapsed onto the ground, a prowling shadow emerged from his back. The figure held two blades that were shimmering with a gleam and plunged them into Dustin’s eyes. It was Scorpion’s ambush!

The attack was well-timed—she had used Snow Monkey to divert Dustin’s attention, just so she could fatally attack Dustin. However, Dustin seemed to have seen that coming. He grabbed the sharp blades with his bare hands and kicked her in the abdomen. That sent her screaming in pain, coughing up blood as she crashed into the tables and chairs. Then, she fainted on the ground.

Within seconds, the three gold-tier assassins laid motionless on the floor. Dustin dusted his hands coolly and remarked, “So, that’s the best a gold-tier assassin could do.”

As for the rest, they were gaping at him in shock.

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The Nicholsons stared at the three gold-tier assassins before shifting their gazes at the

expressionless Dustin with great alarm. No one had anticipated Dustin to be so powerful. If they had not witnessed the scene with their eyes, they would have laughed at the idea of a good-for-nothing person being talented in martial arts.

“Is there something wrong with my eyes? When did the trash become a hero?” James widened his eyes in disbelief. His impression of Dustin was that he was a kept man who only learned a few useless martial arts tricks that were no match for the top assassins. However, Dustin’s

performance shattered James’ preconception. He was shocked to learn that his ex-brother-in-law was a martial arts expert.

“Heavens! Is that really Dustin?” Florence was equally astonished. Even though she was clueless about the gold-tier assassins from the Bounty League, she was aware of the capabilities of Tarragon and Cougar. Logically, Dustin beat Hillcrest in terms of expertise, which would place him levels above Tarragon and Cougar.

“What the f*ck? Was that really their useless live-in son-in-law?” Dakota rubbed her eyes to make sure that she was seeing it right. Were the three gold-tier assassins from the Bounty League taken down? Did that happen due to Dustin’s prowess, or had the assassins been enjoying an undeserved

reputation?

“He’s a tough nut to crack. We need to get him out of the way soon.” After the shock, Gloria started plotting against Dustin. It was impossible to beat Dustin through a martial arts battle, and the only method left was to threaten him with

her authority. She believed that Dustin wouldn't dare to go against the Nichols on Family despite his outstanding martial arts skills.

At the same time, Dahlia was staring at the familiar face with surprise. She was not aware of Dustin's skills during their three-year marriage. His secret was indeed well hidden.

"Edwin Hummer, the assassins you hired didn't seem up for their jobs. I'm afraid you will walk away disappointed today." Dustin looked up slowly with an amused twinkle in his eyes.

"You hid your skills from us!" Edwin appeared grim. He had thought that getting revenge was easy with the help of three gold-tier assassins, only to learn that he had vastly underestimated

Dustin.

"Hid my skills?" Dustin smiled. "I have never attempted to do so. People like you do not require me to use my full strength yet."

"I admit that I have underestimated you. But don't be too glad about it! I'm still in the game," Edwin warned in a somber tone.

"Oh, why? Do you still believe that you can get out of this?" Dustin questioned him.

"Even if I can't, I will take everyone here with me!" While speaking, Edwin suddenly tore his shirt apart to reveal the bombs that were strapped underneath.

He cackled and said, "See this? Before I arrived, I made up my mind to die with everyone here. The number of bombs on me is enough to turn the villa into ashes!"

Everyone at the scene looked terrified and listless upon hearing the remark, Edwin Hummer was

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a crazy one indeed!

"How? Dustin Rhys? Are you afraid now?" Edwin laughed loudly. "It doesn't matter if you are

skilled. You cannot survive a bombing.”

“What do you want?” Dustin went forward and shielded Dahlia.

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“Now! Kneel down immediately!” Edwin bellowed at Dustin.

Dustin narrowed his eyes. “What if I don’t?”

“No? Then I’ll take it out on her!” Edwin grabbed Gloria and pointed the gun at her temple. Knowing that Dustin was powerful, he needed to get himself a human shield.

“Edwin Hummer! You’d better be careful! That’s Madam Gloria from the Nicholson Family!” Dustin’s expression sank.

“Oh, she’s your Madam Gloria? Sounds like you care a lot about her, don’t you?” Edwin chuckled. “Listen to what I say if you don’t want her to die!”

“Dustin! What are you standing there for? Quick! Kneel!” Dakota urged him frantically.

“You punk! Kneel! Do you want me dead?” Gloria’s face paled.

“Madam Gloria, please be patient. I’ll save you real soon.” Dustin faked an angry expression and challenged Edwin, “Edwin Hummer, just come at me! If you lay a finger on her, I won’t let this slip!”

“Oh, you don’t know what it means to be desperate.” Enraged, Edwin shot Gloria in one of her knees. She yelped in pain, and her face contorted.

“That’s too much! Let her go! If not...” Dustin continued with his threats, but Edwin had already shot Gloria in the other knee. “Kneel!”

“You rascal. Quick ... Kneel, or we will make you pay!” Gloria was whimpering and wailing, drenched in sweat from the unbearable pain.

“Edwin Hummer! You need to stop! If you kill her, no one can save you from the consequences!” Dustin looked furious, and that only made Edwin chuckle harder.

“Is that so? If you care about her that much, I’ll give you a taste of losing your family!” Then, he pointed the gun at Gloria’s head and pulled the trigger. The bullet shot through her head.

“You animal-

” Gloria was gripped by fear, but it was too late for her to say anything. Eyes open with indignation, her cold body fell onto the floor.

“Edwin Hummer! Your enemy is me!” Dustin acted as though he was aggrieved.

“Great! I love seeing that face!” Edwin cackled and grabbed Dakota, who was frozen in a state of shock. “I have lots of hostages here. We can play this for as long as you want. I’ll ask you once

more—are you kneeling or not?”

“Edwin Hummer, you’re being unreasonable!” Dustin chided him. Edwin did not waste time. shooting Dakota in the leg. “Are you going to kneel or not?”

Dakota finally realized the trouble she was in, and she wailed and yelled. Tears and snot covered her face as she cursed, “Dustin Rhys! I want you to kneel right now! I’m the precious daughter of the Nicholson Family. They won’t go easy on you if I’m hurt! Kneel, now!”

“Dakota, you have to embody the spirit of a proud and upright Nicholson. You have to be an outstanding person in this life and the afterlife! We need to fight against threats without ruining the family’s reputation!”

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“Oh, you motherf*cker! Quit the nonsense. We’re in an emergency. Do you want me dead?” Dakota screamed at Dustin but was immediately shot in the leg again. She rolled on the floor, wailing and screaming in pain.

“I’m warning you now! You’ll make yourself a public enemy if you kill Dakota Nicholson!” Dustin hissed in anger while Dakota’s face contorted in rage. She w

as about to yell at him when she noticed the muzzle that was aiming at her. A bullet traveled through the middle of her forehead with a bang.

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Dakota grunted as her body trembled and came to a stop, just like her voice that died down. The darkness within the muzzle and Edwin's cruel face started blurring as she lost consciousness. Finally, she collapsed flatly onto the ground with a thud. Everything happened too fast, and she had not expected herself to die in such a manner.

"Is she dead?" Florence and the rest of the people were shaking in fear when they stared at Gloria and Dakota's bodies. It felt so surreal to see the two arrogant ladies killed.

Meanwhile, Dustin glanced at the scene without much emotion. Evil defeats evil. Dakota and Gloria had always been impudent bullies who did not reflect on their actions even after being taught a lesson. Not only that, they came to him to seek revenge. Their deaths meant nothing to him, partly because he was never a merciful person to start with. He saw no issue with getting rid of the trouble by pulling some tricks.

"Hah! How does that feel? Are you feeling the rage and pain? You must be dying to kill me right

now!" Edwin laughed evilly. "To be honest with you, this is just the beginning. I have a few more

hostages in my hands. I can play this game with you."

Then, he walked up to James and pointed the muzzle at James' head. "Your brother-in-law is the

next in the firing line. Kneel or don't—the choice is yours."

“Sir Hummer! I’m not involved in this! Please don’t shoot me!” James’ legs turned to jelly. He fell

onto his knees and wailed, “You need to get the right person! If you are looking for your revenge, just kill Dustin! I’m innocent!”

“That’s right, Sir Hummer! We have never done anything to you. If you want to kill Dustin, go

ahead and do it. Don’t involve my son!” Florence begged in desperation.

“Dustin Rhys is your son—in-law. The family will be dragged down by his actions. No one should

dream of getting out of this unscathed. Well, the fate of your son is now in Dustin’s hands.” Edwin

flashed her a mocking smile.

“Dustin Rhys, you bring bad luck! Look how much trouble you got us into! Kneel to Sir Hummer and beg for his forgiveness. If you don’t, I will not let this slide!” a furious and panicked Florence

scolded Dustin.

“What are you standing there for? Kneel! I’m going to die if you don’t!” James glowered, his eyes

red, as he screamed at Dustin. His body was shaking violently due to fear. He had witnessed the

cruelty of Edwin in the killings of Gloria and Dakota. Edwin would shoot without as much as

blinking an eye once he was riled up. James didn’t want to suffer a meaningless death like Dakota.

“Edwin Hummer, I shall spare your life if you let them go,” Dustin remarked calmly.

“Spare my life?” Edwin broke into a laugh. “Oh, Dustin, you still have not figured out the situation! I have the upper hand now because I determine who gets

to live or die! What else can you do to me if I shoot your brother-in-law in the head?"

As he was speaking, he placed a finger on the trigger and was close to pulling it, but Dustin.

flicked his fingers and sent a silver needle pricking into Edwin's wrist. Edwin let out a dull grunt when his arm was paralyzed.

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"Get moving! Run!" Dustin reminded the others in the room. "Run! Quick!"

Florence and James finally collected themselves and fled from the scene. While running, James toppled over a few times because his legs had lost their strength. Dustin frowned disapprovingly at the sight, thinking, "What a loser!" The quick-

witted Dahlia had to lift her brother from the ground and help him escape from the villa. None of them wanted to die with Edwin, who had bombs strapped on his body.

"Edwin Hummer, it's just you and me now. It's time to put this to an end." Dustin inched closer to Edwin with murderous intent in his eyes. Edwin had long been on his hit list. He had made a mistake by letting Edwin live.

"Die!" Edwin roared and picked up the gun from the floor, shooting Dustin in the chest twice.

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Two shots were fired, but the bullets came to a halt one inch before Dustin's body. A protective energy sphere crystallized in the air, forming a shield against the bullet.

"What?" Edwin's pupils wavered in shock. He was mentally prepared for Dustin's prowess but was greatly taken aback at how Dustin stopped the bullets in the air.

“Did you believe that you could hurt me with bullets?” Dustin shook his head.

“If I can’t hurt you with a gun, I’ll die with you!” Suddenly, Edwin pulled out the remote control for the bomb and laughed deliriously. “Dustin Rhys, see you in hell!”

With that, he pressed the button on the control.

Meanwhile, Dahlia was on the run with James. They were some distance away from the villa before hearing the two gunshots. They spun around and realized that Dustin had not followed after them.

“Dustin?” Losing her composure, Dahlia frantically clambered toward the villa.

“Hey! Why are you turning back? Do you want to die?” Florence quickly pulled her daughter back. “Mom! Dustin is still in there! He might be in danger. I need to help him!” Dahlia’s heart was in her mouth.

“And what good will that be? Sir Hummer has a gun and bombs with him. You’re running toward your death!” Florence grabbed Dahlia tightly, refusing to let go.

“What do we do about Dustin?” Dahlia was a mess at that moment.

“He’s the one who started the trouble, so he deserves what’s coming for him! It’s none of our business!” Florence reminded Dahlia sternly.

“Mom! What’s that nonsense? Dustin saved James just now! Can you stop being selfish?” Dahlia furiously shook off Florence’s grip and sprinted toward the villa. At the same time, they heard a huge explosive sound that shook the terrain. An explosion tore the villa into rubble, filling the surroundings with billowing black smoke and blinding fires.

“Dustin?” She stared blankly at the ruins of the villa, clueless about what to do next. Could a human possibly survive the explosion if the entire villa was reduced to rubble?

“How did that happen? How?” Dahlia, ashen-faced, looked like she was struck by lightning. Finally, she collapsed onto the ground, wailing and crying her heart out.

“Hey, why are you howling here?” She heard a familiar voice that sent a chill down her spine. When she looked up in astonishment, she found Dustin standing in front of her. He emerged from the rubble unhurt.

“Are you not dead? How could that be?” Bewildered, she looked at him blankly. The impact and heat from the explosion had melted steel. She could not figure out how a human survived the incident.

“Why are you shocked that I’m alive?” He gave her a funny look.

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“You’re alive! That’s great!” Sobbing in joy, she threw herself into his embrace, wrapping her arms tightly around his waist and refusing to let go, as though she feared he might vanish.

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Dustin felt the softness in his arms and the familiar scent tingling his nose. He broke into a smile. He could tell from her uncontrolled crying that she cared greatly about him.

“Okay, now. Stop crying. Your tears are wetting this new shirt I bought two days ago.” After some hugging, Dustin finally opened his mouth.

“What’s the big deal? I’ll just pay for the shirt.” She let go of him and didn’t forget to give him a pinch in the waist, sending him grimacing in pain. “And what was that just now? Why didn’t you escape sooner?” she confronted him.

“He’s a ticking time bomb—no pun intended. Of course, I had to subdue him before I left,” he answered matter-of-factly.

“I know you’re great at fighting, but you have to care about your safety. He had bombs strapped on his body. What if he got you killed in an explosion?” she protested.

He grinned and replied, "But I'm all well."

"It's all because of your dumb luck. You'd better not push your luck the next time!" she warned him.

"Okay. I'll act like a loser and think of my safety first." He nodded furiously.

"That's more like it!" She nodded with satisfaction. It was all great being a glorious hero, but that was also how people got themselves killed in a slip-up. She'd rather Dustin stay a loser.

"Dustin Rhys, do you have nine lives? Why weren't you dead from that huge explosion?" James and Florence cautiously made their way up to the rubble.

"I need to thank my lucky stars for surviving the bombing," Dustin dropped a casual remark.

"Oh my god! My villa!" Florence suddenly started howling at the sight of the rubble when she realized the extent of the damage done. "Oh, Edwin Hummer, you asshole! I'm fine with him wanting to die. How could he ruin my villa while he was at it? This is unforgivable!"

"Mom, this all happened because of Dustin. I think you can ask him for compensation." James was thinking fast and came up with an idea.

"That's right!" Florence nodded and grabbed Dustin by the sleeve. "Dustin Rhys, it's all your fault! You need to pay up for ruining my villa!"

"Mom, a villa is nothing compared to a life. Dustin has saved us. Do you think it's fair to ask him for compensation?" Dahlia frowned at her mother.

"Why is that unfair? He got us into this trouble. Don't you ever think of leaving if you don't pay up!" Florence started acting like a Karen.

"Alright, then. How much?" Dustin did not want to quarrel with her.

"Eight million... No! Ten!" Florence was thinking on her feet and inflated the price at the very last minute.

"Mom! We bought this villa for five million. Aren't you scamming Dustin by asking for ten million?" Dahlia grew increasingly annoyed.

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“That was in the past. Don’t you know that housing prices are climbing like crazy? I won’t let this slide if I don’t receive the ten million!” Florence put her hands on her waist.

“You-” Dahlia was about to go off, but Dustin pressed a hand against hers.

“Whatever. Ten million it is. I’ll transfer it to your account tomorrow.”

“Hmph! That’s more like it!” She gleefully let go of him.

“Hey! Are you mad? Where are you going to get the money when you’re running a tiny medical center?” Dahlia glared at him.

“You shouldn’t underestimate me. I provided the Harmon family with my prescription, and I will receive 50% of the sales of the pills they manufactured. Ten million is nothing.” Dustin appeared unbothered. Be it the profits from Hillview Hotel or his 50% ownership of the proceeds from Immortunol, he was guaranteed a huge amount of bonus monthly, which could add up to at least tens of millions per month.

“At the end of the day, you’re still Natasha Harmon’s kept man.” Dahlia was dripping with jealousy.

“Look at the way you put it. I am only her business partner. How could you call me a kept man?” Dustin objected.