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Chapter 450

“Huh?”

Hector turned around **and** looked at Jessica, who reluctantly said, “You were in critical condition, so I became desperate and told him that as long **as** he’s able to treat you. I’ll let the two of them meet.”

“That’s fine. Your intentions were good.” Hector didn’t get angry but responded calmly instead. “I agree to let you two meet, but you’d better not mess around. I’ll have someone watching you. Got it?”

“Yes!” Dustin agreed immediately.

“Ruth, lead him to your sister,” Hector instructed.

“Okay!” Ruth chirped.

Natasha has been waiting for this chance for ages, and today, the two would finally get to meet.

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“Oh, that reminds me. Before leaving the room, Dustin halted and turned his **head** around. “Mr. Harmon, mystic poison isn’t a simple issue. The person who poisoned you probably has more in store. Be careful of those around you.”

“Got it.” Hector nodded. He has always lived in seclusion, so it wasn’t easy to poison him. It was also worth noting that tomorrow was the annual family gathering. As the head of the family, things would be thrown into

chaos should others find out that he had fallen ill

Therefore, it was hard not to **have** suspicions when the timing at which things were happening was **so**

precarious.

“Jessica, who do you think poisoned **me**?” Hector asked all **of** a sudden.

“Besides the Dark Lord, I can’t think of anyone else who is skilled at the mystic arts and holds a grudge against our family.” Jessica responded in a serious tone.

The mysterious and powerful Dark Lord **has** always been a thorn in their side. The Harmon family has invested in countless men to get rid of him over the years, but their efforts proved to be futile. Every year, **core** members

of the Harmon family would mysteriously **end** up dead, and each time, clues would point to the Dark Lord as

the culprit.

It **was** safe to say that one man alone had made the entire Harmon family restless,

and mentally.

“Yes He’s the only one.” Hector sighed tiredly. “Unfortunately, we can’t do much since he continues to hide

in the dark. That’s why I have no choice but to force Natasha to marry into the Grant family.”

“I understand.” Jessica sighed as well. “We can only use the Grant family’s power to deal with the Dark Lord if

Natasha marries Tyler. Or else, our entire family will be doomed.”

“I feel so sorry for Natasha. She has to sacrifice herself for our family.” Hector looked remorseful. As a father,

there **was** nothing he wished more than his children’s happiness. Alas, some things **were** beyond his control.

“Natasha is a good girl. She’ll understand why you’re doing this,” Jessica consoled him.

“I hope so.” Hector sighed again. Suddenly, he thought of something **and** asked, “What do **you** think of Dustin?”

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“He’s a genius who’s skilled in both medicine and martial arts. He might be the best among his peers in Millsburg. Unfortunately, he still has a long way to go before competing with Tyler Grant.” Jessica **gave** her honest opinion. After knowing Dustin longer, she finally changed her opinions about him. However, because of his family background, there was still a gap between them.

“I wouldn’t mind making him our son-in-law if Natasha wasn’t promised to another. Unfortunately, they were just not meant to be,” Hector muttered, troubled. “Try your best to help him from now on. We owe him that much.”

“I understand,” **Jessica** nodded.

The marriage between the two families had been set in stone, so it was a pity that the fated pair could never get together.

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Knowing Natasha’s temper, eloping did sound like something she might do. With the family gathering right around the corner, Mrs. Davys couldn’t let something like that happen.

“Fine. You can stay.” Natasha wasn’t in the mood to argue, so she dragged Dustin over to the gazebo over the pond.

Mrs. Davys was just about to follow them when Ruth stopped her. “My dad only said to keep an eye on them. not stalk them! Why would you impede on a couple’s private conversation?”

Mrs. Davys thought about it for a moment and decided to wait where she was. After all, the two of them were still within her sights, and she could see every move they made.

“How did you get in here, Dear? My father isn’t the type of person who would give in easily.” Natasha asked, pouring two cups of tea.

“I saved his life, so I asked to meet you in return.”

Dustin gave her a run–down of everything that had happened.

After hearing the story, Natasha grumbled. “What a reckless old man!”

“That’s why I came to talk to you. What should we do?” Dustin asked helplessly.

“I’ve been thinking about this too. There are only two ways to stop this wedding. We either change my father’s mind, or we force the Grant family to propose the annulment first.” Natasha pondered for a second before pointing out. “My father’s too stubborn. He’s even willing to die for the family, so it’ll be too difficult to persuade him unless we can get rid of his worries.”

“What worries?” Dustin asked, curious.

Natasha sighed. “Years ago, our family offended someone called the Dark Lord. He’s a ruthless and evil person who uses despicably cruel methods. He’s been tormenting our family for years, killing someone every now and then. In recent years, he has been acting more ferociously, going to more extreme lengths. Even Fletcher Lawson was one of his men. It’s safe to say that the Dark Lord is not only a thorn in my father’s side but also a constant pain in my family’s ass. The reason my parents decided to marry me off to the Grant family was to ensure my safety, as well as borrow their power to deal with the Dark Lord.”

Understanding immediately dawned on Dustin. “So, as long as we get rid of the Dark Lord, your dad might give

in?”

“Yep.” Nasha nodded. “Without the Dark Lord, our family has nothing to fear anymore.”

“Where’s the Dark Lord? I’ll get rid of him.” Dustin’s eyes turned murderous.

“Things wouldn’t have turned out this way if anyone knew where he is.” Natasha shook her head, smiling bitterly. “He’s so well hidden; I don’t even know what he looks like.”

“That’s going to be tricky.” Dustin frowned. It **was** going to take some time to find someone whose identity and looks were both a well-kept secret. “Since dealing with the Dark Lord Is Impossible, we can only think of a plan to make the Grant family annul the agreement first.”

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Natasha’s tone turned sharp. “Knowing Tyler Grant, he can’t bear it if anything is tainted. Tomorrow, when

they send the gifts over, I’ll tell him that I’m already yours. With his pride, there’s no way he’ll accept that. He

might even annul our engagement on the spot!”

“Are you sure it’ll work?” Dustin asked, unsure.

“It’s worth a shot. Natasha grinned mischievously. “No matter what, I’ll be kicking up a fuss tomorrow. Worst come to worst, I’ll just use my trump card. That way, the Grant family would never accept a daughter-in-

law like me!”

“What trump card?” Dustin’s eyes twinkled.

“That’s a secret for now. You’ll find out tomorrow.” Natasha teased. After all, it’s a trump card. She wouldn’t reveal it so easily unless absolutely necessary.

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Dustin did not leave right after meeting Natasha. Instead, he stayed in the Harmon estate under the pretense of treating Hector’s illness.

Naturally, to prevent the two of them from eloping, Mrs. Davys kept a close eye on them the entire time, separating them every time their actions became intimate.

During the night, the two were forbidden from seeing each other, which Dustin obeyed begrudgingly.

With that, the night passed uneventfully.

The next morning, the Harmons' annual family gathering had officially begun.

Countless people began pouring into the estate, luxury cars casually clustering the plaza.

As one of the Fabulous Five, the Harmon family was incredibly prosperous, consisting of hundreds of family

members.

Besides those from the Harmon family, loyal company staff and other important family guests had all been invited as well making the place much livelier.

Hector, the head of the family, looked much better after receiving another round of treatment from Dustin.

Although the older man still looked weak, he was able to move around without much difficulty.

"Is the gathering this packed every year?" Dustin was shocked by the volume of guests heading to the banquet hall

"Of course!" Ruth lifted her head proudly. "Our family is large and well-connected, so a lot of people come for

our annual gathering."

"They're merely opportunists, trying to butter up to us after hearing of our union with the Grant family." Natasha scoffed. None of the past gatherings had ever been this lively. Most of the people were obviously

here because of the Grant family.

“What are you still doing here, Rhys?” An annoying voice asked from behind them.

Dustin turned around to see Quentin **and** the woman from yesterday walking over. She wore a dress that showed off her voluptuous curves, and her enchanting looks only making her more bewitching. In comparison, Quentin looked much paler and weaker.

“Dustin is my dad’s savior. Why can’t he be here?” Ruth demanded.

“Hmph! It was just a coincidence. What’s there to be proud of?” Quentin scoffed.

“Mind your manners, Quentin,” the woman admonished Quentin before flashing Dustin a smile. “I’ve been feeling sick lately, Doctor. When can you come **over** to my room and help me take a look? You seem quite

skilled.’

“Huh?” Dustin raised an eyebrow. What she said had sounded quite odd.

‘Dustin has been quite busy recently, Aunt Celeste. I’ll ask him to treat you when he has the time.’ Natasha plastered on a smile.

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“Alright, then. I’ll be waiting, then.” The woman, Celeste Marrow, smiled teasingly, brushing against Dustin as she walked past, releasing a unique and calming aroma.

“Hey, our annual family gathering is not something you can join. You should piss off,” Quentin growled a warning before following the woman, emitting the same scent.

“What are you looking at?” Natasha regarded Dustin coldly when she realized he was still staring at the woman. “Don’t tell me you have a thing for other people’s wives too?”

“O—o—

of course not!” Dustin choked, awkward. “I was just thinking of the unique scent she carries.”

“Are you saying I don’t smell as good as her?” Natasha snapped, jealous. “She’s my eldest aunt. You better not get any ideas.”

“Your aunt?” Dustin was surprised. “She’s so young. She doesn’t look much older than Quentin.”

“Obviously.” Natasha rolled her eyes. “My uncle’s first wife passed away a long time ago, so he found this woman. She looks pretty, but her reputation is horrible.”

“It’s inevitable that people would criticize a couple with such a large age gap.” Dustin wasn’t surprised.

“It’s not just that.” Natasha shook her head and lowered her voice. “I’ve heard that she plays around with Quentin as well.”

“What?” Dustin gaped at her. “Are you serious?”

A stepson having an affair with their stepmother? How scandalous!

“Why would I joke about something like that?” Natasha answered seriously. “I’m warning you. Stay away from that witch, or you won’t even know how you were caught.”

“Um

Dustin pressed his lips together, at a loss for words. No wonder the woman had been looking at him that way. She turned out to be a cheater.

Poor Trent. Dustin wondered what expression the other man would wear if he found out about his son sleeping with his wife.

As time passed, more guests filled the banquet hall, and things became even livelier. People crowded together to share wine and chat together. Beverages **were** self-served, so people were free to eat and drink however they pleased.

While everyone **was** having a good time, a wall cried out from the crowd.

A man who had been drinking suddenly began throwing up blood violently before crashing to the floor, convulsing. His face had turned blue, and blood seeped out from his nostrils, painting a terrifying picture.

“What’s going on?”

Shocked, the crowd stepped away from the fallen man. No one could have expected the man, who had been happily drinking and chatting a second ago, to abruptly fall to the floor, coughing up blood.

“How can this be?” Natasha’s brows furrowed, and she quickly approached the scene with Dustin.

Dustin studied the sick man before testing his pulse. “He was poisoned by a powerful poison!”

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“Poisoned?” Natasha paled. “The food and drinks here were carefully inspected. How could it be poisoned?”

As soon as those words escaped her lips, more pained wails came from the crowd **as** a woman in a gown suddenly fell to the floor, convulsing, bleeding out of her nose.

“T—there’s poison in the wine!” she yelled, terrified.

Immediately, pandemonium ensued as everyone in the room panicked.

Those who hadn’t drunk the wine quickly tossed their glasses aside, while those who had quickly became frightened and broke out in a cold sweat.

Unfortunately, that was not the end.

After the first women, people began toppling over like dominoes, and more tortured wails rang out.

One after another, guests fell to the floor, blue-faced, convulsing, and bleeding out of their noses.

Within moments, more than half of the guests cried out in pain on the floor.

The few unharmed people remained rooted in their positions as they looked around, terrified. Within minutes, the once happy atmosphere had turned into complete hell!

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“What’s going on? Who did this?”

Natasha’s brow furrowed tightly as she studied the people on the floor, her face turning cold. Things would still be fine if only a few people were poisoned. Now, however, hundreds of people had been poisoned simultaneously. The consequences would be detrimental

The person who did this clearly only had one aim—to get rid of the Harmon family, once and for all!

“Dad! Mom! Uncles!”

Ruth panicked after seeing her family fall to the floor consecutively and darted toward them, but before she could reach them, she also spat out blood before crashing to the floor.

“Ruth!” Natasha paled. She was about to rush forward, but Dustin pulled her back. “Don’t go there. It’s the air that’s poisonous, not the wine!”

“Then, what should we do? We have to save them!” Natasha cried worriedly, struggling to keep calm when faced with her poisoned family members.

“Take this pill first.”

Dustin drew out a white pill and put it into Natasha’s mouth. It was a Curax, which was an antidote for

poisons.

“To cure them, we have to first find the source of the poison. Give me some time.”

After ensuring Natasha's safety, Dustin began scanning the room. For the poison to escape his notice, it must

either be colorless and odorless or successfully fused into the environment.

"The Dark Lord! It must have been him!" Trent yelled as he lay on the floor, his agitation prompting him to

throw up more blood.

"I get it now. The Dark Lord must be trying to use this opportunity to get rid of our entire family!" Jacob seethed through gritted teeth. As a powerful martial artist, his body was better than most, and his symptoms were less severe than others. Still, he would die from the poison sooner or later.

"Him again! It's been years! Why can't he let us go?" Hector coughed violently, his face turning as white as a sheet as his condition began to deteriorate. There was no way he'd be fine after suffering another bout of

poisoning before he even fully recovered from the previous round.

Currently, the only ones in the hall left standing were Dustin and Natasha. Everyone else was lying on the floor,

howling in pain.

"Found it!" Dustin quickly noticed the anomaly.

Four incense burners had been placed in each corner of the hall, white smoke billowing out from them.

continuously. Upon closer inspection, Dustin realized that all of the incense had been tampered with.

Poisoned **gas** mixed with the scent of Incense **was** normally difficult for anyone to notice.

After getting rid of the source, Dustin pulled out several Curax tablets and fed them to Hector and several

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others.

“Natasha, get me two buckets of water.” Dustin turned around and ordered.

“Okay.”

Natasha rushed out without hesitation, reappearing moments later, carrying two buckets of water.

Dustin pulled out his bottle of Hexanavir and poured half a bottle into each bucket. There were over hundreds of poisoned victims, and he didn't have enough Curax, so the only temporary fix left was Hexanavir.

It may not be as effective as Curax, but it could at least stop them from dying.

“Feed all the victims half a bowl of water,” Dustin instructed and got to work.

Those who were able to move crawled over to the bucket themselves, so Dustin and Natasha only had to feed those who could no longer move.

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After struggling for half an hour, everyone finally managed to drink the antidote. Although they were still weak and pale, their lives were no longer in danger.

By the time they were finished, Natasha collapsed on the floor, worn out, and Dustin heaved a sigh of relief.

It was fortunate that he had so many drugs on hand, or there'd be no way he could deal with so many poisoned patients.

“Thank God you're here, Dustin, or our family would have been done for.” Hector pulled himself up, his face full of gratitude. The Harmon family had nearly been wiped out.

“You're welcome, Mr. Harmon. I just did what I had to.” Dustin replied, waving his arm.

“Uncle Hector, don’t you find this suspicious?” Quentin suddenly asked. “Why does this guy have the antidote?”

“What are you implying?” Hector frowned.

“Everyone who joined the gathering is either from our family or our esteemed guests. Everyone knows each other very well, while this guy is merely a stranger,” Quentin said, locking suspiciously at Dustin.

“Are you saying I’m the one who poisoned you?” Dustin narrowed his eyes.

“Hmmp! Someone from the inside was involved in this incident. You were able to correctly identify the cause and provide the antidote. Shouldn’t we be suspicious of you?” Quentin asked.

“Stop spouting nonsense! Why would he save you if he was the traitor?” Natasha yelled.

“To earn our trust, obviously!” Quentin answered confidently. “He orchestrated this entire thing. He first poisoned us before saving us with the antidote. This is not the first time I’m seeing such dirty tactics!”

His words immediately drew everyone’s attention to Dustin, their gazes conveying various emotions. Wariness. Distrust. Confusion. Anger.

After some thinking, they realized what Quentin said was logical. After all, everyone present had a vested interest and knew each other inside out, and the only stranger was Dustin, which made it hard not to suspect

him.

“How absurd!” Natasha cried indignantly. “Quentin Harmon! Dustin saved your life just now, but you’re accusing him wrongfully? What kind of person are you?”

“I’m just trying to help everyone figure out who the mole is,” Quentin replied unapologetically.

“Fine! You said that Dustin is the traitor. Where’s the proof?” Natasha demanded.

“Isn’t all this proof enough?” Quentin sneered. “All of us were poisoned, but he was completely fine, so who else could it be?”

His words caused an uproar.

“He’s right! All of us were poisoned except that guy. How fishy!”

“Exactly. I was wondering why he was fine, but he turned out to be the person who poisoned us!”*

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“What a treacherous man! Why on earth did I even thank him for? Ugh!”

Everyone’s opinion about Dustin began to sway under Quentin’s prodding. Instead of appreciative gazes, all Dustin received now were furious glares.

Hearsay sure was dangerous. In no time, Dustin found himself labeled guilty.

“Shut up!” Natasha yelled, infuriated.

“Are you guys crazy? Dustin saved you, but instead of thanking him, you’re pointing your fingers at him? Unbelievable!”

“Natasha, this is a serious matter. I think we should look into this issue properly.” Trent suddenly spoke.

“I agree!” Jacob shouted abruptly. “I say we arrest and interrogate him for everyone’s safety!”

“Arrest him! Arrest him!” the Harmon family chanted agitatedly.

It was as if Dustin had suddenly turned into a criminal.

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Looking at all the hostile faces around him, Dustin smiled an imperceptible cold smile. They really didn’t know what was good for them. If he had known earlier

er, he wouldn't have saved anyone. Now, he not only ended up failing to get in to anyone's good books but even brought trouble unto himself. How unlucky!

"Why so quiet, Dustin? Is it because you're feeling too guilty, so you don't dare to speak a word?" Quentin said aggressively. He looked as if he wanted to get to the bottom of things.

"You've already said everything there is to be said. What else can I say?" Dustin snorted and continued, "I saved your lives, but you keep insisting that I poisoned you and speaking so self-righteously. I've never met anyone as ungrateful as you bunch."

"Humph! How dare you still defend yourself?!" Quentin's gaze was icy as he said, "If you didn't poison us, then why don't you explain why you have the antidote?"

"That's right! Why would you have the antidote?!" Everyone started demanding loudly. The incident was too much of a coincidence: it was difficult for people not to be suspicious.

"I'm a doctor, and I'm also proficient at medicine. Isn't it normal for me to cure you guys from the poison?" Dustin said plainly.

"I can vouch that Dustin is indeed a very skillful doctor!" Natasha said firmly.

"Me too!" Ruth added. They believed firmly in Dustin's medical skills and character.

"Fine, even if you're a doctor and happened to have the antidote, then tell me why you didn't get poisoned. Don't tell me it's because you have a strong immune system, so no poison can harm you," Quentin demanded.

"You're right. I am indeed immune to all poison," Dustin said seriously. With his capabilities, common types of poison had no effect on him. Even the Deadly Slither's poison, one of the most infamously lethal types of poison, only made him sleep for a while.

"Did you guys hear that? What a ridiculous excuse!" Quentin scoffed and said coldly, "Dustin, oh Dustin! You're such a good liar. You're also human like all of us, so what gave you the audacity to say that you're immune to all poison?"

"Hmmp! Immune to poison? Sounds like bullshit to me!"

“I know, right? Only the person who poisoned us could come up with such a ridiculous excuse!”

“Don’t waste any more time on him. Hurry up and hold him down so we can interrogate him!”

The crowd flew into a furious uproar. They obviously did not believe Dustin.

“Dad, you’re the head of the family, hurry up and say something!” Seeing that the situation was going sideways, Natasha immediately turned to her father.

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Hector frowned, not knowing what to say. Although he believed that Dustin was innocent, he couldn’t treat a threat to the whole family’s life lightly. Most importantly, there were still suspicions surrounding Dustin, which made it hard for him to decide.

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“Hector, let me handle this,” Trent said. “I’ve been in charge of the safety and security of the family all along. Since something like this has happened, I should carry out a thorough investigation regardless of whether Dustin is innocent.”

“Dad’s right! For the family’s safety, we should always be safe rather than sorry! Men, detain him!” Quentin commanded with a swift gesture of his hand.

“Yes, sir!” A group of the Harmon family’s guards stepped forward and surrounded Dustin. They had already drawn their swords.

“Stop!” Natasha shouted in anger. “If anyone dares to act rashly, don’t blame me for being ruthless!”

“Natasha, you have to look at the bigger picture,” Trent said sternly. “If Dustin is innocent, then I will surely clear his name. I will not condemn him.”

“What’s the difference between condemning him and arresting him in public?” Natasha said with a frown.

“I only require his cooperation in the investigation. I guarantee **that** I will not hurt him.”

“He’s right, Natasha. This is a very serious matter that warrants a thorough investigation. I’m afraid we’ll have

to trouble Dustin a little this time.” Jessica said.

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“Why don’t you trouble yourself? I don’t care, but nobody touches Dustin today!” Natasha didn’t give in at all.

In her eyes, no one was more important than her man. Even if he was guilty, she would still defend him till the

end, much less when he was being wronged right then.

“Nonsense!” Jacob’s temper flared, and he shouted, “How can a junior like you meddle with such an important family matter? Someone take Miss Harmon back to her room!”

“Yes, sir!” Mrs. Davys and the others dared not show any hesitation. They half dragged, and half persuaded

Natasha out of the banquet hall.

Witnessing this scene, Dustin frowned. He had wanted to take action a few times already, but he had controlled himself. The Harmon family’s ways already ignited his anger.

“No one’s going to help you now, Rhys.” Quentin took two steps forward and gave a low laugh. “I already

asked you to leave earlier, but you just didn’t want to listen to me. Look where it’s gotten you now. You regret

it, don’t you?”

“I’m not the person who poisoned you,” Dustin tried to explain.

“Is that important? If I say that it’s you, then it’s you!” Quentin laughed coldly.

“So you’re condemning me on purpose?” Dustin asked with a frown. Being suspected was one thing, but being condemned was another.

“So what if I am?” Quentin had on an amused expression. “Everyone needs an explanation anyway, and making you the culprit will please everybody! What’s the matter? You feel very wronged, don’t you? Very dissatisfied? But what can you do? In this world, power comes above everything else. A pariah from the lowest rungs of society like you deserves to be a scapegoat! Just accept your fate!” With that, he turned around and bellowed, “Lock him up and torture him till he owns up! If he dares to retaliate, then kill him at once!”

“Yes, sir!” Hearing his command, the Harmon family’s guards acted immediately.

“Get lost!” Dustin rocked his body, and a potent wave of energy sent countless guards flying.

“How dare you still resist? This just shows that you definitely have something to be guilty of! Guards, heed my command! Kill the culprit immediately!” Quentin laughed wickedly and gave the kill order. At once, a wave of elite guards surged into the banquet hall from all directions.

“Do you really want to take things to the extreme?” Dustin asked icily.

“Humph, anyone would kill a traitor like you! Kill him!” Quentin said pompously. The moment he said that, a figure flashed before him. Dustin’s arm shot out suddenly, and he gripped Quentin by the neck, lifting him into the air with just one hand. He looked like he was holding a dying fish.

“How dare you!”

“This is preposterous!”

Seeing what was happening, the Harmon family members all shouted in shock. Nobody thought Dustin would still dare to attack while he was already being surrounded.

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“You imbecile! Let go of my son now!” Hector shouted furiously. However, he dared not act rashly for fear that Quentin would get hurt.

“He is undoubtedly the culprit! We must not let him go!” The crowd went into a furious uproar when they saw Dustin attacking someone.

“Hahaha— Hey, kid! You’ve pissed everyone off. Nobody can save you now!” Quentin laughed mirthlessly and said confidently. “If you have common sense, let me go at once. I could still spare your life. But if you dare touch a hair on my head, I can promise I’ll make you die a painful death!”

“Really?” Dustin snorted and tightened his grip aggressively. With a loud snap, Quentin’s head lolled sideways. He died on the spot before he knew it!

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Seeing Quentin die such a sudden death, the crowd was frozen with fright. Their eyes protruded, and disbelief was written across their faces. They could never have imagined Dustin to be so daring as to kill someone over a mere misunderstanding. He was swift, brutal, and very vicious. He never even gave Quentin a chance to negotiate. Shouldn’t every hostage be given a chance to negotiate first? Where was the reason for killing someone straight away without saying anything first? He was so unpredictable.

“It’s over. It’s really over this time.” Ruth smacked her forehead and shut her eyes. If Dustin was just a suspect before this, he was now a murderer, no matter what the truth was. From that moment on, Dustin was the Harmon family’s public enemy! After a short moment of silence, the crowd launched into uproar.

“How dare you kill someone with all of us watching! Today will be your last day!”

*Fuck! Is that idiot crazy? How could he be so bold as to kill a member of the Harmon family on their very own turf? He’s a lunatic!”

“Burning bridges with the Harmon family so openly? I’ve never seen someone so extreme.”

Because of Dustin’s actions, the entire family gathering turned into chaos. Some people were in shock, others were shouting furiously, and some even felt in awe of him.

“Imbecile! You imbecile!” Seeing his son’s body. Trent was so outraged that he vomited blood and collapsed onto the floor.

“How dare you kill my nephew! I’ll rip you to pieces!” After getting his senses back, Jacob bellowed furiously. “What are you guys waiting for? Kill him!”

“Stop! Everyone stop!” A feminine shout sounded out. It was Natasha running back after being dragged away earlier. She barged her way through the crowd and stood in front of Dustin, looking like she would defend him till the end.

“Natasha! What are you doing? You can’t possibly be defending that murderer!” Jacob shouted angrily.

“Natasha! Hurry up and move aside! That man has lost his mind!” Jessica yelled in panic.

“I already saw what happened just now. If you guys hadn’t pushed him to his limits. Dustin wouldn’t have made an impulsive mistake like that.” Natasha still attempted to defend him.

“This is absurd! He killed your cousin. Not only do you not blame him, but you’re even defending him. Are you even a part of the Harmon family?!” Jacob was beside himself with rage.

“That’s right! I think you’ve become blinded to be defending a murderer!”

“You really are in cahoots with him!”

Natasha’s attitude pissed off all the Harmons. She was a turncoat and a heartless traitor!

“Dustin! Quick, take me hostage! It’s the only way you can leave this place alive!” Natasha whispered. She

knew that saying anything else would be useless at that point, and the only way she could keep Dustin alive was to go with this underhanded plan.

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"It's not that serious. Give me three minutes, and I can explain everything." Dustin said with a slight smile. Natasha's selfless protection warmed his heart.

"What's there to explain? Quentin's dead. Nobody will believe anything you say!" Natasha said anxiously. If she wasn't worried that people would see through their act, then she even wished she could hold a knife to her throat.

"As long as you believe me." Dustin said calmly.

"What exactly are you up to?" Natasha asked with a frown. She really didn't know how he could be so calm when the situation had already escalated to such a point.

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"Everybody. I know that all of you hate me, but please let me say a few words." Dustin looked around and said loudly, "As long as you let me finish speaking, you can kill me or do anything you please. I will not resist!"

"Hmph! Are you still trying to make excuses till the very end?" Jacob demanded with a glare.

"I must say this regardless of whether you'll believe me, but Quentin deserved to die. That's because he is the real culprit who poisoned you!" Dustin dropped a bombshell.

"Bullshit!" Jacob snorted coldly. "Quentin is a Harmon. How could he poison members of his own family? I think you're just framing him!"

"That's right! If you're going to make up a story, then at least make it believable. Who would believe you saying Quentin was the culprit?" Everyone scoffed and looked at Dustin with hostile gazes. If it wasn't because Natasha was shielding him, they would have attacked him long ago.

“You say that Quentin is the culprit, but do you have evidence?” Hector, who had been silent till then, finally spoke up. He didn’t trust anyone, only the facts of the case.

“First off, I hold no grudges against the Harmon family, so I have no reason to poison you guys,” Dustin explained slowly. “Hence, all of you should be aware that the real culprit behind the scenes is the Dark Lord. However, not only did Quentin not blame the Dark Lord after being cured, but he kept suspecting me. He even used all sorts of reasons and excuses to condemn me and misled everybody to make me the scapegoat. He deserves to pay with his life! That’s why I **have** reason to suspect that Quentin works for the Dark Lord! And because I saved everyone from the poison, he saw me as a pain in the ass that should be eliminated as soon as possible!”

Once he finished explaining, everybody became a lot more quiet. Some people were already mulling it over to determine if it was the truth. Everybody had their own version of a story, but after hearing Dustin out, they found it indeed a little strange.

“Humph! What a good talker!” Jacob’s expression was still icy. “He’s already dead anyway, so you can say whatever you want, can’t you?”

“Exactly! Do you think you can walk free by making up a story? Let me tell you that won’t be the case!” The members of the Harmon family **were** still treating Dustin with animosity, not trusting him at all.

“Words are useless. **You** must show us evidence!” Hector shouted.

“You want evidence, huh? Sure!” Dustin walked into the corner and picked up the incense burner that had been used to release the poisonous fumes. He explained, “The incense inside has a unique scent. It’s very long-lasting, and when it mixes with the poison, it makes it very hard to notice.”

“So what?” Jacob said impatiently.

“Take a sniff. Isn’t there an odd scent on Quentin? It smells almost exactly the same as the incense,” Dustin said.

“Huh?” Jacob smelled the incense, then walked over to Quentin’s body and took a hard sniff. His expression changed instantly. Just like Dustin had said, the smell on Quentin was exactly the same as the incense in the

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burner. "They smell the same!"

To determine the truth, many people from the crowd came forward to take a sniff and experienced a shocking revelation. "Humph! So what if they smell the same? What does it prove? It could merely be a coincidence!" Jacob said coldly.

"Of course, the smell cannot prove anything. Actually, what raised my suspicion was not the smell, but Quentin's body." After a pause, Dustin dropped another bombshell. "You might not believe me when I say this, but Quentin already died long ago. His body **was** only being controlled using witchcraft!"

The crowd flew into an uproar.

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"Outrageous! This is absolutely outrageous! All of us saw with our own eyes that Quentin was alive and well before you killed him. Yet you dare say that he was just a corpse? How absolutely ridiculous!" Jacob's rage burned to a whole new level, and he wanted to rip Dustin apart.

"Hmmp! Do you take us for fools? What makes you think we would believe your bullshit?!"

"Exactly! You were the one who killed Quentin. We all witnessed it!"

The crowd was furious, and their suspicions towards Dustin grew even stronger. How dare he deny killing someone and even use such a ludicrous excuse to clear his name? Did he think they were three-year-olds?

"Young

ing man, do you know what you're talking about?" Hector said with a frown. He had tried to give Dustin a chance to explain himself, but his words only grew more outrageous.

“I know you guys don’t believe me, but I have proof.” Dustin walked to Quentin’s corpse and ripped Quentin’s

clothes off, exposing patches of red lines to the crowd. “Do you see this? This is corpse plaque!” Dustin shocked everybody again.

“Corpse plaque?!” Everybody looked at each other skeptically at hearing those words. On the one hand, they

were taken aback by what Dustin said. On the other hand, they were skeptical about whether the corpse

plaque was real.

“Hmmp! Is it corpse plaque just because you say so? What if those are just normal bruises?” Jacob said with

a frown, still in disbelief.

“I — I can prove that it is really corpse plaque!” At that moment, a bespectacled man suddenly stepped

forward and said with a shocked expression, “I used to be a doctor, and I’m very familiar with corpse plaque. What’s more, judging by the corpse plaque on his body, Quentin has been dead for at least twelve hours!” The

moment he said that, everyone’s expression changed.

“How could that be?! Quentin was still up and about just now. We all saw it clearly!”

“That’s right! There are so many witnesses. How could it have been a sham?!”

Besides being shocked, many people were skeptical because this revelation was hard to accept. “I was also

wondering how a living person could have such serious corpse plaque on his body,” the bespectacled man

said in astonishment.

“Dustin, what’s going on?” Natasha asked in confusion. She also couldn’t believe that the Quentin she had

seen earlier **was** actually a **dead** body.

“I already said that Quentin **was** already dead, but somebody was controlling his body with witchcraft.” Dustin

continued explaining. “I believe you guys must have heard of the rumors of corpse possession in Iden. This is

similar to corpse possession, but the technique of it is far more refined.”

“That’s nonsense! How could dark magic like corpse possession exist in this world?!” Jacob demanded.

“If you haven’t seen something before, it doesn’t mean it doesn’t exist. There are endless branches of the

mystic arts that are very strange. Corpse possession is nothing in comparison,” Dustin said plainly.

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“Hmmp! You can’t solve the case merely based on corpse plaque!” Jacob said stubbornly. As a warrior, he

only believed in his own fists.

“You really don’t believe anything I say, huh? Fine, since **you** still doubt me, then I’ll enlighten you today.”

Dustin suddenly pulled out a silver needle and stabbed it into the space between Quentin’s eyebrows! A rumbling sound filled the air. A little while after he plunged the needle, Quentin’s body suddenly started

convulsing.

Then, black blood started flowing uncontrollably from his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. After a few heaves of Quentin’s chest, little black snakes started slithering out from every orifice of the corpse.

“Snakes! They’re snakes!”

Witnessing this scene, the crowd lost their composure and retreated in fright.
Anyone would get goosebumps

just by imagining snakes slithering out from a person's head.

“How could this be?”