

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 851

Chapter 851

Both halves of Charles' body fell to the floor.

Derek was shell-shocked as he watched Charles get sliced in two. He fell to the floor and began to tremble from head to toe.

Sweat and urine pooled under his body.

He never expected Dustin could be so ruthless. He'd killed the second son of the Killian family without any hesitation.

He was fuhys, this bastard is the last one left. Should we kill him too?" Cornelius pressed his blade to Derek's neck once again.

"Don't kill me! Show mercy, hero! Show mercy!" Derek burst into tears of fright. He crawled over to Dustin on his knees, begging for his life in a frenzy.

He was terrified. These people were insane and had no reservations.

They dared to kill a big shot like Charles. What was he in comparison to that?

"Forget it. This has nothing to do with him. Let him live," Dustin said indifferently.

"Sir Rhys, the Killian family has lost many of their members. They'll do a thorough investigation. If we don't tie up loose ends, and this person leaks information, there'll be consequences!" Cornelius warned.

"No, no! I won't say anything. I don't know anything. I wasn't here today and never saw any of you!"

"I swear on my family's name that I won't say anything if you let me go. If I do, you can annihilate my family!" Derek begged mournfully, bowing his head and making promises. He desperately wanted to live.

"Don't worry, I won't kill you. But I need you to do something," Dustin said expressionlessly.

"I would do anything you want!" Derek nodded profusely.

"Stab Charles' body a few times. Then bury all the corpses of the Killian family members,"

Dustin instructed.

"What?" Derek was stunned.

It seemed that they wanted to drag him down with them too.

"What, you're not willing to?" Cornelius' expression turned unkind.

"I am... Of course I'm willing!" Derek nodded profusely again.

Then, he picked up the blade on the ground and repeatedly drove it into Charles' corpse. He wanted to show his sincerity to them.

"General Derek Lester, right? I'll remember you. We'll have a good partnership from here on out," Dustin said casually. Then, he grabbed Gavin's head and got into the car.

The engine roared to life, and the Kirin Gang hurriedly left.

Derek looked at the corpse lying everywhere. He wanted to cry.

Fuck!

What an unlucky day. Somehow he'd gotten himself into this disaster.

It was nighttime.

Tyler was holed up in one of the studies in the Grants' mansion. He was focused entirely on planning tactics at his desk.

Suddenly, a black silhouette slowly emerged from a corner.

It was a woman in black wearing a mask with a raindrop pattern.

"Master, the situation has changed. Gavin's ambush failed. Now, his whereabouts are

unknown. He is most likely in trouble," the woman reported quietly.

"Failed?" Tyler narrowed his eyes. "He can't even take down a small fry. That useless glutton

deserved to die."

"Master, should we move on to the next step?" she asked tentatively.

"That bastard carries the sin of killing Paul Hill. He will probably be dead in a week. We don't

need to care about him for now."

Tyler shook his head and continued, "Right now, the most important matter is obtaining the Harmons' treasure map. By the way, how is Trent's progress?"

“There is discord within the Harmon family. However, it is difficult to get Trent promoted,”

the woman said.

“Since Trent can’t do it alone, let’s add fuel to the fire. We’re going to turn the Harmon family upside down!”cking scary!

“Sir R