

An Understated Dominance by Marina Chapter 921

Chapter 921

Dustin said indifferently. "Sir Augustus wanted to kill me earlier. Why can't I kill him?"

"I'm going to take revenge on you for killing my master!" Terry roared. His **eyes** were bloods hot

"Terry, don't say that Phil quickly yelled. He was afraid.

This young grandmaster in front of them was able to defeat Sir Augustus, much less them.

"If it's a fair challenge, I'll welcome it. But if you dare use dirty tricks, I'll annihilate the entire Doyle family!" Dustin said as he looked at Terry coldly.

The Doyle family stepped backward in fear. They looked terrified.

It would be easy for a grandmaster to wipe them out.

"Cornelius, let's go home." Dustin no longer wanted to entertain this conversation and headed

down the mountain.

"Dustin..." At that moment, Nikki ran up to him.

With a guilty look, she said, "I'm sorry, I was wrong. I'm willing to turn over a new leaf and listen to

you. Will you give me another chance?"

"Actually," she continued, "if you'd been honest with me sooner, none of this would have happened. We would have been great friends, don't you think?"

If she had known earlier that he was a grandmaster, she would never have chosen to betray him.

"Get lost," Dustin spat coldly. His expression didn't waver a single bit.

Broken trust could never be regained.

"Dustin, I know you feel bad for me. For my brother's sake..."

"Get lost!"

Before Nikki could finish speaking, Dustin stomped his foot fiercely. An intense force of internal energy suddenly exploded, forcing her away.

"Don't ever bring your brother up in front of me. You have no right," he said coldly.

With that, he left.

Watching his retreating back, Nikki gnashed her teeth. She was about to blow her top.

"Why? Why didn't you tell me?"

"If you'd revealed your identity sooner, I wouldn't have done that."

"This is all your fault!"

"Give the Jade Maiden Scripture back!"

Nikki shouted. Anger was written all over her face.

More than that, she was overcome with regret.

"A leopard can't change its spots" Dustin's cold, mocking murmur disappeared with the wind.

"Madam Edith, what do we do now? Are we still going to massacre the entire Zephyr Lodge tonight?" one of the Jade Maiden Sisterhood disciples asked out of the blue.

"Massacre?" Edith slapped the disciple.

She yelled, "Are you stupid? He's a grandmaster martial artist. How are you going to pull off a massacre? Do you want to die?"

The disciple cupped her cheek pitifully.

She muttered to herself, "Wasn't it you who said you wanted a bloodbath?"

"Now that such a powerful evildoer has been born, the entire martial world will be shaken up!" Conrad narrowed his eyes and let out a breath.

"He is a young grandmaster. If not him, then who?"

Several founding members of the Gleansted martial arts alliance also sighed.

"Dad, what do we do now? Can we still get our revenge?" Torben swallowed. He was feeling weak.

"Well..." Autumn was at a loss for words.

Without his father in command, even if the entire Hill family joined united, they were no match

for a grandmaster.

"Hmph, so what if he's a young grandmaster? He took the Septemortis. Without an antidote, he's going to die anyway!" Spring said with a dark expression.

"That's right! The punk has been poisoned, and no medicine can help him. He only has three and a half days to live!" Torben said, his eyes lighting up.

"Sir Reeds, that bastard killed my father. He is also the martial world's public enemy. You can not go easy on him!" Autumn said as he shifted his

gaze.

The antidote to the Septemortis was with Ronald.

In other words, Dustin's life was completely in his hands.

"I owe everything to Sir Paul. I will handle this matter fairly and not let personal matters affect my decision."

Then, Ronald shook his head and sighed softly. "Although it's a pity, someone has to pay the price

for this."

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Chapter 922

In the evening, Dustin was quietly sipping tea at his table by the window of the Roseate

Restaurant.

The battle of grandmasters shook up the two major martial arts alliances entirely.

Various parties were thinking of ways to recruit him. This even included several overseas

alliances.

Of course, he paid no attention to those people.

Because today, he'd invited Natasha for dinner.

At that moment, the restaurant's doors opened.

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Natasha walked in elegantly. She was in a long black dress that complemented her complexion.

She was wearing light makeup today. Her natural features looked even more alluring.

Together with her unique aura, she was a stunner.

Even though he'd seen her many times, Dustin was still as surprised as always.

"Why are you staring at me? Am I not beautiful today?"

Natasha purposely twirled in front of Dustin, putting her s*xxy figure on full display.

"Of course, you're beautiful. Words cannot describe your beauty." Dustin nodded with a smile.

"Hehe. Darling, when did you learn how to talk like that?" Natasha grinned.

She had always thought that Dustin didn't get romance. She never thought that he w

saying such things.

Did he finally learn?

"I'm just telling the truth," Dustin said seriously.

"Good, because I love hearing you tell me the truth." Natasha took a seat, still smiling..

Then, she took out a gift box from her bag and placed it on the table. "Here, this is for you."

"Why did you get a gift for no reason?" Dustin was rather curious.

He opened the gift box to find a beautiful brass lock. He was dumbfounded.

"Natasha, what does this mean?"

"A brass lock signifies a long-lasting love. I want to keep you locked down!" Natasha said seriously.

"What year are we in? You actually believe in this?"

Dustin didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

"What? You don't want to be locked down by me?" Natasha deadpanned.

Her eyes carried a hint of threat.

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“Hmph, that’s more like it! Natasha smiled with a hint of pride.

Do you think I don’t have control over you?” she thought.

“Natasha, why did you invite me to dinner today?” Dustin asked

“Actually, there is.” Natasha nodded.

Her expression turned serious. The preparations for the Oakvale company are done. I have to fly over to take care of the overall situation, so I wanted to say goodbye ”

“So soon? I thought it’d take more time.” Dustin was caught off guard.

Natasha had mentioned this two nights ago. He just never expected her to do things so swiftly.

“My family’s situation is not great right now. There’s already internal conflict, so I have to pick up the pace with the new company.

“When the time comes, I’ll transfer all the funds here to there to avoid getting stuck in a muddy situation,” Natasha explained.

“It’s good to be prepared. You can’t put all your eggs in one basket.” Dustin nodded thoughtfully.

Then, he asked, “Oh, do you need my help with anything?”

“You don’t have to worry about the business. Having the Immortunol is enough. Right now, I’m

most worried about my father.

“Ever since my uncle took over, he has been getting rid of my father’s most trusted subordinates. Some were kicked out of the family, while others were stripped of important positions.

“If this c

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Chapter 923

Natasha was solemn. Given her father's personality, she knew he would never hand over the treasure map once he knew Tyler was behind everything.

However, that would certainly anger Tyler and put her father in danger.

"I understand I will send someone to protect Mr. Harmon discreetly," Dustin assured her.

"That puts me at ease," Natasha grinned.

"Of course, I won't be gone for long. Once I've taken care of things with my new company in Oakvale, I'll return to Millsburg immediately. If everything goes well, I'll be back in three to five

days."

"Alright, I'll wait for you." Dustin nodded.

After their food arrived, they chatted and ate in a pleasant atmosphere.

Just then, the doors to the restaurant opened once again. A group of elegantly dressed young men and women entered, chatting happily.

Dustin glanced over instinctively. He didn't think much of it at first, but suddenly, he froze. Looking back in the same direction, he appeared somewhat surprised.

"What's wrong?" Natasha noticed.

"Nothing, I just recognized someone." Dustin smiled.

"Is it a friend? Should we go over and greet them?"

Natasha turned and saw a group of young people. They carried themselves exceptionally. Clearly, they came from affluent backgrounds.

“No need, let’s focus on our meal,” Dustin replied. He didn’t pay much attention to them.

He continued his meal with Natasha and enjoyed the moment of tranquility.

For some reason, he felt a sense of peace whenever he was with her. It was as if all of his worries

had suddenly disappeared.

“Dear, it’s almost time. I still need to catch a flight. See you in a few days.” After having her fill

Natasha stood up.

“Alright, I’ll drive you there.” Dustin stood up, too.

“That won’t be necessary. I have a private ride. You seem tired. Rest well when you get back. You

must take good care of yourself.

“Oh, right. You better be faithful while I’m gone. Don’t go flirting with everyone you see. Otherwise Snip-”

Natasha made a face and turned her fingers into scissors. She followed that up with a chuckle and pecked Dustin on the cheek.

With words filled with affection, she waved and bid him goodbye.

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“Dustin?” Suddenly, he heard a clear female voice.

He turned around to find several beautiful women staring at him curiously. The person in the middle of the group was Sheila Murray.

They had met in Swinton before. That was when he used a fiery beetle to cure her of Polarfrost. His reward for that then was the Gozoraberry.

“Dustin, it really is you! I thought my eyes were playing tricks on me.” Sheila was so happy that she almost jumped up in joy.

“Sheila, long time no see.” Dustin smiled weakly.

He hadn’t planned on greeting her, but she still noticed him in the end.

“When did you arrive in Millsburg? Why didn’t you tell me?” Sheila was very friendly.

She had been thinking about Dustin day and night ever since she met him. But since her parents

were strict, she never had the chance to leave the house alone.

She didn’t expect to meet him there. It was a pleasant surprise!

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“I’ve been here for a while now But I’ve been quite busy and haven’t had the chance to visit

General Murray.”

Dustin smiled and changed the subject, “By the way, how are you recovering? Do you still feel unwell?”

Polarfrost was an extremely rare disease. It was hard to get rid of it entirely.

His method of using a fiery beetle to suppress it could only ensure Sheila’s safety for the next ten

years

After ten years, unless she found a rare treasure to save her, she would die.

“I’m doing great! I’ve been eating well too.” Sheila smiled.

“Of course, it’s all thanks to you. I would have been long gone if it wasn’t for you.”

“No need to mention it. Solving people’s problems and getting paid is what I’m supposed to do,” Dustin replied with a smile.

"Sheila, who's this? Why don't you introduce him to us?" a woman in red beside Sheila asked.

"Ah, I almost forgot." Sheila was quick to catch on.

"Vivian, this is Dustin. The one I've talked about. He's the one who cured me of my strange illness!

As she spoke, her head was tilted up slightly. She looked slightly proud.

"Oh... So you're that guy Sheila often talks about?" Vivian gave him a once-over. She looked at him

with a slight disdain.

Dustin wasn't bad-looking, but he dressed like a country bumpkin. Both of them were clearly from different worlds.

She didn't understand how an ordinary guy like Dustin won Sheila's heart.

Was it because he was good-looking? She had a bland taste if that were the case.

"Dustin, have you eaten? Do you want to join us?" Sheila asked first.

"Oh, I just ate," Dustin replied.

"Huh?" Sheila's smile stiffened.

She found another excuse. "If you don't want to eat, why don't you sit down and have some thing drink? It just so happens that I need your advice about medical stuff."

She looked at him expectantly, eagerly awaiting his response.

"Alright then." Dustin hesitated for a moment before nodding.

Sheila was too innocent. He was afraid of making her cry if he rejected her again.

"That's great! Dustin, please come this way!"

Sheila lit up instantly and pulled him by the arm.

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The one seated in the middle was a well-dressed man with a dignified appearance. Though he looked no older than thirty, he had deep, profound eyes.

Radiating a commanding aura, he carried a natural regal presence. He stood out just by sitting there, like a main character from a story.

"Sheila, who's this next to you? How come I've never seen him before?"

The well-dressed man stood up and scrutinized Dustin. His gaze carried a hint of hostility.

The intimacy between Sheila and Dustin bothered him.

"Evan, this is Dustin Rhys. He has remarkable medical skills. It's thanks to **him** **that** I've recovered

from my illness."

Sheila wasted no time with the introductions.

"Is that so?" Evan narrowed his eyes and put on a fake smile.

"Well, since he's your friend, please have a seat."

"Dustin, please, sit." Sheila pulled out a chair for Dustin and positioned it behind him.

Many around them frowned at her behavior. When had the distinguished young lady of the Murray family ever shown such humility?

Wasn't that guy just a doctor?

In normal circumstances, he wouldn't even be worthy of their attention. They all came from privileged backgrounds, after all.

They were either wealthy children of prestigious families or high-ranking officials. None of them were ordinary citizens.

How could a mere doctor find himself in their exclusive circle?

"Doctor Rhys, was it? May I ask about your alma mater? Harvard or Yale?"

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Just then, a treacherous-looking young man spoke out

"Neither Dustin shook his head.

"Oh? Are you from some backwater university?" The young **man** snickered.

The rest of the group looked on amusingly. They were ready to witness a spectacle.

"I've never gone to university," Dustin replied.

"What? You've never even gone to university?"

The young man replied with an exaggerated expression, "Bro, are you joking? How can you be a doctor without a degree?"

"I practice traditional medicine. I grew up in that environment, so I acquired the skills naturally.* Dustin remained unfazed.

"Traditional medicine?" The young man froze before bursting out in laughter.

"Bro, you're joking, right? Traditional medicine? That's just another name for a swindler in the

martial arts world."

"Hah! Who believes in traditional medicine these days? Those who do are fools!"

"You can't say that. Those old folks who frequent the parks are totally into it. There sure are those who fall for it."

At that moment, laughter erupted from the group. Their tones were laced with sarcasm.

Having received their education in Streuqua from a young age, they despised traditional medicine

"Sheila, are you sure he's the one who saved you? Were you lied to?" Vivian fanned the flames.

"That's impossible! Dustin is not a liar. He really has amazing skills!" Sheila argued.

"He has amazing skills? Hah... I don't believe it."

The young man grinned and said with a disdainful gaze. "Aren't you a traditional medicine practitioner? Let's see if you can figure out what's wrong with me.

"There's a reward if you guess right!" As he spoke, he extended an arm, looking expectant.

Dustin gave him a quick once-over. He said impassively, "Have you been feeling cold lately? You've also been sweating more than usual and experiencing back pain."

"Huh?"

The young man frowned. "How did you know that?"

His body had indeed been feeling strange lately.

"I noticed that your gaze is dull. You're also experiencing shortness of breath, and your complexion is pale.

"Along with the other symptoms, you probably have weak kidneys. That leads to s*xual

"Bullshit" The young man was furious when he heard Dustin

I'm fine! I can do it seven times a day, no problem

Men hated it when they were told they couldn't perform well

"Not only that, you have STD I'd advise you to get checked at the hospital. If you don't go soon, you might lose your buddy," Dustin warned.

"Y-You You're spouting nonsense!" His fury reached its peak.

"If you speak any more crap, I'll beat the shit out of you!"

Saying he was bad in bed was one thing, but now he was accusing him of having STDs?

If word got out, how would he face anyone ever again?

"Hmph! What a load of crap!"

Vivian pursed her lips in disdain. "Do you think you're God? How can you know what illness someone has by just one look?"

"Dustin, your claims have something to do with a man's reputation and dignity. You better watch your words.

"Otherwise, you might get a beating," Evan warned as he glared at Dustin.

"That's right! You say I'm sick, then show me the evidence! If you can't prove it, today won't end well for you!" the treacherous-looking young man threatened aggressively.

"You want evidence? That's simple." Dustin raised an eyebrow and pointed at his abdomen.

"Press about three inches below your navel, two inches to the left from the midline. Then press one inch above your navel, along the midline."

"Hmph! Let's see what tricks you're getting at!" The young man followed Dustin's steps defiantly. He pressed the two points on his abdomen.

After he was done, he lifted his head arrogantly and said, "I did it. Now what? I don't feel anything. What does it prove? You're nothing but a swindler!"

As soon as he finished speaking, they suddenly heard the sound of water dripping.

Everyone looked down to find that the young man's crotch, at some point, had become wet. Yellow liquid was dripping non-stop from the end of his trousers.

He had lost control of his bladder!