

## An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 291 -

### Chapter 291

“Well done. Well done, indeed!” Edwin laughed boisterously. “This Substratum is may be expensive, but it’s definitely worth the price!”

While he was still chortling away, another bodyguard rushed into the **room** anxiously. “Sir, something bad happened back home!” The guard fell to his knees, weeping.

“What?” Edwin frowned.

“We just received news from Swinton that Hummer Villa turned into a slaughterhouse last night. All of our fighters are dead, and Ms. Hummer and Mr. Hummer were both killed as well. The Hummer family is gone!”

These words struck Edwin like lightning, and the Substratumis in his hand crashed to the floor, shattering instantly.

“Son!” Edwin wailed mournfully, collapsing to the floor.

The devastated man stayed on the floor for what felt like ages. When he finally staggered to his feet, he seemed to have aged ten years, looking extremely haggard.

“Get ready. I want to head to Boulderthorn’s branch right this instant!” Edwin seethed menacingly. He no longer had anything to fear now that his children were dead. He only cared about avenging them, no matter the cost!

After an hour, in Boulderthorn’s branch’s meeting room.

“What? Joshua was killed?” A man in a green shirt shot up and roared. “Who the hell dares to touch someone from Boulderthorn?”

“It was Natasha Harmon and a man called Dustin Rhys!” Edwin growled.

The other man humphed. “How dare a family like them challenge us! They must **have** a death wish! Gather up our men. No matter what, we must avenge Joshua!”

“Yes, sir!”

The Boulderthorn disciples immediately left to carry out the man’s orders. Soon, the entire branch began to make a move.

Boulderthorn had hundreds of thousands of disciples throughout Balerno, and this particular branch has fostered the highest quantity of skilled martial artists. The reason for that was simple: their mentor was the guildmaster of Boulderthorn.

Boulderthorn has four branch leaders, eight guildmasters, and thirty–six second–in–commands. Besides the branch leaders, the guildmasters held the most power in the guild. With just one command, guildmasters could control thousands of disciples. **However**, each guildmaster had strong animosity against the other, so they were extremely protective of their disciples. So, whenever someone was in trouble, everyone would immediately chip in to help. And out of all Boulderthorn disciples, Joshua was the most talented and skilled, earning him the **head** guildmaster’s affection,

His sudden death shocked the entire guild, and if Boulderthorn didn’t avenge him, their reputation would be sullied, particularly for this branch.

Edwin felt some sense of relief when he saw the effort the guild disciples were putting in. Without saying another word, he got back to his car and headed towards the Grants home.

No matter who was responsible for Jade’s disappearance, he **was** sure to place the blame on Dustin, and, knowing the Grants, Dustin wasn’t going to get away with this easily. With Boulderthorn and the Grants working together, even the Harmon family, one of the wealthiest families around, wouldn’t last long, and when the time came, the Harmon family would surely make Natasha take responsibility alone.

As for Dustin, he **was** nothing but a sitting duck for the Boulderthorn disciples.

“My dear son, I will avenge you soon,” Edwin swore solemnly.

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Meanwhile, in Park Place, Swiston.

“What? Joshua Hummer is dead, and his entire family was massacred? They even burned Hummer Villa down to the ground?” Jessica, who had been relaxing a second ago, sobered when she heard her guard’s report.

The Hummer family was well known for being the top family in Swinton. While it couldn’t win against the Harmon family, it was still a force to be reckoned with, especially with Boulderthorn’s support. So who could be powerful enough to destroy that family?

“Do you know who did it?” Jessica pushed.

“The fire burned almost everything. It’ll be difficult to trace the source.” The guard shook his head.

“We’ll be in trouble if we can’t find the culprit!” Jessica frowned, pondering. Under normal circumstances, she’d be over the moon to learn that the Hummer family was gone. However, most people now knew that the Hummer family and her daughter had something against each other, so Natasha would naturally become the prime suspect. What Jessica feared the most was that should Boulderthorn start digging into this matter, things would get much more complicated.

“What’s wrong?” Just then, Natasha walked into the room wearing silk pajamas.

“Joshua Hummer is dead, and the entire Hummer family was destroyed while Edwin Hummer is still missing!” Jessica summarized everything she knew.

“I already knew that. Nothing to be surprised of.” Natasha stretched lazily.

“Huh? When did you find out?” Jessica **asked**, astonished.

“Dustin called me last night,” Natasha responded calmly.

“Last night?” **Jessica** froze before understanding dawned. “Are you saying that he’s the one who did it?”

“Yep.” Natasha nodded.

“Is he crazy? How could he kill Joshua Hummer? Doesn’t he know that Joshua’s mentor is Clement Lincoln? Isn’t he worried that Boulderthorn would retaliate?” Jessica snapped.

“The Hummer family and I are already enemies, so I don’t think Dustin did anything wrong.” Natasha countered.

The truth was she’d already been prepared to fight against them after hearing that the military had arrested Dustin. Still, it was a good thing he returned safely.

“He did nothing wrong?” Jessica frowned. “Natasha, do you have any idea what you’re saying? Even your father has to be careful around Lincoln! Dustin won’t be the only one to die if Lincoln wants revenge. You’ll be dragged down too!”

Boulderthorn was one of the strongest guilds in Balerno. The Harmon family wouldn’t be able to stand up against them, much less the **guildmaster**, who had the power to control over ten **thousand** men.

**To** put things into perspective, without military aid, no one would be able to stop these martial artists.

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“Boulderthorn may be powerful, but they are not above the law. They won’t be able to do **as** they please. Besides, did you really think that the Hummer family was going to simply let us go if Dustin hadn’t killed Joshua? Since nothing can stop us from being enemies, the next best option would be to **make** the first move!” Natasha explained calmly, having thought about it earlier.

“I don’t care. Dustin is in big trouble this time. If you don’t want to drag our family into this mess, you better cut all ties with him right now!” Jessica warned.

“That’s your plan? Cutting ties with him?” Natasha snorted. “You shouldn’t **for get** that Dustin offended the Hummer family for me. Are you telling me to turn my back on him right now?”

“Why not?” Jessica responded scornfully. “Everyone has their value. Once the y’re no longer of use, they should be discarded. You should always focus on t he bigger picture.”

“How could you say something like that? You haven’t changed, have you? Yo u’re still so disgusting!” Natasha sneered before spinning around to leave.

“You” Jessica fumed.

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Was it wrong for a mother to worry about her daughter’s safety? So why could n’t Natasha understand her?

“Istrid!” Jessica called out.

A voluptuous woman immediately hurried into the room. “Yes, Madam?”

“Send an anonymous letter to Clement Lincoln to let him know everything Dus tin has done.” Jessica

instructed.

“Huh?” Isfrid was stunned. “A—are **you** sure, Madam?”

Dustin had been severely injured just to save Natasha, yet Jessica was telling her to betray him. That was

crossing the line.

“Shut up and do as I say! Natasha will only be safe if we sacrifice Dustin. Hurr y up!” Jessica ordered coldly.

“Yes. Madam.” Istrid could only nod. Although she felt sorry for Dustin, as the Harmon family’s shadow guard, she had no choice but to obey Jessica.

Meanwhile, a red BMW suddenly pulled up **at** the door of Peaceful Medical Center. The car door flung open. and Dakota Nicholson rushed into the building frenziedly.

“I know you’re here, Rhys! Come out!” she yelled.

“Which uneducated brat is it?” Dustin emerged from the kitchen. He looked up and gave her a knowing look. So it’s you. What can I do for you?”

“Cut the crap! My mother’s sick. Follow me to the hospital and help her!” Dakota ordered rudely. She woke up this morning to find that her mother was paralyzed, unable to feel anything below her shoulders, and could

only move her neck.

Although Dakota was shocked, she was forced to admit that everything happened just as Dustin had said it would. Her mother had fainted the first day, coughed up blood on the second, and became paralyzed on the third, just like he said.

So, if her mother couldn’t receive treatment in time, she would die tomorrow.

“What does your mother falling sick have to do with me?” Dustin shrugged, not at all surprised.

“She wouldn’t be sick if you hadn’t slapped her,” Dakota replied arrogantly.

“Wow, to become terminally ill from a slap. Your mother sure is something else.” Dustin chuckled, shaking his

head.

“Stop messing around. I’m giving you a chance to redeem yourself. Come with me to the hospital to save my

mother **right** now!” Dakota ordered.

“Sorry, but I don’t give a damn.” Dustin refused bluntly.

“What?” Dakota frowned. “How dare you refuse! Do you have **any** idea what the consequences will be?”

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“Nope.” Dustin shook his head.

Dakota humped, displeased. “That means you’ll offend the Glenstead Nichols ons. If I can pull you out of jail, I can certainly put you back in.”

“It sounds like I have you to thank for my freedom?” Dustin asked, amused.

“Do you think I would have saved you if Dahlia didn’t keep begging me?” Dakota humped. “You should be grateful. Since I saved you, it’s time for you to repay the **favor**. I’m giving **you** a chance to save my mother!”

“I have no idea where you found the confidence to **say** all that.” Dustin snorted and shook his head. “If that’s the attitude you’re going to carry, I’m afraid I can’t help you. Please leave.”

Dakota was supposed to ask for a favor, yet she acted arrogantly. It was **as** if she expected him to be grateful. that she was telling him to save someone. Who did she think she **was**?

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“You shameless bastard!” Dustin’s repeated refusal angered Dakota, the proud daughter of a wealthy family. Usually, people would be tripping over their feet trying to flatter her, yet here Dustin was, ignoring her.

“Who’s the shameless one?” Dustin raised an eyebrow. “Have you been **eating** so much junk food that you

fried your brain? This is Balerno, not Glenstead, so don’t give me that attitude!”

“You-

” Dakota was so angry she gritted her teeth, but she couldn’t do anything else since she desperately needed him to save her mother. She would have already struck him if her mother’s life wasn’t at stake.

“What do you want, Rhys?” Dakota took a deep breath, trying to keep her anger at bay.

“I won’t make things difficult for you, for Dahlia’s sake, Dustin answered. “I can save her, but first, I want you

to stop that haughty attitude of yours and give me a sincere apology. Next, I want you to write a letter of

apology.”

“Never!” Dakota balked. “How could I, the daughter of the Glenstead Nicholsons, apologize to someone like you? Absolutely not.”

“Then forget about it. I’m not the one suffering anyway.” Dustin responded lazily. “But don’t say I didn’t **warn**

you. Your mother will die tomorrow if she doesn’t receive treatment in time.”

“You-

” Dakota choked, her face dark. Although she didn’t like hearing that, it was still the truth. If her mother didn’t receive help in time, she would be dead by the next morning.

“Please **leave** if you aren’t happy with my conditions.” Dustin waved her away.

“I—I’ll do it!” Dakota eventually gave in. Biting her lip, she stammered. ‘I—I’m sorry. I was wrong.’”

“Are you talking to the air? Speak up!” Dustin ordered.

“I’m sorry! I was wrong!” Dakota shouted, her face red. That was her first time apologizing to someone, and it was utterly humiliating.

“Fine. I’ll forgive you because of Dahlia, but you better remember not to be so arrogant from now on. Not everyone is **as** kind as me,” Dustin reminded her.

Dakota’s face darkened, and her palms ached from how hard she clenched her fists. She forced out a smile and asked, “You’ll save my mom **now**, right?”

“What about the apology letter?” Dustin asked instead.

“I’ll write it!” Dakota gritted her teeth and began writing as soon as she got some pen and paper. Soon, a long letter was completed.



“As expected of an aristocratic family’s lady. Your writing is perfect.” Dustin nodded, pleased. He stored the letter away and pulled out a bottle of pills. “Here. One pill a day, and she’ll be as good as new after a month.”

“Just this? Are you serious?” Dakota accepted the bottle and studied it suspiciously. “Are you **messing** with me, Rhys? My mom can be saved with just a few pills?”

“What else were you expecting? Was I supposed to open her up instead?” Dustin questioned back.

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“Alright. I’ll believe you this once. Your medicine better work, or I’m coming for you!” Giving Dustin a vicious glare, Dakota turned to leave.

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“Hold on.”

“What now?” Dakota halted and spun around, impatient.

“You haven’t paid yet. This medicine is precious. You can just pay me ten million, Dustin casually told her.

“What? A bottle like this costs ten million dollars? You might as well rob a bank!” Dakota fumed.

“This is obviously easier than robbing a **bank**. You can always give it back if you find it too expensive.” Dustin reached out to grab the bottle back.

“You’re shameless!” Dakota gritted her teeth and wrote up a ten-million-dollar check before leaving angrily. She’d made up her mind to make Dustin pay after her mother recovered.

After half an hour, she reached the hospital. As soon as she returned to the ward, she saw a group of doctors gathered there, shaking their heads and sighing. Her mother, Jane, was lying on the hospital bed, unable to move.

“You’re back, Dakota!” Florence rushed forward and asked, “How did it go? Does he have the solution? If

there’s no other method, we’ll have to seek out Dr. Cross.”

“He gave me a bottle of pills and told me Mom would be fine after taking them for a month.” Dakota pulled out the bottle and poured out an ordinary-looking black pill the size of a peanut that emitted a musty odor.

“This thing can heal her?” Florence gaped in dismay. Instead of the panacea she had been expecting, all she saw was a booger.

“That’s what he said.” Dakota nodded her head.

“Ms. Nicholson,” a bald doctor suddenly spoke. “Your mother’s life is in danger. The best choice right now would be to perform a craniotomy surgery, not listen to some voodoo doctor.”

“You can’t even figure out what’s wrong with her, yet you want to perform a craniotomy? How’s that different from murder?” Dakota snapped.

The doctors had previously told her that her mother might be paralyzed **due** to the tumor in her brain. However, the CT scan results came back clean, so how could she blindly believe their assumptions?

“All surgeries come with risks, but at least our professional team is more reliable than the doctor you found!”

the bald doctor promised.

“I have to try **no** matter what!” Dakota’s tone was firm.

“What an idiot.” The bald doctor shook his head and looked at Dakota like she was a moron. “Why would the world need doctors if medicine can cure everything?”

“Exactly! I’ll take a shit while doing a **handstand** if it works!” another doctor voiced.

**Ignoring** them, Dakota grabbed the pill and put it into her mother’s mouth. The pill melted instantly, and a gush of **energy** spread through Jane’s limbs.

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A few seconds later, Jane began to cough, her face flushed.

“What the hell is this? It tastes atrocious!” Jane sputtered and sat up to gargle using the cup of water beside

her.

“You can move again, Mom?” Dakota froze, then she lit up in excitement.

“Huh?” Jane halted, swallowing the water she had just gargled, before springing up happily. “Oh my! I can

move again!”

“Who said they’d take a shit while doing a handstand? Step forward right now!” Dakota glared at the doctors..

rendering them speechless.