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Jacob was stunned and he couldn't really believe his eyes. It was his first time witnessing such a strange incident.

"The Dark Lord! It must be the Dark Lord's doing!" some members of the Harmon family started shouting. From time to time before this, some Harmon family members would die sudden deaths, but none of them had been as terrifying as this incident.

"How very brutal!" Hector frowned deeply, looking distressed. Someone had killed Quentin first, then controlled his body with witchcraft to poison the whole Harmon family. These tactics were not just cunning but vicious. Nobody other than the Dark Lord could be capable of it.

"I'm sure you guys believe my words now?" Dustin said at the perfect timing.

T-

"I-

..” Jacob was hesitant to speak. Although it was hard to accept, the facts were laid before him, and he had no choice but to believe it.

"Dad! The truth is out. Won't you ask your men to fall back?" Natasha said.

"Fall back." Hector gestured with his hand for the guards to retreat.

"Hector! He is my only son. He can't just die for nothing!" Trent wailed. He was sitting collapsed on the floor.

"Jacob! This incident has nothing to do with Dustin. Our hatred should be directed at the Dark Lord!" Hector said grimly.

"But "Trent opened his mouth, but he didn't know what to say. He couldn't bring himself to accept this revelation.

"Trent, don't worry. Quentin's death will not be in vain. We will find the Dark Lord and avenge Quentin!" Hector promised.

“Ahh... my poor son!” Trent sobbed sorrowfully.

Hector sighed and patted him on the back in consolation. Then, he turned to look at Dustin and asked the question everybody was curious about. “How could you tell?”

“I already realized that something was off since yesterday, but I couldn’t be sure. Only when I got close to Quentin today did I realize that his face was deathly pale, and his limbs were stiff. There was even a smell of rot on him. Although the incense covered the smell of rot, I still managed to notice. Of course, I did not act rashly. The main question I had to find the answer to was who was controlling Quentin’s body and what this person’s motive is,” Dustin explained.

“Then have you found out?” Hector asked.

Dustin nodded and said, “Of course, I’ve already found out who the perpetrator is.”

“Who is it?” Hector narrowed his eyes and clenched his fists subconsciously.

“This person is so near yet so far.” Dustin looked around and pointed at a pretty young woman beside Trent. “It’s her!”

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“Huh?” Everybody looked in the direction he was pointing in and immediately frowned.

“Me?” The young woman was stunned. “Bullshit! You speak nothing but nonsense!”

After a moment of shock, Trent got worked up. “You idiot! You just murdered my son, and now you’re slandering my wife? What are you trying to do?!”

“Dustin, do you know that she is my sister-in-law?” Hector asked with a frown.

“Of course I do,” Dustin said calmly. “Not only is she your sister-in-law, but also the perpetrator of this incident. She is the mastermind behind controlling Quentin’s corpse!”

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“The mastermind?”

Everyone’s gaze fell on the beautiful lady when they heard that. Had he said that at any other time, none of them would have believed him. In fact, they might even have brushed it off as a lie. But after everything that had happened, they had no choice but to consider his words seriously. After all, they had just witnessed a corpse moving around with such vitality. At this point, nothing seemed impossible anymore.

“Hey, miracle doctor, I haven’t crossed you before this, have I? Why are you setting me up?” The beautiful lady frowned with a troubled expression.

“Dustin, you better not be accusing others without solid proof!” Hector warned him gravely. His brother had just experienced the pain of losing his son, and now, his wife was accused of being the perpetrator. This was no doubt rubbing salt in his wound.

“That’s right! What proof have you got to claim that our sister-in-law has anything to do with this?” Jacob demanded loudly.

“I must have a certain level of confidence to accuse someone of something so severe.” Dustin gazed pointedly at the woman and said, “Quentin’s body has a unique scent on it. And she has the same smell on her, only much stronger. If you don’t believe me, go ahead and catch a whiff.”

A few of the ladies who stood close to the woman went closer **and** sniffed the air **around her**. Immediately.

they nodded. “He’s right! She does have a special scent on her, and it’s the same scent on Quentin’s body!”

Everyone’s expression changed when they heard that, and their look on the woman turned wary.

"I've always been using fragrances that I formulate myself, and Quentin's my son! What's so strange about **my** scent rubbing off on him?" She tried her best to explain the situation.

"The scent is just **a** point of suspicion. It isn't solid evidence, and it doesn't prove anything." Hector shook his head. It didn't make sense to pin the blame on someone based on a scent.

"Of course, that isn't all." Dustin approached the woman and circled her as he continued, "People who are well-versed in the mystic arts usually have something different about them because they feed the venomous insects that they breed with their blood. With time, some changes will happen to their body."

"What changes?" Hector probed.

"Ordinary people have crimson red blood, but people who practice the mystic arts will have blood which is black and acutely poisonous. All you need to do now is to check her blood, and the truth shall be uncovered." Dustin stated nonchalantly.

"Nonsense!" The woman shouted. "What do you mean you're going to check my blood? That's ridiculous!"

"Celeste, it'd be best to run a test to prove your innocence," Hector persuaded.

"What? Do you really believe the rubbish he said?" Celeste asked, feeling wronged.

"This is a grave matter, Celeste. **You** should cooperate with **us** on this," Jacob echoed.

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"Honey, they're joining hands and putting me in a difficult position! Are you just going to watch as they treat me like this?" With tears in her eyes, Celeste turned to Trent for help.

“Jacob! Hector! I’m your elder brother! Are you not going to show me any respect? Trent roared. His son had just passed away, and now, they were turning on his wife. Of course he couldn’t take it.

“Trent! You’ve got to see the big picture here!” Hector **said** seriously. “If Celeste is innocent, I’ll make a public apology!”

“That’s right. Trent. This is a matter that affects the future of **our** family. We can’t risk it! Everyone can be at ease once **we** just run a quick test on her blood.” Jacob coaxed.

“Fine! From the looks of it, you’ve all been brainwashed by this rascal!” Trent spat through clenched jaws. Then, he furiously said. “Alright! If you insist on running a test on Celeste’s blood, then fine, we’ll do it. But if my wife turns out to be innocent. I’ll cut this brat’s tongue off!”

“Sure,” Dustin agreed.

“Honey, you know that the sight of blood makes me faint.” The woman shrunk back with a scared look.

“Don’t worry. It’ll be over before you know it. Once we prove your innocence, I’ll make sure he pays!” Trent said confidently.

“Check her blood.” With a wave of Hector’s hand, two women swiftly came forward and proceeded to take a blood sample from Celeste.

But right before they managed to do so, she sighed regrettably. “I never thought that I’d be exposed so soon! What a waste of my excellent acting skills.”

“What?” Trent, who stood by the side, was caught off guard.

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Before he could even wrap his head **around what** was going on, a sharp blade was already pressed up against his throat. The blade glistened with a dark sheen, obviously coated in poison. “Celeste, what are you doing?” Stunned by the sharp turn of events, Trent was at a **loss** at how to react. He had never tho

ught that the day would come when his wife would threaten him with a blade against his **neck**.

“Stop calling me that. Your beloved Celeste **died a** few days ago.” The woman smiled.

“You’re not Celeste? Then who are you?” Trent’s expression was one of utter horror and confusion.

“The Dark Lord is my master. Who do you think I am? The sinister smile on her face remained unchanging.

“You’re the Dark Lord’s disciple?” Hector frowned. This was **a** grave matter. They had never expected the Dark Lord to plant a mole in the Harmon family disguised as one of them.

“So it is true that you’re the one who poisoned Quentin! Guards! Get her!” Jacob ordered without further ado.

“Stand right there!” The woman made **a** slight move with the blade and threatened. “This blade is coated with poison. Just the slightest scratch on him, and you’ll bid him goodbye forever. I suggest that none of you make any sudden moves.” Everyone in the room stopped in their tracks when they heard that.

“Let my brother go, and I’ll spare you!” Hector bellowed.

“Hah! Do you think I’d believed you?” The woman held Trent hostage and began inching backward toward the door. As she did so, she taunted, “You lot are in luck. My intention had been to wipe out all of you today. Who knew you’d be so lucky to have someone here to save you? None of you would have been able to survive otherwise.”

“Cut the crap! Let him go right this instant, or you won’t make it out of the door alive!” Jacob roared savagely.

“Do you bunch of dimwits think that you **can** stop me? Anyway, I’ve had my fun today. I’ll come back some other day to toy with you.” When she reached the exit, the woman suddenly turned to Dustin and smiled seductively at him. “Hey, miracle doctor, don’t you forget what you promised. When you have the time, come over to my room, and we’ll **have** a nice long chat, alright? See you again soon!” And with that, she produced a spherical object and hurled it to the ground.

With a loud resounding boom, dense smoke burst out on the spot, clouding the visibility for a radius of several feet around them.

“Quick! Spread out! The gas might be poisonous!” Dustin warned at once. That **gave** everyone a fright, and they all dispersed promptly for fear of inhaling poisonous gas.

By the time the **smoke** cleared out, the woman was already gone. Trent was left behind, lying on the ground. unconscious.

“Trent!” Hector rushed forward to check on him. Fortunately. Trent was just unconscious and wasn’t harmed in any **way**.

“Get her!” **Jacob** was livid. Gathering his men, he was ready to go after her to take her down.

“Let her go!” Hector **stopped** them. He wouldn’t put it past the Dark Lord’s disciple to have several tricks up

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her sleeves. It might be dangerous for them to go after her and fall into her trap.

“Are we going to let her off just like that, Hector?” Jacob **was** peeved at the thought of her going free after all

she had done.

“Of course **not**. But now’s not the time for us to take action yet” Hector told him seriously. They were out there in the open while their opponents were in hiding. The situation was not beneficial to them, and besides, without proper plan and preparation, they would only be led on a wild goose chase.

“Damn it! The Dark Lord is really playing us for fools!” Jacob hissed.

“Let’s talk about this later. For now, have your men arrange to send our guests back safely. Our family gathering will end here.” Hector announced.

“Sure.” Jacob nodded and busied himself with the arrangements. Now that something like that had happened, there was no point in carrying on with the gathering anymore.

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With Hector and Jacob's arrangements, all the guests in attendance at the Harmon family gathering gradually

left, and the annual event came to a jarring end.

In order to prevent any other parties from taking advantage of the situation, Hector gave everyone firm

instructions to keep what happened a secret and that under no circumstances was any information to be

leaked.

When all the guests had left, about 100 of the Harmons stayed back. As part of the Harmon family, they understood that if anything were to happen to the family, they would be similarly implicated, so they were all

in it together.

"We really appreciate your help in finding the culprit, Dustin. Had it not been for you, the Harmon family would have suffered a tremendous loss." Hector patted Dustin on the shoulder with admiration in his eyes. It was

rare to come by such a fine young man.

"Dad, Dustin saved our entire family. Surely you're not just thanking him verbally?" Natasha prompted.

"Of course not." Hector smiled. "Dustin, if there's anything that you need, just name it. I'll try my best to fulfill

your wish,"

"If you really mean it, Mr. Harmon, I'd like to request that you annul Natasha's marriage alliance and let her

have her freedom,” Dustin **said** earnestly.

“Well

Hector frowned. A moment later, he shook his head. “I’m really grateful to you for saving my family.

but this is one thing I cannot promise you.”

“Why? Is it only because the Grants are able to help you defeat the Dark Lord?” Dustin questioned.

“It’s one thing to defeat the Dark Lord.” Hector sighed **and** continued helplessly. “The marriage alliance had been agreed upon a long time ago. If we suddenly decide to annul it, it would be akin to publicly disgracing the Grant family, and its repercussions would be beyond our imagination!”

There were three prominent families in South City. The Murrays had a military background, and with General Christopher Murray as head of the household, they were highly respected and had the military behind them. The Hill family, on the other hand, had their connections in the martial world. As someone who had been a master of the Balerno martial arts, Paul Hill had a myriad of disciples across the nation. His prestige in the martial world was unrivaled. As for the Grants, they had both military power **and** connections in the martial world. Their multifaceted development made them the family who thrived and flourished the most out of the three influential families. Their **wealth** of knowledge, experience, and resources, and how extremely well-informed they were about current affairs **because** of all their connections made them more formidable than the Dark Lord himself. He amounted to nothing when compared to the powers that the **Grant** family possessed.

Harmons stood a chance against the **Dark** Lord, but they were utterly helpless against the Grants. And that just was how things stood with the Harmons now. Annuling the marriage alliance was simply out of the question. They dared not even think about it.

“Say, Mr. Harmon, would it change things if it wasn’t the Harmons who decided to cancel the marriage but the

Grants instead?” Dustin asked cautiously.

"I know you're holding out hope for that, but chances of that ever happening is about as close to zero." Hector shook his head. "The reason why the Grants agreed to the marriage alliance was because they were Interested in our family's potential in the business world so that they can bring their family's status up to a whole new level with our support in the industry."

"But would you agree to it if the Grants decided to annul the arrangement?" Dustin probed.

"If it really comes to that, I guess I'll be forced to agree." Hector chuckled.

"Dad! Mark your words!" Natasha broke out into a grin when she heard his words. "As long as Tyler Grant decides to annul the marriage arrangement, you must never force me into a marriage again!"

"What do you have in mind?" Hector felt uneasiness coming over him. This daughter of his always had the wildest ideas.

"Don't you worry about that. All you've got to do is remember what you just said." Natasha did not explain any further.

"You" Just as Hector was about to say something, Mrs. Davys came over.

"Mr. Harmon, the Grants are here to visit." she reported.

"Hurry up and welcome them!" Without wasting any time, he personally went out to welcome them with the rest of the Harmons in tow.

Outside the gates, a large throng of smartly dressed people awaited.

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There were several luxurious cars and a whole lot of bodyguards standing guard behind them. It was a grand sight to behold as there were easily a hundred people gathering: A man and a woman stood right at the forefront.

The charismatic man had a tall physique that exuded a commanding presence, and his sharp eyes seemed to be able to see through everything. Every step he took gave out a strong air of danger and menace, as though he were the G

rim Reaper himself making his way through a sea of bloody corpses. He stood out from the crowd and carried such an air of reverence. This was none other than the impressive Tyler Grant! And the lady beside him was Jayla Grant, whom Dustin had had a chance encounter with.

“Tyler, I’ve asked Natasha about her thoughts on this marriage alliance before. She seemed to have expressed that she did not wish to marry you,” Jayla said offhandedly.

“That’s not her choice to make. No matter what she says, I will get the woman I have my eyes on,” Tyler said domineeringly with such confidence.

“You’re right.” Jayla nodded in agreement. “It doesn’t matter what Natasha thinks. This is an alliance of two families. She’s just a woman. She has no right to say anything about it.”

“They’re here.” Tyler raised his head and gazed straight ahead.

The gates to the Harmon estate swung open, and Hector, along with the rest of the Harmons, swiftly came forward to welcome them. “Sorry to keep you waiting. Tyler. Come on in.” Hector politely beckoned for them to enter.

Soon, they were all brought into the compound of the Harmon estate. As they made their way in, the Harmons stood to either side of them, showing their respect and sincerity.

“Bring us tea,” Hector instructed the household staff. Once they settled down in the lounge, all sorts of

refreshments were served. The Harmons demonstrated such courtesy and were as respectful as could be.

“Mr. Harmon, you should know that the purpose of our visit today is to send you the bride token,” Jayla started, and as she spoke, she gave a clap as a signal.

In no time, boxes upon boxes of gifts were brought to them. Upon opening the boxes, they found them to be full of priceless goods. Some were packed full of gold bars, some were full of accessories made of pure gold, and others carried

ed jewelry of all sorts. There were over 20 boxes in total, and every one of the m held goods of

priceless worth. It **was** truly astonishing.

“Mr. Harmon, will this be enough for the bride token?” **Jayla asked** with her chin proudly lifted, Tyler, however,

just sat by the **side**, sipping on his **tea** as though all of these were none of his business.

“Of course it is! We’re very pleased with the sincerity that the Grant family **has** shown us.” Hector nodded with

a smile.

“Great! Since you’re happy with this, we shall proceed with the marriage. We will come for the bride in 10 days! * Jayla cut things straight to the point.

“Sur-

” Hector **was** just about to agree to the arrangement when the crisp voice of a woman sounded.

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“No, I do not agree to this!”

“What?” When they heard that, everyone’s gaze shot over to the entrance of the lounge.

With everyone’s eyes on her, Natasha slowly made her way into the lounge with several people behind her. “I do not agree to the marriage alliance.”

“You do not agree?” Jayla’s expression darkened. “Have you any idea what you’re saying, Natasha?”

“Of course I have. And I stand by my words: I will not marry Tyler Grant,” Natasha said impassively.

“What is the meaning of this. Mr. Harmon? Are you going back on our arrangement?” Tyler slowly **looked** up. his sharp gaze directed pointedly at Hector. “Have you ever considered the repercussions of your actions?”

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The Harmons couldn't help but shudder when Tyler's gaze swept **over** them. An uncontrollable fear seemed to

come over them. Though he spoke calmly without any emotions, **his gaze** alone was enough to instill fear in them. For a moment, they felt like **they were** all prey to a monstrous beast.

"Do not be mistaken, Tyler. She doesn't mean that." As Hector said that, he shot Natasha a glare. "Stop

messing around. Go back to your room right this instant!"

"Natasha, this marriage alliance is an arrangement between two families! This isn't child's play! You mustn't act recklessly!" Frightened, Jessica stepped forward to warn Natasha. It was one thing for her to speak impulsively in front of Jayla. But now that Tyler **was** here, things would get out of hand if she still insisted on saying such **things**.

"I'm not messing around, nor am I acting recklessly." Natasha stood her ground. "I know you're an exceptional person, Tyler, but matters of the heart cannot be forced. Nothing good will come of **this**. I hope that you can cancel the arrangement." The Harmons were in no position to annul the marriage arrangement, but the same could not be said for the Grants.

"You want me to cancel the marriage arrangement? And why should I do that?" Tyler asked, aloof.

"As I said, we're not compatible. It will not bring us any good if we get married just for the sake **of** getting married," Natasha said with certainty.

"I don't care." Tyler took another sip of his tea before he continued indifferently, "Since we had **an** arrangement, then you're going to follow through with it, or you're going back on your words."

"Can you **please** be reasonable?*" Natasha frowned. "I already **have** someone that I like. You and I, it's not going to work out for us!"

“Oh? And who is that person that you like?” Tyler demanded.

“It’s him!” Natasha dragged Dustin out from behind her.

“You?” Jayla’s brows furrowed when she had a good look at Dustin. She never expected to bump into that annoying person here.

“What? Do **you** know him?” Tyler shot Jayla a side-long glance.

“Tyler, he’s the one who fought with me over the flower of Crimson Gem!” Jayla hissed.

“Oh.” Tyler **wasn’t** too fazed.

“Do **you** see now, Tyler? This is the man I like. We have mutual feelings for each other, so I hope you’ll give us your blessings,” Natasha said.

“Mutual feelings? Tyler chuckled menacingly. “You’re mine, Natasha. Nobody can take you away from me. If you refuse to marry me, I’ll kill him. You get me?” His words were straight to the point, and he did not even bother to mask his threats.

“How dare you!” Natasha was **furious**.

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“There’s nothing much I daren’t do,” Tyler stated matter-of-factly.

“Tyler, if it’s an alliance with the Harmons that you’re after, you have a myriad of other options! Why are you so intent on marrying me when there are so many other eligible young ladies in the Harmon family?” Natasha drew a deep breath and announced gravely, “Since this is what **things** have come to. I’ll come clean. I am no longer a virgin. I have slept with Dustin.”

“What? You’ve slept with him?” Chaos broke out when they heard what Natasha said. The Harmons all stared at her wide-eyed in disbelief. The Grants, on the other hand, were equal parts horrified and infuriated.

“Natasha! What nonsense are you spouting? Are you out of your mind?” Jessica was so shocked she broke out in cold sweat. It was a disgrace to the Harm

ons' reputation for Natasha to lose her virginity before marriage. Besides, it was also blatant humiliation toward the Grants.

"You wretched girl! What nerves you've got!" Hector was beside himself with fury. The Harmons **had** strict rules, especially toward their daughters, who were expected to preserve their innocence until the day they were married.

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"Natasha Harmon, you are shameless! Absolutely vile!" Jayla was so angry she slammed her hands on the table and jumped up from her seat. With her brother's **status** and prestige, he was never **going** to marry a woman who had slept with someone else.

"Are you trying to provoke me?" Tyler's brow knitted together ever **so** slightly. A brief second later, he regained **his** composure and put on a facade of indifference. "I do not mind that you've lost your virginity."

"What?" Once again, everyone **was** shocked by what they heard, especially the Grants. It was like they did not

even **know** Tyler anymore.

"You do not mind that I'm no longer a virgin? Well, what if I told you that I'm with child?" Natasha tossed him another shocker. "Truth be told, I'm pregnant. I'm carrying Dustin's child!"

The moment she said that, a commotion came over the room.

"Oh, you wretched child! How terrible!"

"Oh, Natasha! You've brought disgrace upon the entire Harmon family!"

"How can you agree to a marriage alliance **when** you're already pregnant with a **brat**? How utterly shameless!"

From the Harmons to the Grants, everyone **was** admonishing and chastising Natasha for what she had done. Some of her close relatives were so furious that they didn't even know **what** to say.

Even Dustin himself was surprised to hear that. Was this the trump card that Natasha claimed to have? Wasn't it too much? It didn't seem like the best idea out there. She **had** totally destroyed her reputation just to get out of the marriage arrangement. He had to admit that he **was** impressed by this trick she pulled, but **he** couldn't help feeling bad for her. He could already imagine the mean words and criticism that would be thrown

her **way** from now **on**.

"Natasha Harmon! I've shown you enough patience and tolerance, but this is too much! You're pushing my boundaries!" Tyler slowly stood up with a dark expression. No matter how composed he usually was, he could

no longer stay calm now.

"The blame is on me, and for that, I am sorry. If you need any form of compensation, just let me know."

Natasha said.

"Compensation?" Tyler scoffed. "Do you think you're being smart by pulling something like **this**? That everything will go your way because of what you said?"

"What do you mean?" Uneasiness crept up over Natasha.

"If there's **one** thing I hate the most, Natasha, it's being lied to. You better pray that I don't ever find out that your pregnancy is **a** sham or who knows what I'll do to you. Also, you won't be getting what **you** wished for. I will not call off the marriage. I stand by what I **said**. You're mine, and nobody's **ever** going to change that. It doesn't matter whether or not you're **pregnant**, and it doesn't matter if you're dead or alive. What's mine **will** stay with me forever! I will be back for you in 10 **days**, and if you **Harmons** insist on rejecting the marriage arrangement, I'll take it that you choose to be enemies of the Grant family. As for what will come of **that**, I'm sure you're more than aware. With that, Tyler turned and left, but **his** words left Natasha in a state of stupor,

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She did not expect Tyler to be so persistent even when things had turned out the way they had.

“Count yourself lucky that my brother **is** still willing to accept you, Natasha! But I have you know, people like you will never have an easy time in the Grant household!” Jayla followed in Tyler’s footsteps after she hissed meanly.

“Oh, Natasha! What’s gotten into you?” Jessica was so upset that she **was** just short of pulling her **hair** out.” You’ve just managed to ruin what was supposed to be a perfect marriage! It **was** foolish of you to pull something so absurd!”

“Natasha, Tyler isn’t an average person. You’ll never fool him with your pregnancy deception. I’m afraid that you’ve gotten yourself into some deep trouble!” Hector sighed. **The** only reason he had gone along with the act was because he bore hopes of freeing her from the marriage arrangement, but who would have thought that Tyler didn’t buy it at all? And not only so, he did not seem to have any intention of calling off the marriage at

all!

*There must be some other way... Natasha’s brow was deeply furrowed as she cracked her head thinking of a way out of her predicament. The **way** things had played out was beyond **her** expectations, and she was in a dilemma right now.

“Dustin, hurry. You should get out of Millsburg pronto! Knowing Tyler, he’d never let you off the hook!” Hector

was suddenly reminded of the danger Dustin was in.

“Don’t you worry, Mr. Harmon. Tyler won’t be able to mess with me so easily.” Dustin smiled and continued, Oh, and leave the matter of calling off the marriage to me. If persuasion doesn’t work on him, then we’ll try

more aggressive means.

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“More aggressive means?” Hector and the **rest** of the Harmons were taken aback by Dustin’s suggestion, and they all stared at him like he had gone out of his mind. He wanted to use more aggressive means against the Grants? Did he have a death wish?

“Dustin, if you have a death wish, that’s all on you. Please do not implicate us!” Jessica said sternly with a frown. From how she saw it, her daughter’s rebellion and her publicly calling off the marriage were all because of Dustin, so she harbored some form of resentment toward him.

“Tyler Grant isn’t an ordinary person. He has the smarts and the brawns, he’s courageous and witty, and most importantly, he’s got military ranks. It would be arduous to make him back off.” Hector shook his head.

“Every man has his weaknesses. As long as I grab hold of his weakness, I’ll be able to turn the tables. We’ve got 10 days left. I’ll make **sure** that I smoothen everything out nicely.” Dustin promised with certainty.

“Act within your means, boy. Don’t push things, or you’ll bring doom upon yourself,” Hector warned him gravely. He was thankful to Dustin and did not wish to see him putting himself at risk.

“Rest assured, Mr. Harmon. I know **what** I’m doing.” Dustin nodded.

“Dustin, why don’t you stay at the Harmon villa for the next few days? I don’t think that Tyler would do anything over the top on our turf,” Natasha suggested.

“No!” Natasha’s suggestion elicited an immediate rejection from Jessica. “It would make things immensely worse if the Grants were to find out that Dustin is staying here!”

“Well things have already fallen apart between us. Will this make any difference?” Natasha **raised** a brow.

“The situation **as** of now is still salvageable, but if you continue provoking Tyler, then you’re putting us all in grave danger!” Jessica said sternly. With the power and authority the Grants possessed, they had infinite ways of making the Harmons’ **lives** a living hell.

“Mrs. Harmon’s right. Now’s not the time to be making enemies. It’d be best for us to keep a low profile for the next few days.” Dustin nodded in agreement. It went without saying that he did not fear the Grants, but that did not mean that the Harmons did not fear them too.

“What if Tyler wants to kill you?” Natasha frowned.

“Well, that’d **be** a wish come true! I haven’t had the chance to loosen up for the longest time! I’d welcome a punching bag.” Dustin chuckled.

“Hey! I’m being serious here! This is a grave matter!” Natasha chided hollily. The Grants weren’t part of the martial world, so they weren’t bound by all the rules of the martial world. They had no qualms about killing

someone off.

“Don’t worry about me. Stay home and wait for my good news!” **Dustin** soon left after setting Natasha at ease.

Things weren’t looking good for the Harmons. On the one hand, they had to deal with the Dark Lord, and on the other, the Grants. One **was** hiding, and the other **was** up on the surface. Neither one of them was easy to deal with. It would be a challenge for him to deal with **both** of them alone. He had to come up with a perfect

strategy to settle everything.

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Chapter 468

“Did I **really** act too impulsively today, Dad?” Natasha let out a sigh as she watched Dustin walk away. She had thought that she could anger Tyler into canceling the arrangement, but it turned out that not only did her plan not work, but she had also planted Dustin in a precarious position. She was sure Tyler would find all sorts of ways to make life difficult for him.

“You were pretty rash. Indeed, but what’s happened has happened. There’s no point dwelling on it any further. We’d be better off thinking about how to deal with it.” Hector said thoughtfully.

“Why don’t we go to Grandpa?” Natasha **asked** warily.

“Why should we go to him? We, Harmons, do not need his help!” Hector’s expression turned cold. The usually calm and collected man suddenly lost his cool as though she **had** brought up something sensitive which should not have been mentioned.

Natasha dared not speak anymore when she saw how agitated her father **was**. Standing by the side, Jessica sighed when she heard the conversation between them. It seemed almost impossible to bridge the gap

between the two families.

At the same time, over in the backseat of a luxurious car.

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Chapter 469

Tyler leaned back into the seat. Even as he took a rest with his eyes closed, he exuded an air of danger.

“Tyler! That wretched girl Natasha is really too much! We need to bring her into line!” Jayla sat beside Tyler, still indignant over Natasha’s words. Her brother was such a remarkable person who was outstanding in every aspect. **Natasha** should have counted her blessings and thanked every deity she knew that he even wanted to marry her! But not only did she not appreciate him, she dared to call off the marriage alliance in front of such a crowd. This was humiliation through and through!

“Say something. Tyler! That b*tch cheated on you! Are you really not pissed off by that?” Jayla was even more disgruntled by Tyler’s silence. His fiancée had cheated on him with another man and even got herself pregnant! This was something that would never sit well with any man!

“There’s no point getting all worked up.” Tyler said with indifference. “I am not marrying Natasha because I like her. I only have my **eyes** on the potential she holds, so it matters not to me whether or not she’s pregnant.”

“Surely you can’t be serious, Tyler! She cheated on you! Does that not matter to you?” Jayla thought that her ears were playing tricks on her.

"I am only interested in results. I don't care what means it takes to achieve the results I'm after. I will marry Natasha, and that's final. Whoever dares stop me from getting what I want, I'll see to it that they die." Tyler's

tone remained as detached as **ever**.

"You've changed, Tyler," Jayla said as she shrunk back into her seat. She'd been away from her brother for two years, and she was starting to find that he was getting increasingly unfeeling. A man who was unaffected by

being **cheated** on by his fiancée. He truly seemed quite terrifying to her now.

"What do you know about the man who **was** with Natasha, Jayla?" Tyler changed the topic.

"He's Dustin Rhys, a medical practitioner. He lucked out and got a flower of Crimson Gem at an auction not

too long ago. We **had** a little argument over that." Jayla told Tyler all that she knew about Dustin. After her

disagreement with him back then, she ran a thorough check on him, but she found nothing out of the ordinary.

"The flower of Crimson Gem is quite valuable. I want it," Tyler said nonchalantly. "Get some of our men to

retrieve it, and get rid of the scumbag while they're at it."

"Sure thing!" Jayla's eyes lit up instantly. She had been planning to exact revenge on him for the longest time.

Now that she had her brother's support, she was sure she'd get things to go her **way**.

On Dustin's way back, his phone rang. He took his phone out **to** see that it **was** a call from Dahlia.

"Dustin, where have you been for the past few days? I haven't heard from you for quite some time. I went to the

medical center to see you, but

Maximus said you've gone missing for several days."

“Oh, I’ve got some matters to attend to in Millsburg. I won’t be back so soon,” Dustin explained.

“Is that so? **What** a nice coincidence! I’m in Millsburg too! I just got off the train. I called to bid you goodbye, didn’t expect you’d get here before I did!” Dahlia sounded surprised.

Chapter 469

“What are you doing here in Millsburg? Dustin was taken aback.

“The Nicholson family’s business, **Cardinal** Group, is located here in Millsburg, so I’ve come to take over the position of chairperson,” Dahlia told him.

“I see.” Upon giving it more thought, it made **sense** for the company to be in Millsburg. After all, **many** elites were gathered here in Millsburg, so many huge corporations and enterprises chose to establish their presence.

and operations here.

“Shall we have lunch together? There’s something I’d like to discuss with you,” Dahlia invited.

“Sure. Where are we having lunch?”

“Spices Diner.”

“Alright. I’ll be there in **a** bit.” Dustin ended the call and told the **chauffeur** to **head** straight to Spices Diner.

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Over at **Spices** Diner, Florence sat in a booth **and** took in the sight around her, occasionally commenting on what she saw. “Look, Dahlia. Things are so different here in Millsburg. Every other diner here looks so posh! I’ve decided! I’ll stay here in Millsburg for good! This is such a huge and advanced city! Everything’s so convenient here, and it’s way better than stuffy old Swinton!”

There was nothing much Dahlia could do but listen helplessly. She had planned on coming to Millsburg to assume her position alone, but Florence and James insisted on tagging along. They claimed that they didn't want her coming to Millsburg **alone** with no one to rely on and that they'd be more at ease knowing that they'd be able to help her and take care of her.

"Mom, does Aunt Victoria live nearby?" James suddenly asked out of nowhere.

"She does! And I've invited her to join us for lunch. She should be here by now." Florence nodded.

As they spoke, a group of three came in through the door, led by a glamorously dressed middle-aged woman. She was adorned from head to toe in gold, from gold necklaces to gold earrings and rings. She appeared every part a wealthy woman, and she was none other **than** Florence's **sister**, Victoria Franklin. Following behind her were Julie and an attractive young man.

"You're here, Victoria! Quick, have a seat!" Florence immediately stood up and welcomed them enthusiastically when she saw them coming in through the door.

"Florence, why have you decided to visit Millsburg? Victoria eyed her from head to toe, deliberately showing off her gold bangles and the thick gold rings on her fingers as she spoke.

"Dahlia's running a company here in Millsburg, so we followed her here." Florence chuckled. Then, it finally registered with her how flashily Victoria **had dressed** up. "Hey, **have you** hit the jackpot? Where'd you get all your jewelry from?"

"Haha! **These** are nothing! I've got loads more at home!" Victoria smiled smugly. "I have to say, I've got quite an accomplished daughter. She recently made a hundred million dollars, so she got me some jewelry."

"What? A hundred million dollars?" Florence's eyes widened in disbelief. "Julie, since when were you so capable?" **Dahlia** had toiled and suffered for three whole years to start up Quine Group, and even she did not

have a hundred million in cash. Julie had struck it rich indeed!

“Oh, Aunt Florence, **have** you forgotten I graduated from **a** prestigious university? I’ve **always** been capable! You just don’t know it.” Julie hugged her arms arrogantly. She had returned to Millsburg and enjoyed all of

life’s **pleasure** after selling off Florence’s sapphire.

“I guess I never found out.” Florence shot her an awkward smile.

“Florence, how long does it take for Dahlia to make **a** hundred million dollars? A year or two? Well, Julie did it in three **days!**” Victoria announced proudly.

“Three **days?** **You** wouldn’t get rich so soon even if you robbed a **bank!**” James had his doubts.

“Oh, you **have** such a limited worldview,” Julie made a disdainful face.

“Victoria, who’s this with you?” Florence’s gaze stopped on the charming young man who stood beside Julie.

“Oh, this is my daughter’s boyfriend. He’s Terrence Stone.” At the mention of Terrence, Victoria was even more chuffed up. “Terrence **is a** manager in Brooks Corporation. A fine young man with broad connections, he is. Oh, by the way, do you know Brooks Corporation? That’s a large enterprise worth several billion in market value!”

“Worth billions?” Florence was shocked to hear that. Cardinal Group was big enough of a deal for her. The prospect of a company with a value of up to billions was unimaginable. Was this the kind of grandeur that Millsburg had to offer?