

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 76 -

Chapter 76

The crowd gaped as Fletcher hung limply on the wall. They never imagined that the mighty Fletcher Lawson, who had just t rounced Stephan Chapman, had been defeated with an effortless slap.

What the f*ck was going on?

“H—

How could this be?” Stephan’s eyes were wide with disbelief that someone as powerful as Fletcher, the strongest fighter in Klesbrige, had been defeated with a single blow.

Was this kid a monster?

“No way! Dustin actually won?” Ruth couldn’t believe it either. At first, she’d been so certain that Dustin would lose. Instead, he had won the match in a breeze. With just one slap, he sent Fletcher flying. His strength was unheard of!

“Fletcher... lost?” Edwin was shaken and astonished. He was very familiar with Fletcher’s strength. Even in Swinton, there was hardly anyone who could be his opponent. Yet somehow, someone as impregnable as him hadn’t been able to withstand a single blow from Dustin.

Unbelievable! Had Fletcher underestimated his opponent, or was it a fluke?

Or maybe... it had been Dustin’s true strength.

“It seems that I underestimated you,” said Natasha, smirking. Her face wore surprise, delight, and also a hint of pride. She knew Dustin was powerful but never expected it to be to this extent. She hit the jackpot this time!

“I think I’ve won.” Dustin dusted off his hands and nonchalantly walked off the arena.

At this moment, everyone looked at Dustin as though he was a monster. Especially so for Stephan, who gazed mockingly but now looked at Dustin in awe. It

was obvious how strong Dustin was if he could subdue Fletcher so effortlessly.

“Dustin, didn’t you say that you barely know martial arts? How are you so powerful?” Ruth asked tentatively.

“It might just be that he’s too weak,” Dustin answered.

“Really? But he was the one who defeated Mr. Chapman!” Ruth exclaimed.

“Um...” Stephan’s face twitched as they touched a sore spot.

“Sir Hummer, we’ve already won three matches out of five. What else do you have to say?” demanded Natasha, her focus on other matters. 1

“I admit defeat. I have nothing to say.” Though Edwin seemed upset, he appeared resigned.

“Well then, until we meet again!” Natasha smiled. With that, she left with a group of people trailing after her.

“Sir Hummer, are we supposed to let them go like this?” his subordinate asked unhappily.

“As if. Do you think they can leave so easily after entering my territory?” Edwin sneered. “I still have a present waiting for them.”

1/3

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Chapter 76

Sometime later, the sun began setting behind the mountains. Natasha and her convoy were traveling through

a fork in the road when a large bus came barreling toward them.

The bus driver hit the brake and drifted to a horizontal stop, blocking the entire road.

A bunch of assassins covered in black immediately swarmed out from both sides of the woods, quickly

encircling the convoy of cars.

“It’s an ambush! Protect Ms. Harmon!” The Harmon family bodyguards reacted instantly and formed a ring around Natasha’s car to protect her.

“Kill them!”

The assassins were fearless as they cut through flesh and knocked down cars .

“Edwin Hummer is such a despicable man! How dare he ambush us!” Ruth was shaken but furious.

“The corporate world is a battlefield. The moment a fight breaks out, things are bound to get messy.” Natasha

responded calmly, this not being her first rodeo.

Ruth humphed angrily. “He better pray that he never falls into my hands, or he’ll regret it!”

The sound of the battle was getting more heated outside the car as numbers from both parties dwindled.

Fortunately, despite winning in numbers, the assassins were still no match to the Harmon family’s men in

terms of skills. Soon, they began losing the bloody battle, and many who hadn’t been killed chose to flee.

The battle finally ended when the last assassin fell to the ground with a thud.

More than half of Natasha’s men had been killed, but she and her sister were unharmed.

Dustin got out of the car and studied the bodies of the assassins. He realized that each of them had a snake-

shaped tattoo on their body.

Ruth humphed furiously. "Thank God our men are strong, or we'd be dead today thanks to Edwin Hummer!" Natasha then ordered her men, "Do a quick clean-up and let's leave."

They

were still close to Edwin's territory and she couldn't be sure if he still had anything else up his sleeve, so it was best they leave as soon as possible.

As her men cleared the place, two MPVs with foreign license plates headed toward them and blocked their path.

"No way. Don't tell me there's more?" asked Ruth, annoyed. She watched intently as the car door opened and a dozen men dressed for battle got out of the car.

Leading them was a beautiful lady in her 30s. Besides her good looks, she also had a voluptuous figure that flaunted her curves as she walked, an air of authority following her wherever she went.

"Tilda?" Ruth exclaimed excitedly and rushed forward to greet her.

Everyone was relieved to see that backup had arrived.

"What happened?" Tilda Snider frowned when she saw the bodies littering the ground.

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"They're Edwin Hummer's men! They tried to ambush us!" Ruth grumbled.

"He ambushed you? There's no way this is a coincidence. No outsider knows about the route you are taking. so how could he have planted these people here in advance?"

"You're right! How did he know we were going to take this route?" Ruth was puzzled.

"Tilda, do you mean to say there's a mole among our people?" Natasha was quick to react.

“That’s right!” Tilda’s expression was grave. “I have reason to believe someone has been selling us out!”

“Tilda, everyone here are people I trust. I doubt any of them would betray me,” countered Natasha, shaking her head.

“People you trust?” Tilda studied the crowd before her gaze landed on Dustin. “I see some unfamiliar faces “that don’t belong to the Harmon family!”

“Oh, he’s my friend,” explained Natasha.

“Friend? Humph! Friends are the least trustworthy people. I reckon that he’s the spy! Someone get rid of him at once!” Tilda commanded.

Two subordinates standing behind her immediately pulled out their knives, ready to fight.

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 77 -

Chapter 77

Dustin narrowed his eyes at the sight of the swinging blades. They had chosen to accuse him of being a traitor without even trying to get the full picture.

“Tilda, there must be a misunderstanding. There’s no way Dustin is the spy!” Natasha objected.

“We’ll know whether it’s a misunderstanding after doing an investigation.” Tilda shouted icily. “Tie him up! Kill him if he tries to resist!”

“Kill me?” Dustin frowned. “You’re making such extreme decisions when the investigations haven’t even

begun. Aren’t you going a bit too far?”

Tilda humphed. “For the good of the Harmon family, I can do anything!”

“How can you be sure that I’m the spy?” Dustin retorted.

"I don't need to be sure. You are the spy if I say so!" Tilda responded domineeringly.

Seeing how unreasonable Tilda was being. Dustin's expression hardened. He had been trying to reason things out peacefully the entire time, yet Tilda accused him of being the mole without any proof.

She had gone too far!

"Tilda, there's no solid evidence yet. Don't you dare mess around!" Natasha uttered, voice rising

"I'm your head of security, which makes me responsible for your safety. This man is obviously treacherous

and evil!" shouted Tilda.

"Tilda, there must be some misunderstanding. Dustin saved my life. Without him, we wouldn't have been able

to leave the Hummer Villa," explained Ruth from the side.

"Hmph! He's just acting. He's fooled all of you!" Tilda retorted.

"But-"

Tilda cut Ruth off sharply before she could say another word. "No buts! When it comes to your safety, it's

better to kill wrongly than be sorry afterward!"

"I don't understand. We have nothing against each other, so why are you being so aggressive towards me?"

Dustin questioned.

"Stop acting! You may have fooled them, but you can't fool me! You better yield if you don't want to die!" Tilda

snapped.

"And if I refuse?" questioned Dustin..

“Then I’ll have no choice but to force you!” Tilda glanced at her subordinate.

“Kneel!” Two men immediately brought their blades to Dustin’s neck.

“Don’t make me fight you,” Dustin warned hostilely.

“So what? What are you going to do about it? Get onto your knees. Now!” One of the men roared before

1/1

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sweeping a foot toward Dustin’s knee.

Dustin didn’t even budge. Instead, the man was pushed back two steps from the force.

“You f*cker...” Embarrassed, the man was about to give another blow when Dustin suddenly shot out his hand and slammed it down on the man’s crown.

With a loud noise, the man’s head burst apart, and he died on the spot.

“What?” Everyone exclaimed, their expressions changing after seeing the scene unfold before them. No one expected Dustin to be such a ruthless man, killing without a word. He didn’t give a damn about the Harmon

family.

“Fuck you!” Furious, the other man slashed his blade at Dustin.

“He is the spy! Kill him!” Tilda immediately ordered, ruthless.

At her command, the rest of the men immediately charged toward Dustin with blades in their hands.

The look in Dustin’s eyes hardened, and he charged into the awaiting mob and began wiping them out. Within seconds, all of Tilda’s subordinates were laying on the ground, motionless. With clean and decisive moves, he

managed to kill all of them with a single blow!

“You bastard! How dare you kill the Harmon family’s best men? You’re done for!” Going ballistic, Tilda pulled out a sword from her waist and lunged at Dustin with incredible speed.

With a blank expression on his face, Dustin tilted his head sideways to avoid Tilda’s attack and in a flash,

gave the woman a punch in the abdomen.

Tilda screamed in pain as her body soared through the air and landed heavily on one of the MPVs.

Instead of standing down, Dustin darted forward, grabbed Tilda by the neck, and lifted her.

The woman gasped as breathing became difficult, and she felt her strength draining away. Like a sitting duck,

she was now completely at Dustin’s mercy.

“Dustin, please let her go! She’s family!” Ruth cried.

“Mr. Rhys, You can kill anyone but Tilda, or the consequences will be dire!” Stephan was terrified as well

“I’m Natasha’s elder as well as the backbone of the Harmon family. To kill me is to make yourself the number

one enemy of the Harmon family!” Tilda taunted with a vicious humph.

As soon as she said that, Dustin put more pressure, and a crisp crack sounded as Tilda’s head went slack; the

woman was now dead.

Tilda’s countenance was frozen in a myriad of emotions. Shock, dismay, even disbelief! She never expected

Dustin to be unreasonable enough to kill her without caring about the Harmon family.

“Wha-

“Everyone stood motionless, frozen in shock as they stared at the limp body o

n the ground before exchanging looks of dismay and disbelief with one another.

This was Tilda Snider they were talking about! Natasha Harmon's elder and the most important elder in the Harmon family! And she was gone just like that?

717

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Chapter 77

Dustin must be mad!

"Rhys! Are you crazy? You killed Tilda? Do you have any idea what you've done?" Ruth demanded with wide eyes, dismayed.

"She was going to kill me first, so of course, I had to kill her first. Was I supposed to just stand there and let her kill me?" Dustin snorted.

"You-" Ruth was so furious that words caught in her throat.

"Mr. Rhys, you're in trouble now!" Stephan shook his head sympathetically.

"Dustin Rhys! You killed our family's pillar! Wait 'til the Harmon family hears about this!" a bald guard yelled furiously. "This bastard must be out of his mind! Killing Tilda is like launching an attack on the entire Harmon family!" he thought.

"Ms. Harmon, what do you think?" Dustin turned his attention to Natasha.

He wanted to take this opportunity to understand what Natasha was thinking about.

"Mr. Rhys was defending himself. I see nothing wrong with that." Natasha quickly regained her composure.

Dustin was relieved to hear her reply and decided that Natasha was a friend worth making.

“Ms. Harmon, I was not killing carelessly. Take a look at her body,” said Dustin, and he yanked at Tilda’s shirt.

On her wrist there was a tattoo shaped like a snake.

“Huh? Isn’t this the same symbol as the ones on those assassins? Why would Tilda have one too?” Stephan was dumbfounded.

On the other hand, Ruth had a look of horror as she cried, “No way! Tilda was the spy?”

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 78 -

Chapter 78

“That can’t be. Tilda was the mole?”

Everyone was shocked at Ruth’s words. However, the crowd’s expressions hardened when the assassins’ clothing were peeled off, revealing the same tattoo on their bodies.

This was obviously not a coincidence.

“You can’t prove anything with just a tattoo, can you?” objected the bald guard.

“Maybe it would have been less persuasive if there was only one tattoo, but what if everyone had the same tattoo?” Dustin walked up to Tilda’s deceased men and yanked off all their clothing.

“Soon, everyone realized that each of the men wore the same tattoo as well. This made things so much more

apparent. It was safe to say that they’d found the traitor!

“No wonder Tilda immediately started kicking up a fuss the moment she arrived. She was the traitor all along!” Stephan was disgruntled. As one of the Harmon family’s men himself, he hated nothing more than betrayal like this.

“But why? The Harmon family has always trusted her so why did Tilda betray us?” Ruth asked, her brow furrowed in confusion.

“Nowadays, not many can resist the temptation of money and power. That’s why betrayals happen easily. Without Mr. Rhys’ keen observation, we would’ve been in danger!” Stephan shivered, thinking about what could have happened. After all, having a mole was like a ticking bomb. No one could tell when they might get stabbed in the back.

“What should we do now, sis?” asked Ruth, at a loss.

“There’s definitely more of them hiding among us. I must let Father know immediately so he can start digging into it.” Natasha announced with a grave expression. Having a traitor was no small matter. It was much more serious than being attacked by outsiders.

After all, a small leak will sink a great ship. The effects might be devastating if this matter was neglected!

“You’re right! We must get to the bottom of this! Traitors are nothing but an abomination!” Ruth nodded her head repeatedly.

“Ms. Harmon, I don’t believe Tilda would be a careless person, so there should be a couple more of them hiding among our ranks right now.” Dustin began surveying the crowd with eyes like a hawk before his gaze landed on the bald guard.

“Why are you looking at me? Do you think I’m the mole?” The guard narrowed his eyes.

“We’ll know for sure when you take off your clothes,” Dustin replied nonchalantly.

“Why should I? Who are you to order me around?” The guard began to lose his cool.

“Do as Mr. Rhys says. Take off your clothes.” Natasha commanded.

“Ms. Harmon, I’ve worked for you for so many years. Don’t tell me you’re suspecting me,” the guard said

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incredulously..

“Strip!” Natasha commanded.

“Fine! Since none of you believe me, I’ll just have to prove my innocence!” snapped the petulant guard, looking as though he had been wronged.

However, when he moved to remove his clothes, his face suddenly twisted into a sneer. He flung out his hand and two black objects flew out of his sleeve and hurled toward Dustin and Natasha.

No one around them reacted in time since everything happened so quickly.

Swiftly, Dustin reached out and effortlessly grabbed the object coming toward him with his fingers. Upon closer inspection, the object turned out to be a poisonous black snake the width of his finger.

“Ms. Harmon!” someone began shouting.

Without anyone realizing it, the second snake had bitten Natasha on the thigh.

“Grab that traitor!” Pissed, Natasha crushed the snake with a harsh stomp.

“Get him!” The rest of her men rushed toward the guard and instantly subdued him.

“I’ve always treated you well, so why did you betray me?” Natasha trudged toward him with a cold glare, a murderous aura surrounding her.

“Ms. Harmon, you must know that a man would do anything to become rich. What they offered me was too tempting to resist. You can’t blame me for accepting!” the guard sneered.

“Who instructed you to do this? Who’s the mastermind behind this?” Natasha grilled.

“Ms. Harmon, I’ll die alone if I keep my mouth shut. If I answer, my whole family will be doomed!” the guard

retorted.

Natasha was about to say something when a wave of nausea hit her. Suddenly, her body went lax, and she fell

backward, but before she hit the ground, Dustin managed to grab her waist. He pulled up her shirt and

discovered that the area where the snake had bitten her was turning purplish black.

What a venomous bite the snake had!

“Give me the antidote!” Dustin slammed his foot onto the guard’s head, scowling.

“Only if you let me go. Or else, Ms. Harmon will be going down with me!” the guard responded with a sardonic

sneer.

“Are you threatening me?” asked Dustin with narrowed eyes.

“I know you’re an incredible doctor, Rhys! But this venom was created by an expert and cannot be cured without the antidote!”

“You bastard! I’ll kill you if you don’t give us the antidote!” Furious, Ruth charged forward and began beating the guard up.

“Go ahead! Once I’m dead, Ms. Harmon will be following me, too!”

2/3

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Ruth instantly halted her attack.

“Don’t say I never warned you. She’s been poisoned by a powerful venom. She’ll be dead within half an hour.” the guard stated menacingly.

“Give me the antidote and I promise to let you live,” vowed Dustin with a cold expression.

“Why should I believe you?” The guard frowned.

"You don't have a choice. If she dies, I'll make your life a living hell!" Dustin growled.

The guard hesitated and pondered for a moment before suddenly asking. "If I tell you the cure, will you let me go?"

"I'm a man of my word," answered Dustin.

"Alright. I'll trust you this time!" The guard gritted his teeth. "Actually, there isn't an antidote for this venom. The only way for her to live is if someone sucked out the venom using their mouth. However, the person who does it will most likely lose their life. So, it depends on whether you have the guts to do it." The guard sniggered. 1

"Thanks for the advice," Dustin nodded. Immediately, he slammed his foot onto the guard's chest, crushing the man's ribs and caused his internal organs to burst out with a splat.

Blood burst from the guard's mouth as his eyes widened in disbelief. "Y— You said you wouldn't kill me."

"Sorry. I changed my mind," Dustin answered nonchalantly.

"Y— you have no honor..." Before the guard could say anything else, he suffocated and died.

"So what?" Dustin asked the dead body.

Everyone was dumbfounded by his cavalier attitude. Suddenly, they realized that this innocuous person might

be quite the barbarian after all.

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 79 -

Chapter 79

After killing the traitor, Dustin carried the weakened Natasha to the car.

The area where the snake had bitten her had turned black and purple, and as the venom spread through her

body, her entire leg turned numb.

“How troublesome.” Dustin inspected the wound, his expression turning grave. He could have treated her

easily if this was any regular snake venom. However, this venom was particularly potent. Since Dustin lacked

his medicinal herbs and acupuncture needles, he had nothing at his disposal but his skills. It would be

difficult for him to treat the wound.

It seemed the only option left was to suck the venom out.

“Ruth Harmon, give me a hand!” Dustin hollered.

“I’m Ruth! Ruth Harmon!” Ruth corrected him, quickly getting into the car. She asked, “What do you need me to do?”

“Take off your sister’s pants,” he directed.

“Hey! What are you trying to do? You better not play around!” Ruth sounded like she was speaking to a pervert.

“Your sister has been poisoned with a potent venom. I have to suck it out,” Dustin explained.

“What?” Ruth was stunned for a moment before an odd expression took over her face. “B—but the wound is on

her thigh! You aren’t trying to take advantage of her, are you?”

“What are you even thinking about right now? Her life is on the line!” Dustin snapped. “Haven’t you heard that

gender doesn’t matter when treating patients?”

“Oh, right.” Ruth stood there stunned.

“Why are you still standing there? Take off her pants!” Dustin rushed.

“Oh, right.” Ruth quickly pulled off Natasha’s pants, exposing the snake bite.

Dustin cleared his mind and got to work.

Although it went against proper etiquette, saving Natasha’s life came first. Dustin began sucking out the venom. A moment later, he spat out a mouthful of dark blood and returned his mouth to the wound without

hesitation.

Slowly, Natasha regained consciousness.

“What are you doing?” Natasha had a confused expression on her face as she gazed at him passionately.

“Sucking out the snake venom,” Dustin said, keeping his tone calm.

“Are you done?” Natasha asked softly.

“Almost,” he answered truthfully.

Natasha bit her lip as she frowned, her every gesture alluring. Dustin gulped and lowered his head again.

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Dustin finally stopped after some time when the wound had lost its dark purplish bruising.

“Is it over?” Natasha asked with a resentful look.

Dustin cleared his throat and answered awkwardly, “Um, you should be in the clear for now, but there’s still some leftover venom in your body. It’ll be safer if you visit the hospital.” He moved to get up, wanting to leave the car. As he stood up, his vision darkened as he fell into Natasha’s arms, unconscious.

“Oustin! What’s wrong? Don’t scare me!” Natasha’s expression changed.

“Sis. the traitor said that anyone who sucks out the venom will die instead! Is Dustin going to die?” Ruth cried,

astonished.

“What are you talking about, you idiot? Hurry! Let’s get him to the hospital!” Natasha ordered.

“Okay!” Ruth did not hesitate and gave the order. The convoy pulled out of the parking spot immediately.

Unbeknownst to them, shortly after they had left, several cars descended the mountain and swarmed the area where their convoy had been.

A car door opened, and Edwin Hummer stepped out. Upon seeing the corpses of Tilda and her men, his jaw crooked.

“How could this be?” Edwin exclaimed, his eyes wide with disbelief.

It was worth noting that Tilda had been planted in the Harmon family to turn the tide during crucial moments like this. But instead, she had gotten caught up in the mess herself. It was a double whammy!

“This is bad!” Edwin frowned, displeased.

Besides the mission failing, he had also lost a valuable line on his enemies. If he did not give the higher-ups a satisfactory answer soon, he could kiss his position goodbye!

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 80 -

Chapter 80

That evening. Dustin finally woke up after hours of sleeping and found that he was in a hospital room. A

shocked voice rang out the moment his eyes opened.

“Huh? You aren’t dead, Rhys?”

Dustin's gaze followed the source of the voice and landed on Ruth sitting beside him with a dazed expression

as she looked at him.

"What? Disappointed to see me alive?" Dustin snapped.

"Ahem. Um, I'm just surprised." Ruth grinned bashfully.

"Where's your sister?" Dustin asked, changing the topic.

"Oh, she went to get your medicine." Ruth examined him and said, "I heard that the venom is something called the Deadly Slither. It's extremely poisonous and can kill a person quickly! It's a miracle that you're still alive!"

"You're right. The venom is potent. It even managed to knock me out for a few hours. No wonder it's one of the

world's top ten most poisonous venoms," Dustin marveled.

"Why does that sound weird?" Ruth was puzzled.

Before Ruth could come out of her daze, two people entered the hospital room.

One was Natasha, while the other was a curvaceous lady dressed exquisitely. The two women resembled

each other. Not only were they both very well-dressed, but they both had a powerful air to them.

"Dustin, you're finally awake! How are you feeling?" Natasha's face lit up as she rushed toward him.

"I'm feeling better now that I've gotten some sleep." Dustin smiled.

"Here, take this. It's a secret medicine I got you. Take it with some water, and you'll be fine in no time."

Natasha pushed a small white bottle into his hand and poured him a glass of warm water.

"Secret medicine? What is it?" Dustin asked curiously.

“Don’t underestimate it. It’s the result of three years of dedicated research and experiments by Dr. Rowan

Cross. It can treat all kinds of venom,” Natasha urged.

“Rowan Cross?” Dustin was surprised.

“You know him?” asked Natasha, with a raised eyebrow.

“I’ve met him once.” Dustin did not deny it. He had met Rowan a few years before when Rowan’s enemies

were hunting him down and Dustin had saved the poor man. The antidote had been Dustin’s gift to him.

“It’s always been difficult getting ahold of Dr. Cross’ whereabouts and even harder to see him in person. You should take it before anything happens,” Natasha urged.

“There’s no need. My body’s already free of venom. You can take it back.” Dustin declined politely.

“It was difficult getting my hands on this baby. Why would I ever return it? Just keep it even if you’re fine now.

1/3

CS CamScanner

“It’ll come in handy in emergencies,” Natasha insisted, stuffing the bottle into Dustin’s pocket.

Dustin accepted it. After all, she did it out of kindness.

“Oh, right. There’s something else I should mention. I think I saw Dahlia Nicholson at the hospital entrance,” Natasha said abruptly.

“Huh? What’s she doing here?” Dustin was puzzled.

“I heard her grandfather is critically ill and receiving emergency treatment.”

“Critically ill?” Dustin immediately became worried. “Are you sure?”

“Positive. Or Dahlia wouldn’t be downstairs right now,” Natasha replied.

“I’ll take a look.” Dustin got up and left the room.

Henry Nicholson had treated Dustin like his own, so there was no way he would do nothing while the old man

was ill

“Natasha, you wasted one of the Harmon family’s favors just for him?” The woman beside her finally spoke. She was Natasha’s mother, Jessica Ballard.

“I’ll pay Dr. Cross back myself. It has nothing to do with you,” Natasha replied indifferently.

“Do you like that kid?” Jessica frowned.

“So what if I do?” Natasha raised her chin defiantly.

“You should remember that the two of you will never end up together. He’s just a nobody while you’re the daughter of a wealthy family and the heiress to the Harmon family. Your statuses are worlds apart!” Jessica

reminded.

“I don’t care,” Natasha responded coolly.

“But I do!” Jessica’s tone was firm. “You can make up your mind about anything except your marriage! Don’t forget that you’re already engaged to Tyler!”

“Sorry. I’m not interested in Tyler Grant all” Natasha quipped.

“You have no say in this matter! You are the eldest daughter of the Harmon family. With wealth and power comes responsibility!” Jessica chided.

“Responsibility?” Natasha scoffed. “Do you mean using marriage to climb the ranks?”

“This is for your own good and the entire family’s! Tyler is an impressive person. He’s already a Major General despite his young age. He has a bright future ahead of him. He’s the perfect choice for marriage!” Jessica

lectured.

“If you like him so much, you marry him then! I have no intention of doing so,” Natasha retorted bluntly.

“Why are you so stubborn? If you don’t marry into his family, you will never be come the head of the Harmon family! Why don’t you understand this?”

“It doesn’t matter since I was never interested in becoming the head of the family, to begin with,” Natasha

2/3

CS CamScanner

Chapter 80

replied matter-of-factly.

“Is your entire future worth sacrificing just for that kid?” Jessica spat.

“Of course! I don’t think Tyler is better than him anyway!”

“You have that much faith in him?” Jessica’s expression hardened.

“That’s right!” Natasha announced proudly.

Jessica paused when she heard her daughter’s answer. Resolute, she inhaled before declaring with a cold voice. “Fine! Since you’re not going to give up, I’ll give you one chance. If that punk can pass three tests, I’ll never bring up the topic of your marriage to the Reeves family again!”

“What kind of tests?” asked Natasha with a raised brow.

“First, he must defeat Edwin Hummer to prove his strength!” Jessica demanded.

“Edwin has Boulderthorn to back him up! It’s a bit unreasonable to ask Dustin to defeat him?” Natasha frowned.

Jessica snorted. "If he can't even defeat Edwin Hummer, why should I accept him into our family? What right does he have to fight Tyler? Well, I'm giving you both a chance. If he fails, you better return to Millsburg and get married!"

Jessica turned and left the room.