

An understated Dominance – Dahlia and Dustin Chapter 1411

Chapter 1411: Challenge For A Duel

“Hehehe...”

Ian suddenly burst into laughter, starting low and gradually getting louder, becoming increasingly uninhibited.

The onlookers felt their scalps tingling and instinctively moved away, creating distance from him.

Everyone knew that Ian had an eccentric personality, prone to fits of rage, especially when he unleashed his trademark sinister laugh. Every time it happened, it meant that bloodshed was imminent.

“You really have guts, kid!”

After his laughter subsided, Ian’s expression turned serious. “It’s been so many years, and no one has dared to speak to me like this. Inept? Talentless? Well... very well! Just for those two sentences, today, you are definitely going to die!”

Saying this, his hand moved towards the gun holstered at his waist.

“Ian! I warn you not to act recklessly!”

Natasha stood in front of Dustin, her voice cold. “Dustin is my man, and if you dare to harm him, I won’t spare you!”

“Hmm?”

Ian frowned, his face darkening. “Natasha, do you know what you’re saying? Are you going to oppose me for the sake of this small-time pretty boy?”

“So what if I oppose you? Do you think you can do as you please?” Natasha remained fearless.

Ian’s notorious reputation might intimidate lesser aristocratic families, but it was far from enough to scare her.

“Hmph! You’re a woman; I won’t argue with you.”

Ian gritted his teeth and turned his fierce gaze towards Dustin. “Kid, you’re acting so arrogantly behind a woman. What kind of man are you? If you have the guts, face me one-on-one. Let’s have a duel between men!”

“You’re not even worthy of fighting me,” Dustin replied calmly.

“You arrogant son of a bitch!” Ian’s face darkened even further. “I’m a prestigious fourth-rank Strong Martial General, skilled in both civil and military affairs. Who the hell do you think you are to look down on me?!”

“So, you’re a fourth-rank general. So what? You owe your current status to the Bryant family’s backing. Otherwise, do you think you’d have achieved this level of prestige?” Dustin sneered.

Dustin had encountered many pampered young masters like Ian. They relied on their family’s influence and considered themselves outstanding individuals when, in reality, they were nothing more than leeches.

“You little ****! You talk so big!” Ian’s face flushed with anger. “I’m a dignified fourth-rank Strong Martial General, and you dare to look down on me?!”

“Talk is cheap. Prove your worth in a fight.” Dustin remained composed, unimpressed by Ian’s bluster.

The entire banquet hall was in an uproar, and it seemed like a violent confrontation was inevitable.

“Since you’re so eager to get a beating, I’ll indulge you and help you understand that you shouldn’t be so arrogant in life,” Dustin said calmly.

“Good! Today, I’ll see what you’re made of!” Ian snorted and removed his coat, tossing it to one of his subordinates, then stepped onto the stage. The dancers and performers on the stage were frightened and scattered.

“Honey, are you really going to fight him?” Natasha asked.

“This kind of brute can only be intimidated through force. Talking won’t work with him. We need to subdue him with strength first, and then we can talk,” Dustin replied.

“That makes sense,” Natasha nodded slightly. “Just be careful.”

“Why? Afraid I’ll lose?” Dustin smiled.

“Of course not,” Natasha rolled her eyes. “I just want you to go easy on him. Don’t beat him to death, or it will be troublesome.”

She was well aware of Dustin’s strength. Dealing with someone like Ian would be a walk in the park for him. However, the problem was that Ian had the powerful Bryant family behind him. If Dustin went too far, it could lead to complications.

“Don’t worry, I’ll just teach him a lesson. If he backs down, nothing serious will happen,” Dustin replied with a faint smile.

Of course, if Ian proved to be stubborn, then he shouldn’t blame Dustin for being ruthless.

“Hey! What are you dilly-dallying for down there, kid? Get up on the stage!” Ian shouted impatiently.

On the stage, Ian stood with an imposing presence. He was over six feet tall, had a robust physique, bulging muscles, and a fierce expression. His whole demeanor was intimidating.

“Why the rush? Are you in a hurry to reincarnate?” Dustin cast a cold glance at him and then slowly ascended the stage.

Chapter 1412: Infuriated

Such actions from Dustin sparked whispers among the crowd.

“This guy is way too audacious, isn’t he? He actually dares to step onto the stage for a real fight? Remember, Ian is a genuine military officer. Engaging in a duel with someone like him, isn’t that like a moth to a flame?”

“He’s passionate about love, but although his courage is commendable, ultimately, this is self-inflicted suffering.”

“In life, one should have self-awareness. Being an honest gigolo would be so much better. Why must he show off in public? If he gets beaten badly later, he won’t even have time to regret it.”

The guests below the stage sighed and shook their heads. In their eyes, Dustin's behavior was undoubtedly self-destructive.

Originally, with Miss Natasha protecting him, he could have just played it safe. But, for the sake of his ego, he had to confront Ian head-on.

Now, it was difficult to back down, and he might even be risking his life.

"Hmph! Utterly foolish, hiding behind Miss Natasha isn't good enough? He had to show off. Let's see how he ends up now!" Carlos sneered.

"What a self-important fool! He thinks he can stand up to a fourth-grade military officer with a bit of martial arts skill? He's simply seeking death!" Roselyn rejoiced in his misfortune.

The two of them stood side by side, watching Dustin on the stage as if they were watching a dead man.

When they learned that Miss Natasha had feelings for Dustin, they had mixed feelings of envy and jealousy. But now, there was no need for that, as he was about to meet his demise.

"Kid! I'll give you one last chance. Kneel before me, beg for mercy, and leave Natasha alone. That way, I'll spare your life!" Ian, with his hands behind his back, stood proudly on the stage, his face cold and his eyes sharp.

He seemed to be sure of his victory.

"The same goes for you. Don't bother my woman anymore, or I'll beat you so badly that you won't even recognize your own mother," Dustin calmly replied.

"You insolent brat! It seems you won't shed tears until you see your coffin! Die for me!" Ian finally lost his patience. With a powerful leap, he shot forward like an arrow, and when he closed in on Dustin, he raised his fist and struck fiercely at Dustin's face.

This punch was full of force, creating a gust of wind, and it was enough to shatter stone and split a boulder. He had never been defeated in military sparring, and now, dealing with a young gigolo like Dustin should be a piece of cake.

As Ian's powerful punch hurtled towards him, Dustin didn't dodge or evade; he simply raised his hand lightly and caught Ian's iron fist.

A muffled sound echoed as their fists collided.

Dustin remained unmoved, showing no reaction.

In contrast, Ian wore a stunned expression, finding it somewhat unbelievable. He realized that his powerful strike seemed to dissipate upon contact with Dustin's palm, as if it had caused no disturbance whatsoever.

The strength he had taken pride in had lost its effect.

How could this be?

"If this is all the strength you have, you might as well surrender," Dustin calmly remarked.

"You're looking for death!"

Ian, infuriated and embarrassed, channeled all the inner strength in his body and struck with another powerful punch, aiming directly for Dustin's chin.

His punch was formidable, and its power intensified, like a fierce tiger pouncing.

"Ignorant and stubborn."

Dustin shook his head, sidestepped Ian's punch, and seized his wrist in the process, gently pulling it forward.

Due to the momentum, Ian lost his balance and stumbled forward.

Simultaneously, Dustin extended his leg and tripped him.

Then, with a loud thud, Ian tumbled to the ground unceremoniously, his dignity thoroughly shattered.

Chapter 1413: Lighting Fist

"Ah?"

As they watched Dustin fall face-first, making a rather undignified tumble, the audience below couldn't help but be stunned, their faces filled with astonishment.

No one had expected that Ian, who had just been imposing and arrogant, would suddenly take such a big fall.

Although Ian had a notorious reputation, no one doubted his strength. To become a fourth-ranked mighty general and be known as the "Hedonistic Devil" clearly indicated that he was no ordinary person.

With his abilities, taking on ten or even a hundred opponents single-handedly would not be a problem.

However, this formidable general, this notorious figure, had fallen flat on his face in such a humiliating manner.

It was truly embarrassing.

The fearsome image he had cultivated was completely shattered.

"What's going on? How did Cui Xiong just fall like that?" Carlos stared in disbelief, not understanding what had just happened.

The lightning-fast exchange of movements had left him momentarily puzzled.

"It's... it's just an accident!" Roselyn took a deep breath and began to reassure herself.

How could someone like Dustin possibly be a match for a mighty general? It was just a coincidence.

On the stage, Ian, who had taken a tumble, seemed a bit dazed. It took him several seconds to quickly climb back to his feet.

At this moment, he appeared disheveled, his nose flattened, and two streams of blood flowed down, staining his white shirt.

He looked rather ridiculous.

"Ha!"

In the audience, Natasha couldn't help but burst into laughter.

Her laughter immediately triggered a chain reaction, causing untimely laughter to erupt from various places in the room.

Although they tried to restrain themselves, the earlier laughter had caused quite a stir.

“Shut up! No one is allowed to laugh! Everyone, shut up!” Ian was immediately provoked and shouted angrily, “If anyone dares to laugh again, I will kill their entire family!”

With his words, the laughter abruptly stopped. The entire hall fell silent as those who had laughed moments ago lowered their heads, showing fear on their faces.

Almost forgetting, Ian was ruthless and vengeful. Anyone who offended him would be in for trouble.

“Crap!”

Wiping away the blood from his nose, Ian’s fierce gaze once again fell on Dustin as he roared, “You damned mutt! How dare you make a fool out of me? I will make you die without a burial ground!”

As he spoke, he lunged forward like a mad beast, his eyes filled with bloodlust.

“Die for me!”

Ian roared, no longer holding back, as he unleashed his deadly technique.

His fists flew like a storm, creating a sky full of punch shadows that rained down on Dustin.

His ferocious punches were like a raging storm, unstoppable.

Wherever they went, there was a continuous howling sound, sending shivers down everyone’s spines.

“What a terrifying pressure! Could this be Bryant Family’s Lighting Fist?”

“That’s right! The Lighting Fist is one of the Bryant Family’s ancestral secret techniques. Once mastered, it can break gold and shatter rocks. It’s incredibly powerful and unstoppable!”

“It seems that Ian is truly enraged. He’s using his family’s ancestral secret technique. Dustin is in grave danger!”

Watching Ian transform into what seemed like a war god, many in the audience showed expressions of shock.

To become one of the Bryant Family’s outstanding members and achieve the rank of a fourth-ranked general, Ian was indeed no empty name.

“Is there any hope for you now?”

Carlos and Roselyn stared intently, their faces filled with anticipation.

Provoking Ian to use his family’s secret technique meant Dustin was in deep trouble.

“Coming again?”

Dustin raised an eyebrow slightly, showing signs of impatience.

Chapter 1414: A Loud Punch

He had been polite enough, refraining from hurting anyone all along, with the sole purpose of making Ian realize his mistake and back down. He hadn’t expected the other party to be so ignorant, behaving as if they were evenly matched. Seeing that the opponent was completely unaware of the gap between them, Dustin decided to stop holding back and threw a punch without any restraint.

It was simple and straightforward.

“Boom!”

With a loud explosion, the overwhelming and fierce flurry of punches that had filled the sky was instantly shattered by Dustin’s punch. The surging force sent Ian flying several meters away before crashing heavily onto the ground, unable to get up.

“Poof!”

As soon as he hit the ground, Ian spewed out a mouthful of blood, his face turning pale. His entire body felt as if his bones had been disassembled, causing excruciating pain. He couldn't muster the strength to even roll over.

"What?!"

Witnessing this scene, the entire crowd was in an uproar. People stared wide-eyed, their faces filled with disbelief.

When Ian had unleashed his ultimate move, they all thought that Dustin was as good as dead. However, nobody had expected Dustin to be so powerful that a single punch easily shattered the Bryant family's secret technique and sent Ian flying. It was a completely one-sided victory.

This strength was truly terrifying!

"Am I seeing things? Ian actually lost? And he lost so miserably?"

"A fourth-ranked military general couldn't even defeat a little pretty boy? Nobody would believe it if we told them."

"Oh my God! Are all pretty boys this strong nowadays? It's unbelievable!"

Looking at Ian, who was in a sorry state, the crowd exchanged glances, feeling that this was beyond comprehension. They had initially thought Dustin was just a freeloading pretty boy with no real skills.

The unexpected turn of events had left everyone stunned.

"How... how is this possible? How could this guy defeat Ian?" Carlos and Roselyn were in shock, their faces frozen in disbelief.

The sudden reversal hit them like a heavy blow, shattering their hopes of seeing Dustin humiliated and defeated, even to the point of death. However, things had taken an entirely different turn. Not only was Dustin unharmed, but he had also displayed his dominance in a grand fashion.

This feeling was even worse for them than if they had eaten something truly disgusting.

"Victory and defeat are clear. Remember, stay away from my woman," Dustin calmly stated before turning away and walking down from the stage without looking back.

At this moment, the way people looked at Dustin had changed. It seemed that this pretty boy was not as simple as they had thought.

“You damn bastard! Just die!”

As Dustin walked away, Ian’s face twisted in rage, his eyes filled with madness. Ignoring all else, he pulled out the gun from his waist and squeezed the trigger harshly.

“Be careful behind you!”

Natasha’s expression changed, and she hurriedly shouted a warning.

However, by the time she spoke, the gunshots had already rung out.

“Bang, bang, bang...”

Several gunshots echoed through the crowd, and a few unfortunate guests were hit by stray bullets, lying on the ground in pain.

As for Dustin, who had been the intended target, he had disappeared. When he reappeared, he was standing right in front of Ian.

The two of them locked eyes, their faces mere centimeters apart.

At this moment, Dustin’s face was cold, his eyes filled with a murderous glint, and his killing intent was palpable.

“You... are looking for death!” Ian snarled in a last-ditch effort to regain control of the situation.

Chapter 1415: Sneak Attack

“Ah?”

Ian, who had just fired several shots that missed, felt his vision blur. Dustin, who had been ten meters away, appeared before him in an instant, moving at an incredible speed.

“You... Are you looking to die?”

He heard a cold voice in his ears. Ian's face changed, and he tried to raise his gun to shoot again, but before he could pull the trigger, Dustin grabbed his wrist and squeezed hard.

“Crack!”

There was a crisp sound as Ian's wrist was instantly broken, and his fingers holding the gun went limp.

“Ah—!”

After a momentary shock, Ian let out a piercing scream. But before he could finish, Dustin delivered a powerful punch to his abdomen.

“Splurt!”

Blood sprayed out as Ian was sent flying like a cannonball, soaring more than ten meters through the air before crashing into a wall with a heavy “thud,” creating several cracks.

He hung on the wall for a second before sliding down like a pile of mud, his head hanging limply, blood flowing from his nose and mouth. It seemed like countless bones in his body had been broken.

With just one punch, Ian had been turned into a cripple.

Witnessing this scene, the onlookers were rendered speechless. The entire sequence of events, from Ian's sneak attack with a gun to Dustin's counterattack and Ian's crippling defeat, happened so quickly that the guests couldn't react in time.

“No sense of sportsmanship? Engaging in sneak attacks? Is this all you've got?”

Dustin walked up with a cold expression and placed a foot on Ian's chest.

“You... *cough!*”

Ian attempted to say something but could only manage to cough up another mouthful of blood. He felt like his chest was on the verge of tearing apart, and his heart was under immense pressure. It seemed like even a slight increase in force from Dustin could cause it to explode.

“Stop!”

At this moment, Carlos suddenly jumped out and shouted, “Hey! Dustin! You have some nerve! Release Ian immediately!”

“What? You want to meddle in this?” Dustin turned around slowly, his sharp gaze making Carlos’s neck shrink and feeling somewhat anxious for no apparent reason.

However, when he thought about his wealth and the opportunity to align himself with the Bryant family, Carlos gritted his teeth, summoned his courage, and took a few steps forward once again.

“Dustin! You’re being too audacious!”

“Ian holds a high status. If you harm him, the consequences will be severe!”

“If you know what’s good for you, release Ian immediately and apologize voluntarily. That way, you might still have a way out!” Carlos stood tall and proud, using his status to intimidate.

If he could protect Ian today, it would undoubtedly be a significant achievement, and perhaps even the entire Grantwood family would rise to prominence.

“That’s right! I order you to release him right away, or you will face dire consequences!” Roselyn chimed in.

Although Ian was somewhat disheveled at the moment, it didn’t negate his esteemed status. If she could catch Ian’s eye, even if it meant becoming his plaything, it would be a great honor.

“What if I don’t?” Dustin sneered.

“You dare!” Roselyn glared.

“Dustin! A wise person knows the times. I advise you not to bring trouble upon yourself!” Carlos warned sternly.

Although most of the others didn’t speak, they shared the same sentiment.

Despite Dustin having some strength, he ultimately lacked a powerful backing. Even with Lady Natasha protecting him, he couldn't challenge the Bryant family.

Knowing when to retreat is the wisest choice.

"Is that so?"

Dustin slowly applied pressure with his foot, causing Ian's eyes to roll back, his face turning red, and his chest feeling as though it had a mountain on top of it.

He couldn't breathe, and it seemed like his heart was about to leap out of his chest.

Chapter 1416: Madman

A wave of deathly fear instantly filled his entire body.

"Don't... don't kill me... it's all a misunderstanding," Ian's voice croaked as he squeezed out a few words.

At this moment, he was genuinely terrified.

When death approaches, all your status, position, and dignity become insignificant.

As long as he could stay alive, he was willing to abandon all of these.

He had such a beautiful life ahead of him, with endless wealth and prosperity to enjoy. He didn't need to fight with anyone.

"Master Ian, you don't need to be afraid. This guy won't dare to do anything, he's just trying to scare you," Roselyn reassured him.

"Scare me?" Ian's mouth twitched, almost bursting out with curses.

His chest was about to be crushed, and he was being told this was just a scare?

“Master Ian, hold on. I’ve already called for help. Once reinforcements arrive, this guy, Dustin, won’t escape!” Roselyn continued to encourage him.

Damn it! Can you please shut up?

Ian’s inner anger raged. His life was in Dustin’s hands, and this was the worst time to provoke him.

If he weren’t so suppressed, rendering his entire body powerless, he would have loved to throw a couple of punches and smash Roselyn’s head.

What kind of advice is this? Instead of offering counsel, you’re threatening me! Do you want me to die faster?

“Hey, buddy, we don’t have to become enemies. If you release me, I’ll pretend today never happened. What do you say?” Ian weakly pleaded.

“If I release you, you probably won’t survive the night,” Dustin said coldly.

“No... no way...” Ian shook his head repeatedly. “I swear I won’t hold you responsible.”

“You won’t hold me responsible, but I will hold you accountable,” Dustin didn’t relent. “You’ve provoked a woman I care about, acted all high and mighty, and now you want to walk away unscathed? It’s not going to be that easy.”

“What do you want then?” Ian was getting nervous.

“First, make a public apology; second, never harass the woman I care about again; third, compensate me for my emotional distress. If you do these things, I’ll let you go,” Dustin laid out his terms.

“I...”

Before Ian could respond, Roselyn interjected, “You’re dreaming! Who do you think you are? You dare to ask Master Ian for an apology? That’s utterly delusional!”

“Dustin! I warn you not to overstep! Release Master Ian, surrender, and you might have a chance to survive. If you remain obstinate, there’s only one path for you—death!” Carlos shouted.

The two of them sang in harmony, their cooperation incredibly seamless.

“You... you...” Ian, in his frustration, spat out a mouthful of blood on the spot.

These two lunatics were practically pushing him into a pit of fire!

“Master Ian, don’t get agitated. Reinforcements will be here soon; hold on!” Carlos tried to console him.

“Dustin! You better release Master Ian now, or I’ll fight you to the death!” Roselyn threatened loudly.

As she spoke, she sneakily glanced at Ian.

Heh heh, with her dedicated performance, she should earn Ian’s appreciation, right?

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Ian clenched his teeth, his eyes looking like they could devour someone.

At this moment, his resentment towards Carlos and Roselyn was even greater than his anger towards Dustin.

These two lunatics! If I manage to get out of here alive, I’ll make sure to break both of your legs!

“Ian, is it a deal with my conditions or do you want to continue this confrontation until the end? It’s your choice,” Dustin said coldly.

“I agree... I agree to your conditions,” Ian finally gave in.

Damn it, if this continues, I’ll end up bleeding to death.

“Very well, I hope you’ll keep your word.”

Dustin nodded and finally released his foot.

Ian felt an immediate relief, the sense of impending death gradually dissipating. He felt as if he had been granted a reprieve and began to breathe the air around him frantically.

The oppressive force Dustin had just exerted on him was simply too great.

He could be sure that if he had shown even a hint of stubbornness or any signs of revenge, he would likely have been killed on the spot!

This guy is an absolute madman!

Chapter 1417: Evil King of the World

Huff... huff...

Ian was panting heavily, his body drenched in cold sweat. He felt like he had just survived a catastrophe.

He had never imagined that the young man by Lady Natasha's side, this so-called "little white face," would be so strong and audacious, completely disregarding the importance of the Bryant family.

Was he just arrogant and ignorant?

Or did he have some kind of backing that made him fearless?

"Master Ian, are you okay?"

At this moment, Carlos and Roselyn approached cautiously, expressing their loyalty while trying to comfort Ian.

All the bluster against Dustin had been to win Ian's favor.

If they could become his trusted confidants, they would enter the upper echelons.

Success and prosperity were within their grasp!

"Master Ian, you didn't need to be afraid of him just now. You could have confronted him head-on, and I doubt he would have dared to do anything to you!" Roselyn said, pointing her chin at Dustin, full of pride and disdain.

In her eyes, Dustin was merely bluffing.

After all, as long as someone had a somewhat normal mind, they wouldn't dare to challenge the dignity of the Bryant family.

"Ian, if you're not satisfied, you can always give it another try," Dustin said emotionlessly.

“Try it and die!” Roselyn glared. “Master Ian, reinforcements will be here soon. Just give the word, and I promise he’ll pay a heavy price!”

“Shut the hell up!”

Ian’s eyes widened, and he delivered a powerful punch directly to Roselyn’s face.

Thud!

A muffled sound.

Roselyn’s head tilted back, and she stumbled back several steps, collapsing onto the ground. Her nose was flattened, her front teeth broken, blood oozing from her nose and mouth. She felt dizzy and disoriented, completely stunned and unable to react for a moment.

In fact, if Ian hadn’t been completely weakened, that punch alone would have been enough to seriously harm Roselyn.

“Ma-Master Ian... Why did you hit me?” Roselyn covered her mouth and nose, her face full of grievance.

She couldn’t understand where she had gone wrong. She thought she was helping, so why did she suddenly get punched for no reason?

Not only Roselyn, but Carlos beside her also wore a bewildered expression.

What was happening?

Could it be that Ian had been rendered unable to distinguish friend from foe, whether they were allies or enemies?

“Why did I hit you? I wish I could chop you into pieces!” Ian gritted his teeth, wanting to continue but suddenly felt his legs give way, almost falling to the ground.

“Master Ian, this is my junior sister. I don’t know what she did to offend you, but please give me face...” Carlos attempted to speak, but before he could finish, Ian backhanded him with a slap to the face, shouting, “Damn it! Who do you think you are, you worthless piece of crap? Do I owe you any face? Get the hell out of here!”

“What?!”

Carlos stumbled back from the force of the slap, almost falling.

Clutching his burning cheek, he felt completely at a loss.

Damn, did this guy really lose his mind? He’s ignoring Dustin, his enemy, and venting on us? Is there any justice in this?

“You two pieces of crap, say one more word, and I’ll rip your mouths apart!”
Ilan was furious, radiating an intimidating presence.

Carlos and Roselyn were terrified and dared not utter another word.

This guy was truly unpredictable!

“Ilan, it’s time to fulfill your promise,” Dustin reminded him at the right moment.

Ilan took a deep breath, forcibly composed himself, and finally turned to Dustin with a somewhat unsightly expression. He said, “I’m sorry. I was too impulsive just now and made a mistake. I apologize to you. Furthermore, I promise not to harass Lady Natasha again. Is that enough?”

Although he felt humiliated and lost face, he had to bow his head when he was under someone else’s roof.

“What? Did Master Ilan actually apologize?”

The crowd was in an uproar upon hearing Ilan’s words.

You see, the title of the “Evil King of the World” wasn’t just an empty claim. Even when he had struck someone, it was the person who had been struck that ended up apologizing.

They had never witnessed Ilan apologizing to anyone before.

Chapter 1418: Useless Trash

This was truly an unprecedented turn of events.

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Carlos and Roselyn exchanged glances, both wearing expressions of disbelief.

They never expected that Ian, whom they had worked so hard to please, would be so timid. He was actually frightened by a few threats from a “little white face” and ended up apologizing in public.

He had really degraded himself!

This so-called “Evil King of the World” didn’t seem so formidable after all.

Natasha watched quietly, smiling without saying a word.

Indeed, her man was domineering and never indulged these pampered playboys.

“Now, how do you plan to compensate me for my emotional distress?” Dustin spoke again.

“Name your price,” Ian replied.

“I see your Bryant family isn’t short on money, so how about a casual three to five billion?” Dustin said casually.

“What? Three to five billion? Are you out of your mind?” Roselyn couldn’t help but exclaim.

“Dustin, you’ve gone too far!” Carlos said with a stern expression.

Was this guy crazy?

Not only did he hit Ian, but he also demanded compensation, and he started with a figure of three to five billion, all while not causing a single injury. It was an astronomical sum!

“What’s the matter? Too little? Then let’s add a few more billion.” Dustin immediately increased his asking price.

“You—!”

Roselyn was about to explode with anger but was silenced by a fierce glare from Ian. She immediately turned pale and covered her mouth and nose, too scared to speak.

“Give me some time to gather the money. By this time tomorrow, I’ll compensate you in full, without a single penny less,” Ian said firmly.

“Deal.” Dustin smiled faintly. “It’s settled then.”

Ian didn’t say anything; he just nodded.

Damn, this was truly humiliating. He had never been through such an ordeal before. But given the current situation, he had no choice.

“Quick! Surround this place for me!”

With a commanding shout, a group of fully armed soldiers stormed in, their presence overwhelming. As soon as they entered, they sealed off all entrances and exits of the banquet hall.

The man leading them was in his forties or fifties, wearing a military uniform, and had a robust physique. His face exuded an air of authority. Judging by the epaulettes on his shoulders, his rank was even higher than Ian’s.

“It’s Silas from the Bryant family!”

Upon seeing the middle-aged man, the room erupted with surprised exclamations.

The Bryant family was extensive, and the patriarch had a total of ten children. Among them, Silas was one of the most outstanding. In his forties, he held the position of a second-grade Dragon Might General, commanding significant military power and wielding considerable influence.

What was most crucial was that Silas was infamous for protecting his family. Anyone who dared to harm the Bryant family’s offspring would face his relentless suppression.

Little did they expect that Ian’s beating had stirred up the famously hot-tempered Silas.

It seemed that the situation had escalated.

Anyone who dared to stand out today was courting disaster.

“They’ve arrived! Reinforcements are finally here!”

Seeing this, Roselyn couldn't help but be overjoyed.

After waiting anxiously, she had finally witnessed the Bryant family's reinforcements arriving, and it wasn't in vain for all her efforts.

"Dustin, oh Dustin, your days are numbered!" Carlos smirked coldly.

Silas had always been protective of his family, and Dustin had undoubtedly provoked Silas by beating Ian so severely. Once Silas went on a rampage, even Lady Natasha wouldn't be able to stop him.

Dustin was finished!

"Uncle Five! You're finally here?!"

Ian's eyes lit up as if he had seen a savior. He limped forward.

"You useless trash!"

Silas's arrival had completely changed the dynamics of the situation.

Silas, with a stern expression, didn't utter a word. Instead, he immediately slapped Ian across the face.

Chapter 1419: Causing Trouble

"Smack!"

The unexpected slap left Ian bewildered, and he couldn't react for a moment. The others were equally perplexed, unsure of what was happening. Wasn't Uncle Five here to support Ian? Why did he slap his own nephew right after they met?

"Uncle Five, why did you hit me?" Ian rubbed his stinging face, looking somewhat aggrieved.

Outside in the world, he was known as the Demon King, but in front of Uncle Five, he was like a mouse facing a cat. He owed much of his current status to his uncle's support.

“Humph! Why did I hit you? Haven’t you learned anything?” Uncle Five said sternly.

“How many times have I told you? You can fight, you can cause trouble, you can act recklessly outside, and no matter what you do, the Bryant family will cover for you. But there’s one thing you must never lose at—fighting!”

“The Bryant family doesn’t raise cowards or weaklings. You’re a fourth-grade War General, and you couldn’t even beat a little pretty boy. You’ve brought shame to the Bryant family!”

“Tell me, do you deserve to be hit?” Uncle Five’s words came out in a near shout.

“I…” Ian was momentarily speechless, overwhelmed by shame. He lowered his head.

The Bryant family was a military aristocracy, producing generations of renowned generals. Within the family, there was an unwritten rule: you could fall short in various aspects, but losing in a fight was unforgivable.

Once someone in the family lost a fight outside, they would have to bear a beating upon returning home.

“You useless piece of crap! When you return home, take eighty strokes with the wooden staff and then kneel in the family shrine for three days and nights!” Silas barked.

“Yes,” Ian replied with his head lowered, not daring to argue.

The people in the banquet hall exchanged strange looks, realizing that the Bryant family’s method of upbringing was indeed unique.

Most families would restrict their young members from causing trouble or conflicts outside.

However, the Bryant family took a completely opposite approach.

Not only did they not restrict their members, but they also encouraged causing trouble. However, there was one requirement: never lose in a fight outside, and never tarnish the Bryant family’s reputation.

It was no wonder Ian was called the Demon King. With this kind of upbringing philosophy, who could withstand it?

“Who dared to bully my nephew just now? Step forward and let me take a look!” After admonishing Ian, Silas walked boldly to the center of the room, his sharp gaze scanning the surroundings.

“Master Silas! It was him! He’s the one who beat Ian!” Roselyn reacted quickly, pointing at Dustin, trying to make herself look good.

“Oh?” Silas squinted and turned his gaze in the direction she pointed.

However, when his eyes landed on Dustin’s face, he couldn’t help but be slightly surprised.

This young man, why did he seem somewhat familiar?

“Master Silas, this matter started because of me. If you have any grievances, please take it out on me,” Natasha stepped forward a few steps and stood in front of Dustin.

Silas was a genuine battlefield general, holding the rank of Second-Grade Dragonmarsh General, and he possessed astonishing martial prowess. He was far superior to Ian, a pampered young man.

“Men’s affairs are better left to men,” Silas said, sizing up Dustin more closely, feeling increasingly uneasy. He cautiously inquired, “Kid, what’s your name? Which family are you from?”

“He’s named Dustin, just an unknown nobody,” Roselyn quickly explained. She wouldn’t miss the opportunity to undermine him further.

“Surnamed Rhys?” Silas’s eyelids twitched. Suddenly, he became anxious. There was no prominent Rhys family in Stonia, but that didn’t mean the “Rhys” surname carried no weight.

On the contrary, the “Rhys” surname was on par with the four major royal families and even stood alongside the imperial Rhys family because the King of West Lucozia, a man who held unrivaled power and could challenge an entire country, the surname “Rhys.”

In the past, this wouldn't have mattered, but now, with this familiar-looking young man who shared the surname "Rhys," Silas couldn't help but be suspicious.

"Kid, have we met somewhere before?" Silas rubbed his chin, clearly troubled by his thoughts.

Chapter 1420: Sound Thrashing

"Is that so? I don't remember," Dustin replied calmly.

"I'll ask you again, do you know who I am?" Silas inquired.

"I just found out a moment ago, you're from the Bryant family, Mr. Silas, a Second-Grade Dragonmarsh General," Dustin answered.

"Since you know my name and position, why aren't you afraid?" Silas found it puzzling.

Ordinary people would tremble in fear upon seeing him, but this young man appeared unruffled, as if he didn't care.

"Why should I be afraid?" Dustin responded calmly. "Stonia is a place with rules. Your nephew, Ian, initiated the fight and eventually admitted defeat. Everyone here can testify. Your Bryant family belongs to the Stonia royal family, and you shouldn't use your status to bully others, right?"

"Hmm... you have a sharp tongue," Silas remarked. "But what you said is correct. Ian lost due to his own lack of skill, and my Bryant family won't take advantage of our position. However, you can't get away with beating a member of my Bryant family so easily."

"So, what do you plan to do?" Dustin asked in return.

"We'll get up from where we fell," Silas said calmly. "Three days from now, you'll have another fight with our Bryant family members. Life and death will depend on fate. Do you dare?"

When the younger generation lost face, they naturally had to regain it. The Bryant family took fighting seriously.

“Since you’re so interested, I’ll accompany you to the end, but we need to raise the stakes a bit,” Dustin added.

“Oh? What kind of stakes are you talking about?” Silas rubbed his chin.

“It’s simple. If I win, your Bryant family will have to help me with something,” Dustin proposed.

“Win? Hahaha...” Silas laughed. “Kid, do you even know what you’re saying? Do you think all the members of my Bryant family are pushovers?”

Ian’s martial prowess ranked only tenth among the younger generation of the Bryant family members. The truly exceptional talents were carefully nurtured by the family and rarely appeared in public.

How could an unknown young man like him compete with the Bryant family’s carefully groomed talents?

“Mr. Silas, I’ll ask you again. Are you willing to make the bet?” Dustin remained composed.

“You want to make a bet, huh? Fine! I’ll play with you until the end!” Silas agreed readily but then shifted the conversation. “However, what will you do if you lose?”

“If I lose, I’ll leave it up to you to decide,” Dustin replied.

“Good! Deal! See you in three days!” Silas smirked.

With that, Silas ordered his men to withdraw.

“Wait...”

Seeing this, Roselyn turned anxious and rushed forward, urging, “Lord Silas, please don’t be deceived by him. This guy is trying to trick you. If you let him go today, he’ll escape tomorrow!”

“Are you teaching me how to do things?” Silas’s expression darkened.

“Your highness, you hold a high position, but you may not know how treacherous people can be. I know Dustin very well; he’s cunning, crafty, and utterly shameless. You mustn’t trust him!” Roselyn tried to persuade him earnestly.

“My Bryant family will find anyone, even if they run to the ends of the earth,” Silas replied coldly.

“But...” Roselyn was about to say more, but Silas interrupted by slapping her hard across the face, scolding, “Are you done? Daring to point fingers and make judgments in front of me? Have you had enough? Get out of here!”

The slap was heavy, and it sent Roselyn stumbling to the ground, his vision filled with stars. Her face swelled visibly, her mouth crooked, and blood flowed.

“Lord Silas! Please, calm down!”

Seeing the situation, Carlos immediately ran forward, trying to explain. “I am a member of the Grantwood family. This lady is my apprentice. Please, show her some mercy. Don’t trouble her.”

“Mercy?” Silas’s eyes widened, and he slapped Carlos across the face once more. “Who do you think you are? Do you dare to ask me for mercy?”

“No more... No more...” Carlos covered his face, looking panicked.

“Too late!”

Silas waved his hand and ordered, “Men, arrest these two troublemakers and give them a sound thrashing, eighty strokes each! Keep going until they’re incapacitated!”

With that command, Carlos’s legs gave way, and he collapsed to the ground, his face ashen.