

Chapter 1026 An Understated Dominance

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Chapter 1026

“My dear, it’s time to take your medicine.”

While Dustin was chatting with Cornelius, a melodious female voice rang out. They saw Natasha walk in gracefully with a steaming bowl in her hands.

She had an enchanting smile and a rosy complexion. She carefully brought the medicinal soup to Dustin’s lips.

“Come on, my dear, drink up.”

Dustin’s eyes twitched. Why did this scene seem so familiar?

“My dear, what’s the matter? Drink up,” Natasha said with a charming smile. Her eyes carried a hint of playfulness.

“Umm, can I not drink it?” Dustin was reluctant.

“Of course not. I personally prepared it for you.”

Natasha raised an eyebrow. “What’s the matter? You don’t think I poisoned it, do you?”

Dustin sighed. “Well, it will be worth it if I die by your hand.”

He then lifted the bowl and drank it all in one gulp.

Seeing his face all puckered up, Natasha burst out in laughter.

“Alright, alright, no more teasing. Let’s go have dinner. I have all your favorite dishes prepared

today.”

Natasha took out a tissue and wiped Dustin's mouth. She then linked arms with him before

walking out of the room.

They had just taken a few steps when Natasha's phone rang. She answered it, and her face grew

cold in an instant.

"Alright, I'll be there shortly!" After responding, she quickly hung up.

"What's wrong?" Dustin was curious.

"Haley is having some trouble at the kindergarten. I need to be there," Natasha explained.

"Okay, I'll

go with **you**,"

Without hesitation, Dustin immediately signaled Cornelius to get the car ready.

Ever since Nelson passed away, he treated Haley as his goddaughter. Since his goddaughter was

in trouble, he couldn't just sit around and do nothing.

Meanwhile, at Golden Apple Kindergarten.

"You

bitch! How did you raise your daughter? Just look at what this little bastard has done! She scratched my son's face!

"I've raised my son tenderly, and he has never been injured. How dare this little bastard hurt my son? She's asking for trouble!"

A well-dressed and pudgy rich woman was screaming and pointing her finger at Cecilia.

Beside her stood a chubby boy, looking quite arrogant. The boy had a strong physique and was much taller than other kids his age. There was a faint scratch on the left side of his face.

“Mrs. Lansky, it’s common for children to have small arguments and fights. Besides, it was your son who started it.”

Cecilia was heartbroken to see Haley’s face swollen. However, due to Mrs. Lansky’s identity, she didn’t dare lash out.

“Hmph! So what if my son struck first? If it wasn’t for this little bastard provoking my son, he wouldn’t have hit her.

“In the end, it’s still this little bastard’s fault!” Mrs. Lansky snarled with her hands on her hips.

“Haley, what exactly happened? Did **you** cause trouble?” Cecilia asked.

“No, I didn’t.”

Haley shook her head repeatedly, looking very aggrieved.

“Mac insulted me first. He said I didn’t have a dad and called me a little bastard. Then, he told the other classmates to attack me. Mommy, I didn’t do anything wrong. It’s not my fault.”

As she spoke, tears began to roll down her cheeks once more.

“Don’t cry, Haley. Mommy believes you.” Cecilia wiped her daughter’s tears and then turned to

Mrs. Lansky.

“Mrs. Lansky, did you hear that? It’s you who didn’t raise your son well. He not only insulted my daughter, he even hit her.

“Besides, my daughter’s injuries on her face are much more severe than your son’s.”

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“What bullshit!”

“Mrs. Lansky glared at her. “How can you compare that little bastard to my precious son? A strand of hair on his body is worth more than her life!

“I’m warning you, grovel on your feet and apologize now! Or you won’t like what’s going to happen to you!”

“Mrs. Lansky! Can you be reasonable? It’s clearly your son’s fault. Why should we be the ones to apologize?” Cecilia said with a frown.

Without hesitation, Mrs. Lansky delivered a harsh slap across Cecilia’s face.

She yelled, “I told **you** to apologize, so just apologize! What’s all this nonsense? If you challenge me again, I’ll tear your mouth apart!”

“You-” Cecilia clenched her teeth, seething in anger.

She didn’t expect Mrs. Lansky to be so unreasonable. Not only did they refuse to apologize for their mistake, they even resorted to violence.

They were being too much!

“Don’t hit my mum!” Haley stood in front of her mother with outstretched hands.

She looked angry. “You’re a bad person! An old witch! I’m going to get Mister Strong to attack you!”

“You little bastard! You deserve to be punished!”

Mrs. Lansky flew into a rage and slapped Haley hard across the face. The force knocked her onto

the ground. Soon, she started bleeding from her nose.

“Haley!”

Cecilia was shocked and swiftly lifted her daughter into her arms. She was heartbroken to see

Haley's tiny face all red and swollen.

"You little fatherless bastard! Serves you right!" Mac stood with his hands on his hips. He looked

pleased.

"You two, listen up! Get down on your knees and apologize right now, then pay one million dollars

for my son's medical expenses. Otherwise, there will be hell to pay!"

"Y-You're absolutely unreasonable!"

Cecilia seethed in anger. "I'm calling the cops! I'll have the officers come and handle this!"

As she spoke, she took out her phone and prepared to make the call.

"You're going to call the cops?" Mrs. Lansky grabbed the phone from her and threw it to the

ground forcefully.

She cursed, "You bitch! What do you think calling the cops will do? Let me tell you, my husband is

a high-ranking inspector at the station! My brother is even more powerful!

"Even if I dug a hole and buried the both of you, no one would dare say a word!"

"I-I don't believe there's no justice left in this world!" Cecilia retorted angrily.

"Justice? My word is law!" Mrs. Lansky declared before delivering another hard slap across

Cecilia's face.

Cecilia lost her balance, causing her to tumble to the ground. Since she was still pregnant, she couldn't get up right away

The crowd watched, but no one dared to step in and help.

"Mommy!"

Haley was anxious and in tears. She pulled on her mother's arm with all her strength, but she

wasn't able to move her.

In her attempt, she ended up tumbling backward onto her buttocks because of the force.

A female teacher couldn't take it any longer and was about to help them up when Mrs. Lansky

glared at her. She immediately shrunk back from fear.

"Son, didn't that little bastard hit you earlier? Go on and hit her back. Make sure you make her

suffer. Mom's got your back!" Mrs. Lansky patted her son's shoulder.

Mac gained confidence from that. "You little bastard! I'll beat you to death!

He forcefully pressed Haley to the ground and started punching her repeatedly. He showed no

signs of holding back.

"That's right! Hit her! Hit her hard!" Mrs. Lansky **clapped** and laughed loudly, looking proud.

"Stop!"

Suddenly, an angry voice boomed from the door. And in no time, a figure had rushed in and

delivered a powerful slap across the chubby boy's face.

A crisp sound echoed as Mac's face contorted from the force. He was sent flying and crashed to

the ground with a resounding thud.

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The unexpected scene shocked everyone present. Nobody could have predicted that someone would actually hit Mrs. Lansky's son.

Everyone knew that Mrs. Lansky was infamous for being a tyrant in this area. Nobody dared to

offend her.

“Oh my God! My son!” After a momentary shock, Mrs. Lansky screamed.

She rushed forward clumsily and wrapped the disoriented, chubby kid in her arms.

The little kid now had a crooked nose and busted lips. His mouth was also covered in blood, with

two front teeth missing. Half of his face was extremely red and swollen.

“Son! Don’t scare me like this! Wake up!” Mrs. Lansky was panicking and pinched his nose repeatedly to wake him up.

It was only after he woke up that she calmed down slightly. However, very soon, her expression turned hideous.

She screamed, “Who was it that hit my son? Who was it? Reveal yourself!”

She turned around, looking like she was about to commit murder.

“It was me!” Dustin stepped forward with a dark expression. His gaze turned murderous,

especially when he noticed the injury on Cecilia and Haley’s face.

“You son of a bitch! How dare you hit my son! Do you know who I am?” Mrs. Lansky roared.

All along, she had been the one doing the bullying. No one had ever dared create a scene with her..

Without a word, Dustin slapped her across the face. He then asked, “Who are you?”

“I” Mrs. Lansky cradled her face. She was about to reply when Dustin delivered another slap

That slap made her stagger, and she almost lost her balance.

“Who are **you**?” Dustin asked again.

“I am-”

Mrs. Lansky had opened her mouth. But before she could say her name, she felt another stinging slap land on her cheek.

“What did you say? Who are **you** again?” Dustin questioned coldly. (1)

“You-” Mrs. Lansky was furious and was about to launch into a tirade when Dustin silenced her with a third slap.

“Who exactly are you?”

“Say something.”

“Why aren’t you talking?”

“Weren’t you all haughty earlier? Why aren’t you saying anything?”

Dustin slapped her after every question. The blows left Mrs. Lansky disoriented and with a

swollen face.

She leaned against the wall, swaying slightly. She couldn’t say a single word.

After receiving more than a dozen slaps, her face was disfigured. Blood trickled from her mouth

and nose, and she seemed to have lost some teeth.

She looked utterly miserable.

The teachers and parents alike were in shock.

“Oh my goodness! Who is this guy? He actually dared lay a hand on Mrs. Lansky. Is he trying to get himself killed?”

“It seems like he isn’t aware of Mrs Lansky’s influence. He’ll find out soon enough.” “He’s so ignorant. He’ll probably be meeting his end soon for offending Mrs. Lansky.”

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The crowd pointed and whispered, astonished at Dustin’s outrageous behavior.

A simple apology would have resolved this matter. But now, it had escalated into a major issue.

With Mrs. Lansky beaten up so badly, Dustin would probably end up with broken limbs. Worse

still, he could be buried alive!

Dustin delivered another slap that knocked Mrs. Lansky to the ground. He demanded, “Tell me, who exactly are you?”

Mrs. Lansky's face was beaten up so badly that she felt dizzy and disoriented. She couldn't **even** tell left from right.

"Stop it!" Right then, the kindergarten's headmistress pushed through the crowd in a frantic rush.

Seeing Mrs. Lansky's swollen face, she was shocked and quickly helped her onto a chair.

"Oh my, Mrs. Lansky! What happened to you? Who did this to **you**?"

Mrs. Lansky's arm shook as she pointed at Dustin.

"How dare you!"

The headmistress turned around and roared, "Who are **you**? How dare you lay your hands on Mrs.

Lansky? Do you have any idea of the trouble **you've** caused?"

"And who are you? How dare you meddle in my affairs?" Dustin responded coldly.

"Me?"

The headmistress puffed up her chest. She said proudly, "I'm Mrs. Prewitt, the headmistress here. I oversee all matters in this kindergarten!"

"Mrs. Prewitt, was it? You came right on time."

Dustin nodded and pointed at Mrs. Lansky. "This bitch is being unreasonable and is abusing her power. Kick her out **of** here immediately!"

"Nonsense!"

Mrs. Prewitt glared at him and yelled, "You were the one who assaulted her. How dare you accuse Mrs. Lansky? This is absurd!"

"I hit her because she deserved to be hit. Open up your eyes. She inflicted those injuries **you** see on Cecilia's face and on my goddaughter's body.

"I only gave her a taste of her own medicine," Dustin said impassively.

"That's right, Mrs.

Prewitt. **Mrs.** Lansky and her son were the ones who were bullying us. They were deliberately causing trouble," Cecilia tried to explain.

"Shut up!" Mrs. Prewitt roared at her before turning her attention back to Dustin.

In an overbearing tone, she said, “I didn’t witness anything earlier except you hitting the m.

“I’m now ordering you to apologize to Mrs. Lansky and compensate them for the injuries.

Otherwise, I’m going to call the cops!”

“Are you blind or something?”

Dustin’s expression was stern. “When this bitch—was—assaulting them, you stood idly by as if nothing was happening.

“Now that she’s at a disadvantage, you immediately intervened and created a scene. Are you a servant, they raised?”

“**Y**—You... You impudent bastard!” Mrs. Prewitt was furious after being called out.

“I’m warning you! If **you** don’t apologize, I’m going to expel Haley from our kindergarten! She’ll

never be able to set foot in here again!”

“Expel her? Hah! Mrs. Prewitt, you’re amazing!”

Dustin sneered. “Did you think Golden Apple Kindergarten is the only kindergarten in Mil Isburg?/

Did you think she won’t be able to attend any other kindergarten after she’s expelled?”

“That’s right! I’ve been in this industry for 20 years. I have connections everywhere!

“Just one word from me, and not one kindergarten would dare take in this little bastard!” Mrs.

Prewitt roared.

“What did **you** say?” Dustin’s expression turned dark.

He was seething after hearing the words “little bastard“.

“What? Are you scared now?” Mrs. Prewitt smirked.

“Listen up! As long as I don’t allow it, nobody will take in this little bas-”

Before she could finish her sentence, Dustin had landed a painful slap across her face. That slap

caused her to almost fly across the room.

The crowd was dumbfounded once again.

This young man had **nerves** of steel. Wasn't he afraid of being blacklisted by the headmistress?

"You ... **You** dared lay a hand on me?"

Mrs. Prewitt got up from the ground, looking embarrassed. She cradled her stinging cheek, looking shocked and angry.

Parents usually buttered up to her whenever they saw her. Even if they considered presenting her with a gift, it all depended on her mood that day.

This young man not only disrespected her, he even struck her! It was outrageous!

"And what if I did?"

Dustin scolded her coldly, "You abuse your power! You play up the influential and have lost all

sense of morality! Allowing an incompetent trash like you to educate the young would only lead them astray!"

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Dustin's words were impactful! It left Mrs. Prewitt trembling as she alternated between anger and

embarrassment.

Some parents, whom Mrs. Prewitt had repressed in the past secretly applauded. They found

immense satisfaction in this turn of events.

They were happy she finally had a taste of her own medicine since she always looked down on

them.

"You impudent bastard! Just who the hell are you? How dare you lecture me!"

Mrs. Prewitt fumed, and her temper flared. "Just you wait and see!"

“I will expel Haley from this kindergarten and blacklist her! I will make sure she will never get an

education in her lifetime! I’m going to blacklist all of you!”

“Blacklist?” Dustin scoffed. He kicked Mrs. Prewitt down to the ground.

“Why don’t you try? I’d like to see just how capable you are!”

Mrs. Prewitt landed on her bottom.

Scrambling to her feet, she yelled with a strained voice, “Security! Security! Where the hell are you? Come quickly!”

After hearing her screams, two security guards rushed through the doors. But before they could

act, Dustin turned to glare at them.

They froze on the spot. For a moment, they felt a shiver run down their spines, and they broke out

in cold sweat.

It was as if they were prey locked on by a predator. They didn’t dare make a move.

“Hey! What are **you** two doing just standing there? Beat him up!”

Mrs. Prewitt flew into a rage when she saw the guards’ lack of reaction. She ended up slapping both of them.

She yelled, “You bunch of trash! What am I paying you for? You two are useless!”

The two security guards held their cheeks as they fumed. But they could only stay silent.

“Prewitt! How are you the headmistress when a poor nobody dares to make a scene here?” Mrs. Lansky finally stood up, wobbling.

She fumed, “I’m warning you! If you don’t deal with this appropriately today, I won’t let you go!”

“Huh?” Mrs. Prewitt froze. She rushed up to Mrs. Lansky and smiled apologetically.

“Mrs. Lansky, this has nothing **to** do with me. It’s the brat who’s aggressive and arrogant. But don’t

worry, I've called the cops. They'll be here soon. I promise to make them regret what they did!"

"Hmph! That bitch and her little bastard too! You can't let any of them off!" Mrs. Lansky was filled

with hatred.

"No problem! Of course!" Mrs. Prewitt nodded as she buttered up to Mrs. Lansky.

"Still got a foul mouth, I see." Dustin's gaze turned cold.

He delivered another slap across Mrs. Lansky's face, knocking her to the ground again. At the

same time, he added a few kicks.

As he kicked her, he roared, "Go on, **try** talking with that foul mouth of yours! I **need** to teach you a lesson before you think you can provoke me again and again!"

"You.. **you** impudent bastard!"

Mrs. Prewitt was shocked and angry, but she didn't dare intervene. She knew how painful Dustin's

slap was. It was evident from Mrs. Lansky's severely disfigured face.

"Stop right there! Everyone, stop right there!"

Right then, a few men in uniform burst into the room. The one leading the team was a middle-aged man in his 40s.

The man had a strong build and a commanding presence, accentuated by his fierce features.

As soon as he appeared, the crowd scattered. Nobody dared stand in their way.

"It's Inspector Lansky! Inspector Lansky is here!"

"This is bad! With how bad this young man beat Mrs. Lansky up, he must be in serious trouble now

that Inspector Lansky has arrived."

"With Inspector Lansky's authority, even if he doesn't die today, he'll be spending a long time **in**

prison!”

The appearance of the man in the uniform immediately stirred up a commotion in the room.

Whispers spread through the crowd.

Some of them looked at Dustin in sympathy, while others pitied him. There were also those who

looked on with malicious satisfaction.

“Inspector Lansky, you’re finally here!” When Mrs. Prewitt saw him, it was as if she saw their

savior.

She immediately went up to him and complained, “If you came any later, Mrs. Lansky would have

been beaten to death.”!

“What? What happened?” Vernon Lansky frowned.

“D—Dear ... Dear!” Just then, they heard a wail.

Mrs. Lansky, with a bloodied face, crawled toward Vernon.

“May I know who you are?” Vernon was **taken** aback. He still didn’t know what was going on. “Inspector Lansky! She’s your wife, Mrs. Lansky!”