

An understated Dominance – Dahlia and Dustin Chapter 1211

Chapter 1211: Pursuit of Personal Goals

The sudden turn of events had left the martial arts world in shock. One moment, Dustin was the target of their wrath, and the next, he was their chosen leader. The atmosphere was charged with irony, and Dustin's demeanor reflected this.

As the warriors continued to salute him, Dustin's expression remained devoid of excitement or enthusiasm. He saw the absurdity in the change of allegiance, where those who had condemned him were now passionately supporting him.

Dustin had no interest in being the leader of the martial arts alliance. His pursuit was revenge against Ronald and justice for himself. He believed his abilities were limited and not fit for such roles.

Dustin's refusal to accept the position of leader of the martial arts alliance surprised those present, including Eldric, who had initially suggested the idea. Many had assumed that Dustin would eagerly embrace the opportunity, given the prestige and power that came with the position.

Eldric was both embarrassed and secretly relieved by Dustin's decision. While he had aspirations for the leadership role, the appearance of the powerful drunkard as Dustin's ally made him hesitant to compete for the position.

The drunkard, observing Dustin's hesitation, asked if he had considered the potential benefits of becoming the leader of the martial arts alliance.

However, Dustin remained resolute in his decision. He emphasized his lack of interest in worldly affairs and continued to search Ronald's body. There, he found the coveted Sky Spirit Orb, a treasure that could significantly enhance his cultivation speed.

The presence of the Sky Spirit Orb surprised the drunkard, who recognized its value as a top-tier cultivation aid. With the Sky Spirit Orb in his possession, Dustin's path to becoming a Grand Master's Immortality would be significantly accelerated.

The martial artists gathered at the scene watched as Dustin secured the precious treasure, their reactions a mix of astonishment and admiration. Despite the potential glory and power the leadership position offered, Dustin remained steadfast in his pursuit of personal goals.

The situation had taken an unexpected turn, with Dustin refusing to accept the leadership role. His priorities remained clear—revenge and justice were more important to him than the trappings of authority.

An understated Dominance – Dahlia and Dustin Novel

Score 10

An Understated Dominance chapter 1211 to 1220

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Chapter 1212: The Uncrowned King

With the precious Sky Spirit Orb in hand, Dustin paid no heed to the buzzing crowd. He descended from the ring with his Sky Sword, and wherever he walked, the crowd willingly parted, creating a clear path for him.

Dustin's remarkable display had left a lasting impression on everyone. Although many couldn't fathom why he hadn't accepted the leadership role, they could at least appreciate the present circumstances.

Especially the heads of various martial arts sects, they were already plotting their moves, eager to vie for the coveted position of alliance leader. It was evident that a new martial arts upheaval was on the horizon.

Then, as if struck by a sudden thought, Dustin paused in his tracks and turned to gaze at Asher. "I almost forgot about you."

Asher's complexion paled, fear flickering in his eyes. "What... what do you want from me?"

“Ever since I stepped through that door, you’ve been a thorn in my side,” Dustin said with an air of indifference. “I can’t have peace of mind with you around.”

In the current life-or-death standoff between them, keeping Asher alive would undoubtedly be a disaster.

“You... you... don’t do anything rash! I’m an elder of the Balermo Martial Alliance!” Asher stammered, backing away in panic.

He had remained silent earlier, hoping to escape unnoticed, but he had still been singled out.

“I’ve already killed the master, why would I not kill the elder?” Dustin sneered. With a flick of his finger, a silver needle shot forth like lightning, piercing Asher’s brow.

Asher opened his mouth, as if about to say something, but his body froze instantly. A drop of blood trickled down from his brow, and he collapsed to the ground as if drained of life. His eyes were wide with terror and regret.

Witnessing this horrifying scene, Asher’s disciples fell to their knees, trembling with fear and despair, their spirits broken.

Dustin paid them no attention. He shifted his gaze to Jan Crane and other sect masters, his eyes filled with a chilling intent.

“Geez?” Jan and his companions tensed up, feeling the weight of a formidable foe.

If Dustin sought vengeance, they would have no choice but to fight to the death.

“Don’t be so excited. I won’t kill you today because someone else has already claimed your life. I suggest you take good care of yourselves until your real nightmare arrives,” Dustin remarked cryptically.

With that, he turned and walked away, sparing their lives for now. It wasn’t an act of mercy but a recognition that Jan and his group must meet their end at the hands of Abigail, who sought vengeance for her father’s death.

When Abigail returned triumphant, these traitors would face their reckoning.

As Dustin departed, his cold figure left a lasting impression on those who had witnessed his actions.

“It’s a shame that Senior Brother Dustin didn’t take on the role of alliance leader. He missed the chance to become renowned,” Aria sighed softly.

She held deep admiration for Dustin’s strength and character. His unwavering sense of justice and indifference to fame and fortune were truly remarkable. However, his stoic and solitary nature set him apart from the crowd.

“No, you’re mistaken. Lord Dustin didn’t miss the opportunity; he simply disdains it,” Serena chimed in. Her eyes shone with admiration, and her face radiated warmth. “While others dream of such honors, Dustin is already beyond them. That’s the difference between ordinary people and true leaders.”

“Furthermore,” she added, “after today, the name of the young master will echo throughout the world. There’s no need to prove anything, advocate for himself, or seek titles like alliance leader. Dustin is now an uncrowned king!”

Chapter 1213: Gift In A Bottle

“Boy, how are you holding up? I arrived just in time, didn’t I?” The tipsy wanderer inquired.

As they made their way back to their vehicle, the drunkard sat cross-legged, happily sipping wine from a bottle.

Dustin shrugged. “If you hadn’t shown up, they are all dead for sure.”

“Are you kidding me?” the drunkard chided, scrutinizing Dustin from head to toe. He smirked and continued, “You used the Rhys family’s secret technique to forcibly break through your limits. Now that the time limit is up, you’re about to face the backlash. If I hadn’t appeared, you might have been in serious trouble already.”

Indeed, the Rhys family’s secret technique could elevate one’s power, but it came at a significant cost. It drained one’s vitality and left the user severely weakened afterward. At this moment, if an enemy took advantage of Dustin’s weakened state, he could be in grave danger.

“Old man, you’ve got a keen eye,” Dustin admitted with a smile. He no longer concealed it and removed the silver needle from the back of his head.

Instantly, it felt as if all the energy and vitality had been drained from his body. His once-powerful aura had plummeted, leaving him weak and feeble. His complexion turned pale, his eyes bloodshot, and his limbs felt sore and weak, as if he had been completely drained of energy.

As Gregory had mentioned, the Rhys family’s secret technique could temporarily boost one’s strength, but it came with severe side effects. If it weren’t for the need to defeat Ronald, Dustin wouldn’t have resorted to it.

“Come on, have a sip of wine to revitalize yourself,” the drunkard offered, handing over the flask in his hand.

Dustin, took a sip. The potent wine coursed down his throat, igniting a fiery warmth that provided some relief to his weakened body.

Clearly, the wine had been spiked.

“Boy, I’ve got something to discuss with you,” the drunkard said, reclining lazily in his seat. “I have an old friend who’s run into a bit of trouble. I’ll need to leave for a while.”

“Leave? Where are you headed?” Dustin inquired, puzzled.

“Stonia,” Gregory replied simply.

“Stonia?” Dustin furrowed his brow. “Old man, with your popular identity, going to that place could spell trouble. Even though the events from ten years ago were resolved, old enemies may still be looking out for you.”

“Boy, when have I, Gregory, ever been afraid of trouble? You underestimate me,” the drunkard retorted casually.

Dustin persisted. “When do you plan to leave?”

“Sooner rather than later. I’m departing in 1 minute,” Gregory declared calmly.

“So hastily?” Dustin questioned.

“Lives are at stake. There’s no time to waste,” the drunkard replied.

Then, as he remembered something, he reach for a small bottle from his bag and handed it to Dustin. "Tomorrow is your birthday. Well, consider this my birthday gift to you."

"Oh? Since when did you become so generous?" Dustin asked, genuinely surprised.

"I don't know when I'll be back, so I thought I'd leave something for you," Gregory explained.

"What's inside?" Dustin's curiosity was piqued.

Half of his medical knowledge came from the drunkard, and he was well aware of the old man's eccentricities.

"This is called the Dragon Spirit Tiger Pill. It's my secret formula. It enhances certain...abilities' and restores 'manhood'. The effects are remarkable and is one of a kind in the world!" The drunkard proclaimed with pride.

Dustin was taken aback. "What the heck! ?"

He had expected some sort of miraculous elixir but was surprised by the nature of the gift.

"I've noticed you've been married for several years without any...developments. It's likely you're facing some issues with that thing dangling between your legs. This little treasure is just what you need to make that thing useful and productive. It will restore your manhood." the drunkard explained with seriousness.

Chapter 1214 BFF?

"Hey! What nonsense are you talking about? This is in 100% working condition! Geez!" Dustin immediately got upset.

Because he was so emotional, he started panting.

With his pale face, he looked like he might have some kidney problems.

“Alright, alright, you’re very strong, I get it. Don’t get too worked up,” Drunkard said, patting Dustin on the back and pretending to be comforting. “Anyway, this treasure is rare. Keep it for now, it’s good to have it just in case.”

With that, he stuffed the medicine bottle into Dustin’s pocket.

“You...!” Dustin felt insulted and was about to react when he started coughing violently.

“Okay, okay, let’s not say anything more. I understand,” Drunkard said, patting Dustin’s back. “I have to catch a plane soon, so I won’t keep you. Remember to take your medicine on time and try to have a healthy baby boy.”

With that, Drunkard’s figure disappeared like a ghost.

“Take care, old man,” Dustin said as he watched the hunched figure disappear in the distance, his gaze filled with mixed emotions.

All good things must come to an end. Ever since the moment he helped Drunkard with his Five Decays of Heaven and Man, he knew that one day Drunkard would leave.

They had their own goals, their own paths in life. All he could do was silently wish him well and pray for his safety.

After taking a short break, Dustin returned to the Zypher Lodge with Cornelius.

However, as soon as they reached the entrance, they saw a group of disciples from the Kirin Gang bustling about, decorating the place with lanterns and streamers, and all sorts of festive decorations.

Natasha and Scarlet were inside the villa, directing the preparations meticulously, aiming for perfection.

The two women, who had been at odds before, were surprisingly in sync like BFFs at the moment.

“Natasha, Scarlet, what are you two doing?” Dustin walked in, his face filled with curiosity.

“Big Brother Dustin, you’re back!” Scarlet turned around in surprise, quickly walking up to greet him. She smiled and said, “Tomorrow is your birthday, so I thought we should decorate and make it special. I hope you’ll like it.”

“It’s just a birthday, is there a need for such a big celebration?” Dustin looked around and saw that the entire Zypher Lodge seemed to have been redecorated.

“What’s all this? If we had more time, I’d be tempted to tear this place down and rebuild it,” Scarlet said solemnly.

“...” Dustin twitched his mouth. He knew that with this girl’s personality, she might actually do it.

“Husband, things are different now. You’re the leader of the Kirin Gang, so we should celebrate your birthday with a big event and show off the gang’s prestige!” Natasha smiled.

“Let’s have a meal together, and that will be enough. There’s no need for all this trouble,” Dustin said, feeling a headache coming on.

He had explicitly requested Scarlet not to make a fuss over his birthday, but it appeared she couldn’t resist.

In the end, she just couldn’t contain her excitement.

“We must celebrate and make it a grand affair. We can’t allow Tyler to overshadow it,” Natasha remarked.

“Wait a moment, what does Tyler have to do with any of this?” Dustin was perplexed.

“It seems you don’t know yet. Tomorrow is also the day of Tyler’s engagement to Kate. They’ve invited many guests and are planning a big banquet. We can’t let them steal the limelight,” Natasha said with a determined look.

“Oh? Tyler is getting engaged to Kate? It seems destined,” Dustin raised an eyebrow.

He hadn’t been too interested in it before, but now that it was related to Tyler, he felt a strange sense of competition.

Because of the treasure map incident, Tyler had been making moves behind the scenes. The feud between the two sides had deepened over time, and it seemed like it was time to settle the score.

Chapter 1215: Sign Of Trust

“Since the Harmon family changed their clan leader, they have become complete vassals of the Grant family. The entire Harmon family’s assets are being slowly devoured. After this engagement, I reckon Tyler will soon show his true colors,” Natasha’s expression gradually turned serious.

The internal strife within the Harmon family had turned brothers into enemies. Formerly close relatives had become adversaries, and the entire family faced a tremendous crisis.

Fortunately, she had prepared in advance, transferring all her assets to Stonia. In this way, she had preserved a spark of hope for the Harmon family.

“Natasha, speaking of the Harmon family, what does your father think?” Dustin asked.

With Hector’s connections and prestige, if he decided to confront Kate, he had a good chance of winning.

“My dad is still trying to salvage the situation, attempting to negotiate with my elder brother and the others, but unfortunately, the results have been minimal,” Natasha shook her head.

Her father was excellent in every way, but he was too sentimental and reluctant to turn against his own family, so he kept conceding ground.

As it stood now, the Harmon family was divided and in disarray.

“Looks like your father still has some reservations. However, in a situation like this, you must be willing to go to great lengths to turn things around,” Dustin reminded her.

While it was important to consider familial relationships, continuously retreating would only worsen the situation.

“I hope my dad comes to his senses soon,” Natasha said, her expression complex.

She could help her father make a comeback, but the problem was that her father currently had no intention of engaging in a struggle.

“Oh, by the way...” At that moment, Natasha seemed to remember something and took out an exquisite pouch from her bag, handing it to Dustin. “Tomorrow is your birthday, and this is a gift from my dad.”

“Please thank your father for me,” Dustin smiled.

“Open it and take a look,” Natasha gestured.

“Now?” Dustin asked.

After receiving confirmation, Dustin slowly opened the pouch and retrieved a well-preserved piece of parchment. When he unfolded it, he saw a mysterious pattern, though it appeared to be incomplete.

“Natasha, what is this?” Dustin asked, puzzled.

“This is the Harmon family’s ancestral treasure map, the very thing that Tyler has been seeking all along. Now, my dad has given it to you,” Natasha said with a faint smile.

“What? An ancestral treasure map?” Dustin was initially taken aback, then quickly shook his head. “No, no, no, this is too valuable. I can’t accept it!”

The Harmon family’s treasure was enough to rival a small kingdom’s wealth and could even change the balance of power in the world. The value of this treasure map was incalculable.

“It’s just an incomplete treasure map, and my dad can’t protect it with his current capabilities. Who knows when Tyler might take it away? Instead of letting such a precious item fall into the hands of someone with ambitious intentions, it’s better to choose a suitable and reliable successor to inherit the treasure map,” Natasha explained with a smile.

“Natasha, this is an ancestral possession of your family. How can I take something so precious from someone else?” Dustin hesitated once more.

“In reality, my dad has thought it over carefully,” Natasha said. “Given his current circumstances, he can’t safeguard this treasure map, and it might be taken by Tyler at any moment. Rather than letting such a valuable item end up in the hands of an ambitious person, it’s better to choose a suitable and dependable successor to inherit the treasure map.”

“This...” Dustin felt torn.

Hector giving him the treasure map was not only a sign of trust but also placed a heavy responsibility on his shoulders.

“Alright, no need to decline. This is my father’s gesture of goodwill. Accept it, and perhaps it will come in handy for you in the future,” Natasha smiled and handed the parchment to Dustin.

“Fine, I’ll hold onto it for your father. Once the Harmon family stabilizes, I’ll return it to him,” Dustin finally nodded.

Hector had entrusted him with a treasure map that was worth more than life itself. It was a significant show of trust and responsibility.

...

At night, inside the Grant’s mansion.

Tyler sat alone in his study, engrossed in a game of chess.

Chapter 1216 Decisive Action

Trent and Kate stood meekly beside Tyler, not daring to breathe loudly, looking extremely subservient.

Since being captured by the Dark Panther Cavalry the last time, they had only been detained for two days before being released.

In their view, it was undoubtedly Tyler who had personally intervened and convinced the Scarlet to let them go.

This was enough evidence that they had made the right choice.

“Tomorrow is the day of the engagement. Are the things ready?” After finishing a game of chess, Tyler finally spoke.

“Well...” Hearing this, Trent’s face stiffened, and he subconsciously looked at his daughter standing beside him.

“Lord Tyler, we were close to success before, but that damn Dustin messed up our plans and got us captured,” Kate explained while cursing.

“Enough, I don’t want to hear these excuses,” Tyler coldly glanced at the two of them and said indifferently, “The result I want is more important than the process. According to our previous agreement, you were supposed to give me the treasure map, and I would support you in gaining power. Then our two families would form an alliance and create greatness. I’ve fulfilled my promises; what about you?”

“Lord Tyler, we’ve done our best. Could you give us a few more days? I promise we’ll get our hands on the treasure map for you!” Trent said earnestly.

“Yeah, Lord Tyler! Just give us a little more time, and we’ll definitely fulfill our agreement!” Kate nodded repeatedly.

“I hate people who break their promises. We agreed that you would provide the treasure map before the engagement. If you can’t do it, the engagement banquet tomorrow will be canceled, and there’s no need for our two families to have any further contact,” Tyler said with a blank expression.

“What?!” Upon hearing this, both Trent and Kate’s faces changed dramatically.

Now, the Harmon family was in turmoil, and various forces were beginning to move. Without the protection of the Grant, the power they had just gained would quickly evaporate.

“Lord Tyler! We can’t cancel the engagement!” Kate panicked and assured, “Please give us another chance. We will definitely retrieve the treasure map for you!”

Having finally had the opportunity to marry into a top-tier family and become the wife of a general, she was not willing to give up so easily. Regardless of the cost, she would maintain her current status.

“Go ahead, don’t let me down,” Tyler waved his hand, signaling them to leave.

“Yes, yes, yes...” Kate and Trent did not dare to hesitate and quickly took their leave.

After leaving the study, Trent couldn't help but worry, "Daughter, we only have one night. How are we going to retrieve the treasure map?"

All their previous efforts had been in vain, and the situation was now even more challenging.

"Dad, we can't afford to be soft-hearted anymore. We must take decisive action, or else if we miss this opportunity, we'll never hold our heads high again in our lives!" Kate's eyes were filled with determination.

"Decisive action? What do you mean?" Trent suddenly felt uneasy.

"Capture Hector and use severe torture to force him to hand over the treasure map!" Kate said with a fierce look.

"Severe torture?" Trent frowned. "Daughter, he is your third uncle, our close blood relative. Isn't this too harsh?"

Although they had openly competed with each other before, they had never crossed certain boundaries. After all, they were blood brothers, and he couldn't bear to be so ruthless.

"Dad, we don't have time anymore. If we don't do this, we won't be able to retrieve the treasure map!" Kate's eyes were cold. "For the sake of our future and our goals, we can't afford to be soft-hearted. This is our only chance, and we must be ruthless. Those who achieve great things need to be ruthless. This is our only opportunity, and we must be resolute!"

Chapter 1217 Kate's Plan

For Trent, he had already lost his son and couldn't ruin his daughter's future and happiness. So, even if it meant doing something morally wrong, even if it meant turning against his own brother, he was willing to do it.

"Dad, you really are someone born to do great things!" Seeing her father's agreement, Kate couldn't help but smile. "I believe that as long as we, father and daughter, work together, we can overcome any difficulties!"

As long as she could persuade her own father, everything would become manageable.

“Dad, I want you to know that I only care about getting the treasure map. If our third uncle can provide it in time, I won’t actually harm him,” Kate immediately assured.

However, if he refused to cooperate, don’t blame her for being ruthless.

“Good, with your assurance, I can rest easy,” Trent nodded and then added, “But there’s still a problem now. Your third uncle is always protected by powerful individuals. With our current strength, it’s probably very difficult.”

If they had more time, he could go outside to recruit some martial arts experts to help. But now, it was clear that there was no time for that.

“Dad, I’ve thought of someone who should be able to help us,” Kate suddenly said.

“Oh? Who is it?” Trent was curious.

“Brayden Grant!” Kate said with a sly smile.

“Brayden? Isn’t he just a second-generation rich kid? How can he help us?” Trent furrowed his brow slightly.

Although Brayden was Tyler’s younger brother, he was far inferior to Tyler in terms of personal ability and status. The two brothers were like night and day.

“Dad, you’re underestimating him,” Kate shook her head. “While Brayden may not be as good as Tyler, he has a considerable network of contacts. He knows many martial arts experts, and he also employs a group of people from the martial world. If we can get his help, kidnapping Hector won’t be a problem!”

“Do you have a plan?” Trent asked cautiously.

“The plan can’t be revealed,” Kate said mysteriously, then smiled. “Dad, you go to the living room and rest for a while. I’ll be back soon.”

After saying that, she quickly left.

After a stick of incense had burned, Kate brought a bowl of steaming dumplings and knocked on Brayden’s door.

“Sister-in-law, why are you here?” Brayden opened the door and his eyes immediately lit up.

Kate was very beautiful, inheriting the excellent genes of the Harmon family, so in terms of looks and figure, she could be considered a top-notch beauty.

For a young man full of vitality, she was an enormous temptation.

“Brayden, I heard that you were injured yesterday, so I came to check on you,” Kate smiled coquettishly and walked into the room, placing the bowl and chopsticks on the table. “From the look of you, you must be hungry, right? Here, these are dumplings that I cooked. Try them.”

“Really? Then I have to try them.” Brayden chuckled and sat down immediately, starting to eat eagerly.

As he ate the dumplings, his eyes were fixed on his sister-in-law, and his gaze roamed her sexy figure back and forth, looking extremely greedy.

“How do they taste?” Kate pretended not to notice and sat down beside Brayden, her smile becoming even more enchanting.

“They’re delicious, delicious! Dumplings made by my sister-in-law are really exquisite!” Brayden nodded repeatedly, his eyes full of longing.

Because they were so close, he could clearly smell the fragrance coming from Kate’s body, which was absolutely intoxicating.

“Do you like them?” Kate acted as if she hadn’t noticed, sitting closer to Brayden, her smile growing more seductive.

“Thank you, sister-in-law!”

Brayden licked his lips and his eyes were gleaming.

Chapter 1218 Just A Small Trouble

He had seen many beautiful women, but someone like Kate, who maximized her feminine charm and acted like a seductive enchantress, was something he had never encountered before. What’s more, this extraordinary beauty was his sister-in-law. The forbidden allure of such a situation ignited a deep desire, making him itchy and restless.

“Sigh...”

After some small talk, Kate suddenly pretended to sigh with sorrow.

“What’s wrong? Sister-in-law, do you have something on your mind?” Brayden asked proactively.

“It’s nothing, really. Just a small trouble,” Kate replied, feigning a distressed look. “You were injured recently, and I don’t want to trouble you.”

“Sister-in-law, what are you talking about?” Brayden said with a hint of disappointment. “What do you mean by ‘trouble’? Are you looking down on me or thinking that I’m incapable of helping you?”

“No, no, that’s not what I meant,” Kate waved her hand, pretending to be modest.

“Sister-in-law, if you consider me family, just tell me what’s bothering you. I promise to help you with any difficulties!” Brayden declared confidently.

“Well, alright then. Since you’re willing to help me,” Kate began, “I must tell you, this matter involves my third uncle.”

Kate continued, putting on an act of distress, “Although my father is the current head of the Harmon family, the real power lies in the hands of my third uncle, Hector. He’s an ambitious and cunning person who has always coveted the position of family head. He’s used all sorts of despicable means to achieve his goals, completely disregarding family bonds.”

“My father is kind-hearted and couldn’t possibly contend with Hector, who has pushed him into a corner. My father often cries and has even had thoughts of suicide,” she added, her voice trembling with emotion. “As a daughter, watching my father suffer like these pains me deeply. However, I’m just a weak woman and have no ability to challenge my third uncle. I can only endure and make compromises.”

She sighed deeply and appeared wounded.

“Hmph! This Hector is truly shameless, worse than a beast!” Brayden exclaimed angrily. “The past is one thing, but recently, he has become even more unbearable.”

Kate continued to add fuel to the fire, portraying herself as the victim. “To force my father to step down, my third uncle resorted to stealing the family’s

most treasured possession as a threat. If we can't retrieve this treasure, my father, as the family head, will be forced to take his own life. We have nowhere to turn!"

As she spoke, she began to sob softly, appearing even more pitiful.

Brayden, a male with a strong protective instinct, was ignited by her emotional performance. He stood up suddenly, his aura domineering, and declared, "Sister-in-law, rest assured, I'll take care of this matter! I'll have someone immediately capture Hector and interrogate him rigorously to make him hand over the treasure. You'll get justice!"

"Brayden, my third uncle is cunning and always surrounded by skilled protectors. It's almost impossible to capture him," Kate sighed.

"Hmph! He's just a despicable scoundrel; I won't put up with him!" Brayden slammed the table in anger. "Sister-in-law, you consider me family now. If you have anything to say, just tell me. I promise to help you resolve it beautifully!"

"Hector is a dangerous man, and he's been using these powerful protectors for a long time. Capturing him is not easy," Kate continued, pretending to be worried.

"Ha! He's just a vile character; I won't let him get away with it!" Brayden declared confidently. "Sister-in-law, you wait for my news at home. Tonight, I'll definitely give you a satisfactory outcome!"

With that, he left the room, his head held high and his spirits soaring.

"Brayden, please be careful," Kate pretended to call out, her smile growing even more triumphant.

It seemed that men truly did think with their lower halves, and it only took a few words to easily manipulate them.

Chapter 1219 Unfazed Demeanor

The night grew deeper, with a crescent moon casting a faint silvery glow from the sky. At this moment, a black business car suddenly stopped in front of the Grant mansion.

The car door opened, and Brayden was the first to step out. He then directed several subordinates to carry a large sack into the mansion. They quietly and discreetly made their way to a secret chamber, a place specifically used for interrogations and extracting confessions.

“Open it up!” Brayden commanded as he sat down in a chair and poured himself a glass of wine.

With a sharp cut, the sack was opened, and a disheveled, battered figure tumbled out. It was none other than Hector.

“You old coot, do you know who I am?” Brayden, holding his wine glass, swayed it from side to side, his eyes filled with a chilling intent.

“You are Brayden Grant?” Hector carefully examined him and quickly recognized him.

“Well, well! You’re quite perceptive, recognizing me so quickly,” Brayden said indifferently. “Now that you know who I am, this matter can be easily resolved. Hand over the treasure map, and I’ll spare your life.”

“The treasure map? Heh...” Hector sneered. “So, you couldn’t resist showing your face in the end? I thought the Grant would cherish their reputation and avoid exposing themselves.”

Tyler had been meticulous in his approach, carefully planning every move. The reason he hadn’t personally intervened was due to concerns and a desire to keep a low profile, avoiding drawing the attention of potential enemies. Now, it seemed that they couldn’t contain their impatience any longer.

“Enough with the nonsense! Hand over the treasure map right away, or I’ll make you regret it!” Brayden shouted.

“The treasure map is a priceless heirloom of the Harmon family. How can I give it to the likes of you?” Hector scoffed.

“You old fagot! You dare to talk tough even at death’s door? I can cut you down with one stroke?” Brayden glared at him.

“People will eventually die; it doesn’t matter whether it’s sooner or later,” Hector smiled calmly, his demeanor completely unfazed.

His expression remained relaxed, and he seemed ready to risk it all.

“You son of a b*tch! You still have the nerve to be defiant even when facing death? I’ll show you whether you’re really as tough as you pretend to be!” Brayden stood up and selected a bone-cleaving knife from the assortment of torture devices hanging on the wall.

The knife was not particularly large, and in fact, it looked rather delicate and refined. However, the more exquisite the torture device, the more chilling it appeared.

“See this knife?” Brayden waved it around in front of Hector as he spoke menacingly. “In a moment, I’m going to use it to peel your skin, strip your tendons, and cut chunks of flesh from your body. I will torture you until you wish for death!”

He taunted with a cruel smile as he brandished the knife in front of Hector.

“Go ahead,” Hector said calmly, showing no fear.

“Very well!” Brayden grinned cruelly. He suddenly thrust the knife into Hector’s shoulder.

Hector’s body shook, and his brow furrowed slightly, but he quickly regained his composure. Throughout the entire process, he didn’t make a sound.

“You can withstand it for now, but let’s see how long you can hold out!” Brayden stabbed Hector two more times.

Blood flowed freely, and Hector clenched his teeth but remained silent.

“I’ll ask you again. Will you hand it over or not?” Brayden inserted the knife into Hector’s shoulder, and this time, he began to twist it, his face filled with intense malice.

“Do your worst,” Hector coldly responded.

“You want to die? Hehe... It’s not that easy. I’m going to torture you slowly!” Brayden’s laughter was filled with cruelty as he continued to twist the knife.

Chapter 1220 That One Weakness

Hector's facial muscles began to twitch uncontrollably, and he was drenched in sweat, but no matter how much pain he endured, his eyes remained determined.

"D*mn it! It seems that I won't get anything out of you without using some serious methods," Brayden said irritably. He tossed aside the bone-cleaving knife and began selecting from the various bizarre torture devices hanging on the wall.

One by one, these peculiar instruments of torture were placed on the table. Brayden grinned maliciously as he held them up. "See these treasures? I'll use all of these on you, one by one. I hope you won't die too quickly!"

With that, Brayden started another round of torment, using the instruments to inflict suffering upon Hector.

Time passed slowly, and inside the secret chamber, it was a scene of bloodshed. Outside, the moon shone brightly in the night sky.

Kate stood at the door of the secret chamber, pacing back and forth anxiously. Since Hector had been captured, they had been interrogating him continuously for nearly three hours, but unfortunately, they had yet to obtain any results. With dawn approaching, there was only half of the night left, and time was running out.

If they couldn't obtain the treasure map, all of her efforts would be in vain, and her hopes would be shattered.

"Squeak!"

At that moment, the iron door of the secret chamber slowly creaked open. Brayden, covered in blood, walked out grumbling.

"Brayden, how did it go? Did you get the treasure map?" Kate hurriedly asked.

"Sister-in-law, this Hector is really stubborn. I tortured him for a long time, tried all sorts of methods, but he just won't speak. Honestly, I've never seen such a madman before!" Brayden said, frustrated and admiring at the same time.

For an ordinary person, their true nature would be exposed in just three minutes, with bodily fluids flowing freely. But Hector had endured for three

hours without uttering a word, displaying incredible perseverance and endurance.

“He won’t talk?” Kate frowned, her expression turning grim. “How is he now? Is he dead?”

“He’s unconscious now, but he’s still alive. If we continue torturing him, he might not survive much longer,” Brayden shook his head.

“I’ll go in and take a look.”

Without saying much, Kate entered the secret chamber.

Inside the chamber, Hector was bound to a pillar, his head hanging low, barely conscious. His body was covered in countless wounds, and his skin was torn and bruised, making it impossible to discern his appearance.

The gruesome and terrifying wounds continued to ooze blood, creating a horrifying scene that was difficult to stomach.

Even though Kate had mentally prepared herself, seeing the scene before her still made her feel nauseous. She instinctively covered her mouth and nose.

“Sister-in-law, this place is too filthy and unsuitable for you. You should leave first,” Brayden gently advised.

Most women had never witnessed such a bloody scene. Not screaming and running away already showed great courage.

“I’m fine.”

Kate took a deep breath, quickly adapting to the gruesome sight. Her eyes turned cold. “Brayden, the treasure map is crucial to me. Do you have any other methods? As long as you can help me, I will be deeply grateful.”

The last few words were emphasized with a heavy tone and a hint of ambiguity.

As Brayden looked at Kate’s voluptuous and seductive figure, he swallowed hard and pretended to remain composed. “Sister-in-law, this guy’s body can’t take much more, and using physical torture alone probably won’t yield any results. We need to find another way.”

“What do you mean?” Kate raised an eyebrow.

“Everyone has their weaknesses, their vulnerabilities, even the toughest individuals. If we can identify his weakness, it should be easier to succeed,” Brayden suggested.

“Weakness?” Kate narrowed her eyes and quickly realized. “In that case, his weakness should be only one.”

“What is it?” Brayden asked curiously.

“His daughter, Natasha!” Kate’s face turned cold.