

An understated Dominance – Dahlia and Dustin Chapter 1351

Chapter 1351: Pleasant Surprise "Hey, Mr. Mark Walter, everyone comes to Comcast Tower to have a good time. Why are you starting such a big fire?" Hazel swayed her waist and approached gracefully, with a charming smile. As soon as she appeared, she attracted everyone's attention. Her figure and looks were already outstanding, and combined with her unique charm, she was like a bewitching fox spirit in human form. "Miss Hazel, I have something to deal with. If you want to play, I can arrange another room for you," Mark restrained his aggressiveness a bit, but he still held onto his gun. "But, Mr. Mark, to be honest, this handsome guy here is my friend. I hope you can give him some face and let him go," Hazel smiled as she walked up, taking hold of Dustin's arm in a rather intimate manner. Although Dustin found it strange, he didn't deny it. After all, she was helping him, and he couldn't embarrass her in front of everyone. "Friend?" Mark Walter looked around and said coldly, "Miss Hazel, your friend is quite audacious. Not only did he refuse me several times, but he also threatened to destroy my Comcast Tower. He's showing no respect at all!" "Oh? Is that so?" Hazel raised her head and looked at Dustin with surprise. This guy was really bold to confront Mark Walter head-on. "Mr. Mark, my friend is young and impulsive, not very familiar with the rules. I'll apologize for him. I hope you, as a big-hearted person, can let it slide," Hazel said with a smile. "I can let him go, but he has to give up the formula. Otherwise, don't blame me for not giving face!" Mark said coldly. "The formula?" Hazel was puzzled. It seemed that there was more than just a verbal conflict

between the two. "I'll say it again, I won't sell the formula to you," Dustin firmly refused. Since Mark Walter had drawn his gun, there was no room for negotiation between the two sides. "Miss Hazel, did you hear that? Your friend doesn't know what's good for him!" Mark's face darkened, and he pushed his gun forward slightly. "Mr. Mark, calm down. It's just a formula, right? Let me talk to him." Hazel smiled and reached out to lower the gun's muzzle. Then she leaned in close to Dustin's ear and whispered, "Young man, Mark Walter is known for being ruthless. No matter what the formula is, just give it to him. Otherwise, today, I might not even be able to save you." "Miss Hazel, I appreciate your kindness, but I won't compromise on the formula," Dustin shook his head. "Young man, as long as there are green hills, you won't run out of firewood to burn. If you die here, your precious formula won't be of any use," Hazel continued to persuade him. Why was this guy so stubborn, acting like a block of wood? Even when facing death, he wouldn't yield. "I won't die; he doesn't have the ability to kill me," Dustin said calmly. "You..." Hazel was a bit frustrated. Mark had dozens of people surrounding them, and he had a gun in his hand. Where did this guy in front of her get the confidence to say such things? "Miss Hazel, my patience is running out. It's best for you not to interfere!" Mark's eyes turned cold. Dustin's unwavering attitude had already made him consider taking action. "Mr. Mark, why don't we sit down and have a drink while we talk things over?" Hazel smiled, picked up two glasses of wine, and offered one to Mark. "Drink?!" Mark Walter was getting angrier and directly knocked the glass out of Hazel's hand. With a loud crash, the glass shattered, and the wine spilled everywhere.

Hazel was initially startled but quickly forced a smile. She took the initiative to step closer, gently placing her slender jade-like finger on Mark's chest, and softly said, "Mr. Mark, calm down. Don't harm your health. As long as you let my friend go, I promise I'll give you a pleasant surprise tonight."

Chapter 1352: Who is Tired of Living After saying this, she smiled seductively, with a hint of deeper meaning. "Hazel, if you want to play, I can accompany you slowly!" Mark grabbed Hazel's wrist and grinned wickedly. "But before that, I need to handle this kid first. You just stand there quietly, don't provoke my anger, or the consequences will be very serious." "Mr. Mark, you've hurt me!" Hazel furrowed her brow and struggled forcefully a few times, but it was in vain. "You little seductress, weren't you trying to seduce me? Tonight, I'll grant your wish. Once I deal with this kid, I guarantee you'll be in ecstasy!" Mark smirked, suddenly exerted force, and pulled Hazel into his arms, provocatively looking at Dustin. "Kid! Your relationship with this seductress must be quite special, huh? Judging by your scrawny arms and legs, you probably can't satisfy her. But it's okay; I'll take good care of her for you, let her reach the clouds, desire heaven and death!" "Mr. Mark! Don't act recklessly! I'm a member of the Lancaster family!" Hazel's face changed. "So what if you're from the Lancaster family? Today, I'll force myself upon you. What can the Lancaster family do to me?" Mark's arrogance knew no bounds. "You—!" Hazel was a mix of shock and anger. Mark Walter had immense power, and he had a powerful backer. If he really

violated her, the Lancaster family might not dare to openly confront him. "Kid! I'll ask you one last time, will you hand over the formula or not?" Mark held Hazel with one arm and raised his gun with the other. His eyes were fierce, and his expression was menacing. "First, I won't give you the formula. Second, release Miss Hazel, or I'll break your hand!" Dustin spoke coldly. As soon as he said this, the entire room erupted in astonishment. No one had expected that Dustin would be this audacious. Even when a gun was pointed at him, he spoke boldly. Did he have a death wish? "You brat! It seems like you're tired of living!" Mark, unable to contain his anger, pulled the trigger, aiming the gun at Dustin's thigh. "Bang!" The gunshot rang out, but the expected blood and screams did not follow because at the moment when Mark fired, Dustin suddenly moved. With one hand firmly gripping the gun barrel and the other clenching Mark's throat, there was a heavy "thud" as Dustin pressed him forcefully against the wall. The tremendous force caused the wall to crack open in several places. Mark Walter emitted a muffled groan, feeling as though his bones were on the verge of shattering, and his internal organs had been jolted out of place. He was dizzy and overwhelmed by a nauseating sensation that was difficult to describe. Silence. The entire VIP lounge suddenly fell into a stunned hush. Everything had transpired so swiftly that the people in the vicinity hadn't fully comprehended it. They had only perceived a blur before Dustin had Mark pinned against the wall. What was most astonishing was that Mark stood at nearly two meters tall, with a body covered in explosive muscles, resembling a bear in stature. On the other hand, Dustin was scrawny, resembling a frail cat. In terms of physique, the two

were in entirely different leagues. But incredibly, Dustin, the frail cat, had managed to subdue Mark Walter, the colossal bear, using just one hand. The visual disparity left the onlookers dumbfounded. "Is having a gun supposed to make you impressive?" Dustin said coldly, clutching Mark's throat with a single hand and slowly raising it above his head. He continued, "Now, who's tired of living?"

Chapter 1353: Utterly Helpless "Ugh..." Mark felt his breath stall, his face turning crimson, and veins bulging on his forehead. He wanted to struggle, but he found himself completely devoid of strength in his limbs. Deep inside, an uncontrollable sense of fear surged within him. He had always thought of Dustin as a mere lamb, but suddenly, the other had transformed into a vicious tiger. The immense power displayed left him utterly helpless. He had no doubt that with just a little more force, Dustin could snap his neck. "Outrageous!" "Bold!" "Release Mr. Mark quickly!" After a brief silence, the entire VIP lounge erupted in chaos. A group of suited henchmen roared angrily, ready to make their move. "Dustin! Have you gone mad? You dare to touch Mr. Mark, don't you value your life? Let go!" Carlos shouted. "Rhys! This is the Comcast Tower. If you harm Mr. Mark even a bit, you'll have nowhere to hide!" Roselyn was getting anxious. Dustin was someone she had brought here, and if anything happened to Mr. Mark, she would surely be implicated. "I didn't want to use force, but you pushed me too far. Do you think I have no temper?" Dustin snatched the gun from Mark's hand and pressed it against his forehead, saying coldly, "I'll ask you, how does

it feel to be held at gunpoint?" "You... you brat! I warn you not to mess around. If you dare harm me, your whole family will suffer!" Mark's voice squeezed out of his throat. "Oh, really?" Dustin slowly lowered the gun, pushing it directly into Mark's mouth. "Do you think I'm afraid of your threats?" "Gasp!" Mark's pupils contracted, and cold sweat instantly broke out. He could clearly feel the killing intent emanating from Dustin. "Young man, don't be impulsive. If you harm Mr. Mark, you won't survive either!" Hazel hastily intervened. "Miss Hazel, this guy doesn't intend to let me go. How about taking the initiative while we have the chance?" Dustin's finger rested on the trigger. "Wait!" Carlos's face changed, and he hastily said, "Mr. Rhys, let's talk it out. This was supposed to be a deal. Why resort to violence? How about this, put the gun down, and we can sit down and have a proper discussion." "There's nothing to discuss. I've already said the formula isn't for sale," Dustin responded coldly. "Alright, alright... If it's not for sale, it's not for sale," Carlos hurriedly agreed, wearing a placating smile. "If the deal can't be made, we can still engage in a long-term partnership for medicinal ointments. That way, it's a win-win situation for both of us. What do you think?" "That sounds reasonable, but I'm not sure if you have the sincerity for it," Dustin's expression softened somewhat. Killing Mark Walter was straightforward, but it might lead to unnecessary complications afterward. If someone paid close attention, it could jeopardize his plans. "Sincerity, you say? Of course, we do!" Carlos said seriously. "I'll personally guarantee that as long as you release Mr. Mark, we'll enter into a long-term partnership. We'll share prosperity and face difficulties together in the future." "What do you say?" Dustin looked at

Mark. The latter had a gun stuffed in his mouth, so he could only mumble and nod to indicate his agreement. "See that? Mr. Mark has already agreed," Carlos said with a pleased expression. "Today, we've avoided a fight, and from now on, we'll be brothers who share life and death!" Mark Walter didn't say anything but continued to nod. When you're under someone else's roof, you have to bow your head. With the gun barrel in his mouth, who wouldn't be intimidated? "Alright, I'll trust you this once," Dustin slowly released Mark and tossed the gun into the trash can. *Cough, cough, cough...* Mark's body relaxed, and he began to cough violently. His back was already soaked with sweat.

Chapter 1354: Fortune Favor It's all good, it's all good. The misunderstanding has been cleared up, and let's put the past behind us with a smile," Carlos chuckled and gave a discreet signal. Mark quickly understood and moved away, retreating into the crowd. He shouted, "You little brat! How dare you threaten me? You must be tired of living! Guards, get him!" As soon as he gave the order, dozens of his henchmen in suits immediately surrounded Dustin. "Hold on!" Suddenly, Hazel stood in front of Dustin and questioned, "Mr. Mark! You've clearly agreed to cooperate, so why are you resorting to violence?" "Hmph! I agreed earlier, but now, I've changed my mind!" Mark said unapologetically. "You at least have some reputation and face. Changing your stance publicly like this, aren't you afraid of being ridiculed?" Hazel frowned. "Ridicule?" Mark grinned sinisterly. "This is my territory. Once I deal with this kid, have my way with you, and then block all news, who

will know anything?" "You... you shameless scum!" Hazel was furious. "Hehe... To be frank, I have even more shameless tricks up my sleeve. Once we're in bed together, you'll understand," Mark smirked. "Mark Walter, I've already given you a chance. If you dare to make a move again, I guarantee you'll regret it," Dustin said calmly. He didn't believe a word of Carlos and Mark's reconciliation. It was just a test. If the two of them really intended to reconcile, he could pretend like nothing had happened. Unfortunately, old habits die hard. "Regret?" Mark sneered menacingly. "You think you still have a chance after I accidentally tripped over your path earlier? Now, do you think you have the capital to turn the tables?" "Whether I do or not, you can try," Dustin said confidently. "Damn it! I think you won't see the coffin without shedding tears! Guards, let's get him!" Mark gave the order. "Disable him!" The group of henchmen swarmed him. "Brother Dustin, leave it to me!" Maximus, standing in the back, sneered, turning into a blur and crashing into the crowd." The next moment, cries of surprise and screams of agony echoed one after another. Maximus, like a tiger among sheep, began to rampage in all directions. After the nurturing of wine madness, Maximus's strength now rivaled that of a late-stage innate expert. These henchmen from Comcast Club had practiced some martial arts, but they still had no resistance against innate martial artists. In just five short minutes, dozens of people had already been knocked to the ground. "Hmph! Not a single one of them can fight!" Maximus clapped his hands, looking quite disdainful. He hadn't even warmed up yet. "H-How... How is this possible?!" Watching his wailing underlings sprawled on the ground, Mark couldn't help but widen his eyes, a mixture of fear

and astonishment washing over him. He had thought he had the upper hand, which was why he dared to go back on his word in front of everyone. However, he hadn't even dreamed that there was such a formidable expert hidden by Dustin's side. "Damn! Who is this kid? How can he be so powerful?" Carlos was frightened, his legs trembling. He had always underestimated Maximus, thinking he was just Dustin's lackey, never imagining that he was a martial arts expert. This was a grave mistake! "One against dozens? Is he even human?" Roselyn gaped in disbelief, her expression one of incredulity. They couldn't even depict something like this in movies, could they? "No wonder... No wonder he was so confident. It turns out he had a martial arts expert protecting him." Hazel's eyes sparkled with excitement and surprise. Just moments ago, they had thought it was all over, but now it seemed that fortune had favored them at the last moment.

Chapter 1355: Own Undoing "Brother Dustin, how should we deal with this big guy?" After dealing with all the underlings, Maximus's gaze suddenly locked onto Mark, his expression filled with malice. "Start by breaking one of his hands." Dustin calmly uttered a few words. "No problem!" With a cold sneer, Maximus suddenly stepped forward and firmly held Mark Walter. "Wait... wait! Let's talk, I think we can discuss this further... Ah!" Mark panicked. Just as he was about to offer some excuses, Maximus abruptly twisted his arm, causing a pig-like scream to escape his lips. His face contorted, and he was drenched in sweat. Carlos and Roselyn watched from the sidelines, their hearts filled with fear, and

shivers running down their spines. Who would have thought that just moments ago, the arrogant Mark would be pinned to the ground and humiliated? "Mr. Mark, you made a wrong decision." Dustin slowly approached, looking down at the massive man before him and said indifferently, "I gave you two chances earlier, but you didn't appreciate them. You had to dig your own grave. Tell me, how should I deal with you?" "Kid! I admit defeat today!" Mark gritted his teeth and said, "You've beaten me, you've humiliated me. Let's call it quits here. We won't cross paths in the future, alright?" "Don't think I'm a fool," Dustin said coldly with a faint smile. "Who just reneged on their word earlier? Who was it that turned their back on their promises? When you thought you could win, you were all swagger, and when you couldn't, you tried to compromise. Do you think such a cheap deal exists in this world?" "Kid! Don't push your luck!" Mark threatened with a menacing tone, "The people outside are all mine. As soon as I give the order, they'll rush in and tear you apart!" "You're still talking tough!" Maximus snorted coldly, grabbed Mark's hair, and smashed his face forcefully onto the gambling table. "Bang!" A muffled sound. Mark's front teeth shattered, his nose flattened, and blood splattered across his face. "You... you two are doomed! I'll dismember you into a thousand pieces!" Mark shouted in rage and desperation. "Break one of his legs," Dustin spoke again. "Alright!" Without hesitation, Maximus stomped on Mark's knee. With a "crack" sound, Mark's knee bent inward at a ninety-degree angle, the broken bones piercing through flesh, causing a gory sight. "Ah—!" Mark let out a piercing scream, his face contorted grotesquely, and his body began to convulse from the intense pain. "Stop! Please stop!" At this

moment, Carlos snapped out of his daze and immediately tried to intervene, saying, "Dustin! Do you realize what you're doing? Mark is the underground overlord of South City, with immense power and countless underlings. If you harm him, you'll undoubtedly face endless pursuit!" "That's right! Release Mr. Mark now, or your whole family will suffer!" Roselyn continued to shout. "What's this? Do you two also want to lose your hands and feet?" Dustin slowly raised his head. His eyes were sharp and cold, like a knife, piercing through both of them. Carlos blinked, subconsciously taking two steps back, and said with a determined tone, "Dustin, I know you and your friend have some skills, but in Stonia, you can't solve everything with just your fists and feet. Even if you can fight, can you fight against guns? Can you fight against artillery shells? Can you fight against the military? Dustin, stop now. Everyone outside is Mr. Mark's people. If you repent in time, I can still plead with Mr. Mark to spare you. But if you persist in your stubbornness, it will be your own undoing!"

Chapter 1356: Talk Too Much This speech was a mix of persuasion, both firm and gentle. For an average person, it might have caused them to waver. However, upon hearing it, Maximus immediately stepped forward and slapped Carlos, scolding, "You talk too damn much!" "Smack!" Carlos was slapped and spun around in place, his mouth crooked. He couldn't believe it. As the young master of the Grantwood family, when had he ever been publicly slapped like this? "What... how dare you hit me?" Carlos covered his burning face, somewhat

incredulous. As the young master of the Grantwood family, he had never been slapped in public before. "What's wrong with hitting you? If you keep blabbering, I'll cut your tongue off!" Maximus said sternly. Carlos was frightened and didn't dare to speak again. Damn it, these two guys were completely insane, not even putting Mr. Mark in their eyes. "You two brats have some nerve!" Mark Walter, lying on the ground, shouted angrily, "This is the Comcast Tower! It's my territory! It's also the Langfords family's property! Daring to harm me is provoking the dignity of the Dragon family. From tonight onwards, there will be no place for you in all of Stonia!" With things having come to this point, he no longer held back and directly mentioned his backing. "What? Mr. Mark's backing is the Langfords family?" As this statement was made, the VIP room erupted in commotion. No wonder Mr. Mark had become the underground overlord of South City in just ten years. It turned out he had the Langfords family supporting him. In Stonia, there were eight major aristocratic families, divided into the upper four families and the lower four families. The upper four families had significant influence, with members holding important positions in the government or having considerable power and wealth. The lower four families, like the Stratford and Torby families in South City, were relatively weaker in terms of power and influence, compared to the upper four families. The gap between them was like that between a cat and a tiger. The Langfords family belonged to the upper four families in Stonia, and they were even among the top three! So, the Langfords family was often referred to as the "Langfords Gate." Anyone who could establish a connection with the Langfords family was like a carp leaping over the

Langfords Gate, signifying a great leap in their fortunes. "The Langfords family? Sounds pretty formidable," Dustin squinted slightly. He vaguely remembered having some minor conflicts with the Langfords family when he was in Swiston. "What? Scared now?" Mark sneered. "Brat, do you think I've been able to establish myself here for so many years without powerful backing? If you don't want to die, release me immediately, kowtow and beg for forgiveness, and I might spare your sorry lives!" "Is that so?" Dustin coldly snorted, then pressed his foot onto Mike's face. "And what if I don't release you?" "Brat! Do you dare to defy the Dragon family?" Mike gritted his teeth. "Do you know that anything outside the Forbidden City is under the Langfords family's control? Don't talk about the Langfords family; even if the royal family of Stonia came, they couldn't save you today!" As Dustin was speaking, he stomped heavily again, this time crushing Mark's other arm. "Ah—!" Mike let out a pig-like scream. Just then, the door of the VIP room was violently kicked open with a "bang," and a well-dressed young man entered with a group of imposing followers.

Chapter 1357: Boldly Speak "Bold! Who dares to act recklessly in the Comcast Tower!" The young man radiated an aura of hostility as he entered, scanning the room with sharp, cutting eyes. Anyone who met his gaze instinctively lowered their heads. "Isn't that the Fourth Young Master of the Langfords family, Eddie? Why is he here?" "The hidden mastermind behind the Comcast Tower has always been the Langfords family. Now that there's trouble here, the Langfords family won't sit idly

by." "They beat up Mr. Mark and disrupted the Langfords family's business. These two kids are in big trouble today!" "Hmph! These young people don't know their place. They think they can run wild in Stonia with a little martial arts. It's ridiculous!" The sudden turn of events sparked discussions among the gamblers in the VIP room. Even the Langfords family had been alerted, and there was no way this incident would end well. "Fourth Young Master... Please save me!" Eddie's appearance brought tears of joy to Mark's eyes. He looked at Eddie as if he had found a savior and struggled to stand up. However, he lost his balance halfway and fell to the ground. Rolling a few times due to the momentum, he ended up at Eddie's feet. "Mark Walter? How did you get injured like this?" Eddie was slightly surprised and showed a look of shock. He had been enjoying himself in the neighboring area and had rushed over upon hearing about the disturbance at the Comcast Tower. However, he hadn't expected Mark to be in such a miserable state. Both hands broken, left leg fractured, his face bruised and bloodied – Mark Walter looked extremely battered. It was worth noting that Mark was a pawn supported by the Langfords family in South City. Although he couldn't step into the limelight, he held sway in this area of South City. Ordinary forces wouldn't dare to provoke him, let alone beat him up so badly. "Fourth Young Master! You've finally come! If you had been a moment later, I'm afraid I would have been killed!" Mark cried with a pitiful expression, prostrating himself before Eddie's feet, looking particularly wronged. "Who did this? Who injured you like this?" Eddie demanded in a deep voice. "It was those two kids!" Mark replied. Mark pointed accusingly at Dustin and his companion, his voice full of

resentment. "It was them! They did it!" "Hmm?" Eddie followed the gesture and his gaze soon settled on Dustin. He then examined him from head to toe and asked, "Kid, who are you? How dare you cause trouble in the Comcast Tower? Do you know that the Comcast Tower belongs to my Langfords family?" "I didn't know before, but I do now," Dustin replied calmly. "Now that you know, speak up. How should we resolve this matter?" Eddie asked with a stern expression. "It's very simple. Have Mark kneel down and apologize, and then compensate me for the Comcast Tower. I'll consider today's events as if they never happened," Dustin said casually. "What did you say?" Eddie paused for a moment, as if he couldn't believe his ears. The others in the hall also exchanged puzzled glances, astonished by what they had just heard. Was this guy insane? With the Langfords family involved, instead of submitting and apologizing, he was demanding an apology from Mark, and even had the audacity to ask for compensation for the Comcast Tower. Wasn't this utter madness? "To dare speak so boldly in front of the Fourth Young Master of the Langfords family, it seems you really don't understand the gravity of your situation!" Carlos sneered. "This country bumpkin has no idea who he's offending," Roselyn shook her head. Anyone with a bit of knowledge or intelligence wouldn't utter such words. Daring to be so audacious in front of Eddie was either foolishness or sheer stupidity. "Kid, did I hear you correctly? You just said you want Mark to apologize, and at the same time, you want the Comcast Tower?" Eddie scratched his ear as if he couldn't believe what he had heard.

Chapter 1358: Ask For Comcast Tower Having spent so many years in South City, no one had ever dared to talk to Eddie like this. What was this? Courting disaster? "You heard me correctly; I did say that," Dustin nodded seriously. "Interesting..." Eddie suddenly laughed, but his gaze turned exceptionally cold. "Kid, I've never seen someone as audacious as you, daring to demand the Langfords family's property. Impressive! I can give you the Comcast Tower, but the question is, do you dare to take it?" "If you give it, I'll take it; if you don't give it, I'll take it by force," Dustin replied plainly. "Hahaha..." Hearing this, Eddie laughed out in anger. "Kid, you truly have nerves of steel! Do you know what you're doing? You're playing with fire, big time!" The last few words were almost squeezed out between his teeth. "Who's playing with fire is still uncertain," Dustin replied calmly. "Very well, I hope you won't beg for mercy later. I quite enjoy seeing you being so arrogant," Eddie said as he raised his hand abruptly. "Turn off the cameras! Prepare to clear the room! Everyone unrelated, get out!" As soon as he spoke, the guests in the VIP room immediately rushed towards the door, not daring to stay. They knew very well that the Fourth Young Master Eddie was about to get serious. After tonight, there might be two corpses at the bottom of the river. "Hmph! Now let's see how you escape this!" Mark sneered, his eyes full of resentment. "No help now. Prepare to retrieve the bodies tomorrow morning," Carlos shrugged and walked out, not wanting to be involved. "Hmph! You've dug your own grave. Offending the powerful in Stonia, I'm afraid your corpses won't even be found tomorrow," Roselyn coldly glanced at Dustin and followed Carlos out. "Young man, I can't do anything more for you. Best of luck," Hazel sighed and walked out of

the VIP room, full of regrets. If it were Mark, she might have been able to negotiate and help Dustin escape from this predicament. However, dealing with Eddie was a different story. The Lancaster family was insignificant in front of the Langfords family. Interfering would only bring trouble upon themselves. Under Eddie's commanding order, the entire Comcast was emptied within just three minutes. Only the Langfords family members remained, blocking the entrance to the VIP room, watching closely. "Now, it's just the two of you," Eddie said, lighting a cigarette, taking a deep drag, and exhaling a cloud of smoke. He squinted his eyes and continued, "Do you have any last words?" "Before you take any further action, I suggest you make a call to Mr. Ethan Langford, or you'll regret it," Dustin said calmly. "Heh... Regret?" Eddie chuckled, "Kid, I know almost all the powerful figures in the Forbidden City. I've never seen you before. Do you think you can fool me with a few empty threats? You're quite naive!" In his view, Dustin was obviously scared and had resorted to bluffing to try to escape the situation. "I'm not from Stonia, but..." Before Dustin could finish his sentence, Eddie interrupted, "Not from Stonia? That makes you even more inconsequential. Get them, boys." "Yes!" The warriors behind him responded and charged towards Dustin and the others.

Chapter 1359: Miracle Outside the Comcast Tower: Sitting in her luxury car, Hazel frowned slightly. Her gaze pierced through the window, staring at the splendid entrance of the pavilion. She wore a somewhat melancholic expression. It was not easy to come across an interesting

handsome man, and she hadn't expected him to meet such an untimely end. First, he had offended Mark, and then he had challenged Eddie. Now, he was trapped inside the Comcast Tower, and it seemed he might not make it out alive. Although she was reluctant to admit it, there was nothing she could do now. At this point, the best she could do was prepare for the inevitable retrieval of his body. Unfortunately, it was such a waste... "Oh, Miss Hazel, you haven't left yet?" At this moment, Carlos, followed by Roselyn, suddenly approached her. "You haven't left either," Hazel replied impassively. "Us?" Carlos smiled slightly. "Dustin has some connection with our Healwell Medical Center, so we thought maybe we should stay and help retrieve his body." "Hmph! Don't pretend to be sympathetic in front of me. Don't think I don't know that you led Dustin to the Comcast Tower!" Hazel said with a cold expression. "We invited him out to discuss business. We didn't expect him to be so unreasonable and end up in this situation. It's entirely his own fault," Carlos shrugged, acting as if it were none of their concern. "That's right! A country bumpkin like him who doesn't know any manners, acts arrogantly, and thinks too highly of himself deserves his misfortune!" Roselyn added, not holding back her harsh words. "Roselyn, can you say such things in front of me?" Hazel glared at her, filled with disgust. "If I remember correctly, Dustin has helped your Healwell Clinic more than once. Is this how you repay him? Even animals understand gratitude better than people like you!" "You—!" Stifled by anger, Roselyn couldn't find a suitable retort. As for Carlos, his face darkened quickly, and he said coldly, "Hazel, we're all the same in this city. Everyone knows you're loose with your affections and you crave

men. Why do you act like a saint in front of us?" "That's right! A woman like you, who lacks virtue, has no right to criticize us," Roselyn chimed in. "Hmph! I might be loose with my affections, but I'm still better than you hypocrites!" Hazel retorted. With that, she silenced Carlos and Roselyn, who were left speechless and frustrated. This woman was truly unpredictable, always changing her tune. "Hazel, I know you like that pretty boy, but unfortunately, he's doomed to not walk out of the Comcast Tower's door today. In fact, you won't even be able to retrieve his entire corpse!" Carlos said coldly, his eyes filled with resentment. "That's none of your business," Hazel replied indifferently. "Perhaps, miracles can happen." "Miracles? Hmph... Even if the Heavenly Emperor himself came today, he couldn't save him!" Carlos declared angrily. Just as they were conversing, the doors of the Comcast Tower suddenly swung open. Following that, Dustin strolled out casually. He appeared clean and unscathed, as if he had just taken a leisurely walk. "How is this possible?!" Carlos and Roselyn were dumbfounded and stood there in shock. Even Hazel couldn't believe her eyes, wearing an expression of disbelief. Throughout history, anyone marked for execution by the Dragon family had never come out alive. "I... Am I seeing things? Dustin actually came out, and he's completely unharmed?" Carlos rubbed his eyes, finding it hard to believe. "No... It's impossible! He was supposed to meet his death; how could he come out alive?" Roselyn stared wide-eyed, looking as though she had seen a ghost. In their eyes, when Eddie ordered a "clearing of the area," it was a death sentence for Dustin. They had even prepared to collect his body. Yet, in less than ten minutes,

Dustin walked out of the Comcast Tower unscathed. It was simply beyond comprehension!

Chapter 1360: Langford Mansion "My God! Has a miracle really happened?" Hazel swallowed hard, her expression filled with shock. She had casually mentioned the possibility, not really expecting it to come true. Just as they were still in disbelief, an even more astonishing scene unfolded. Not long after Dustin walked out, Maximus followed him. However, in contrast to Dustin's calm demeanor, Maximus was holding two people in his hands. On his left was a wailing and maimed Mark Walter, missing both his hands and feet. On his right was a battered and unrecognizable Eddie. Both of them were like dead dogs, being dragged out of the Comcast Tower by Maximus, who held their collars. Bloodstains marked their path. Clearly, Dustin and Maximus hadn't been spared by Eddie and his elite warriors. Instead, they had fought their way out, leaving behind a trail of bloodshed. It was worth noting that the warriors accompanying Eddie were all elite members of the Dragon family, each capable of taking on dozens of opponents. Yet, in just a few minutes, all of these elite warriors were downed, and even Eddie himself was captured. How could these two be so powerful? "Get in the car." Dustin pulled out the car keys from Eddie's pocket and signaled Maximus to toss both Eddie and Mark into the car. Finally, Dustin drove away in Eddie's Range Rover, leaving only the fading taillights. Carlos gulped nervously, feeling a chill down his spine. Thankfully, they had managed to get out in time. If they had stayed inside, they might have

faced a fate similar to Eddie's. "Senior Brother, what should we do now? Dustin... seems to have kidnapped Eddie Fourth Young Master," Roselyn said, feeling lost. The current situation had completely exceeded her expectations. "This is bad! That guy has kidnapped Fourth Young Master!" Carlos's expression changed drastically. "Quick, get in the car! We need to inform the Dragon family immediately and rescue Fourth Young Master. Otherwise, both of us are in grave danger!" Having said that, he hurried into his own car. "What the hell are you still staring at? Move!" Carlos yelled from the car window when he saw Roselyn frozen in place. "Oh, right..." Roselyn snapped out of her daze and quickly got into the passenger seat. With the roar of the engine, the two of them sped away. Dustin was the trouble they had brought upon themselves. If they harmed Eddie, given the Dragon family's style, they would not be let off lightly. "What is this lunatic trying to do?" Hazel furrowed her eyebrows and then patted the driver's shoulder. She quickly ordered, "Follow them!" "Vroom!" The luxury car started, following closely behind. The three cars raced through the streets, with each trying to outpace the other. After about an hour of driving, Eddie's Range Rover was the first to stop in front of a grand mansion. It was an incredibly luxurious compound with a four-sided courtyard and eight separate buildings. The high walls, dark blue tiles, and imposing roof eaves gave it an ancient yet majestic appearance. The gate was a large crimson door adorned with golden edges. Two stone lions stood guard in front of it. Above the gate hung a golden plaque with two large characters written on it: "Langford Mansion."