

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 17

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“Then go to die!” Dustin stated expressionlessly, but his hard gaze was unnerving.

“Go to the hell?” Edward burst out laughing.

Even the group of bodyguards standing behind him burst into laughter; all of them looked at Dustin as though he were an idiot.

“You little punk! Don’t you know who I am? You’ve got some nerve speaking to me that way,” Edward said cockily.

“I don’t know who you are, and I couldn’t care less. You have three seconds to let her go, or else,” Dustin stated plainly.

His words instantly caused a stir; even the people who were holding Dahlia were

shocked.

None of them expected that Dustin would say such a thing; he was remarkably brave compared to the silent Chris.

However, such bravery was useless.

“You really don’t know what’s good for you. You’re going to die!” Chris’ face was full of resentment because Dustin’s show of bravado only made his cowardice even more

apparent.

Naturally, Chris was irritated and even filled with resentment when a good-for-nothing like Dustin was braver than he was.

“Are you f*cking insane?” Edward looked Dustin up and down before continuing, “So you want to play hero, huh? Fine! I’ll see just what you’ve got!”

With that, he raised his hand and gave another signal.

Two burly bodyguards swiftly charged forward at the same time to tackle Dustin. Both of them were 6.3 feet tall, extremely muscular, and the size of a bear. They each had an imposing presence.

Dustin looked like a mere child in comparison, so everyone present assumed that this confrontation would be over without suspense.

They were wrong.

As they drew nearer to him, Dustin delivered two swift punches that connected loudly with each of the men's faces.

And just like that, the two huge men collapsed to the floor as though they had been struck by lightning and were motionless.

"Huh?"

Everyone was visibly shocked by what they had just seen.

No one understood what had happened as, in the blink of an eye, both of the bodyguards were on the floor.

Meanwhile, Dustin was standing there unscathed.

"Fuck! What did that punk just do?" Edward's expression sank.

The two men who had just fallen were his most capable bodyguards; they could take on a group of people on their own without any problem.

Hence, it was strange that they were both laying unmoving on the floor after just one face-off.

"This is your last chance. Let her go," Dustin threaten coldly.

"In your dreams! Get him!" Edward retorted angrily and waved his hand to signal his

men.

The remaining bodyguards behind him immediately surrounded Dustin, but he merely scoffed and attacked first, not wasting any more time on words.

His movements were as fast as lightning, and his attacks were extremely fierce. Each of his punches connected loudly with its target.

The burly bodyguards were utterly defenseless, like sheep waiting to be slaughtered, in the face of Dustin, who was like a ferocious tiger.

Muffled grunts could be heard, and in the short span of a few breaths, they were all lying on the floor.

The hall was completely silent as the last bodyguard dropped to the floor with an audible thud.

All the guests had their jaws slack and were staring at Dustin with wide eyes as though he were an anomaly. None of them would've ever guessed that he was so fearsome.

He had effortlessly taken down so many men with his own strength, just like in a movie

scene.

"How is this guy so strong?" Chris' eyes were wide open in disbelief.

"How can it be? Is this really that piece of trash, Dustin Rhys?" a dumbfounded Lyra wondered out loud, feeling unsettled.

"He... knows how to fight?" Dahlia had an indecipherable expression on her face once she came back to her senses.

They had been married for three years but she never knew that Dustin was such a formidable fighter.

"Was he just really good at hiding it? Or was it because I never cared enough to notice?"

she wondered. 1

"Y— you! Who are you!" Edward started panicking at this point and he involuntarily took two steps back.

"I... am your reckoning," Dustin stated as he slowly advanced toward Edward.

“Stay back!” Edward shouted as he suddenly pulled out a switchblade and held it against Dahlia’s throat. “Come any closer, and I’ll slit her throat!”

“The thing I hate most is being threatened.” Dustin’s expression turned cold and in a flash, he charged forward and grabbed hold of Edward’s hand that was holding the

knife.

Then, with a forceful twist, the switchblade fell to the floor with a loud clattering sound.

Edward was stunned for a moment before he let out a piercing shriek, similar to that of a pig being slaughtered.

“Argh-”

“Shut up.” Dustin cut Edward off with a slap to his face just as his shriek barely left his

mouth.

Edward’s expression instantly soured, as though he had just tasted shit.

“You... you’re dead meat! All of you are dead meat!” Edward somehow mustered up the courage to throw out a threat.

“Is that so?” Dustin questioned stoically as he kicked Edward over with one foot.

Seeing this, Dahlia immediately stood in front of Dustin to block him. “Stop! You can’t harm him, the consequences will be too severe!”

“I don’t care,” Dustin stated indifferently.

“But I do!” Dahlia’s expression was grave. “Do you even know that we will all suffer the

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consequences with you if you beat him up?”

Dustin frowned upon hearing her words.

He thought she was concerned for his well-being, but it turns out she was only

concerned for herself.

“Stop while you’re ahead, Dustin. Don’t drag us down with you!” Lyra called out.

“That’s right! I see you’ve grown tired of living to dare lay a hand on Mr. Spanner!” Chris

called out before hurriedly helping Edward to his feet and explaining, “We have nothing to do with Dustin Rhys hitting you just now, Mr. Spanner.”

His words weren’t just to shift the blame onto Dustin; they were also a direct accusation.

Dustin narrowed his eyes, feeling as though a weight had been placed on his chest. The only reason he had taken action earlier was to save Dahlia, but he was now being painted as a violent villain in the end.

It was hard for him not to feel displeased about this.

“You little punk! You’re good at fighting? So what!” Edward, having mistaken Dustin’s silence for terror, instantly rediscovered his confidence. “Let me tell you, power and status are what matter in society. You better believe I’ll make you meet a tragic end if you dare lay another hand on me!”

Dustin didn’t say anything in return, but his furious expression could be seen in his

eyes.

“What’s the matter? Scared?” Edward grinned. “Since you’ve got no guts, get on your knees and bow down to me! I might just let you off if you put me in a good mood.”