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“Hahaha! Sir Moran is here! The Harmons are saved!”

“With Sir Moran present, I doubt Tyler would continue his reckless behavior!”

Keith’s appearance uplifted the Harmons’ spirits, and they felt inexplicably happy, finally feeling at ease after their previous feelings of repression. So what if Tyler was General Lionheart? He was only a major general. Sir Moran, as a lieutenant general and the one who controlled the army, held greater authority than Tyler. Even a talented genius like Tyler had to show deference in the presence of Sir Moran.

Trent flashed a wide smile. “Hector, I can’t believe you actually got Sir Moran to come. That’s

amazing!”

“Trent, you got it all wrong. Sir Moran’s appearance should have something to do with my son’s identity,” Jacob said proudly.

Kate chimed in, “That makes sense. Dylan is a part of the Dark Panther Cavalry and is backed by the Goddess of War. With such a bright future, Sir Moran must have recognized his talent.”

Trent chuckled with realization. “Oh, that’s right... Dylan is our true talented genius.”

Considering the Harmons’ standing, it wasn’t easy to have Keith confront Tyler. However, things were different if they factored in Scarlet, the Goddess of War’s connection.

“Ha! Let’s see if Tyler will continue to act as he pleases!” Dylan reveled in the praises, accepting the credit without hesitation. Hector didn’t correct them either. As long as they could resolve the situation, it didn’t matter who invited Keith.

“I believe this is just a birthday celebration. Why have you brought so many guards, General Lionheart?” Keith’s tone was frosty as he questioned Tyler, walking up to him slowly. The guards from both sides faced off against each other, creating a tense atmosphere.

“Sir Moran, this matter has nothing to do with you. I hope you won’t interfere,” Tyler was indifferent. Despite Keith’s higher rank, he remained fearless.

“Millsburg falls under my jurisdiction. Its safety is my responsibility. If you stir up trouble here, it’s only natural for me to step in,” Keith declared with conviction.

“You’re just a local general while I was bestowed my title by the royal family. Do you have authority over me?” Tyler retorted coldly.

“It doesn’t matter who commits the crime. As long as they do so, I will not stand idly by!” Keith confidently confronted him.

“Ha! I’m afraid the number of people you brought with you is not enough to stop my army,” Tyler

said, maintaining his advantage.

“If Sir Mason’s forces are insufficient, what if I join in?” At that moment, they heard an elderly yet commanding voice. It wasn’t loud, yet it reverberated through the entire place.

Following the voice, an elderly man with a white beard and matching eyebrows strolled in leisurely. He exuded a strong presence and had a piercing gaze, evoking an overwhelming air with his every move. Though unintentional, it was intimidating. As he walked through the doors, a

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palpable weight seemed to descend upon the crowd, like rocks pressing down on their chests. It was hard to even breathe.

“T—that... Isn’t that Sir Paul Hill?”

“Oh my God! It really is him! What’s he doing here?”

Everyone present erupted in a frenzy at his appearance. He was the patriarch of the Hill family, a highly skilled grandmaster, and a master of Balerno martial arts. He commanded immense respect and admiration in the marital world. In the entire seven provinces in Balerno, 100 thousand martial artists followed his command. He was a true leader, revered by countless followers.

“What’s going on? Sir Hill is actually here?” The Harmon family members looked at each other in genuine surprise. Paul was a reserved man with an air of mystery surrounding him. He rarely made appearances for anyone, and their families weren’t acquainted. Why would a martial arts master like him step up for the Harmon family?

“Hector, did you invite Sir Hill?” Trent was dumbfounded.

Hector shook his head. “No.”

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“Who could it be then?” The Harmons were shocked once again. Who had the power to bring forth

Sir Hill?

Hector shook his head again. Paul’s appearance was indeed unexpected.

“Tyler Grant, do you think I can’t stop your army?” Paul stood unwavering like a tall mountain, his presence overwhelming. Even the guards behind Tyler began trembling as they held their guns. Not everyone could handle the imposing presence of a grandmaster.

“Hmm?” At that moment, Tyler, who had been indifferent the whole time, finally furrowed his brow.

Of course, Paul could stop his army. A martial artist at the level of a grandmaster had transcended the limits of human capabilities. He had the power to single-

handedly take on tens of thousands of men. Tyler's army was naturally not enough to stop him. The important thing was that Paul not only had exceptional skills, but he also had an extremely high standing in the martial world. A hundred thousand martial artists in Balerno would never dare to defy any of his orders.

"Sir Hill, this is my personal grievance with the Harmons. I hope you will stay out of it." Tyler remained unyielding.

"I love meddling in people's affairs and will help out if I witness injustice. And since I've come across one today, naturally, I won't sit idly by," Paul responded calmly.

Tyler narrowed his eyes. "Is it worth becoming an enemy of the Grants for the Harmons?" Both families were part of the Tremendous Three, and each family had their own strengths. While they weren't afraid of the other, Tyler was unwilling to sour their relationship with the Hills.

"I owe a favor, and I must repay it today. The grievances between your families can be dealt with next time. For now, you will not stir up trouble," Paul warned him.

"And if I refuse to back down?" Tyler countered. He had gone this far, and it would be like a slap to

his face if he backed down so easily now.

"You refuse to back down? Then let's see if your army can withstand my power." As Paul spoke, he forcefully stomped on the ground. The impact caused a resounding explosion, leaving a crater in its wake, and the entire banquet hall shook violently.

At the same time, a violent surge of energy rushed toward Tyler's armed guards like an avalanche. The black-clad, armed guards staggered backward like they were struck by lightning. Their faces turned pale and they broke out in cold sweat. They couldn't even hold their guns steady.

The crowd was left utterly speechless at the terrifying sight. That was a grandmaster's ability! With just one foot, he nearly defeated a hundred armed guards.

Tyler's brow furrowed. He didn't expect Paul to truly strike. Wasn't the crazy old man afraid of instigating a war between the two families?

"Hahaha... Sir Hill is truly domineering. No wonder he's a martial arts master!"

"With the support of both Sir Moran and Sir Hill, I doubt Tyler would act recklessly!"

"If you think about it, only those two could hold Tyler back."

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Paul's single stomp increased the Harmons' confidence. It didn't matter if he was Tyler Grant,

General Lionheart, or the great legend. He was no longer a threat to the Harmons.

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"Are you going to back down or not?" Paul stood proudly and imposingly.

"Tyler, that's enough." Keith stepped forward as well, standing next to Paul. He alone might not be able to hold Tyler back, but with Paul's power in the martial world, it should be enough to make Tyler wary. He believed that Tyler would be smart enough to back down.

"Looks like Tyler is about to be forced to submit."

"Who can stand against two highly influential figures when they come together?"

“I didn’t know the Harmons held such influence. They were actually able to force Tyler into a tough spot.”

Taking in the sight of both parties at the height of their confrontation, the crowd couldn’t help but murmur among themselves. Tyler was an undeniably outstanding individual with a formidable background. No one dared to confront him, even when he publicly stirred up trouble at the Harmons’ birthday celebration. However, no matter how excellent or talented he was, he still had to show deference in the face of both Keith’s and Paul’s superiority.

“Seems like both of you have made up your minds to go against me. However, I’m afraid it won’t be that easy to make me back down.” Tyler’s expression gradually grew colder. To be able to climb up

to where he was now, he naturally had his connections.

“Wise individuals know how to adapt to their circumstances. Going against the tide is not a wise

move,” Keith commented casually.

“So we’re resorting to displays of power now, huh? Fine, I’m curious to see who holds the highest

authority here,” Tyler said, taking out his phone and sending a message.

After a moment, the sound of orderly marching outside could be heard outside the door. The sound grew louder as they approached nearer. The resonating sound struck fear in people’s hearts. Following the noise, the Harmon family’s butler rushed in, shouting anxiously, “Mr. Harmon, things are looking bad! An army is forcing their way in.”

“An army?” Hector frowned. “Whose army is it?”

A clear voice resounded, “That would be me!” A burly, middle-aged man in a general’s uniform

strode in confidently. Keith’s expression shifted slightly at the sight of the man. Even Paul, who stood beside him, was surprised.

“It can’t be. Even Regional Chief Roger Leinonen is here?”

“This situation has gone out of hand! It really is Sir Leinonen!”

“Oh my goodness, what’s going on today? This is such an epic clash!”

Roger Leinonen was the regional chief of one of the provinces. As a second-ranked military official, he sat in the highest position in local law enforcement. Except for the viceroy who controlled the entire military and government, no one else could compare to him in the whole of Southern Province. He held true power. Even Keith had to show him deference. After all, one was the regional chief, while the other was the regional deputy chief. The word “deputy” made all the difference in terms of power and influence.

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“This is spelling trouble. I can’t believe Tyler was able to invite Sir Leinonen.”

“What now? All our previous plans have gone to waste with his arrival!”

The Harmons were shocked and broke out in cold sweat upon Roger’s arrival. Each and every one of them looked anxious. Tyler alone was already a formidable opponent. With Sir Leinonen

backing him, they were unstoppable. Trouble was brewing for the Harmons.

“Sir Moran, General Lionheart is the pillar of our nation. Are you really going to confront him today?” Roger targeted Keith upon his arrival, his sharp tone establishing his authority.

Keith frowned without uttering a word. He never got along with Roger. Unfortunately, Roger held a higher position than he did.

“Sir Paul, you are highly respected, and I admire you greatly. I hope you will let this matter go on my behalf.” Roger turned his attention to Paul, appearing polite. After all, he didn’t wish to sever ties with a martial arts master unless absolutely necessary.

Paul narrowed his eyes. “Sir Leinonen, are you here to back Tyler?”

“I’m good friends with General Lionheart. Naturally, I’m going to offer him my full support,” Roger responded bluntly.

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Paul responded calmly, "It's two against two. We're not exactly at a disadvantage."

"Sir Paul, I'm afraid it's two against one. You should ask Sir Moran if he's still willing to open this

can of worms," Roger spoke profoundly.

"Hmm?" Paul turned to Keith and realized he seemed upset. It appeared like he had decided to back out with his silence. Keith was able to go up against Tyler alone, but with Roger backing him, it was a different story. After all, he wasn't too acquainted with the Harmons. There was no need to jeopardize his career over this.

The Harmons feel dejected by Keith's silence. Once he backed out, it would be hard for the Harmons to escape the situation unscathed.

"Mr. Harmon, I was indeed taken by surprise by your planning. Sadly, it isn't enough. So, what is your decision?" Tyler looked up slightly, his gaze directed at Hector.

With Roger's army, Paul alone wouldn't be able to save the Harmons. Hector furrowed his brow, his expression solemn. Was he to give in to the Grants?

As the situation grew increasingly dire, Trent stood up to mediate. "General Lionheart, we can discuss this. There's no need to escalate things this far." The Harmons had used up their trump cards. They could only give in if they didn't wish to receive their wrath.

"Of course, but I have a condition," Tyler said calmly.

Trent responded, "What condition?"

"I want this brat's life!" Tyler exclaimed unexpectedly, pointing a finger at Dustin. A plebeian who dared challenge the authority of the Grants should pay a price. He was going to set an example

today.

Trent froze, shifting his gaze toward Hector, who was beside him. Hector was silent. No one knew what he was thinking.

“Tyler Grant! Don’t go *too far!*” Natasha finally reached her breaking point.

“You should take responsibility for your actions. You were the ones who made the decision,” Tyler said indifferently.

“You-” Natasha’s expression grew increasingly cold.

“Seems like this Dustin guy is done for.” Zoey, who was among the crowd, sighed.

Zeke sneered. “Hmph! This is the consequence for daring to challenge General Lionheart.”

“If you think about it, he brought this upon himself.” Gordon was silently happy about it.

“Tyler Grant, I’m afraid you’re still not worthy of taking my life.” Dustin remained calm.

“What? Do you think anyone else can save you today?” Tyler uttered coldly.

As soon as he spoke, a guard rushed in anxiously. He reported, “Sir Leinonen, there’s trouble! A group of guards have barged in!”

“Don’t you see that I am here with General Lionheart? Why are you so panicked?” Roger’s

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expression hardened. “Even if the emperor himself were here, it wouldn’t change a thing, let alone a small group of guards! Drive them out!”

The guard’s expression turned grave. “W—we can’t. They are the viceroy’s personal guards.”

“So what if they are the viceroy’s personal guards? I-” Roger was halfway through his tirade when he froze. His words were stuck in his throat.

The viceroy and his personal guards? It couldn't be... The viceroy was here? Before Roger could fully comprehend the situation, he saw someone walk through the door. It was a well-dressed, middle-aged man. The man had a handsome face and a dignified posture. Even when he was calm, he carried an air of authority, and every move of his was imposing.

"Lord... Lord Xenos?" Roger's expression turned for the worst immediately at the sight of the man.

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"Lord Xenos! It's Lord Xenos!"

"Damn, even Lord Xenos has shown up! The world is turning upside down!"

"Who was able to bring forth Lord Xenos?"

The crowd broke out into a frenzy at the sight of the distinguished man. Lord Xenos was no ordinary man; he was the viceroy! The influential figure who held control over the entire military and government of Southern province! He was an official of the first rank and a true authority figure! A single action of his could shake up Millsburg in its entirety. Sir Leinonen and General Lionheart were mere shadows compared to him.

"Why is Lord Xenos here? Did Tyler invite him?"

"It's over. It's all over... There's no one to save us now!"

"He's the most powerful official in all of Southern province. Who else can compare to him?"

The Harmons were shaken, their faces filled with fear and despair. Given their status, it was evident that they weren't the ones to invite the viceroy. So there was only one possibility—he was on Tyler's side.

At that moment, not only were the Harmons shaken, but Tyler was also surprised and puzzled. He

wasn't exactly acquainted with the viceroy.

"It's him?" When Dustin saw him arrive, he finally revealed a flicker of emotion. It wasn't the

person's title that stirred him, but it was because he recognized him. It was no one other than

Ruby's father—

George Xenos. When he first met him at the hospital a few days ago, he wasn't

aware of his identity. He didn't expect him to be the viceroy who controlled the entire Southern

province.

"Oh, Lord Xenos, what brings you here?" After a momentary daze, Roger approached and greeted

him with a smile. Lord Xenos was, after all, his direct superior.

"Roger, I heard you were planning to drive away my men. Is that true?" George asked nonchalantly.

"It's a misunderstanding ... It's all just a misunderstanding!" Roger smiled apologetically. "I would

welcome them with open arms. I would never dare to drive them away."

"Is that so?" George surveyed his surroundings. "Then why have you brought so many of your men

here?"

"Uh..." Roger froze, unsure of how to respond. He couldn't possibly admit that he was helping the

Grants tyrannize the Harmons, could he?

Tyler intervened, "Lord Xenos, what brings you to this place?"

"What, do I need to report my movements to you?" George countered.

Tyler lowered his head slightly. "Not at all. I'm just curious, that's all."

"I heard Mr. Hector is celebrating his birthday today. I'm here to wish him a happy birthday." George's voice was loud and clear.

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"Wish him a happy birthday?" All eyes turned to Hector at George's words. The Harmons were acquainted with Lord Xenos?

Trent's voice began to quiver as he asked, "Hector, did you really invite Lord Xenos?"

"I..." Hector found himself at a loss for words. If he had indeed invited Lord Xenos, he wouldn't

have feared

the Grants. However, Lord Xenos seemed unmistakably on their side from his statement. Hector couldn't figure out who could possibly have the influence to bring forth Lord

Xenos' presence.

"Roger, you must be here to send your wishes too, I reckon?" George suddenly asked.

"Huh?" Roger was momentarily stunned before nodding. "Yes, that's right... I'm here to send my wishes!" He wouldn't dare continue acting rashly with Lord Xenos backing the Harmons. He could only use the pretext to act as if nothing had happened.

"How about you?" George turned his attention to Tyler, his tone slightly imposing.

"I'm here to send my wishes and pick up my bride," Tyler answered bluntly.

"Pick up your bride? Who is she?"

Tyler answered, "Mr. Hector's daughter and I have long been engaged. Today is the day of our marriage according to the marriage contract."

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"Oh? Is that so?" George glanced at Hector.

Hector spoke truthfully, "They were indeed engaged in the past. But there were some problems recently that warranted further discussion regarding the engagement."

"Problems should be solved round the table. Why be so hostile?" George expressed his dissatisfaction.

"I'm open to discussion, but the Harmons are not respecting me," Tyler responded.

"Marriage should be based on mutual consent. It's criminal behavior for you to force my hand in marriage by publicly deploying your army!" Natasha suddenly cried out.

"She's right," George agreed. "A marriage should be between two willing parties. If one party is unwilling, you shouldn't force it."

Tyler frowned slightly at his words. It appeared as if George was adamant about standing with the Harmons.

"Lord Xenos, what did the Harmons promise you? I'm willing to pay tenfold," Tyler unexpectedly said to George.

"How dare you!" George's expression darkened, and he bellowed, "Tyler Grant! Is this how you see the viceroy? A corrupt official?"

"No, no. Not at all... Tyler misspoke. Please forgive him!" Roger attempted to defuse the situation immediately.

“You are too young to know how the world works and are too impulsive and aggressive. Take your men with you, and get out of here!” George bellowed. He had thought of saving Tyler the embarrassment but didn’t expect him to not know his place.

“Tyler, let it go. We can talk about matters at a later time.” Roger gave Tyler a meaningful look. Both of them were nothing in front of the viceroy. Tyler might be talented with a bright future ahead, but he wasn’t strong enough to challenge George at this time.

Tyler narrowed his eyes. “Lord Xenos, are you really going to support the Harmons?”

“That’s right! I’m definitely supporting them! If anyone has a problem with it, feel free to talk to me.” George’s tone was domineering.

The Harmons were ecstatic upon hearing his declaration, while Tyler’s expression turned unusually resentful. He couldn’t understand the reason George would publicly challenge the Grants in favor of the Harmons. Even though he was upset, he could only give in for now. George was a first-ranked official and controlled the army, Tyler couldn’t afford to offend him. However, he was confident he would overshadow George in under five years.

“Lord Xenos, since you have a higher rank, I’ll concede for now. However, the world is a small place, and things don’t always go as you want. We’ll meet again!” With a scoff, Tyler strutted out of the place with his entourage. He promised there would come a day when he would crush George beneath his feet.

“Lord Xenos, the younger generation can be impulsive at times. I hope you won’t take it to heart. I

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shall take my leave as well.” With a nod of acknowledgment, Roger followed Tyler out the door. He had to admit they hit a brick wall today.

“Lord Xenos is amazing. He was able to drive Tyler away with just a few words.”

“Of course! He’s the viceroy entrusted with a region. It’s not merely an empty title.”

“I envy the Harmons. They actually have Lord Xenos backing them.”

The discussion among the guests grew increasingly heated with Tyler’s departure. Nobody expected a mere birthday celebration to bring forth that many influential figures. The contest between the two families was akin to an epic clash

“Lord Xenos, Sir Paul, Sir Moran, thank you for your help. We will forever be grateful.” Hector walked up to them and shook their hands. Without their appearance, disaster would’ve befallen

the Harmons.

George smiled. “You’re welcome, Mr. Harmon. The main reason I came was to return a favor.” As he spoke, he stole a glance at Dustin.

“Return a favor?” Hector was puzzled, Lord Xenos was not only an extremely influential figure, but he also held the highest authority and answered to no one. Who could Lord Xenos owe a favor to among the Harmons?

Paul chuckled as he stroked his beard. “What a coincidence; I’m also here to return a favor, just like you, Lord Xenos.”

“Huh?” Hector widened his eyes, growing even more confused. One was the viceroy, while the other was a renowned martial arts master. Who exactly could have both influential figures owe

them a favor at the same time?

“Congratulations, Mr. Harmon. With such an outstanding son-in-law, the Harmons are destined for a prosperous future.” George gave him a meaningful smile.

“Son-in-law?” It didn’t make sense to Hector. Both of his daughters were not yet married, so which

son-in-law did he mean?

Hector was hit by a sudden realization. Could it be Dustin?

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Hector was astonished at the thought. He turned his head and looked toward Dustin, finding him calm and collected. It appeared as if he were an outsider in the situation. However, that was exactly what made him indiscernible.

Upon deep reflection, Hector realized that the Harmons' situation had taken a turn for the better when Dustin started challenging Tyler. Was this young man in front of him really the person who turned the tide? It would be frightening if that were the case!

"Mr. Hector, I'm needed elsewhere, so I'll be taking my leave first." George left after saying his goodbyes. He didn't expose Dustin's identity as he was worried about making things complicated for him. Some things were better left unto Id.

"Guess there's no more fighting. I'll be leaving too." Paul gave Dustin a knowing look before

leaving with his head held high.

"Mr. Hector, see you next time." Sir Moran shook his hand and left as well.

As the influential figures departed, the ballroom livened up even more. Not only did the guests discuss among themselves, but even the Harmons were making their own speculations.

"Dad, I can't believe you're influential enough to be able to invite Sir Paul and Lord Xenos over. You're amazing!" Natasha walked up with a huge smile on her face. With two influential figures backing them, she was sure Tyler wouldn't dare force her hand in marriage any longer. She

considered herself to have broken free from him.

"Hector, it seems you have more tricks hidden up your sleeves. I'm impressed!" Trent and a few of his people went up to Hector as well. Each of them looked proud, their faces brimming with excitement. With Lord Xenos and Sir Paul backing them, the Harmons would be unstoppable.

“Trent, it wasn’t me. I don’t have that kind of influence.” Hector remained modest and shook his head.

“Then who could it be if it wasn’t you?” Trent was puzzled and confused.

“I’m wondering the same thing...” Hector rubbed his chin and glanced at Dustin once again. He asked meaningfully, “Dustin, do you know who could have invited them?”

Before Dustin could respond, a clear and loud voice interjected, “Uncle Hector, there’s no need to speculate any longer, as that would be me!” The crowd turned their heads in the direction of the voice and saw Dylan walking over proudly.

“Dylan, are you acquainted with Lord Xenos and Sir Paul?” Trent was pleasantly surprised.

“Although I don’t know them personally, they appeared because of me.” Dylan was confident.

“Oh? Why do you say so?” Trent was taken aback.

“I’m associated with the Dark Panther Cavalry, and I have the backing of the Goddess of War. It’s likely that they recognized my potential and talent and decided to help out.” Dylan’s head was held high.

“That’s right! Dylan is the Scarlet Warrior’s trusted aide. It’s natural for Lord Xenos to take a liking

to him,” Kate chimed in.

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“So that’s why... No wonder Lord Xenos was that enthusiastic.”

“Dylan truly is exceptional to have gained the favor of the two influential figures.”

“Dylan, I didn’t know you had such powerful connections. You’re amazing!”

At that moment, the crowd showered him with praises, hailing him as their savior.

Jacob laughed heartily and was filled with pride. "My son is so talented!" He was clued in on Sir Moran's appearance. However, he didn't expect his son to be so skilled that he would garner Lord

Xenos and Sir Paul's attention.

"I think there's more to this. Dylan's status is not enough to impress the viceroy," Natasha said after thoughtful consideration. She noticed George never even glanced at Dylan throughout the entire ordeal.

"Hmph! You're just jealous!"

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Kate snorted. "You sure are jealous of Dylan, even when you are talentless. How petty is that? If you are unhappy about Dylan, tell me, who else is better than him?"

Kate's remark caught Natasha off guard. Dylan was indeed the best among of her family members in their generation because of his government ranks.

"What's the matter? Cat got your tongue? Is it that hard to admit that Dylan's better than you?"

Kate sneered at her.

"Natasha, you dodged a bullet today, all thanks to me! You'd better show some gratitude," Dylan chimed in, much to Natasha's dismay. He and Kate seemed to be working together to bring her

down.

“All thanks to you? How?” Dustin did not like it when they laughed at Natasha. “Lord Xenos is a viceroy, and you’re just a colonel. You’re nowhere near his level, so why did you think he showed

up for you?”

“Are you claiming that he showed up for you?” Dylan scoffed.

“You guessed right. He came here because of me.” Dustin nodded, much to everyone’s surprise.

But the surprise soon turned into dismissive laughter.

“Hahaha! Have you lost your mind? Why would you even say that?”

“Dustin Rhys, who do you think you are? What do you have to invite the viceroy?”

“Hmph! You seemed to have forgotten your place after tasting a little bit of power!”

The members of the Harmon family looked at him disdainfully as though he was a complete fool. How dare a country doctor and a kept man make such an outrageous claim?

“Dustin, do you really know Lord Xenos?” Natasha was quite dumbstruck.

“I saved Mrs. Xenos’ life a few days ago. He owed me a favor,” he confessed.

“He owed you a favor? Hah! You really flatter yourself! With Lord Xenos’ rank, he can call on any reputable doctor he wants from the military. Why does he need the help of a country doctor who’s more form than substance?” Dylan sneered at Dustin.

“Exactly! Dustin, you’re too presumptuous. The audacity to name-drop Lord Xenos so casually! You have no shame at all!” Kate smirked.

“Believe it or not, that’s the truth.” Dustin dropped another bombshell, “I cured Mrs. Xenos’ illness

and saved Sir Paul from death!”

Upon hearing this statement, the people around him burst into even louder laughter, staring at

Dustin as if he were a complete clown.

“Are you seriously telling me that Sir Paul came here because of you?” Dylan snickered.

“Absolutely.” Dustin nodded matter-of-factly.

Dylan threw his head back as he laughed. “Oh, Dustin, I never thought you could be so thick-skinned! That was eye-opening!”

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“Natasha, I never thought you’d fall for an incompetent man who bluffs,” Kate made a cynical jab, jumping on the opportunity to insult her cousin.

“That was embarrassing! I felt second-hand embarrassment just watching!” Zoey shook her head

from the crowd.

Zeke, with a derisive look on his face, added, “To be honest, I kind of admire his ability *to* lie with a straight face.”

Gordon snickered. “Well, a thick-skinned man is practically invincible.”

No one believed that a loser like Dustin, who had neither authority nor influence, was somehow acquainted with a big shot like Paul Hill.

“What’s so funny?” Dustin asked nonchalantly.

“What’s not funny about the entire thing? Sir Paul is a legendary figure in the martial arts field and a grandmaster. It’s rather ridiculous to boast about saving his life, don’t you think?”

Without a word, Dustin slammed an ornate silver badge onto the table. Engraved on it was the Hill family’s last name—a Consultant Badge!

When the crowd took a good look at the badge, they collectively gasped as their smiles froze. "I thought you guys love to laugh at others. Why aren't you laughing now?"

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"I thought you guys love to laugh at others. Why aren't you laughing now?" After Dustin displayed his Consultant Badge, he openly confronted those who had looked down upon him.

Dylan, Kate, and Natasha's friends gaped at the sight of the silver Consultant Badge on the table. They were smiling no more. After all, a Consultant Badge from the Hill family was a rare treasure coveted by many. With that badge in hand, one would have the backing of the Hill family, which also came with the perks of accessing and utilizing the family resources. It was not an understatement to describe the badge as priceless!

However, it raised another question—how did the badge end up in Dustin's possession? Was he telling the truth when he said that he had saved Sir Paul's life? At the thought, everyone looked at

Dustin differently.

"T—that's impossible! Why would you have the Consultant Badge from the Hill family?" Kate was still reeling from the shock, even though she was rather doubtful.

"I explained it clearly to you earlier, and I don't want to repeat myself," Dustin brushed her off coldly. He wouldn't have displayed the badge if Dylan and Kate hadn't harassed Natasha.

"Kate Harmon, what do you say? Is there anything wrong with my boyfriend now?" Natasha couldn't resist taking a jab at Kate after she regained her confidence. She finally had the chance to relieve her frustration from being ridiculed and bullied just now.

"Hmph! Don't get ahead of yourselves! The Consultant Badge means nothing!" Kate's face

scrunched up into a scowl.

“Exactly!” Dylan chimed in, “How did you get your hands on the Consultant Badge of the Hill family with your social standing? I bet the badge is a fake!”

“A fake?” Everyone exchanged cautious glances. It was public knowledge that the badge represented the Hill family. Whoever faked it would be courting death.

“Dylan, that’s ridiculous!” Natasha glared at him. “The Hill family crest is clearly engraved on the badge. Everyone sees it clearly. How can this be a fake?”

“Can’t you fake a family crest?” Dylan boastfully assumed, “It’s just a silver badge. I can get a duplicate with ten thousand dollars. What’s so special about it?”

“That’s a load of bull. No one would fake the Consultant Badge of the Hill family!” Natasha argued.

“Dustin Rhys was bold enough to face Tyler Grant. Faking a badge is child’s play for him.” Dylan

chuckled

“Nonsense! And what proof do you have?” Natasha roared at him.

“Do you want proof? Fine.” Dylan grinned and picked up the badge from the table. He gave it a

squeeze with his hand, and the silver badge cracked as it contorted into the shape of a silver bar.

Dustin frowned at Dylan’s act, while Natasha yelled, aghast, “Hey, what are you doing?”

Ignoring the two, Dylan showed off the crushed silver badge. “Everyone knows that the Hill family Consultant Badge is made of special bulletproof, waterproof, and fireproof materials. But look at this thing. It falls apart like jelly when you squeeze it. How can this be authentic?”

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“That’s right! The Hill family’s Consultant Badge is as hard as steel. Only a counterfeit would be that brittle! Kate supported Dylan’s claim, and everyone else nodded in realization.

“So, it’s a fake after all. That gave me a good shock.”

“This guy knows no shame! I can’t believe he created a counterfeit badge just for show. He’s too

much!”

“Hmph! It’s fortunate that Sir Dylan was smart enough to see through him. Otherwise, we’d all have been fooled!”

Most of the crowd started berating Dustin. They trusted a wealthy son more than a lowly commoner. It was ironic how a successful person could blabber nonsense, and it would be taken as the absolute truth. While that same person, before becoming successful, could tell the absolute truth, and his words would be treated as garbage.

Dustin spoke to Dylan coldly, “Dylan Harmon, have you thought of the consequences of destroying the Consultant Badge and distorting the truth in public?”

“The consequences? Ha! You’re the one tricking people with counterfeit items. I’m just doing what is right,” Dylan countered righteously.

“That’s right! We’ve been kind enough to not hold you accountable. How dare you start a fuss with

us?” Kate snorted.

“Hey, don’t push it, you two!” Natasha was getting angry. Naturally, she had complete trust in Dylan. That was why she was certain Dylan was distorting the truth earlier and slandering Dustin

on purpose.

“Alright, that’s enough. We’re all family. It’s not a good look to be fighting here.” Trent intervened at the right time. It would be an embarrass

ment to the Harmons if their children broke out into a fight in front of their esteemed guests.

“I’m going to put this matter aside on behalf of my uncle, Dustin.” Dylan walked up to Dustin and passed him the ruined Consultant Badge. He mocked him, saying, “Here, take your fake badge

back.”

“You know very well if it’s fake or not.” Dustin was indifferent.

Dylan chuckled and whispered in his ear, “Does it even matter? My words carry weight here. It’s a fake if I say so. It doesn’t matter if you feel wronged, Fucking keep it in. The world revolves around power and position, brat. A loser like you will only be worthy of being trampled by me. Remember, you’re just an ant. Act like one. There are people you can’t afford to offend, so suck it up!” Near the end, Dylan gave up the pretense as his lips gradually widened into a winner’s smile. “My, my ... You’re not about to cry, are you? Please don’t cry, or I’ll be laughing my ass off.”

Dustin narrowed his eyes. “People like you truly deserve a beating.”

“What? Are you angry? Come on, I’m right here. Why don’t you hit me? Do you dare?” Dylan said provokingly.

“I’m just going to dirty my hands if I hit you. But not to worry. I’ll make you pay,” Dustin said

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nonchalantly.

“You’re going to make me pay? Oh, I’m looking forward to it. What are you planning on doing?” Dylan chuckled teasingly.

Instead of responding directly, Dustin patted Dylan’s shoulder. He said calmly, “You’ll find out

soon enough.”

Dylan sneered. "Alright! I'll be waiting. I'm curious to see what tricks you have up your sleeves."

"Dylan, there's no need to waste your breath on him. Let's go back to our seats." Kate glanced at Dustin, her expression full of disdain.

"Kate, someone is threatening me. I'm so scared... Hahahaha!" Dylan first put on a terrified, shaking act before dissolving into a loud cackle. However, his laughter suddenly ceased, and he froze; his expression betrayed his pain. He crumpled to the floor, blood spurting out of his mouth, and his body convulsed as his eyes rolled back in his head