

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 3

Those two words were enough to scare Florence motionless. She had never thought that Dustin could be so scary when he was angry. He had always been so mild-tempered around them. He now looked like he could eat her alive.

When she finally got her wits back, Florence began screaming, "Help! Help! He's murdering my son!"

Soon, the Quine Group's security guards gathered around them.

"What happened, Mrs. Nicholson?" The head of the security guards recognized Florence and stood at her side immediately.

"Tom! Lock this guy up at once! I want him punished for beating up my son!" Florence yelled.

"Holy cow! How dare you cause trouble in front of the Quine Group? Have you lost your mind?" Tom waved his hand. All the security guards surrounded Dustin.

This was their chance to kiss up to the president's mother. If they did well now, then they might get a promotion and a raise.

"What are you waiting for? Beat him up!"

Just as they were about to act, a voice sounded.

"What do you think you're doing?"

A curvaceous woman in a silver dress barged into the crowd with her bodyguards. With her lips painted a fiery red, she was stunningly beautiful. Every move she made was alluring.

"She's gorgeous!"

The security guards stared at her lustily. She was one of the most attractive women they had ever seen.

"Mr. Rhys, are you okay?"

The woman ignored the looks she was getting and headed straight toward Dustin.

“Who are you?”

Dustin narrowed his eyes at her, his anger dissipating.

“Nice to meet you, my name is Natasha Harmon. Mr. Anderson sent me here,” the woman said with a smile. At this, the security guards began whispering amongst themselves.

“Natasha Harmon? Is she the heiress of the Harmon family?”

“Oh, my God! Why is she here?”

They were all shocked. Natasha Harmon was a household name around the city. She was pretty, influential, and smart. At 22 years old, she had already gained control of the Harmon Group and built her own business empire within five years.

“Ah, it’s you.”

Dustin nodded.

He had heard of Natasha before, but he hadn’t expected her to be involved with Hunter.

“Mr. Rhys, please wait in the car. I’ll deal with this.”

Natasha snapped her fingers. Behind her, her four bodyguards whipped out their batons and advanced toward the crowd. Even though there were just four of them, their threatening auras was enough to make the security guards back off. After all, they knew that the Harmon family only hired trained bodyguards.

“After you, Mr. Rhys.”

Seeing that no one else dared to move, Natasha smiled and held out a hand to lead Dustin to the car. Without a word, Dustin picked up the pieces of his necklace and left with Natasha. No one dared to stop him.

“What the heck? What do we pay you for? Why did you just let them go?” Florence yelled when she realized what was happening.

“Mrs. Nicholson, she’s Natasha Harmon. We don’t dare to offend her!” The head of security lamented. None of them dared to lay a finger on Natasha.

“Useless trash! You don’t dare to offend her, but you’re fine offending my daughter?” Florence demanded.

The security guards looked at each other, not daring to speak.

“What happened?”

Dahlia and Lyra came out to see what the commotion was.

“Dahlia! You’re here! Look at how badly your brother’s been beaten up!”

As soon as Florence saw her, she began to cry, as if she was the one who had been beaten up.

“What happened? Who did this?”

Seeing her brother’s wounds, Dahlia’s expression became chilly.

“Who else? It’s that bastard Dustin!” Florence cried. “We met him just now. James picked up a crystal necklace that he dropped and tried to give it back to him, but he tried to turn it around and said that your brother stole it from him. After some argument, he beat up James! My poor James, he just did what he thought was right. What has he done to deserve this?”

She began crying harder.

“Dustin?” Dahlia frowned. “He’s always been mild-tempered. Why would he beat up James for no reason? What did you do?”

“What do you mean by this?” Florence looked angered. “Do you not believe your mother?”

“I just want to know the truth,” Dahlia said.

After three years of marriage, she knew Dustin’s personality well. He was normally calm and collected and rarely lost his temper. He wouldn’t just beat someone up for no reason.

“Look at your brother! Is the truth not clear enough? If you don’t believe me, ask the security guards. They saw everything!” Saying this, Florence gave the security guards a look.

“Ms. Nicholson, your mother is right. That guy there was the one who assaulted your brother. If it weren’t for us, she would’ve fallen victim to him too.”

The head of security understood his assignment perfectly.

“You hear that? I’m not wronging that bastard!” Florence continued. “I’ve told you before, that Rhys guy is not a good person. He’s a hypocrite. Look at what he’s done right after you divorced him. He even has a new whore now!”

Hearing this, Dahlia frowned. She was unsure of what to think. Could Dustin really do such a thing? Maybe he was furious about the divorce and wanted to exact revenge on her through her brother. If so, then she had to admit that she had misjudged him!