

## **An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 8**

“Mr. Rhys, this is the Harmon family’s platinum card. Please accept it as a token of our gratitude.” Natasha handed Dustin a black card edged with gold as she explained. “With this, you will be treated as an honored guest in all establishments under the Harmon family.”

“Ms. Harmon, I don’t need this.” Dustin shook his head.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Rhys. This is just a personal gesture. Regarding Mr. Anderson’s request for the canscora, I will send the herb to your place tomorrow,” Natasha said with a smile.

“That’s very kind of you, Ms. Harmon. Thank you very much.” Dustin chuckled and accepted the card.

Since it was a gift from her, it would come in handy. As they were talking, the car suddenly pulled over.

“I’m sorry, Ms. Harmon! I was forced to do this!” The car driver confessed before getting out and running for his life.

At that moment, two black SUVs swept by. They blocked the silver Benz in the front and rear. More than ten men got out of the SUVs. They approached the car, armed with weapons, and with covered faces. A bald, burly man who seemed to be the leader set his foot on the Benz’s bonnet.

Brandishing his knife, he threatened, “Ms. Harmon, my boss wants to meet you. We will escort you.”

“How bold of you to hijack my car!” Natasha replied, unfazed. She emitted a stately aura befitting a queen.

“We wouldn’t have dared with all your bodyguards around. However, they are now at the hospital guarding your grandfather. You are alone with your little boy toy! How could we pass this precious opportunity up?” the bald guy smirked.

“Well, you do have some brains in that numbskull of yours to bribe my driver. However, please satisfy my curiosity. Who’s your boss?” Natasha asked calmly.

“You will know once we get there! Now, will you get off?” the bald guy urged.

“You have no right to order me around!” Natasha didn’t budge.

“Since you are going to be difficult, I have no choice but to resort to force!” The bald man gestured to the others for a large hammer. As he was going to smash the windscreen, Dustin opened the door and got out.

“Ms. Harmon, your boy toy has no guts. I’ve not even started and he is already peeing his pants in fear. What did you see in him?” the bald guy said mockingly.

Natasha frowned and reached into her bag silently.

“You have five seconds to cram,” Dustin warned.

“Punk, do you know what you’re saying? Are you trying to be a hero? Go to hell!”

Before the bald man could finish his sentence, a slap landed on his face. The overwhelming pressure almost dislocated his jaw. He staggered back, stars spinning around his head.

“Fuck! How dare this punk fight back? Kill him!”

The other men immediately rushed toward Dustin with their weapons in hand. Dustin faced them fearlessly. He weaved through the crowd, his movements as light as a feather. Each time someone came within arm’s length, he dealt out a firm slap.

After a few loud cracks and cries of pain, the men fell over one by one. None remained standing after receiving a slap from Dustin. Beating up more than ten muscular men seemed as easy as pie for him. The bald man was scared shitless. Never in his dreams would he have thought that the young man before him was such a terrifying monster. Even though all of them came at Dustin at once, not a hair on his head was harmed.

“Interesting.”

Natasha’s eyes shone with interest, a slight smile playing on her lips. She replaced the handgun she had lying in her bag. Initially, she thought that Dustin was going to have some trouble taking down a group of bloodthirsty

men by himself. Who knew that he was such a capable fighter? He was much more skilled than her bodyguards. Not only was he skilled in medicine and combat, but he was also handsome as well! A man like him was one in a million!

“Stop! Stand back!” The bald man pleaded for his life as Dustin approached him. “Don’t come near me! I will make you pay—”

Before he could finish, Dustin landed a punch on his abdomen. The man threw up and kneeled on the ground in pain.

“He’s all yours, Ms. Harmon.”

Dustin stepped aside.

“Thank you.” Natasha nodded and stared down at the bald guy. “Tell me, who’s your boss?”

Sweat running down his forehead, the man hesitated.

“Are you not going to tell me?” Natasha smirked and picked up a knife from the ground. She held the blade against his neck and threatened, “I shall have to torture you slowly until you confess then.”

With that, she raised her arm and swung.

At the last moment, the bald man screamed, “Please don’t kill me! I’ll tell you everything! It’s Trevor Spanner of the Drey Group!”

His life was more important than his loyalty right now.

“As expected.” Natasha smiled. “Return and inform Trevor that I’ll remember this! When I have some free time, I’ll visit him. Get lost right now!”

The bald man and his men ran away with their tails between their legs.

“Ms. Harmon, things are not as simple as it seems. First, your grandfather was cursed. Next, your car was hijacked. Trevor will not be easy to deal with,” Dustin warned.

“Trevor Spanner is just a crazy bastard. However, he has strong allies backing him up. I’m not going to do anything about this yet. It’s better to lay in wait for an opportunity to round all of them up at one go!”

Natasha narrowed her eyes. It would be rash to attack right now. She would take all of them down in one blow!

“As long as you have a plan, that’s alright.” Dustin nodded.

He had no interest in the conflicts between rival families.

“Mr. Rhys, it seems that you are really my family’s benefactor. You saved my grandfather, and now you have saved me from getting kidnapped. I have no way to pay you back.” Natasha fluttered her eyelashes.

“It’s no trouble at all,” Dustin replied carelessly.

“No, we owe you too much! I must return the favor!” With that, Natasha shot him a sultry smile. “To show my sincerity, shall I repay you with my body?”