

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 471 -

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“I guess you can say that I have quite an influence here in Millsburg, so if any of you ever run into any problems here, you can come to me,” Terrence said as he

handed out **his** name card. **As** he spoke, he shot Dahlia one too many glances. A hint of lust flashed in his eyes. Dahlia was, after all, a bombshell. Not only did she have a perfect figure, but her face was also exquisite. She was unlike any other woman he’d seen before and definitely in a much different league compared to Julie.

“Very impressive, Mr. Stone! Here, take a seat, everyone.” As Florence gestured for them to take their seats, she called out to the waitstaff, “Excuse me, we’re ready for our meal **now!**”

“Hang on,” Dahlia piped up. “We’re missing one person.”

“Oh? Who else are we expecting?” Florence looked around them, puzzled.

Just as Dahlia was about to speak, Dustin gracefully made his way in through the doors. “Over here!” Dahlia stood up and beckoned for Dustin to join them. Her company turned around to see who it was and collectively

frowned.

“Why is he here?” Florence was obviously displeased. Because of her prejudice toward him, she still held him

in disdain.

“Sorry to keep you all waiting.” Dustin went up to them and smiled politely.

“We weren’t waiting for you!” Florence said curtly. “You sure are a pesky one, Rhys! We’ve just arrived in Millsburg, and you’ve followed us here? You haven’t been tailing us, have you?”

“I think you’re mistaken. I’ve been in Millsburg for the past few days.” Dustin said calmly.

“Hah! Who knows if you knew that we’d be coming here beforehand?” Florence pursed her lips. Her daughter was now the chairwoman of Cardinal Group, and she’d had a huge leap in status. Dustin was nowhere good

enough for her anymore.

“Don’t say that, Mom. I was the one who invited Dustin for lunch,” Dahlia explained.

“Fine, whatever. Since you’re already here, you can join us.” Florence couldn’t be bothered to argue with him.

“Have a seat,” Dahlia patted the seat beside her, indicating Dustin to sit beside her.

Her caring and attentive gesture, however, seemed to have caught Terrence’s attention. A cold glint rose in his eyes. “Damn it! Why would such a gorgeous and thoughtful woman be attracted to such a douchebag?” He thought to himself.

“Buddy, you don’t sound like you’re local. Mind sharing where you’re **working**?” Terrence smiled insincerely.

“Where **he’s** working? Hah! He’s just a grubby **old** medical practitioner with **n**o formal qualifications,” Florence scorned. From **how** she saw things, Dustin’s success **today** was all thanks to Natasha. Simply put, he was

nothing more than a toy boy.

“You practice medicine without qualifications?” Terrence was briefly stunned before he burst out laughing. “That’s a rare one. You’d barely be able to sustain yourself with such a job, would you? Things must be hard for you.” He **was** blatantly **poking** fun and regarded Dustin with a **dismissive** attitude.

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“You’re right. It is tough. I barely get any patients. I’d call it a good month if I even get five patients coming in.” Dustin said, unbothered by Terrence’s comments.

“Hah! Then why are you still practicing it?” Terrence adjusted his tie and said pompously. “I say, why don’t you work for me? It just so happens that I’m in n

eed of a chauffeur. If you can drive, why don't you be my chauffeur? I'll pay you a monthly salary of ten thousand dollars. How's that?" "Thanks. I appreciate the offer, but I'm not interested." Dustin shook his head.

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"My man, this **is** a pretty decent salary. You won't get a better offer anywhere else! If you do a good job, I might even give you a bonus!" Terrence jibed.

"You're lucky that Terrence is offering you this position **as** his chauffeur, Dustin. You'll regret it if you pass **on** this opportunity!" Julie said proudly,

"That's right! Terrence is the manager of Brooks Corporation, and he **has** a bright future ahead. You'll get a lot

of extra perks working for him. What's there to not like about it?" Victoria echoed.

"Is Brooks Corporation that big of a deal?" Dustin still wasn't convinced.

"You don't know Brooks Corporation? It's a huge enterprise worth over hundreds of billions! You'll live a life of luxury if you're even the least bit affiliated with it!" Victoria scorned. He truly **was** a country bumpkin who knew

nothing.

"I'm sorry, I've never heard of it before." Dustin shook his head yet again. He didn't know much about the

business sector in Millsburg.

*Alright, so you've **never** heard of Brooks Corporation. But how about Big Bucks Brooks? Surely you've heard of

him? He's renowned in the whole of Balerno!" Terrence smirked.

"Big Bucks Brooks?" Dustin raised his brows. "Of course, I know him."

“Great. Well, Brooks Corporation is one of Big Bucks Brooks’ businesses, and I work for him!” Terrence

declared self-importantly.

“Oh? So you work for Roderick? What coincidence!” Dustin chuckled.

“What do you mean? Do you know him?” Terrence’s eyes narrowed.

“Of course I do! He used to seek medical help from me!” Dustin nodded.

“Seek your help?” Terrence sniggered. “You’re quite a liar, aren’t you, my man? Have you even got any idea how influential Big Bucks Brooks is? How could he possibly go to an unqualified medical practitioner like you

for help?”

“Exactly! There are reputable doctors everywhere here in Millsburg! Why would he seek medical help from **you**, of all people, when he can go to them? Who do you think you are?” Julie said with contempt.

“Hey, Rhys! Quit acting all important when you haven’t even gone through proper medical training! How disgusting!” Florence frowned. Since Dahlia was the one who invited him over, she felt embarrassed now that

he **was** ousted as **a** liar.

“You don’t believe me? Well, how about I give Roderick a call now?” Dustin proposed.

“Sure! Go on, call him. I’d like to see for myself just how well-connected you are.” Terrence

laughed maliciously. Even **as** manager of Brooks Corporation, he didn’t have Big Bucks **Brooks**’ number. How could this punk be acquainted with him? How ridiculous!

“Yeah, go on! I’d be impressed if you actually got **ahold** of him!” Julie sneered

.

“Okay.” Without wasting any time, Dustin pulled out his phone and made a call to Roderick Brooks. But after quite some time, the call still didn’t get through.

“What’s wrong? Is he not picking **up**? Haha! **Well**, carry on then, Terrence joked sarcastically. He was **sure** that Dustin was just putting on a show.

“Hey! Are you done yet? Everyone can tell that you’re taking it! Are you really going to carry on with the act?” Julie asked condescendingly.

“Hah! What an embarrassment!” Florence was very much annoyed.

“Forget it. Dustin. Let’s eat.” Dahlia saw that things weren’t going well for him, so she quickly attempted to help him out of the awkward situation. Everyone knew Big Bucks Brooks. He single-handedly controlled Millsburg’s economy, so he definitely wasn’t someone who just anyone could establish a connection with.

“It got through.” Just as everyone held Dustin contemptuously. Roderick finally picked up his **call**.

“Oh? The call got through? Here, let me hear what he has to say!” Terrence teased nastily and snatched the phone right out of Dustin’s hand before putting the call on speaker mode so that everyone could **hear** the conversation. “Hello, who is this? Are you Big Bucks Brooks? Hey, Mr. Brooks, I’d just like to know, are you planning on playing along with the act too?” he asked derisively.

“Hey, you’re not Mr. Rhys! Who are you?” Roderick asked.

“Me? Hahaha! I’m Terrence Stone, manager of Brooks Corporation! You’re pretending to be Roderick Brooks, aren’t you? Well, I’d like to see you try!” Terrence scoffed.

“Terrence Stone, right? Very well. I’ll remember you.”

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“So what? What can you do to me?” Terrence taunted, unaware of the impending trouble he had brought upon himself.

"I'm Roderick

Brooks, and you work for me. What do you think I can do to you?" Roderick asked coldly.

"Still keeping up the act, I see. Do you think I'd really buy this crap you're spouting?" Terrence snorted.

*Terrence Stone, I'm officially informing you that you have been fired by Brooks Corporation, effective today. You need not come to work tomorrow." Roderick wasted no time in making the decision.

"Hahaha! You're firing me? You're something else, aren't you!" Terrence guffawed. "Truth be told, I have a powerful person backing me up in Brooks Corporation. Even Roderick Brooks is in no position to fire me, much less an impostor like you!"

"Is that so? Well, would you be so kind as to enlighten me who the person backing you up might be?" Roderick asked sternly. If someone like this was the manager, it was high time Brooks Corporation had a restructuring.

"You **have** no business finding out who the person is. All you need to know is that you'll be sorry if you ever mess with me!" Terrence expressed conceitedly.

"How insolent!" Roderick huffed. "I don't want to waste my time speaking to you. Pass the phone to Mr. Rhys!"

"What's the matter? Can't hold up the act any longer? You're no fun." Terrence then tossed the phone back to Dustin and ridiculed, "My man, this actor you found yourself is pretty incompetent at what he does! He lacks the necessary charisma. I say he needs to go back and brush up on his skills!"

"Actor?" Dustin stifled a laugh. "I wasn't lying: he really is Roderick Brooks!"

"Heh! If he's Roderick Brooks, then I'm Roderick Brooks' father!" Terrence said without giving it much thought.

Dustin simply found him amusing. Terrence was quite a stubborn one. Dustin had already reminded him multiple times that it was really Roderick Brooks he was speaking with, and yet he took no heed and continued to speak with such arrogance. He'd be in for a lough time when he went to work the next day.

“Mr. Rhys, do you know this person?” Roderick suppressed his anger.

“I don’t know him well. This is my first time meeting him,” Dustin said with a chuckle.

“That’s good to know.” Roderick heaved a sigh of relief. If Dustin were on close terms with Terrence, then he wouldn’t act rashly. But since they weren’t, he could handle things his way.

“Alright, Mr. Brooks, I’ll **leave** you to carry on with your day then. I’ll contact you some other time.” Dustin quickly ended the call. His intention had just been to give Terrence a warning so that he didn’t behave so arrogantly. Who’d have known that he was so foolhardy and went so far as to insult his **boss** like that?

“Your act’s been busted, my man. Is there any point keeping it going?” Terrence looked down his **nose at** Dustin, wearing a wise and discerning expression **as** if he had seen through Dustin’s lie.

“Hah! I think he’s the only one fooled by his act! Some people really know no shame! Julie shook her head, looking at Dustin like he **was** nothing but a clown

“What’s the meaning of all this, Florence? How could you bring a scammer to our table? Are you insulting **us**?” Victoria was upset.

“Dustin! Can you please cut your bullshit? Are you not ashamed of yourself? Because I am!” Florence shot daggers at him out of her eyes. Why did he have to act like he was all that when they were just having a meal? And what’s worse was that his lie got busted! It was downright embarrassing!

“There’s no point saying anything more. You’ll find out the truth tomorrow.” Dustin gave a faint smile, not bothering to explain further. He knew that no matter what he said, these people weren’t going to believe him.

“Quick! This is the place! I saw him go in!”

Right then, a commotion broke out at the door. They looked up and **saw** an obese man with a bunch of henchmen coming in menacingly. The person taking the lead was none other than Duncan Doyle, who had had a run-in with Dustin in a bar a few days back.

“Here he is!” Duncan’s eyes swept across the diner, and he quickly spotted Dustin. With his henchmen in tow, he stormed up to him.

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“That’s strange. Why are they headed our way? They look like they’re up to no good. They’re not here to give us trouble, are they?” Florence fidgeted anxiously in her seat.

“They’re here for me.” Dustin piped up.

“You? Have you offended someone again?” Dahlia frowned. She noticed that Dustin ran into quite a lot of trouble these days.

“I wouldn’t exactly say I offended him, per se. I simply beat him up to teach him a lesson on how to behave,” Dustin said calmly.

*This is not Swinton. There are influential people all around. There are some people that we simply cannot afford to cross!” Dahlia whispered. Though she was now chairwoman of Cardinal Group, the handover **had** yet to be completed, so she had neither funds, connections, nor experience. At this stage of her life, what she needed to do was to make more connections, keep a low profile, and stay out of trouble.

“Don’t you worry. Miss Dahlia. I’m here. I’ll make sure that nobody kicks up a fuss here.” Terrence shot her a confident smile, trying to portray the image of a savior. He’d never pass up the opportunity to flex his muscles in front of such a beautiful lady. Every man wanted to play the part of a hero saving the damsel in distress.

“Dahlia, Terrence has some very powerful people backing him up. With the connections he has, these rascals don’t stand a chance,” Julie said proudly as she hooked an arm around Terrence’s.

“Is that so? Then I’ll **have** to thank Terrence in advance.” Dahlia managed to force a smile on her face.

“Don’t mention it. It’s no big deal,” Terrence said with a wave of his hand as he beamed joyfully, thinking it’d

be effortless to deal with these thugs.

“You scoundrel! I’ve been searching high **and** low for you for the past two days! You can’t run away now!” Duncan advanced with a threatening smile on his face. His malicious gaze was fixed on Dustin.

“Why were you searching for me? Have **you** finally realized that you were wrong and were looking for me to apologize?” A hint of a smile tugged on Dustin’s lips.

“Apologize, my foot!” Duncan’s face fell as he **roared**. “Two **days** ago, you humiliated me and gave me three slaps **across** the face. I swear I’ll chop your hands off today, you asshole!”

“Excuse me, sir, Please calm down. If Dustin has hurt you in any **way** at all, I’ll pay you for the damages he’s

done.” Dahlia stood to alleviate the tension.

Surprised that someone would stand up for Dustin, Duncan gave Dahlia a **good** look before his eyes lit up.

“Gorgeous! This lady is gorgeous Indeed!” he thought.

He’d set eyes on many beautiful ladies before, but this was something else. She was truly a rare beauty!

“Hey loser, is **this your** girlfriend? She’s quite hot.” Duncan stroked his chin as he **leered** at Dahlia with a smirk. ‘I’ll strike you a deal. If you let your girlfriend sleep with **me** for one night, I’ll let you off the hook for that ass move you pulled last time. How’s that?”

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“You insolent bastard!” Before Dustin could say anything, Terrence slammed his fist on the table and stood up. “Which sect do you belong to? Don’t you know that men’s disagreements should be settled between men? So keep the lady out of your dirty **business!**”

“And who are you to run your mouth here, you **cad?**” Duncan squinted at him.

“Hmph! I am Terrence Stone, manager of Brooks Corporation! If you know what’s good for you, you better scram, or I’ll **make** you regret the day you were born!” Terrence said with his hands behind his back, going for a look of superiority. Brooks Corporation was a giant in the Millsburg business industry and had enormous influence over the market, so Terrence **was** used to people backing off the moment he told them that he worked for Brooks Corporation. It worked like a charm.

“Manager of Brooks Corporation?” Duncan’s expression darkened when he heard that, and within a split second, he went up to Terrence and gave him a hard slap across the face. “Fuck you! How dare a measly manager behave so pompously? Do you have a death wish?”

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With a loud smack, Duncan’s hand made contact with Terrence’s cheek. The force was so strong that he staggered backward, nearly tripping over himself. The crimson outline of a palm blossomed on his face, clear

for all to see.

Julie, along with the rest of them, were astonished by what they saw. It was beyond their expectation that these thugs would be so dauntless **as** to assault the manager of Brooks Corporation. Were they out of their

minds?

“You—

How dare you hit me!” Terrence held his cheek in his hand, gasping in disbelief. “Do you not know who I am? I am a managerial level in Brooks Corporation!”

“So what?” Without another word, Duncan gave him another hard slap. I’d probably be intimidated if Roderick Brooks himself were here. But a mere manager? Do you think I’d be afraid of you?”

“You scumbag! You’re done for, I’m telling you! How dare you hit me! I’ll make you pay if it’s the last thing I do!”

Beside himself with rage. Terrence pulled his phone out and **was** about to call for backup.

“Fuck you!” Duncan kicked Terrence to the ground and bellowed, “How dare **y ou** act so arrogantly when death is staring you in the face? Get him, boys! Give him a good beating and show him who’s boss! With his orders, his henchmen came forward and rained kicks and punches down on Terrence.

“Stop it! Stop this immediately, or I’m calling the cops! Julie shouted. These things were going to be in deep trouble for messing with Terrence!

“Call the cops? Yeah, you go ahead and try that, and you’ll be walking out of here with **one arm less!**” Duncan glared at her nastily. That did the trick and shut Julie up.

“You you you’re too much!” Victoria was so angry, but there was nothing she could do, and that added to her frustration. She was consumed by distress at the sight of her prospective son-in-law being beaten up.

“This is all your fault, Rhys! If it wasn’t for you, Terrence would never **have** been beaten up!” As usual Florence pinned the blame on Dustin. Bullying people that she thought were weaker than her was what she did best. “I’m not the one beating him up! What’s this got to do with me?” Dustin was speechless. After all, it was Terrence who wanted to be the hero of the day but ended up embarrassing himself.

“Hmph! Terrence **was** helping you, and you’re here making sarcastic comments. Are you **even** human?” Florence demanded furiously.

“Well, maybe I’m not. If you are, why don’t you go ahead and save him?” Dustin gestured in Terrence’s

direction.

“You-

” Florence was rendered speechless. She would never **dare** to save Terrence because she feared that she would be implicated.

“Dustin, you fight well, Hurry! Go help him out!” Dahlia’s **brow** was furrowed. Terrence had **meant** to help **them**, so she could not just stand there **and** watch him being assaulted without doing anything about it.

“Alright.” Since Dahlia was the one who asked, Dustin **finally** got up and gave several of the henchmen kicks that sent them flying. “You’ve had **your** fun, **and your** anger **should** have subsided. That’s enough,” he **said**

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nonchalantly.

“You’re in deep shit yourself! How dare you concern yourself with other people’s business?” Duncan spat spitefully.

“Come straight at me if there’s anything you’re displeased about. Do you even call yourself a man if you bully the weak?” Dustin said calmly. Terrence, who **was** cowering on the ground, looked insulted when he heard Dustin calling him weak. He had meant to flex his muscles and show off how powerful he was, but these thugs had no regard for his status whatsoever! And because of that, not only did he get beaten up, Dustin ended up walking away with the credit that was supposed to be his. This **was** humiliation unlike any other!

“Fine! I won’t attack him. I’ll attack you instead!” Duncan smiled viciously and beckoned for his men to go forward with a wave. “Mess him up! And go all out while **you’re** at it! I’ll bear the consequences!”

“Yes, sir!” The **group** of henchmen answered and charged up toward Dustin all at once.

At the sight of that, Dustin composedly picked up a handful of cutleries from the table and threw them straight

ahead. As the whooshing sound halted, everyone saw that the forks and knives were half-buried in the

henchmen’s thighs.

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“Ah!” There were a series of loud cries as the henchmen were caught off-guard, falling to the floor one after another and rolling around in pain.

In a blink of an eye, the floor was littered with people. Everyone had a fork or a knife lodged so deeply in their thighs that they couldn't even pull it out.

“What?” Duncan couldn't help but be startled by the sight.

He had carefully handpicked these henchmen. All of them had gone through extensive training and were highly skilled. Typically speaking, a ten-against-one battle would have ended in an overwhelming but predictable victory on one side.

Yet, never in his dreams would he have expected that all of his men would have fallen just like that.

Were cutleries supposed to be this deadly?

“What? That bastard is this strong?” Victoria couldn't help but be shell-shocked by how nonchalant Dustin looked. In her mind, Dustin was just an insignificant small fry.

How was he capable of that?

“Fuck! Turns out he's had some training. Why didn't he act sooner?” Terrence gritted his teeth, feeling the

soreness throughout his body. If Dustin had come to his rescue sooner, he wouldn't **have** had to get beat up

for nothing!

Undoubtedly, that bastard just wanted to embarrass him!

“Rhys seems to be getting better and better at fighting.”

Florence and the rest were secretly stunned. Although they knew that Dustin was a decent fighter, seeing him

end a battle in a single second like that was shocking enough.

“You want to take revenge on me, but you only brought so few people? That may be a tall order.” Dustin stared into Duncan’s eyes and continued indifferently. “If you break one of your arms and promise **never** to appear in front of me again, I may consider letting you off this time.”

“Letting me off?” After a brief moment of surprise, Duncan burst into menacing laughter. “Punk, I’ll admit that you’ve got something in you, and just any henchman is no match for you. However, if you think that victory is in your hands, then you’re majorly mistaken!”

“Hmm, are you saying you have another trick up your sleeve?” A shadow of a smile crossed Dustin’s face.

“Of course!” Duncan said with confidence. “After all, I’m here for revenge, so of course I made preparations. You’re a good fighter, aren’t you? Well, I’ll bring out someone who is an even better fighter than you now!”

With that, he clapped his hands twice.

Suddenly, two men in tracksuits walked in. One was in his forties, while the other was in his early twenties. From the looks of it, they had to be father and son. Not only did their faces resemble each other’s, but they also had similar builds; both of them had burly figures sculpted from solid muscles, and veins popped through

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their skin like earthworms. They looked terrifying.

“Punk, do you know who they are?” Duncan said gleefully. “They’re the famous Sander father–son **duo** of the martial world, Cobalt and Flint Sander!”

“The Sander father–son duo?” When Terrence heard this, his expression immediately changed.

Others might not know it, but he knew very well how strong the Sanders were. The son, Flint, was already

ranked thirteenth on the Hundred Immortals. Meanwhile, the father, Cobalt, was ranked second!

What did being ranked second entail?

He was **already** far past the capabilities of the average person. He could smash rocks with his **hands** and feet.

Rumor had it that when Cobalt **was** at his peak, he had challenged 27 dojos in Millsburg in a row. Not to mention, he won every single time!

That alone **was** a testament to his immense power!

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Seeing Cobalt and Flint stride in, shivers ran down Terrence's spine. "Just who is this bastard? How did he manage to get the Sander father-son duo here?!"

These two were renowned top dogs in the martial world. Either one of them could take on a hundred

opponents at once. They rarely showed up for anyone; it was definitely no easy feat to have invited these two to a light.

"Terrence, who is the Sander father-son duo? Are they very powerful?" Julie asked from the side.

"Powerful? To the average person, these two are monsters! Especially the one named Cobalt—he's an absolutely terrifying freak. He kills like it's nothing. Countless people have died by their hands!" Terence said solemnly.

As one of the backbone members of the Brooks Corporation, he naturally knew a thing or two about the martial world.

"What? They're that scary?!" Julie shrunk behind Terrence.

Although Florence and the others didn't say anything, they maintained their distance, afraid that they might end up as collateral damage. They had no understanding of the world of martial arts, but from the aura that the Sanders radiated, they were clearly not good people.

They couldn't get on the bad side of people like them, no matter what!

"Punk, if you cross the Sander father-son duo, you're done for!" After the shock wore off, Terrence couldn't help but laugh at Dustin's fate.

Because of Dustin, he got beaten up for nothing, so he was mad. Not to mention, Dustin had stolen his thunder, which caused resentment to build within him. Now that Dustin was down on his luck, he almost couldn't stop himself from clapping and cheering.

"You bastard, no matter how good you are at fighting, you're nothing in front of the Sander father-son duo." Duncan said mockingly.

"Are they very strong?" Dustin asked.

"What? You've never heard of the Sander father-son duo?" Duncan lifted a brow and added, "Fine. I'll **give** you a grand introduction today. You're going to lose so badly that you have no choice but to admit their superiority! The younger one is Flint, ranked thirteen on the Hundred Immortals. His father, Cobalt, is even more impressive. He's now ranked second on the Hundred Immortals! Do you know what that means? **Unless** a divine-level martial arts expert appears, he's unmatched! No matter how **strong** you are, you're nothing in front of number two of the Hundred Immortals. You won't even last a second!"

After listening to all that, Dustin **remained** unaffected. He grunted noncommittally and asked, "And?"

"And?" Duncan sneered. "Punk, you're truly fearless! It's expected for a small-town bumpkin to be so ignorant. But no worries. You'll learn in a moment how strong the Sander father-son duo is!"

"Really?" Dustin smiled lightly. "I do want to broaden my horizons."

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“Very well! I’ll grant you your wish!” Duncan regarded Dustin like he was on his deathbed. Then, he said to Cobalt, “Master Sander, I’ll leave this bastard in your hands. Don’t kill him yet; leave him alive for me to play with.”

“Flint, go and meet him.” Cobalt wore a cool expression, standing there with his hands behind his back. He had no intention of moving a muscle.

Naturally, the second-ranked of the Hundred Immortals had a matching ego. If he fought anyone and everyone, then he’d be devaluing himself.

In truth, he had zero interest in joining a battle of this level. However, he owed the Doyle family a favor, so he had to show up.

“I can solve any problem as long as I’m paid. Don’t blame me when I cripple you later,” Flint said, slowly approaching Dustin with blazing eyes. His muscular body was absolutely threatening.

“And I’ll say the same thing to you,” Dustin said.

“Great! I hope you’ll still be so mouthy later!” Flint smiled coldly. He tapped his foot lightly, and his entire figure

shot into the air like an arrow leaving the bow.

As he got closer to Dustin, he drew his fist back before aiming it toward his abdomen. This punch carried a

few tons of force: even a cow would be blown to smithereens, much less a human being.

Dustin didn’t attempt to dodge this blow. Instead, he answered it with his own list.

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However, comparatively, Dustin's fist was much smaller than Flint's.

"You're asking for it!" Flint snorted coldly. He exerted more force in his arm, his internal energy surging out from his body.

There was a loud explosion as the two men's fists collided with each other.

Dustin stood there without budging an inch. Cracks began forming beneath his feet. On the other hand, the moment their fists crashed into each other, Flint let out a grunt. He flew backward, slamming against the wall heavily, leaving a crater in his wake.

The arm that he used to throw the punch was dripping with blood, and his bones were shattered. He couldn't move anymore. After two seconds, he finally couldn't hold back anymore and coughed up a mouthful of blood. His body began to crumple slowly, sliding down the wall like wet mud.

"How is that possible?!" Duncan was stunned by what happened. Although Flint wasn't as strong as Cobalt, he was still ranked thirteen on the Hundred Immortals. However, a figure as powerful as that had been sent flying from a single punch by Dustin.

Was that punk that strong?

"Hmm?" Seeing the severely injured Flint, Cobalt couldn't help but frown. He thought his appearance would merely be a formality; he didn't think he'd encounter a skilled fighter.

If he could defeat his son with one punch, then that man was not any weaker than him. He had to take this seriously now.

"Young man, you're quite skilled. May I ask who your teacher is?"

To have such power at such a young age, he must be from a famous guild in the martial arts world. If this man were someone he couldn't afford to piss off, then he'd be in trouble, so he'd better ask first.

"I do not belong to any guild," Dustin answered indifferently.

"You don't belong to any guild?" Cobalt's eyes widened. If that **was** the case, then it was very scary. "Young man, I think you're a talent. I don't want to slaug

After you, so if you apologize to Duncan today, I'll let things go. How does that sound?" Cobalt said lightly.

As a veteran in the world of martial arts, he naturally had his own life philosophy. If he didn't know his opponent's background, he'd better not let things get ugly if he could avoid it.

"Master Sander, what **are** you saying? I want you to break his legs, not ask him for a simple apology!" Duncan frowned, upset.

"Are you telling me what to do?" Cobalt's face turned icy. "Just because I owe you a small favor, I have to give my life for you?"

Duncan **wore** a **dark** expression, but he didn't dare retort.

Cobalt turned back to Duncan. "Young man, what do you say?"

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"An apology is no problem, of course. However, he owes me an apology, not the other way around," Dustin said with a slight smile.

"Huh?" Cobalt's eyebrows wrinkled. "Young man, I'm already making a concession. Don't take an inch and ask for a mile. You may come from an extraordinary background, but I'm no average Joe either. I'm sure you've heard of the Hill family, one of the Tremendous Three. I **was** formerly their family's fighter!"

"The Hill family?" Dustin couldn't disguise his surprise when he heard this.

"It seems like you know the power of the Hill family. In that case, let both parties take a step back and remain cordial. Or else, this serves no one any good," Cobalt said.

"Since you were the Hill family's fighter, I'm sure you recognize this," Dustin said, taking out an emerald badge.

"The Consultant Badge?!" The moment Cobalt saw the badge, his expression changed. Then, under the shocked gazes of everyone, he fell to one knee, kneeling on the floor with a thud.

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Chapter 479

“Lord Consultant, greetings! I am fighter Cobalt Sander!”

Under everyone’s gaze, Cobalt got on one knee and saluted Dustin with a face full of respect. He was the Hill family’s fighter, in other words, he was a high-ranking guard.

Meanwhile, a consultant was completely different—a consultant was second only to the master!

Everyone, no matter who, referred to him with the respectful address of “sir” or “lord.”

One could count on one hand the number of Consultant Badges the Hill family had given out. There were merely a handful of consultants, but each and every one of them was all-powerful figures!

If Dustin was able to get a Consultant Badge, then that was sufficient proof of his power and worth!

“Er

Everyone was shocked when Cobalt suddenly got on one knee. They were completely dumbstruck, their faces full of disbelief.

That was none other than the famous Master Sander, the second-ranked on the Hundred Immortals! People everywhere worshiped the ground he walked on.

Yet, a person of that caliber had actually knelt for Dustin.

What the f*ck was going on?!

Terrence and Duncan were dumbfounded. Julie and the others looked at each other, shocked.

They had never expected that just by taking out a badge, Dustin could have scared someone into falling to their knees.

In truth, even Dustin hadn't expected Cobalt to react this way. It seemed like the Hill family's Consultant Badge was truly exceptional.

"M—
Master Sander, what are you doing?" Duncan asked in shock. He even looked completely at a loss. He'd invited Cobalt to fight for him, not kneel for his enemy.

Ignoring Duncan's words, Cobalt remained on one knee on the floor as he uttered a sincere apology. "My lord, forgive me for not recognizing you. I have offended you greatly earlier, but please do not take it to heart."

At some point, **sweat** began to bead on his forehead.

The Hill family's Consultant Badge didn't just represent power but also a significant status. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that with just one word from a consultant, he could be made to disappear.

"It's fine. You were just doing someone a favor. Since things didn't sour further, then let's just treat it as a misunderstanding." Dustin said without a hint of aggressiveness. Cobalt's behavior earlier had at least earned some of **his** respect.

"Thank you, my lord!" Cobalt said, looking overjoyed.

After expressing his gratitude, without any hesitation, he carried his son on his back and left.

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Although being ranked second on the Hundred Immortals seemed like an amazing feat, it actually didn't count for nothing in front of a true master. After all, in a place like Millsburg, there were many hidden dragons and crouching tigers, and divine-level martial artists were a dime a dozen.

Seeing Cobalt flee, Duncan instantly panicked. "Master Sander? What's going to happen to me if you leave?"

"What's going to happen? You're on your own!" Cobalt said, throwing a glance over his

s shoulder as though he was looking at a dead man. Even the Doyle family couldn't afford to cross the Hill family's consultant.

"What?" Duncan was flabbergasted.

He was on his own? What the f*ck was he going to do?

Seeing that the tables had turned, Duncan spat fiercely, "Punk, this is not over! Just you wait!" and attempted to slink away.

"Hold right there. Did I say you could go?" Dustin said indifferently. "You come and go as you please. What do

you take me for?"

"Punk, I've already let you off the hook. What more do you want?" Duncan shouted, putting up a fierce front.

"Of course, I want to give you a lesson. As I said earlier, I want to break your arm. I can't just eat my words." Dustin picked up a fork and flung it casually.

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The fork whizzed through the air like an arrow leaving the bow and went straight through Duncan's arm.

"Ah!" he screamed, cold sweat pouring down his face.

"Remember, if this happens again, I won't stop at just an arm," Dustin warned.

"You — you're ballsy!" Duncan pressed his arm that was bleeding profusely, and ran for his life—his former moments of glory had now turned into a humiliating spectacle.

"Dustin, what was that thing you took out earlier? Why did that guy get on his knee immediately when he saw it?" Dahlia couldn't help but ask curiously once Duncan was gone.

The others didn't utter a word, but they were also bewildered.

“Oh, two days ago, I saved a patient, and his family gave **me** a badge. They told me that if I ever got into trouble, this could save my life. I didn’t think I’d actually have to use it,” Dustin said with a laugh.

“Huh? That’s unbelievably lucky,” Dahlia said, slightly surprised. She had almost thought that he was going to

end up in deep shit.

“Hmph, how impressive can that be? In the end, he **was** still riding on **someo**
ne’s coattails!” Terrence said

cynically.

Dustin’s actions had made him feel ashamed. “You got all the glory because of that little badge. I’m tall, rich, and handsome, but why do I have to be shown up by you?” he thought bitterly.

“Dustin, to forge iron, you still need a strong hammer. A favor can only be used once, so don’t be too pleased with yourself. Next time, you won’t be his lucky again!” Julie said indignantly.

Her man was the best man in the world. What was a barefoot doctor in comparison?

“Really? I guess,” Dustin said with a light smile. He was too lazy to defend himself. There were always bound to be green-eyed monsters who couldn’t see the glory of others.

“Dustin, this badge of yours is really pretty. Can I borrow it for a few days?” Florence’s eyes were sparkling as she stared at the Consultant Badge in Dustin’s hand. If she could get her hands on the badge that could make people kneel, then of course she’d want to take it for a spin.

“This badge already has an owner. Even if I gave it to you, you can’t use it. You might even get into trouble,” Dustin said, shaking his head.

Considering Florence’s personality, if she got a hold of this, she could turn the whole world upside down.

“Hmph, what kind of trouble? I think you’re just selfish!” Florence’s face turned frigid.

“Mom, what do you want to do with Dustin’s badge?” Dahlia frowned.

“I just thought it was pretty and wanted to take a closer look. Who would’ve thought that that bastard would be so petty? Whatever, I don’t want it anymore! It’s just a shitty badge; what’s so special about it? You can hold onto it until it rots! Let’s go!” Florence blew her top. She wasn’t in the mood to eat anymore; thus she straight up asked them to leave.

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“Even at her ripe old age, she still throws tantrums like a child,” Dahlia said helplessly, shaking her head.

“After so many years. I’ve gotten used to it.” Dustin thought nothing of it and changed the subject. “By the way, didn’t you come looking for me to discuss something? What was it?”

“It was nothing. I just wanted to refer you for a job,” Dahlia said, forcing a smile.

“A job? What kind of job?” Dustin was taken aback.

“To be the Chief Security Officer of the Nicholson Corp. What do you think?” Dahlia arched her brow.

“Chief Security Officer? What **gave** you that idea?” Dustin was puzzled.

“This is my first time in Millsburg, and I’m not familiar with the people or the place. Taking on a multibillion-dollar corporation, there will surely be many hardships. I need someone to help me,” Dahlia explained straightforwardly. “The corporation’s security department is in charge of safety and security. Any sign of trouble has to be taken care of in time. There are many positions in the company that carry a lot of weight, and this is a role I can’t give to an outsider; I have to keep it within my circle. After giving it a lot of thought, I think you’re the best guy for the role!”

She’d appointed him Chief Security Officer, half because she trusted him and half because she wished he’d stay by her side. After all, she’d be the closest person to him.

If he took on that position, she wouldn’t have to worry about Natasha stealing him from the shadows. By then

, with time, feelings would develop. Well, then things would be up to her, wouldn't they?

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