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The next morning, in a ward at Pinevale Hospital, Edmund's serious condition finally turned for the better. Hel laid on the hospital bed, sleeping peacefully, with Abigail keeping watch beside him. Even though the father-daughter duo didn't get along well on a typical day. Abigail cared for him the most when a serious matter arose. She had been busy the entire night and hadn't gotten any sleep.

"Kid, eat something." At that moment, Dustin walked in with breakfast. "Your father's condition has stabilized, and he'll get better soon. You don't need to worry."

"Thank you, Dustin." Abigail forced out a smile. She took a few bites but didn't have the appetite to continue and pushed the food aside.

"Abigail, we're here." Suddenly, a group of youngsters walked through the door. They were Abigail's classmates, and they all brought something with them. Some of them had flowers, some had fruits, and others brought drinks. Among the gifts, the one most eye-catching **was** Mike's panax root.

"Abigail, I **heard** your dad has fallen sick, so I bought this wild panax root. It can greatly replenish your **dad's** health." Mike smiled, passing the delicately wrapped panax root to **Abigail** with both hands.

"Thank you, but this is too valuable. You should take it back." Abigail declined his kind gesture. She had heard

that the **value** of wild panax root **was** akin to gold.

"How can I take back a present? Not to mention, it doesn't cost much." Mike pointed.

"Abigail, this is a sincere gesture from Mike. Just accept it. Since your dad is injured and hospitalized, he could make good use of it." Nina urged her gently

"Alright, thank you." Since they'd put it that way. Abigail had no other reason to refuse.

“That’s more like it.” Mike smiled and **asked**, “Right, Abigail, I heard your father was hospitalized after getting

beaten up. Who dared do such a thing?”

“Uh...” Abigail didn’t know what to **say**. She didn’t wish for her father’s situation to be spread outside.

“There’s no need to be afraid. Just tell me what happened. It doesn’t matter who did it. I’ll make sure he pays!” Mike patted his chest with confidence.

Nina chimed in. “That’s right! With Mike here, no one would bully you. He’ll deal with any problems you have

easily.”

“Abigail, there’s no need to feel bad. We’re classmates, and we’ll solve every problem together.”

The group of youngsters spoke fervently in righteous indignation.

Abigail glanced at Dustin, not sure if she should tell them.

“Abigail, why are you looking at him? He’s not the one who did it, is he?” **Nina** said suspiciously.

“No, no, no. Of course not.” Abigail shook her head immediately.

“Then what happened?” Nina asked again.

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ally spoke. “I’ve dealt with the matter. All of you don’t need to worry about it.”

Dustin finally

“Who do you think you are? Do you think we’re not going to worry about it just because you said **so?**” Mike looked irritated. “Don’t think you can look down on people just because you have some money. Let me tell you, connections are far more important than wealth!”

“That’s right! The most important thing in Millsburg is connections. What can you do with money?” Nina pursed her lips in disdain.

“I said that for your own good. You guys can’t afford to offend the perpetrator.”

“What a joke!” Mike scoffed loudly. “Do you know who I am? Do you know who my father is? And you’re saying I can’t afford to offend that person? What a bold statement.”

“Hey! I advise you not to underestimate others. You’ll never be able to compare with Mike’s background,” Nina said condescendingly.

Mike continued to be insistent and cocked his head up, acting all high and mighty. “Why are you silent? I’m curious to know who exactly it is that I can’t afford to offend,

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“It was Torben from the Hill family.” Dustin spat out the words casually.

“Torben Hill?” Instantly, Mike felt like he was struck by lightning at the revelation and turned pale. The rest of them also had a look of horror on their faces, as if they had seen a ghost.

Torben Hill was the infamous vile demon of Millsburg, a scion of an affluent family standing at the pinnacle of power! He was known to be arrogant and tyrannical, committing all sorts of atrocities. However, with his powerful background, nobody dared provoke him. To them, an influential figure like Torben had the power to do whatever he wanted with them. Even if they were to encounter him on the street, they wouldn’t dare look up, not to mention provoke him.

“Y—you must be joking. Torben is the perpetrator?” After he fully digested the fact, his voice started trembling.

Dustin had a stoic expression. “What? It seems like you’re terrified.”

“T—terrified? No way!” Mike calmed himself down and rebuked stubbornly, “I grew up not knowing what terrified means. It’s just Torben Hill. I better not see him on the streets; otherwise, I’ll definitely give him two slaps to the face!”

With so many ladies watching, he couldn't afford to show any weaknesses. It didn't cost anything to put on an act anyway. He would think about the consequences afterward.

"Really? I guess you're truly amazing." Dustin only found it hilarious. He could clearly see him breaking **out** in a cold sweat, yet he was still being obstinate.

"Hmph! It's not just all talk. Even an imprudent brat like Torben would need to address me formally!" Mike pointed his thumb at himself.

"You talk big for your age." Suddenly, they heard a booming voice resonating from the door. Following closely behind, a group of Hill family members strode in. Leading the group was none other than Spring Hill, with Autumn and Patrick behind him. Even the injured Torben was carried in.

"Who was that? Who's talking?" Mike was irritated and turned around, his expression clearly displaying his annoyance. He was in the midst of showing off! Who was so rude to interrupt him?

"What?" Before he turned around, he still had an arrogant look on his face. Once he noticed that the people who walked in were the backbones of the Hill family, he froze on the spot, clearly astonished.

He didn't recognize all of them, but there were a few familiar faces he had the privilege of meeting during upscale social gatherings. **However**, their once majestic presence appeared quite ordinary as they stood with more prominent members of the Hill family.

"Were you the one who spoke earlier?" Patrick **gave** him a once over and smiled.

"Let me introduce myself. I'm Patrick Hill. I heard you mention you would slap Torben if you met him, and I couldn't agree more. He's right here. Please go ahead and don't hold back." Patrick gestured with one hand as if inviting him to go ahead.

"What?" Mike was shocked as he remained rooted in place, completely at a loss. He was just putting on an act. Who would've thought he would encounter the actual person himself!

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In the face of the Hill family members' menacing gazes, Mike's legs gave way as he finally succumbed to the pressure and fell to his knees with a thud.

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"I— It's a misunderstanding!" Mike couldn't stop shaking and broke out in a cold sweat. "I was just joking. Please don't take it to heart, everyone."

Patrick still had a smile plastered on his face. "You mean you're not going to slap him?"

"No, I wouldn't dare!" Mike waved his hands. "I have a cheap mouth and just like to brag. Please forgive me for my insolence, and don't find fault with me." Mike even slapped himself a few times to prove his sincerity.

At that moment, Nina, who was still quite young, was also shocked into silence and was trembling slightly. The Hill family was such a powerful family that she wasn't even worthy of looking at them. Every one of them had the right to take her life away.

"Since you don't have the guts to touch him, go stand at one side." Patrick's smile gradually disappeared.

"Yes, yes. Right away.

Mike nodded like an obedient chick, shrinking back into a corner with the rest of his

classmates. As his heart beat rapidly, he wondered why the prominent members of the Hill family had arrived

at such a place. He also wondered who beat Torben up to such a state.

"Dustin. I hope you have been well." Patrick turned toward Dustin and greeted him.

“Patrick, why have you come today?” Dustin responded nonchalantly.

“The thing is-”

“Let me talk to him!” Patrick was just about to explain when Autumn interrupted rudely. “Kid, you should be punished for hurting my son. But since the Hill family has always been kind and generous, today, I have decided to give you a chance to live!”

While Patrick frowned at his words, Spring was quietly looking down, seemingly an outsider to the current situation. Mike and the rest of the classmates, on the other hand, were greatly shocked by his revelation. They glanced at Dustin as if he was a monster. He had nerves of steel to be the one to cripple Torben.

“A chance?” With a smile, Dustin shook his head. “I’m curious, what kind of ‘chance’ are you giving **me**?”

“First, heal my son. Second, deliver us another bottle of medicinal wine. As long as you fulfill these two requirements. I won’t hold a grudge against your previous misdeeds,” Autumn said with a serious expression.

*Autumn Hill, I guess you haven’t gotten the situation straight.” Dustin walked up to him slowly, his gaze growing increasingly dark. “The ball is in my court now. Whatever I say goes. It’s not up to you to decide.”

“What?” Autumn frowned. “Are you going to fight us to the end, kid?”

“I can if you want me to. Your son and father don’t have many days left to live anyway.”

Autumn’s expression darkened. “Are you threatening me?”

“So what if I **am**?” Dustin didn’t back down. “If you want to fight, I’m always ready. But if you’re here to ask for forgiveness, you should have the attitude of someone asking for forgiveness! My demand remains the same.

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When your son kneels in front of Mr. Robinson and apologizes, I’ll let him live. Otherwise, scram!”

His words ignited a frenzy among the crowd. It was a great disgrace to have a direct descendant of the Hill family kneel before a commoner.

“God damn! Is this punk insane? How dare he ask Torben to get on his knees?”

“What an idiot. He must be seeking death to act that wild in front of them!”

Dustin’s bold words had made Mike and the other classmates whisper among themselves. In their eyes, what

he did was just akin to suicide.

“You’re stepping out of line, kid!” Autumn erupted in rage.

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“Are you done? If that’s all you’re here to say, then get lost. Don’t be an eyesore.” Dustin waved his hand in

annoyance, clearly showing no respect for them at all.

“You-

” Autumn was about to launch into a new tirade when Spring raised his hand and interjected. “Enough! Torben started this and is the one at fault. It’s only fair for him to apologize.”

“Spring!” Autumn’s brow furrowed deeply.

“What? Have you forgotten what Dad said?” Spring gave him the side eye, slightly upset.

“I ...” Autumn gritted his teeth but remained silent in the end.

Spring **gave** a nod. “Torben, apologize to the person you beat up and bring this matter to an end.”

“I-

’m sorry.” Torben gritted out the words with difficulty as he laid on the stretche

r. Since the odds were against him, he did **as** ordered. This was more important before he could rest and recover properly.

“Are you satisfied now, kid?” Autumn’s expression was dark.

“No.” Dustin shook his head. “There’s no sincerity. I want him to kneel.”

“Don’t push your f*cking luck!” Autumn spat out. They’d humiliated themselves already by apologizing in

public. Getting them to kneel was going too far.

“Kneel!” Spring suddenly raised his voice.

Autumn’s eyes widened in shock. “Spring?”

“Someone help Torben get on his knees.” Autumn gestured, wanting to get things over with quickly.

Soon, a few people carried Torben off the stretcher and dropped him on the ground, getting him on his knees. It aggravated his wounds, and his face contorted in agony as he howled in pain. Autumn could only glare fiercely at Dustin, unable to utter a word even though he **was** enraged.

Spring asked calmly, “Dustin, would that do it?”

“One more thing.” Dustin shook his head.

“What would that be?” Spring responded.

Instead of responding to him, Dustin turned to Abigail and **said**, “Kid, this is the guy that beat your dad up into that state. He’s right in front of you now. It’s time to get your revenge.”

Abigail was silent, but she gave Torben a death glare, her eyes burning with rage.

Dustin comforted her. “Don’t hold back. Take the anger you are feeling now out on him.”

Abigail’s hand slowly formed into a fist. Traces of internal energy were welling up within her. After a while, she relaxed her fingers.

“Hmph, at least you know your place.” Autumn smiled proudly at the sight. “No t anyone dares touch the Hill family. If you dare touch a hair on my boy, then-

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Before he finished his sentence, a clear, loud slap resonated through the room. Abigail had landed a heavy slap on Torben’s face. She **had** put all her strength into that slap, causing Toben to lose his balance and fall head–first to the ground.

Autumn was stunned.

Patrick was stunned.

Mike was stunned.

Nina was also stunned.

Everyone at the scene was frozen to their spots, their faces etched with disbelief. Nobody expected Abigail to actually raise a hand against Torben. Not only that, she had given him a solid slap in public.

That brat must not want to l

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“H– how dare you hit my son?!” Autumn glared at Abigail. He couldn’t believe that a commoner had the guts to slap his son in public.

“If he can hit my dad, why can’t I do the same to him?” Abigail kicked Torben hard, sending him flying a good ten feet away. The sight made Autumn’s blood boil. He seethed. “Y–you You brat!”

Hearing Autumn’s shouts, a couple of martial arts experts from the Hill Family came forward.

“Why? Is that all it takes to piss you off?” Dustin snickered. “Torben’s actions were way worse than what she did to him. She’s only making him pay a fraction of it.”

“Leave, all of you!” Spring spun around and cast a frightening glare that shut everyone up.

“Kid, keep going. You have nothing to worry about.” Dustin nudged her calmly.

“Sure!” Abigail readily agreed to it. She immediately started kicking and punching the crippled Torben. She had been stewing for a while after seeing her father brutally tortured and naturally would not miss the opportunity for revenge. She wasn’t worried about offending anyone at all.

“Is Abigail crazy? She’s hitting Torben Hill!”

“She’s done for! If the Hills were to take revenge, her entire family would be done for!”

“How rash of her to do that!”

Mike and the rest of his group were staring at her outburst in fear and shock. The mighty Hill Family was not an entity that an **average** citizen could take on. Abigail was skating on thin ice.

Autumn’s face was stiff with a grim expression. He wouldn’t have quietly endured the humiliation as he watched his son beaten to a pulp if it weren’t for the orders from his father.

The atmosphere in the room was tense, to say the least, as people watched Abigail beat up Torben with all her might. The heavy beating further added to the grave injuries that he sustained. Finally, she came to a stop when he was at death’s door.

“**Are** you done?” Dustin asked.

Panting heavily, she replied, “Yeah.”

To carry out the revenge, she used up all the internal energy she had previously conserved.

“Great.” He nodded, and his gaze swept past the faces of the Hill Family members. “We’re even now. However, if you want revenge, you can always come at me.”

“Dustin, that’s a ridiculous idea! The Hills **are** known for our good moral character. Since Torben **was** in the wrong, he should pay for his mistakes. We only ask that you spare his life.” Spring flashed a regretful smile at Dustin.

Instead of replying, Dustin punched Torben in the stomach, and the latter let out a scream as a **blood-**stained silver needle pierced out of his back and hit the wall hard.

“Thank you, Dustin!” Spring bowed to Dustin. Dustin replied, “Don’t mention it. The patient needs rest. Gentlemen, you should leave.”

“Sure. We shall not disturb him further.” After exchanging some small talk, Spring and his people left soon. During the entire visit, he did not show any complaints or dissatisfaction.

Mike and his group were left staring agape at the Hill Family members who filed out of the room. At first, they thought that the Hills had dropped by to demand justice, and they believed that Dustin was dead meat when he insulted the family. It turned out that the entourage showed up to beg for leniency instead of going for the kill. None of them uttered a word, even when Torben was beaten up.

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After all, that was Torben Hill, the famed devil incarnate of Millsburg and the son of an elite family. It was absurd to see him beaten up into a pulp like that. They wouldn’t have believed that the Hill Family had a weak spot if they had not witnessed the scene with their own eyes. The fact that Dustin **was** the man behind the Hill Family’s forced submission.

They wondered about his origins and viewed him in a new light. Some were shocked; some were curious; a few were fearful; and more than everything, the

y admired him,
for not many in Millsburg had the power to force the Hills into submission.

That went to show how remarkable Dustin was. Mike and Nina, who had been looking down on Dustin, were now quiet. At the end of the day, they found out they were the naive ones.

At that moment, Dustin's phone started to ring. He picked up the call from Dahlia.

"Where are you? Didn't you promise to come with me on my first day at Nicholson Corp. Are you standing me up?"

"No, of course not. I was held back by something. Be there soon," Dustin explained.

"Where are you? I'll go pick you up."

"I'm at Pinevale Hospital"

After hanging up, he immediately turned around and said to Abigail "Take good care of Mr. Robinson. If

anything happens, just give me a call. I have to leave now."

"Yes, Sir, please be careful!" She reminded him. He smiled at her before leaving. "Don't you worry. The Hills

won't do anything to me."

20 minutes later, a blue Maserati pulled up to the hospital entrance. The car window rolled down to reveal an

attractive woman. "Why are you standing there? Hop on now." She jutted her chin out.

"Right away." He sat in the driver's seat and beamed. "Chairman Nicholson, I see you've been doing pretty well, haven't you? You've got a new car!"

"Cut that out!" She rolled her eyes at him. "I need to talk to you about work. I might run into problems at the

board meeting later. You should prepare yourself for that."

“Problems? You’re the chairman of the group. Who would have the guts to give you problems?” He sounded curious.

“I’m an outsider who joined and became a chairman, and I don’t have a group of people loyal to me there. It’s hard to take control.” She shook her head. “Plus, many are eyeing my position. The **greatest** threat right now is

from this guy called Hank Hoffman.”

“Hank Hoffman. Who is he?” Dustin pressed on.

“He’s the vice chairman of Nicholson Corp. and a man loyal to Madam Alma, Regulus’ first wife, because she has supported his career. He’s more advanced than me in terms of his seniority and his connections. Hank

has the respect of the whole company.”

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“But his reputation still can’t rival that of your patriarch, am I right? Regulus Nicholson personally appointed you as the chairman. I bet they have to listen to him,” Dustin reassured her.

She nodded and muttered, “I hope so.”

They chatted during the drive and soon arrived at the Nicholson Corp. building. The company, worth tens of billions, was well-known and reputable in Millsburg. The Nicholson Corp. building was located in the bustling

and wealthy prime area downtown.

When Dahlia and Dustin entered the office, they made their way to the meeting room. There, they found that the meeting room was packed with senior executives and shareholders.

The middle-aged man sitting at the head of the table had a beer belly and a mole at the corner of his lips. His nose was as red as Rudolph’s, and his eyes were mousey. Overall, his freckled fa

ce could only be described as unappealing. The man was Hank Hoffman, the vice chairman of Nicholson Corp.

“Dahlia, you’re late. The board meeting has started. Get yourself a seat.” Hank sat in the chairman’s seat leisurely, not showing any sign of vacating it for her. He indirectly provoked her with that disrespectful move.

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Dahlia couldn’t help but frown when she stared at the unbothered faces of the people around her as they chatted away merrily. She made sure to arrive earlier for the board meeting, so Hank’s accusation of tardiness was absolutely baseless. **From** the moment she entered the room, the attendees remained seated. No one stood up to greet her— not even saving a seat for her. Clearly, they did not take her seriously.

“Hank, what’s this supposed to mean?” She whispered while keeping her composure. She knew that Hank was laying **down** the law from day one.

“What do you mean?” Hank lit himself a cigar and crossed his legs on the table, seemingly treating the

meeting room as his own office.

“I am sure you have received the news from the family’s patriarch. I’m the new chairman of Nicholson Corp. **as**

of today.” Her voice was laced with warning.

“And?” He gave her a mocking smirk.

“You are in my seat. You’ve crossed **a** line here.” She rapped her knuckles on the table.

“Your seat? Do you have evidence of that?” He shrugged and acted unreasonably. “Everyone here knows that this has been my seat forever. It was you who entered the room and immediately demanded my seat. What

right do you have?”

“Yeah! What right do you have?”

“Mr. Hoffman is the person in charge of **the** company! How **dare** a newcomer wrestle that seat from him? What

a joke!”

The meeting attendees started to make **a** scene. As they were in the same boat as Hank, they **would** never allow the young lady to be in command.

*Please get your facts straight. I am the largest shareholder in this room and the chairman of the company. Here’s my notice of appointment. If anyone here is dissatisfied, you may check with Regulus Nicholson!” With a hardened expression, she slapped a document on the table. She had come prepared, but the situation seemed more dire than she had expected.

“A notice of appointment? Haha! Who **are** you fooling with this?” A disdainful Hank added. “Even **a** general on the battlefield, as the primary decision-maker, might disregard the King’s command! We’re not in Glenstead.

Your tricks don’t work here!”

“Are you rebelling against me now?” She slammed a hand on her table, unable to contain the rage in her.

“No, we won’t rebel, but we are against your appointment.” Hank **was** straightforward with his dislike for her.

“That’s right! We do not acknowledge It!”

“You have neither connections in the field nor personal relationships with prominent figures. And you are lacking in capability. Why should you be our chairman?”

“Hmph! As long-timers in the company, we despise those who get in through the back door!”

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The animated attendees tried to get a word in, and they were harsh in their criticisms.

“First, this is Regulus Nicholson’s decision, Like it or not, you have to accept it .” She put on an icy look. “By the way, you were asking why I should be the chairman. I will go into detail on that topic. After looking into the company’s financial statements, I found out that the company is crumbling on the inside despite its glamorous facade. Corruption is rife—using company funds for personal matters, lining your pockets through contracts and deals, and even selling company secrets—these are commonplace.”

She finally added, “Regulus Nicholson sent me here to execute a quick shake up. If you’re unhappy with the decision, you may turn in your resignation letter!”

The most senior executives instantly slammed their hands on the table upon hearing her words. “Who are you trying to threaten? We can always leave!”

“That’s right! I, for one, would love to know how the company operates if we resign collectively!”

“What goes around comes around! There will be a time when you need to beg us for help!”

While complaining, the group of senior executives headed toward the exit. Given their positions in the company, they knew that a collective resignation would lead to a halt in company operations and, even worse, bankruptcy. That was the reason for their confidence.

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“You may resign if you wish, but that doesn’t mean you won’t be held accountable for your dishonest practices in the past.”

Dahlia proceeded coldly. “Mr. Levin, if I recall correctly, you dipped your hands into 20 million worth of company funds, and you have not paid it back yet. For this, you will need to serve out a long sentence in prison.”

Hearing that, a man with a bald spot who stood as the head of the group leaving instantly froze and sweated profusely. He wondered how Dahlia learned about his action when he made sure he carried out the crime seamlessly.

She ignored his question and continued, “Ms. Wagner, as the Director of Finance, you are in the greatest trouble. The company makes profits annually, but after you took charge, the books showed that we were making losses. Not only that, you have been asking the headquarters for money for your personal use. Your greed knows no bounds!”

“Y— you! That’s nonsense!” A woman dressed luxuriously suddenly screamed at Dahlia, resembling a cat who **had** its tail stepped on.

“You don’t believe me? Have a look for yourself.” Dahlia didn’t bother to explain further and threw a few files containing **the** results of her investigation onto the table.

“What?” The woman took a good look at the files and instantly appeared ashen-faced as a chill ran up her spine.

That was not the end of it yet. Dahlia scanned the room, and for each person she laid her eyes on, she’d announce the misdeeds of **that** individual. “Mr. Price, you are saddled with huge debts from gambling, right? If not, you wouldn’t have sealed a deal worth 100 million for a mere 30 million!

“And you, Mr. Gillis, your son, wife, cousins, and other relatives are working in the company. Do you think they can stay if you resign?”

“Oh, one thing almost slipped my mind. Mr. Regan, you seem quite close to the ladies from the human resources department. How would your wife **react** to that?”

Then, she rattled off the tainted records of most of the senior executives. The attendees were dismayed to learn that she had accessed all the information. She had obviously come prepared!

“Ladies and gentlemen, I will not stop you from resigning, but I will send the evidence I collected to Regulus Nicholson. Your fate will be in his hands, be it bankruptcy or jail time. However, you have another choice, which is to stay and work under me. If so, I will not hold you responsible for your dirty deeds in the past. Now, it’s your choice to stay or leave.” With that, Dahlia finished her speech and stood at the side.

The senior executives exchanged sheepish looks, each one trembling in dread. It was at that moment that they realized the fearful character of the new chairman. Any hint of disdain from earlier was replaced by fear.

After moments of hesitation, the group of executives who staged a walkout quietly returned to their seats, their heads hung low, and their arrogance was wiped away.

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“Amazing.” Dustin secretly admired Dahlia’s strategy of utilizing both the carrot and the stick to subjugate

most of the protesting staff.

“Mr. Hoffman, do you have anything more to add?” She turned her attention back to Hank, knowing that the

only way to be in complete control was to bring Hank Hoffman to his knees.

“That’s very impressive indeed.” Laughing, he clapped his hands. “Dahlia Nicholson, I have to admit that

you’re quite something. But you

need more than a few tricks.”

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“Oh? Mr. Hoffman, what brilliant ideas do you have now?” Dahlia asked. She had collected evidence against most of the senior executives except for him. That did not mean Hank Hoffman was innocent. Instead, he covered his tracks very well to the point that his misdeeds couldn’t be traced back to him.

“On the topic of brilliant ideas, I do have some advice for you.” With a cigar in his mouth, he went

on, “To be our chairman, you need to build your reputation **and** capability. In short, you’ll need to make profits. That way, we will approve of you.”

The executives all nodded upon hearing that. Money makes the world go round. Their ultimate goal was to profit more.

“I have enough confidence in myself to take up the role of the chairman,” she answered nonchalantly. “I can’t promise you much, but now that I’m the chairman, all the senior executives here will see a salary increase of

50% and a **20%** increase in their annual bonuses. How does that sound?”

The people started murmuring among themselves after hearing her proposal, A 50% increase in pay **and** a 20% increase in bonus would be considered generous.

“Dahlia, we’re practical people who do not like empty promises. Anyone can make promises.” Hank shrugged

again.

Dahlia asked, “So, what do you want me to do?”

“The company is facing three huge challenges now. If you resolve all three, we will accept **you** as our new

chairman. If not, you shall vacate the position for a more suitable candidate.” Hank started giving her trouble.

She raised a brow at his words. “What are the three? Tell me.”

“Firstly, you need to get the Flame Dragon Gang to pay their 70 million dollars worth of debt within seven days,

Hank declared with a smirk.

“The Flame Dragon Gang?” She was pensive. A gang that owed the Nicholson Corp. that amount of **money**

must be difficult to handle.

“Why? Are you scared? You can turn it down if you’re scared,” Hank challenged her. However, Dahlia ignored his taunts and went straight to the point. “Tell me about the second challenge.”

“Secondly, you have to secure the Brooks Corporation’s project, which is worth 500 million dollars.”

“What about the third challenge?”

“Hah! I’ll tell you after you complete the two challenges. It would be useless otherwise.” He chortled.

“Sure. I will not shy away from challenges that involve the company. I hope that you make good on your promise.” Dahlia reminded him.

“I am a man who keeps his word. I will approve of you if you’re capable of completing all the challenges.” He tossed his head back.

“Great. We shall see.” She scanned the room for one last time and left, knowing that she had to show Hank

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what she was capable of to win him over. Otherwise, the bunch of old senior executives would never listen to her.

‘Ladies and gentlemen, do you think that little girl can do it?’ The people in the meeting room **started** gossiping.

“No way! We failed to get the 70 million back from the Flame Dragon Gang. How could she do it in seven days?”

“Right? Everyone knows that the Flame Dragon Gang is brutal. They’ll tear her limb to limb if she knocks on their door for the money!”

“The first challenge is daunting enough for her. On top of that, she has to deal with that stubborn Brooks Corporation.”

“Mr. Hoffman, your idea of killing with a borrowed knife is pure genius!”

Hank merely smiled with the cigar between his lips in the face of the discussion in the room. He believed that a member of a Nicholson Family branch was no match for him.

Meanwhile, just as Dahlia and Dustin took their seats in the chairman’s office, a good-looking woman in uniform wandered into the office, her heels clicking as she walked.

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When they took a better look, they realized that it was Julie Amberson.

“Dustin, why are you here?” Julie was surprised when she spotted him.

“Why can’t I be here? I’m the Chief Security Officer.” Dustin grabbed an apple and munched on it.

“Chief Security Officer? Dahlia, are you serious? I’m just a secretary, but you appointed him as chief officer.

Why?” Julie was aghast.

“I don’t need to explain my decisions to you.” Dahlia snapped at her with a stern look.

“By the way. I’m surprised that you can still call yourself a secretary. You were 32 minutes late on your first day at the job. How unprofessional of you!” She gave Julie a chance to grow and improve her skills after being

pestered by Florence and her aunt on the matter, but she was disappointed by Julie’s attitude.

"I was stuck in traffic just now. I had no choice! Anyway, I was only late for half an hour. That's not a big deal, is it?" Julie did not take it seriously.

"Did I not ask you to wait in the meeting room with the materials half an hour before the meeting? Look at you

now. You were nowhere to be seen even after the meeting ended. How dare you say that it's not a problem?" Dahlia slammed her hands on the table in anger.

"What? Is the meeting over?" Julie went blank.

"Thankfully, I memorized the details before the meeting. I would have to keep waiting if I had relied on you."

Dahlia was irked. Her first day as chairman was crucial, but her secretary was not concerned at all.

"Dahlia, it's my fault. I will be careful in the future." Julie's cheeks reddened in shame.

"I'll let this slip, but you'd better not repeat your mistake!" She warned Julie, who nodded furiously. "That's

enough for now. Go do research on the Flame Dragon Gang for me."

"The Flame Dragon Gang?" Julie's pupils wavered at the mention of the gang.

"Dahlia, how did you get involved with them? They're merciless bastards!"

"Why? Have you heard of them?" Dahlia raised a brow in curiosity.

"Of course! The Flame Dragon Gang is famous for being evil in this region. Whoever gets on their bad side will suffer a horrific death!" Julie explained with a grave expression.

"They sound powerful." Dahlia frowned.

"Dahlia, what was the debt thing you mentioned just now?" Julie prodded cautiously, and Dahlia summarized everything that happened during the board meeting.

After the brief explanation, Julie's face fell. "D— Dahlia, are you kidding me? Are you asking the Flame Dragon Gang to pay their debt?!"

"That's right. It's only fair to pay your debts," Dahlia responded with a serious face.

"Oh, Dahlia, it's always the Flame Dragon Gang that chases after their debtors. No one has done it the other

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way around!" Julie was gripped by fear. "A billionaire once reported the Flame Dragon Gang because he was angered by their lawless behavior. Guess what happened to that guy? His family of eight vanished overnight, and their bodies have not been found until now! Hank Hoffman is clearly sending you to your death by asking you to demand that the gang settle its debts! You can't fall for it!"

"I have promised to settle this issue. I need to see this to the end," Dahlia said somberly.

"Dahlia, is money or life more important to you? You're putting yourself at risk by asking the gang for debt payments!" Julie panicked in the face of Dahlia's naive determination.

"That's enough. Stop fighting." Dustin, who had finished his apple, dusted his hands and stood up. "The Flame Dragon Gang isn't a big deal at all. I'll get them to pay the 70 million in debt. I promise that you'll get back every single cent the company has been owed!"

"You?" Julie froze before sneering. "Who do you think you are? You have some balls to ask the Flame Dragon Gang for money!"

He smiled at her. "To tell you the truth, I'm the leader of the Flame Dragon Gang."