

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori

Chapter 110

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At the Nicholson villa.

Everyone was amazed to see Dahlia return home safely.

"Dahlia, you are finally home! I was so worried about you!"

"Sis! Are you alright? Have you been bullied in the interrogation room?"

Florence and James fawned over her eagerly.

Since they received news of Dahlia being detained by Mr. Gardner, they had been extremely worried for her

safety.

They've used up all their connections and spent a ton of money trying to get Dahlia out.

However, there was no reply. They were at a loss for what to do.

Just when they **had** given up, Dahlia unexpectedly returned home on her own.

"Mother, I'm fine. Sorry for making you worry." Dahlia smiled.

She was a little spooked by everything that **had** happened **today**.

Fortunately, she managed to return home safe and sound.

"It's all Dustin's fault. If it weren't for him, you wouldn't have been captured as well!" Florence muttered angrily.

"Mother's right! That shameless man is always doing sneaky things! Sis, you should stay away from **him** to avoid getting caught up in his crimes!" James chimed in.

"Actually, this incident has nothing to do with him. He was framed by someone else." Dahlia tried to defend

Dustin.

"How is it possible? If he is truly innocent, why was he arrested?"

"Yeah, why would they frame him instead of anyone **else?** This could only mean that he has bad character!"

Florence and James complained one after another with disdain.

Dahlia could only sigh in resignation.

"If it were up to me, I would choose Matt. When he heard that you were detained, he went around looking for

help to bail you out. A gentleman like him is rare nowadays!" Florence changed the topic.

"That's right! Sis, if it weren't for Matt's help, you might still be stuck in jail!" James agreed enthusiastically.

"Matt? Are you sure that it was his doing?" Dahlia said, surprised.

"Who else could it be? He and the Hummer family go way **back**. He must have asked for Sir Hummer's help to

get you out," James mused.

"I see, I thought..." Dahlia trailed off.

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She was a bit puzzled regarding Mr. Granville's appearance.

From Natasha's expression, she seemed just **as** surprised as Dahlia to see Mr. Granville there .

By the looks of it, it must be Matt who had requested help from the Hummers family.

Sir Hummers was one of the Mighty Three. It would not be surprising if he had connections with Mr. Granville.

"Dahlia, last time Matt managed to retrieve the large sum of money we had lost; now he got you out of the

interrogation room. You need to show some appreciation. Your cousin, Julie, will be here tomorrow, why don't

you invite Matt along and spend the day together?" Florence asked expectantly.

"Let's see if we have the time." Dahlia squeezed out a forced smile.

Whenever Matt's name **was** mentioned, she was reminded of another person.

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The next morning, at the Peaceful Medical Center.

"Let's eat!"

Dustin shouted from the ground floor while setting up the table for breakfast.

"I'm coming! Why are you in such a hurry?"

After a moment, a one-eyed old man limped down the stairs with a walking stick.

"Hey, punk! Where's the alcohol?" He demanded angrily.

"No alcohol for breakfast. Have some soup." Dustin gave him a bowl of chicken soup.

"I'm not going to eat if there's no alcohol!" The old man threw a tantrum.

"Suit yourself." Dustin paid him no mind. He sat down and started eating his breakfast.

The old man couldn't hold back any longer as Dustin was about to finish the food.

"Geez, what a rude young man!"

Lifting the bowl, he swallowed the soup in large gulps.

"Here, this is the Panax root you asked for. Keep it safe."

After breakfast, Dustin placed a box made from cedar wood on the table.

"Oh, did you manage to obtain another precious herb? You are really efficient!" the one-eyed man exclaimed in

surprise.

"I need another four herbs; hopefully, I can collect them all in time." Dustin muttered.

"These things can't be forced. Leave it up to fate," the old man **said** casually.

For an elderly person like him, each day was like a gift.

A silver Bentley stopped at the entrance of the medical center, interrupting the conversation

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A gorgeous, alluring woman got out of the car and walked up to them.

"Wow, what a beauty! She has curves in all the right places! Punk, aren't you divorced? Don't you want to take her as your wife?" The old man cackled gleefully.

"Shut up, old man!"

Dustin glared at him and stood up to greet Natasha. "Ms. Harmon, why **are** you here?"

"What? Am I not welcome?" Natasha smirked.

"Of course not. Have a seat." Dustin pulled out a chair for her.

"You must be Old Mr. Whiskey? I've heard that you love alcohol; that's why I brought some homebrewed ale as

a gift." With a smile, Natasha placed two bottles on the table.

"I'm satisfied as long as I have some alcohol! A glass of well-brewed ale is as valuable as liquid gold!" The one-eyed man beamed with joy.

He was just complaining about the lack of alcohol. This was exactly what he needed.

"If you like, I can send alcohol to you every day." Natasha chuckled.

"You are such a thoughtful and considerate young lady, much better than that Dahlia girl!"

The one-eyed man grinned from ear to ear.

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"Punk, you are so fortunate to have met such a wonderful woman like Ms. Harmon. You have to cherish her!"

"Take your alcohol and go away!" Dustin complained in annoyance.

"Alright, alright. I'm going upstairs to drink on my own. I don't want to be a third wheel here."
The old man carried both bottles and went up the stairs.

"Ms. Harmon, I apologize on behalf of that old man. He could be rude and ignorant." Dustin smiled sheepishly.

"I don't think he said anything wrong. Are you offended?" Natasha raised her eyebrows.

"No." Dustin shook his head.

"That's alright, then." Natasha chuckled.

"That reminds me, I've gone through so much trouble to help you escape from the interrogation room. How are

you going to repay me?"

"Can I treat you to dinner?" Dustin asked hesitantly.

"That's too predictable." Natasha rolled her eyes.

"Well, what do you want in return?" Dustin asked in confusion.

Without a word, Natasha closed her eyes.

She pointed to her pouty red lips and motioned for Dustin to kiss her.