

## An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 116 -

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“Don’t get ahead of yourself yet, you bastard!” Mr. Wangley shouted in anger.

“You have to remember that Mr. Harmon isn’t the only one who’s poisoned here. Without my antidote, you won’t be able to **live** past tomorrow with my poison in your system!”

“Is that so? Wanna bet on who kicks the bucket first?” Dustin chuckled.

“Why you-!” Mr. Wangley had been rendered speechless.

Looking at the current state of affairs, it was obvious that Quentin was the one who would lose first.

And it was exactly for this reason that Mr. Wangley proposed to call it a draw.

Unfortunately, the other party was having none of it.

“Hurry up and give **me** the antidote already, Dustin! We’ll count this as a loss on our side!” Quentin yielded grudgingly.

If it weren’t for the fact that he really couldn’t bear the pain anymore, he would never concede to a puny ant like him.

“You can’t just ‘say’ that you’ve lost. Where’s the sincerity in that, Mr. Harmon?” Dustin teased while shaking

his head.

“Don’t you test **me**, Rhys!” Quentin roared.

“When you make mistakes, it’s only logical that you admit your wrongdoings, no? Are you telling me that you can’t even do that much?” Dustin urged on, devoid of the slightest bit of fear.

“Oh, so you want me to get down on my **knees** and admit my mistakes to you? What makes you think you’re f\*cking worthy of that?” Quentin sneered as his expression turned cold.

"Of course, I'm not worthy. I guess you'll just have to get rid of the poison by yourselves then," Dustin replied with a shrug.

"Are you threatening **me** right now?" **Quentin** scowled.

"Goodness, no. I'm just returning the favor," Dustin replied, unperturbed.

"Enough, everyone stops this farce at once!" Jessica suddenly screamed.

"You'd better hurry **and** pass the antidote to Quentin right **now**, Dustin. Otherwise, you won't be able to take

responsibility if anything happens to him after this!"

"With all due respect, ma'am, every man considers his promises like gold. So since I **made** a promise just now, naturally I would need to fulfill that promise," Dustin replied plainly.

"What are you on about? And why do you insist on making yourself an enemy of the Harmons today?" Jessica snapped, her pretty face now stone cold.

She initially thought that Dustin would back down and be the bigger man in this situation, but didn't expect him to be so insensitive instead.

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"Can you cut the act already? You didn't say anything when Quentin was bullying Dustin before, so why are you jumping to Quentin's aid when he's in a difficult situation now? Do you even have a shred of dignity left?" Natasha suddenly voiced out.

"Why are you speaking for an outsider when Quentin is your own cousin?" Jessica frowned.

"I only speak for the truth, not blood relations!" Natasha proclaimed, righteously.

"Quentin was the one who started this whole **thing** in the first place, so now he's getting

what he deserves. Since we're outsiders in their competition, we should just sit and watch and not interfere!"

"Why you-!" Jessica growled, obviously angry at her daughter's outburst.

Although she let Natasha have her way outside, she really could not do anything about her in private.

All of her nagging and lectures failed to get to her.

She was such a thorn in her side!

"This is the last time I'm going to ask, Rhys! Are you giving **me** the antidote or not?" Quentin demanded while gritting his teeth.

"And I'll reply with the same answer. Kneel down and apologize first," Dustin stated flatly.

"Fine! Fine!" Quentin finally gave in with a sinister look on his face.

"I **can** kneel down, for sure, but are you sure you want to take responsibility for the consequences that ensue?" Quentin growled, his expression was murderous now.

"I'll need to see it for myself first." Dustin smiled mockingly.

"Fine! I hope you don't regret this!" Quentin shouted through clenched teeth. After hesitating for two seconds,

he finally dropped down to the floor on his knees with a heavy "thud".

But as he knelt, his death glare was firmly planted on Dustin, and his expression extremely fierce.

Humiliating him in public like this was equal to asking for death!

"The man has already knelt before you. Are you satisfied now, Dustin? Hurry up and hand him the antidote

then!" Jessica snapped.

Humiliating Quentin Harmon was equal to humiliating the entirety of the Harmon family.

How dare a measly doctor humiliated a Harmon like that. He was really asking to be killed!

“Here. Bottoms up.” Dustin said as he fished out a small, white vial and poured out the powdery contents into

a cup of tea.

“Is that Hexanavir? Mr. Wangley thought to himself.

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When Mr. Wangley laid his eyes on the small, white-colored vial, his expression immediately turned into shock, but a look of greed replaced it soon after.

That was legendary Dr. Rowan Cross' Miracle Cure!

Why does a punk like him have such a treasure on him in the first place?

Anyone could see that this antidote was incredibly precious and worth a lot of money!

Even the tiniest amount of powder could already fetch sky-high prices.

It was no wonder that the punk could act so cocky, and that was all because he was in possession of Hexanavir.

Today shall be the day of his downfall!

“Hmph!” Quentin snorted and said nothing before downing the whole cup of tea in one gulp.

Almost immediately after he gulped down the tea, the ongoing sharp pains in his stomach gradually started to disappear.

The pain completely disappeared a few minutes later.

This caused Quentin to feel like he'd just survived a huge ordeal.

"I won't forget the shame you inflicted on me today, Rhys! You had better not all into my clutches anymore in the future!" Quentin barked before turning to Natasha Harmon. "And as for you, Natasha, you'd better solve the crisis surrounding Eternumax soon. Else, don't blame me if I report you to the board!"

The moment he finished barking, Quentin left the room in a haggard state.

"You'll definitely regret everything you did today, young man!" Mr. Wangley grunted before turning to **chase** after Quentin.

Did he know who Quentin was? How could a puny doctor like him humiliate him like that?

If ever he decided to seek revenge eventually, he bet that his bones wouldn't be spared even after he was

brutally murdered!

"So you came prepared, Dustin. You really scared me just now." Ruth heaved a sigh of relief.

"It was all thanks to the Hexanavir your sister sent me. Otherwise, I wouldn't have won so **easily**," Dustin let

out a small chuckle.

But of course, the antidote merely made things slightly easier for him.

"Hmph! It was all a trick then!" Jessica snorted and looked at Dustin in disdain.

She initially thought that he'd used his skills for this, but who knew that he had just utilized Hexanavir which was made by the legendary Dr. Rowan Cross.

"You can stay unconvinced as long as you like, but the fact remains that Dustin won" **Natasha** argued with a

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hard **glare**.

“So what if he won by a fluke? What makes you think this kid can research Eternumax without Mr. Wangle here?” Jessica questioned.

Eternumax was the heart and soul of Harmon Pharmaceuticals for many years now and was an equally important part of the family’s development **plans**.

This was why she refused to believe that such an unknown figure like Dustin would have any ability to save

the day.

“Who says? To me, Dustin is way more knowledgeable than whoever this Wangle guy is.” Natasha stood her

ground firmly.

“Fine, since you keep insisting that he’s **the** superior choice, then why don’t we make a bet? If he can develop

Eternumax from scratch, I’ll take it as he’s passed the test. Otherwise, I’ll have him resign from his post immediately to make way for the others!” Jessica roared, clearly enraged.

“I have no qualms with that,” Natasha said, refusing to give way.

Whether he would be able to do it or not was a separate matter. She couldn’t back down now.

“Rhys, you punk! You’d better not let my daughter down!” Jessica spat after getting a clearer look at Dustin. She then folded up her sleeves **and** up and left.

“What did mom mean by ‘test’ just now?” Ruth asked, out of curiosity.

“Kids shouldn’t butt into adult matters.” Natasha rolled her eyes at her in response.

“Hmph! Well, I’m sorry for asking. Who died and made you queen?” Ruth pouted.

“You all keep mentioning Eternumax, but what is it exactly. Ms. Harmon?” Dustin asked while feigning ignorance.

Natasha Harmon forced a smile and started explaining. “Although the Harmon s have a firm grip over many industries, the main focus is still medicine. This was why the decision behind the selection of business

partners and benefit—  
sharing were all made in hopes of dominating the pharmaceutical market of th e entirety of Swinton. Thus, that was how we began  
researching and developing a new kind of drug, which we plan to use to captu re all of that market share,

“Everything  
was going to plan in the beginning, but no one **had** expected that there would be a traitor who had

been planted among us. Thus, Tilda Snider’s assassination presented an oppo rtunity to us, while serving as a warning to all traitors. But the moment they r ealized that they were about to be exposed, they employed methods of coerci on and enticing benefits to lure our employees to other companies instead, wh ich was how they took away a big chunk of our workforce. Not only that, they even stole our research findings! And the research findings in question were f or the new drug we’re developing, Eternumax!”

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“I see.” Dustin nodded.

Dustin recalled something and  
asked, “Following what you said, between you and Edwin, whoever first create s Eternumax would dominate the market in Swinton?”

“You could say that,” Natasha confirmed his thoughts.

“However, the documents of my researchers have been robbed. We have to s tart all over again. It would be too difficult.”

“Humph! That Hummer is too despicable! Him and his dirty tricks!” Ruth was i ndignant.

““What kind of medicine is Eternumax?” Dustin asked once again.

“Eternumax is a medicine that not only increases your lifespan but also retains beauty. It was said to be derived from an ancient antidote recipe. However, because the recipe was crafted such a long time ago, half of it was lost. We could only keep researching to restore the full recipe.” Natasha explained.

“An ancient antidote recipe?”

“If I’m following correctly, I do know about a type of secret medicine that has a similar effect to Eternumax.” Dustin rubbed his chin

“Oh? And what medicine is that?” Natasha’s eyes sparkled with interest.

“This medicine is called Immortunol. I read about it from a medical book archive. It also increases one’s lifespan and retains beauty. Its effects should be on par with Eternumax.” Dustin smiled faintly.

The archives that he **read** contained all valuable antidotes that had been lost in time.

Whatever **was** listed in there was definitely no ordinary medicine.

“Hah! I don’t believe you for one second! Eternumax is a secret ancient recipe. How could this ‘Immortunol’ even compare to it? I’ve never even heard of such a thing!” Ruth pouted.

“Just because you never heard of it, doesn’t mean it does not exist. There could even possibly be a surprise discovery.” Dustin suggested.

“No matter if it works, we should give it a try. Let me know what ingredients you need. I’ll prepare them right away.” Natasha offered without any hesitation.

That was because there was no other way to go about this. They were in a bind.

“Rue, bring me a pen and paper.” Dustin turned around and commanded.

“Hey! I told you a thousand times already. My name is Ruth! Ruth!” Ruth clenched her teeth.

Ruth gave Dustin a kick before bringing him the pen and paper.



After **taking** the pen and a few scribbles, Dustin finished writing Immortunol's recipe in an instant.

Natasha scanned through the list and nodded. "These ingredients are quite common and **easy** to find. The

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only tricky ingredient would be Luminianth Root."

\*Sis, there are a few sellers in the medicine market. Perhaps we could find some there." Ruth suggested.

"Yeah. Bring Dustin along to check it out. I still have some stuff to do." Natasha replied.

"Alright..."

Ruth pouted. Although she was a little disappointed, she agreed to her sister's request.

Her sister had a lot of stuff to do. She knew that she had to help her out.

After setting their destination, Ruth drove Dustin to the market.

A Mercedes-Benz parked in front of a shop named Emporium.

Dahlia and the others stepped out of the car which stopped abruptly.

Other than Florence and James, there was also a pretty, well-dressed lady beside them.

This woman was Florence's niece, Julie Amberson.

"Julie, didn't you say you wanted to get a present? Why are we at a place like this?" Florence was confused.

"Aunt Florence, I just got the news that this shop has a very rare ingredient called the Luminianth Root!" Julie whispered.

"Luminianth Root? What's it for?" The name piqued Florence's curiosity.

“It’s great as a gift, of course! Tomorrow is the Hummers’ birthday party. I’m planning to gift this to Miss Hummer!”

“Why are you gifting this instead of gems or jewelry like everyone else?”

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“Hehe...You wouldn’t know, would you? Miss Hummer is a noble lady. She doesn’t need gems or jewelry. If

you truly want to impress her, you should give her a one-of-a-kind gift. Luminanth Root has the ability to

retain one’s beauty. No woman could ever **resist** it. I believe that Miss Hummer would like it!” Julie uttered

confidently.

“You’re not wrong, but this Luminianth Root costs a fortune, right?” Florence asked.

“Of course! This is an extremely rare item. You won’t be able to buy it without three to five million dollars.”

Julie nodded.

“What! It’s that expensive?”

Florence was shocked. “Julie, do you even have that much money?”

“Of course, I don’t. But you do! So, lend me a few million dollars, I’ll return it to you next time.” Julie requested

without hesitation.

Her words stunned Florence.

Dahlia and James also frowned at her words.

This cousin of theirs would always borrow money every time she visits.

Last year she “borrowed” a Mercedes-Benz from them for two days. Until now, she still hadn’t returned the car.

It seemed like they will not be getting it back.

If they gave her a few million dollars now, there would definitely be no return as well.

“Julie, it’s not that I don’t want to lend you the money. A few million dollars is really too much.” After thinking for some time, Florence still refused.

“Aunt Florence, your family owns a business! There’s no way you don’t have that kind of money. Or is it that you guys don’t want to lend me the money?” Julie was getting upset.

“No, I really don’t have that much money.” Florence laughed awkwardly.

“If you don’t, then Dahlia should have that money, right? She’s the president of Quine Group! I don’t believe for

a second that she doesn’t have a few million dollars to spare!”

Julie turned to Dahlia as she uttered those words.

“The company’s finances are a bit tight at the moment. Every penny counts. I wouldn’t recommend spending the money on such birthday gifts.” Dahlia shook her head lightly.

If it was an emergency, she would definitely spend money without hesitation.

But for her situation, she really could not help her even if she wanted to.

“Dahlia! You can’t be that stingy? It’s just a few million dollars! It’s not like I wouldn’t return it to you!”

Julie crossed her arms and said confidently. “After I send Miss Hummer this gift, I’ll become her friend. Then,

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I'll get a high-rank position in Hummer Pharmaceuticals. I'll be earning a few million dollars every **year**, easy **peasy!**"

"Julie, you must not get ahead of yourself. It's not that easy to get into Hummer Pharmaceuticals. Never mind a high-rank position, with your experience, it would be best for you to get some training in my company." Dahlia tried to reason with her calmly.

"Dahlia, let me get straight to the point. I'm a valuable graduate of the Ivy League. Everyone wants me. A small company like Quine Group is not worth my time." Julie mocked.

Dahlia was speechless at her remarks.

This cousin of hers **was** a classic narcissist.

No experience and no skill, and yet she still dreamed about becoming a rich supervisor.

She looked down on almost everyone, and yet she doesn't even have the basics down.

"Alright! Back to the point! Are you lending me the money or not?" Julie's arms were still crossed in front of her body arrogantly.

She really had no shame as the one who was borrowing money.

"No!" James answered.

"Fine! Today I finally get to see what kind of people you guys really are! Relatives, my ass! You all just abandoned me when I'm in need. Tomorrow, I will make you pay!" With that, Julie turned around and stomped

away.

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“Julie! Don’t be mad, calm down!”

Florence quickly stopped Julie and smiled. “Isn’t it just a few million dollars? I’ll lend it to you! We’re all family after all. There’s no need to fight.”

“Mom! Why are you playing along with her?” James frowned.

“Julie is my only niece. Now that she’s in a pinch, who would help her if not me?” Florence stated the facts.

“Are you sure this is someone who needs help?” James was displeased.

“Shut it!” Florence glared at her son. “I’m not using your money. Can’t I use my own money?”

“You-!” James was shocked.

“Is she still my mother?” James wondered.

She treated a niece better than her own son.

“Aunt Florence treats me the best!” Julie chirped with a smile on her face.

This was not her first time acting like this. It was effective every single time.

“Of course, who’d treat you well other than me? Let’s go, we’ll buy you the Lumianth Root.”

Florence grabbed Julie’s hand and entered Emporium.

“Sis! You’re not going to stop mom?” James was worried.

“What’s the use of stopping her? This isn’t her first time doing such a thing.” Dahlia already gave up.

Her mother had been treating her sister’s family like this for a long time.

The only problem was their despicable attitude, exploiting her mother’s kindness.

“Hey, boss!” Julie immediately called out confidently while entering the shop.

“Welcome! What can I get for my distinguished guests?”

A middle-aged man with a big belly walked forward to greet his customers.

“A little bird told me that you sell Luminianth Root here. Is that true?” Julie sat down on one of the chairs in the shop.

“Miss, this bird of yours must be very efficient at its job! We do sell them here. In fact, it just arrived yesterday.” The shop owner spoke truthfully.

“Really? How do you plan to sell them?” Julie continued asking.

“This Luminianth Root is not that cheap. We’re planning to hold an auction for it.” The shop owner replied.

“Auctions are too much of a hassle. Why don’t you just sell it to me? It saves you the money to hold an auction.” Julie tried to convince the shop owner.

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“But The shop owner was troubled.

“What? Do you think I can’t afford it? Say it. How much are you planning to sell this for?” Julie asked.

“If miss truly wants to buy it, I wouldn’t try to stop you. I just need this much.” The plump shop owner held up five of his fingers.

“Five million? That’s expensive?!”

Florence immediately froze in place.

Although she expected it, she was still shocked when she heard the price.

“Five million already includes a discount for our friendship. If I were to auction this, I probably would earn five to six times this price. This is also an early price, otherwise, it wouldn’t be so low.” The shop owner shook his head.

“Can’t you lower the price a bit? This amount is too high.” Florence tried to negotiate with him.

“I can’t do that. This precious gem cost me a lot of fortune. To be honest, if I encounter someone who needs this, it wouldn’t even be a problem to sell it for a hundred million dollars.” The shop owner said with a serious face.

“But”

Before Florence could finish her sentence, Julie interrupted her. “Alright, alright! Aunt Florence, we shouldn’t be too sensitive! Isn’t it just five million dollars? We’re buying it!”

“Miss, I love your attitude! I will get someone to bring over the **Luminiath** Root right away!” The shop owner smiled from ear to ear as he signaled the man behind him.

The man immediately understood and ran upstairs.

After a while, he came back and presented a big wooden box.

“Inside is the Luminiath Root. Miss, will you be paying by card or cash?” The shop owner grinned, pleased with the transaction.

“Card.”

Julie said without any remorse, “Go ahead, Aunt Florence.”

The corner of Florence’s lips twitched as she painfully reached into her bag for a card.

As they were finishing up the transaction, a woman’s voice yelled from outside

.

“Wait! That Luminiath Root is ours!”

Everyone looked towards the voice, and immediately, a man and woman walked into the shop.

It was Dustin and Ruth.