

An understated Dominance – Dahlia and Dustin Chapter 1371

Chapter 1371: Paper Crane

“Wow! This is so amazing! Making a paper crane fly like that?”

“Is this the master of mystical arts? Truly impressive!”

The display by the man in black left the Torby family members in awe. They had heard about such things before but had never witnessed them, and they couldn't believe there were such remarkable individuals in the world.

“What do you think, everyone? Do you believe in Master Hudson's abilities now?” Owen smiled slightly, a hint of pride on his face.

“Indeed, he is a master. Meeting him today has truly broadened my horizons!” Kevin's expression brightened, and his eyes took on a different look. If his father was truly cursed, only such extraordinary individuals could help.

“These are just parlor tricks, hardly worth mentioning,” the man in black said in a dismissive tone, adopting a posture of profound sophistication.

“The crane control technique earlier may not be much, but Master Hudson's true abilities lie ahead. We can look forward to it,” Owen added, trying to smooth things over.

“Very well,” Kevin nodded with a smile.

“Isabela, you don't need to worry. With Master Hudson here, your grandfather will surely be safe,” Owen said with a friendly smile.

“Hmph!”

Isabela turned her head in a haughty manner, refusing to respond.

Owen looked somewhat awkward but didn't say much. His gaze suddenly turned to Dr. Elijah, and he said, “Doctor Elijah, I just heard you mention that you might know another expert in mystical arts. Does the person you know happen to be even more skilled than Master Hudson?”

He had long coveted the Healwell Clinic, but the old man had not shown any willingness to compromise.

“Well...” Elijah hesitated, looking somewhat uncomfortable. “Master Hudson’s mastery of mystical arts is unparalleled, of course.”

“Heh... If you don’t have the ability, don’t embarrass yourself here. Leave Mr. Torby’s strange illness to Master Hudson,” Owen retorted, using a sarcastic tone.

His words carried a double meaning, subtly mocking Elijah’s lack of medical skills and suggesting he should leave. Dr. Elijah’s brows furrowed briefly, but he quickly composed himself, lowered his head, and remained silent. He knew better than to challenge a wealthy and influential young man like Owen.

“Owen, let’s not be too full of ourselves. It’s not yet clear who’s embarrassing themselves,” a dispassionate voice suddenly drifted in.

Everyone turned to see a young man dressed casually, handsome in appearance, strolling over.

It was indeed Dustin.

“Little Miracle Doctor?” Isabela’s face brightened, and she hurried to greet him. “Why are you here?”

“I heard from Doctor Elijah that your grandfather has a strange illness, so I came to take a look,” Dustin smiled.

“Oh... so you’re the expert in mystical arts that Doctor Elijah mentioned?” Isabela quickly realized.

“I can’t really be called an expert. I only know a little about mystical arts,” Dustin replied modestly.

“Hmph! You only know a little, and you dare to show yourself? Aren’t you afraid of being laughed at?” Owen sneered.

He had been nursing a grudge since the incident at the club yesterday, so he had promptly asked Brinkley to invite Master Hudson. But before he could take his revenge, something happened to the Torby family, so he quickly brought Master Hudson to gain some favor.

He didn't expect to run into Dustin here, and the sight of his enemy made him even more envious.

"It seems like Owen has a lot of grievances. How about we play the same game we played yesterday?" Dustin smiled ambiguously.

"You—" Owen was getting angry.

He wanted to lash out, but he was concerned about his image and had to hold back.

This guy dared to provoke him, it was infuriating!

"Who is this?" Kevin asked with some confusion.

"Dad, he's Dustin Rhys, a young doctor who saved my life before, and now he's my good friend," Isabela explained while intentionally giving a glance at Owen, as if flaunting something.

Chapter 1372: Talisman Paper

Owen furrowed his brows slightly, a hint of resentment flashing in his eyes.

"So, you're Dustin Rhys. I've heard of you," Kevin nodded.

He was well aware of the recent events in his family. Just the formula for the Jade Dew Ointment was enough to make him take notice.

"Uncle, I heard that Grandfather is suffering from hysteria. May I take a look?" Dustin offered his help.

"You?" Kevin squinted his eyes, a bit skeptical. Although Dustin was recommended by Dr. Elijah, he looked quite young and didn't seem very reliable.

"Dustin, I appreciate your offer, but we've already invited Master Hudson. You don't need to trouble yourself," Sophia spoke unexpectedly.

"Did you hear that? With Master Hudson's assistance, why would we need you to show off here?" Owen sneered.

“Young man, don’t seek attention where it’s not wanted. Matters of life and death are too serious for you to mess around with,” the man in black said sternly.

“Dustin, let it go,” Dr. Elijah shook his head.

It was evident that trying to take the lead at this moment was not a wise choice.

“Very well. Since Master Hudson is so confident, I won’t make a fuss. Please go ahead,” Dustin made a polite gesture with one hand, showing he wasn’t forcing the issue.

“Hmph! At least you have some self-awareness,” the man in black gave him a disdainful glance and then stepped into the room.

The others followed suit, moving quietly and carefully, not daring to make too much noise.

“What’s going on?” The man in black frowned as he entered the room, displeased. “Why is the patient restrained? Do you know that this affects the treatment? Release him immediately!”

“Master Hudson, you may not be aware, but after my father’s strange illness, he becomes uncontrollable and has a tendency to attack people. We had no choice but to restrain him,” Kevin explained immediately.

The scene of his father going berserk had left him deeply traumatized.

“It’s okay. With me here, the patient won’t cause any trouble. Release him,” the man in black said confidently, standing with his hands behind his back.

“This…” Kevin glanced back at his wife, Sophia. Seeing her nod, he waved his hand and said, “Release him.”

“Yes!”

Two members of the Torby family responded and immediately approached to untie the ropes.

“Master Hudson, untying the ropes may not be a wise choice. What if the patient’s hysteria flares up and harms you?” Dustin reminded them.

“Joke! I’ve seen all sorts of storms. What does a mere hysteria matter?” The man in black snorted coldly.

“Dustin, just because you lack the ability doesn’t mean Master Hudson can’t do it. Pay attention and learn something. If you can grasp anything from this, it will benefit you for life,” Owen said sarcastically.

“Is that so? Then I’ll wait and see,” Dustin shrugged and remained silent.

After being untied, the man in black approached and examined Christopher Torby’s eyelids, opened his mouth, and looked at his tongue and teeth. Finally, he conducted a brief examination of various parts of his body.

“If I’m not mistaken, the patient seems to have been subjected to witchcraft, disturbing his mind, which is why he exhibited symptoms of madness,” the man in black said calmly.

“Well done, indeed an expert. You’ve immediately identified the issue,” Kevin praised first, then asked cautiously, “I wonder if Master Hudson has a method to break the curse?”

“A mere low-level witchcraft is nothing. I can easily dispel it with a talisman paper,” the man in black dismissed.

“Oh?” Kevin’s eyes lit up. “Then please, Master Hudson, proceed with the treatment. Once the matter is resolved, our Torby family will surely show our gratitude.”

“Agreed.”

The man in black nodded in satisfaction, then reached into his pocket and pulled out a yellow talisman paper covered with mysterious symbols.

“Kid, learn from this. Watch me break the curse with a talisman paper!” The man in black glanced at Dustin on purpose, then with a single graceful motion, slapped the yellow talisman paper onto Christopher’s forehead.

“Snap!”

Christopher’s body trembled, and he abruptly opened his eyes.

Chapter 1373: Get Off Me

“He’s awake! He’s awake! The old master is awake!”

“No wonder he’s called a master of mystic arts. He really lives up to his reputation!”

“One talisman, and it’s done! Incredible!”

As the man in black’s talisman paper fell, Christopher opened his eyes.

Seeing this, the Torby family members couldn’t help but show great joy. So many doctors had been helpless before, but now Master Hudson had easily resolved the issue. It was truly remarkable.

“Haha... How about that? The expert I brought didn’t disappoint you all, did he?” Owen said proudly.

“Master Hudson’s mastery of mystic arts is truly impressive!” Kevin quickly saluted with clasped hands.

“Master, you are truly a divine person!” The Torby family members showed admiration on their faces.

The man in black’s abilities completely reshaped their understanding, and they realized the incredible power of these extraordinary individuals.

“Young man, what do you think? Are you impressed?” The man in black glanced at Dustin contemptuously, his face filled with arrogance.

They were rivals in the same field, and yet a mere youngster dared to compete with him for food; it was truly overestimating his own capabilities.

“Master Hudson, you’d better be careful. I don’t think this situation is as simple as it seems,” Dustin said calmly.

“Humph! You’re truly ignorant!” The man in black sneered. “Do you even know what ‘one talisman, breaking the curse’ means? Do you know what it means to have mastery over a myriad of arts? Do you know—Ah!”

Before he could finish his words, Christopher, who was lying on the bed, suddenly bounced up and pounced on the man in black, biting his ear and tearing it off with his teeth.

The man in black screamed in agony as blood poured from his severed ear, splattering all over the place.

“Ga, ga, ga...”

Christopher grinned grotesquely, chewing on the man in black’s ear, his mouth smeared with blood, resembling a demon.

“Ah! Get off me! Get off me!” The man in black jumped around in panic, trying to shake Christopher off his back.

However, Grandpa Christopher had astonishing strength. He firmly held onto the body of the black-clothed old man with both hands and feet, like an octopus, never letting go.

“Hmm?”

This sudden turn of events startled everyone.

No one had expected that Grandpa Christopher would suddenly become violent and injure someone, and just like before, he targeted the ears for biting.

Didn’t they say a talisman could break the evil spirit? Didn’t they say that magic could solve everything?

Why wasn’t it working?

While everyone was in shock, Grandpa Christopher suddenly bit the face of the black-clothed old man and tore off a bloody piece of flesh.

“Ah!”

The black-clothed old man screamed even louder, losing his air of superiority. He yelled repeatedly, “What are you all standing around for? Hurry! Get this crazy old man off me!”

“Quick! Go help!”

Kevin, now awake as if from a dream, quickly directed people to rescue the black-clothed old man.

However, despite their efforts, they couldn't pry Grandpa Christopher's hands apart.

"Hehehe..."

Grandpa Christopher laughed even more maniacally, his eyes filled with a crimson and ferocious glare. He suddenly focused on the black-clothed old man's neck and then bit down.

"Get back!"

Seeing the situation spiraling out of control, Dustin finally took action.

He quickly moved forward and pointed at Grandpa Christopher's forehead.

Grandpa Christopher's body shuddered, his eyes closed, and he fell into a faint.

It wasn't until this moment that the group managed to loosen Mr. Christopher's limbs and place him back on the bed.

As for the black-clothed old man, his face was covered in blood, his hair disheveled, and he looked utterly disheveled.

Chapter 1374: Something Hidden

Compared to his previously mysterious appearance, he was now the complete opposite.

"Doctor! Where's the doctor? Quickly, stop the bleeding for me!" The black-clothed old man was in a state of panic, shouting loudly and taking the phrase "afraid of death" to the extreme.

"This..."

As they watched Master Hudson jumping around, Kevin and the group couldn't help but exchange strange looks, their expressions showing their bewilderment.

Why was the situation a bit different from what they had expected?

Where had the image of the master gone?

“He’s gone mad! This old man has truly gone mad! Biting people on sight, eating flesh and blood – why didn’t you tie him up?!” The black-clothed old man questioned angrily while receiving treatment.

“Master Hudson, I’ve warned you before that my father might exhibit symptoms of attacking people after falling ill,” Kevin explained.

“Attacking people? Is this what you call attacking people? It’s clearly man-eater!” The black-clothed old man couldn’t maintain his composure.

Kevin’s mouth twitched, silently cursing to himself, blaming me when you were the one who acted arrogantly?

“Cough, cough, Master Hudson, you’re injured. How about taking a rest for a while?” Owen said with an embarrassed expression.

They had originally invited him to gain favor with the Torby family and strengthen the relationship between the two families. However, they had ended up in this embarrassing situation, failing to achieve their goals and losing face in the process.

It was truly awkward.

“Hmph! Such bad luck!” The black-clothed old man sat down and began receiving medical treatment.

“Master Hudson, it seems that your ‘Talisman to Break Evil Spirits’ doesn’t work very well,” Dustin said with a half-smile.

“What do you know? Just now was an accident. Let me try again tomorrow; I’m sure it will work!” The black-clothed old man declared confidently.

“I think it’s better to forget about it. If you try again, you might not survive,” Dustin said calmly.

“How dare you look down on me?!” The black-clothed old man became so agitated that he stood up suddenly. However, his movements were too abrupt, causing pain at his wound. He winced and grimaced in pain.

The comical sight made everyone can’t help but hold back their laughter.

What kind of occult master? Just so-so.

“Dustin, stop being so cryptic. Even if Master Hudson made some mistakes, it’s not your place to meddle,” Owen said with a stern face.

“So, does Master Hudson actually treat or not? If not, then let me give it a try,” Dustin said calmly.

“You want to try? Do you have the capability?” Owen sneered.

“Kid! You really don’t know your limits!” The black-clothed old man snorted. “Even I can’t break the witchcraft that dispels my ‘Talisman to Break Evil Spirits.’ Do you think you can? Don’t dream!”

“Whether I can or not, we’ll find out when I try, right?” Dustin smiled.

“Fine! Since you’re so eager to humiliate yourself, I’ll give you a chance. I want to see what you’re capable of!” The black-clothed old man smirked.

If they were going to lose face, they might as well do it together, so it wouldn’t be too embarrassing.

“Young man, do you... have confidence?” Kevin asked cautiously.

Even Master Hudson had failed. Could a young upstart really cure his father’s strange ailment?

“In the current situation, it shouldn’t get any worse, right?” Dustin didn’t give a direct answer.

“Well, then please proceed,” Kevin nodded, not saying much.

Whether it worked or not, they had no other options at this point.

Dustin approached the sickbed and began examining Grandpa Christopher’s body. He explained as he worked, “Ordinary witchcraft would only make a person weak and unconscious. Cases like Grandpa Christopher, where he goes berserk and bites people, are very rare. To achieve this effect, there’s only one possibility: there must be something strange hidden near him that is continuously affecting his body.”

“Hmph! Trying to deceive people with your tricks!” Owen showed disdain.

“Pandering to the crowd!” The black-clothed old man also looked scornful.

“I found it!”

At this moment, Dustin’s eyes suddenly lit up, and he reached under the mattress.

Chapter 1375: Red Jade Pendant

“Found it?”

Upon hearing this, everyone instantly perked up, their gazes locked onto Dustin’s hand.

Soon, a black silk pouch was retrieved by Dustin from under the mattress.

Opening the pouch, he poured out a red jade pendant from it.

The jade pendant was round, blood-red in color, covered in strange symbols, and looked rather weird.

“What is this? How did it end up under old man’s bed?” The members of the Torby family exchanged puzzled glances, not understanding.

“This item is called Blood-Ink Jade and can be used as a medium in witchcraft,” Dustin held the jade pendant, examining it while explaining, “It is said that the formation of Blood-Ink Jade is related to corpses. When a person has just died, a jade pendant is placed in their mouth, and as they take their final breath and swallow, the jade pendant falls into their throat, entering the bloodstream. After being left undisturbed for a hundred years, the blood, soaked into the jade, forms a direct connection to its core, creating the strange and beautiful Blood-Ink Jade.”

“This treasure is extremely rare and valuable, sought after by many witchcraft practitioners. Blood-Ink Jade not only aids in their cultivation but also enhances the power of their witchcraft spells. Fortunately, we discovered it in time; otherwise, in another three days, Grandpa Christopher would have been beyond help.”

As this revelation came to light, the faces of the Torby family members changed drastically.

No one had expected that under the mattress where old man had been bedridden for years, there would be such a malevolent object.

It was evident that someone had intentionally plotted this!

“Uncle, in order to enter Grandpa Christopher’s room and hide the Blood-Ink Jade under the bed, I believe it must have been someone from within the household,” Dustin hinted meaningfully.

“I understand,” Kevin nodded, already forming suspicions in his mind.

Outsiders wouldn’t have been able to do it, which left only the possibility of an inside job.

This matter had to be thoroughly investigated.

“Hmph! This sounds like fear-mongering. Who knows if what you’re saying is true or false?” Owen raised doubts.

“If Mr. Own doesn’t believe it, how about wearing it for a couple of days and trying it out?” Dustin handed the Blood-Ink Jade over to him.

“What are you doing? Stay away from me!” Owen was startled, quickly backing away to put some distance between them, afraid of touching the object.

“Dustin, we’ll investigate the matter of the Blood-Ink Jade ourselves. The most pressing issue right now is whether you can cure father’s illness or not,” Sophia suddenly spoke, her expression as indifferent as ever.

“Of course, no problem.”

Dustin took out a silver needle and inserted it into old man’s acupoints: Anmian, Yongquan, Xiantang, and Shenmen. With a flick of his finger, the silver needle vibrated, sending strands of profound and pure true energy into old man’s body.

After a moment, old man Christopher’s slightly furrowed brow gradually relaxed. The tense muscles began to loosen, and his pallid face started to regain some color.

Three minutes later, Dustin withdrew the silver needle.

“Is that it?” Sophia furrowed her delicate brows, her skepticism evident.

“It’s almost done,” Dustin nodded and explained, “Witchcraft is essentially a manifestation of alternative energy, you can think of it as a kind of poison. However, this poison doesn’t harm the physical body; it affects a person’s vitality and spirit instead. The strength of one’s spirit can vary greatly. Strong individuals can to a large extent resist the poison of witchcraft, while those who are physically weak are more susceptible to its influence. If I’m not mistaken, Grandpa Christopher’s health hasn’t been great, has it?”

Chapter 1376: Hospitality

“That’s right! My grandfather frequently falls ill, and each time, he has to stay in bed for quite some time,” Isabela nodded repeatedly.

“So, it provided an opportunity for the caster,” Dustin said with a faint smile. “In fact, curing Grandpa Christopher is not difficult at all. Just dispose of this Blood-Ink Jade, stabilize his spirit, and he’ll be fine. The needles I just used served to calm and stabilize him. Additionally, I’ll prescribe some calming medicine. If he follows the prescription and takes the medicine for ten days to half a month, Grandpa Christopher will become lively and healthy.”

“Really? It’s that simple? Why do I feel like you’re trying to deceive us?” Owen continued to doubt.

“Simple?” Dustin raised an eyebrow. “If we hadn’t discovered this Blood-Ink Jade, Grandpa Christopher’s life would be in jeopardy.”

“We don’t understand what you’re saying. We just hope that father can wake up as soon as possible,” Sophia said.

“Grandpa Christopher has just fallen asleep, and he needs rest. It’s not advisable to disturb him now, lest it worsens his condition,” Dustin explained.

“Hmph! You’ve said enough. Why should we believe you? We want a clear answer now. When will Grandpa Christopher wake up?” Owen continued to confront him.

“He’ll recover quickly. He should wake up tonight at the earliest, and at the latest, by tomorrow,” Dustin replied.

“Good! Then we’ll wait one more day. If Grandpa Christopher doesn’t wake up tomorrow, I’ll accuse you of scheming for personal gain and harming a life!” Owen declared sternly.

“Suit yourself,” Dustin shrugged, not bothering to engage with him.

Just a clown jumping around, not worth the attention.

“Dr. Dustin, you’ve worked hard. Today, you can rest here and enjoy our hospitality as a token of our gratitude,” Kevin smiled and, without waiting for Dustin’s refusal, raised his hand and gave a direct order, “Someone, prepare a guest room for Dr. Dustin, with good food and drinks. Don’t neglect him!”

“Uncle, I won’t refuse then,” Dustin replied with a faint smile.

He naturally understood that Kevin was deliberately keeping him around because of his lack of trust. If Grandpa Christopher woke up tomorrow, everyone would be delighted. If not, it would be a different story.

“Isabela, take Dustin around and familiarize him with the surroundings,” Sophia said.

“No problem!” Isabela smiled sweetly. “Dustin, let’s go. I’ll show you around the garden!”

After saying this, she grabbed Dustin’s hand and started walking out.

“Isabela...”

Seeing this, Owen immediately blocked their path, wearing a fawning smile. “I have some things I’d like to talk to you about. Can you give me a chance?”

“No!” Isabela’s face hardened. “Get out of the way!”

“Isabela, I just need five minutes, and then I’ll leave,” Owen became somewhat urgent.

“I won’t listen! Get out of my way!”

Isabela forcefully stepped on Owen’s foot. While he winced in pain, she quickly pulled Dustin away.

“Isabela... Isabela!”

Owen gritted his teeth, limping as he chased after them.

“Sophia, do you believe what that kid said?”

After everyone had left, Kevin began speaking in hushed tones with his wife.

“I believe half and doubt half,” Sophia said indifferently. “This young man has an unknown background and mysterious origins. Approaching our Torby family, perhaps he has ulterior motives?”

“Should I have someone investigate him?” Kevin asked.

“Of course, we must investigate,” Sophia’s eyes flashed with a cold light. “If this young man truly has sinister intentions, we won’t let him stay!”

Chapter 1377: Deep Remorse

The situation with Mr. Christopher had temporarily stabilized. Due to his distrust of Dustin, Kevin had decided to keep him around and had people monitor him closely.

Dustin followed Isabela and explored the streets near the Torby family’s residence. The Torby family had various businesses, including bars, KTVs, hotels, and casinos, all within a ten-mile radius. They were clearly a thriving enterprise.

After having their fun, Isabela took Dustin to a nearby upscale restaurant for dinner. However, just as they sat down, the restaurant’s doors swung open.

Owen, who refused to give up, entered the restaurant carrying a large bouquet of flowers and approached them with a heartfelt look in his eyes.

“Humph! What are you doing here?” Isabela immediately stiffened upon seeing him.

Without any hesitation, Owen knelt down on the floor and said with deep remorse, “Isabela, I’m sorry. I know I was wrong. Please forgive me.”

“What?” Isabela was taken aback by the sudden turn of events. She never expected Owen, who usually cared a lot about his image and was quite

domineering, to kneel and apologize publicly. His actions left her feeling bewildered.

“What... what are you doing? Are you crazy? What’s going on?” Isabela moved away from him, feeling both embarrassed and angry.

When Owen knelt down, the attention of all the nearby restaurant patrons was drawn to them, making the situation even more awkward for her.

“Isabela, I’m serious,” Owen remained on his knees, holding the bouquet with both hands. He spoke earnestly, “I know I made a mistake, and I understand that you might find it hard to believe me. But I swear, my feelings for you are genuine! These past few days, I’ve reflected deeply on my actions, and I deeply regret what I did. I hope you can give me another chance, even just one chance, to prove my love for you. Isabela, I love you. I truly, truly love you. I can’t live without you. Please, forgive me.”

The heartfelt words and sincere apology from Owen had moved not only Isabela but also the restaurant patrons. However, Isabela tried to maintain her cold and indifferent facade.

“Humph! Now you realize you were wrong? Where were you all this time? Let me tell you, I will never forgive you, you scoundrel!” Isabela crossed her arms and deliberately displayed a cold demeanor.

However, sitting across the table, Dustin could sense that Isabela’s tone had softened somewhat.

Owen’s public display of humility and the heartfelt confession were indeed compelling. For women, such gestures could be quite effective.

“Isabela! If you don’t forgive me today, then I’ll kneel here forever until I die!” Owen’s expression showed his determination, as if he were willing to do whatever it took.

“If you want to kneel, then kneel. It’s none of my business!” Isabela stood up, ready to leave.

Owen acted swiftly, grabbing Isabela’s leg, pleading desperately, “Isabela... Isabela! I was wrong, I truly realize my mistakes. Please, don’t leave me!”

“What are you doing? Let go!” Isabela was taken aback, trying to pull her leg free, but Owen’s grip was firm.

“Dear girl, they say a prodigal son returns with treasure. This young man has acknowledged his mistakes. Please, forgive him,” an elderly woman nearby chimed in.

“That’s right. Couples argue all the time. No matter what happened, if he has realized his mistake, it’s a good thing.”

Chapter 1378: Acting Like Maniac

The onlookers at the restaurant couldn’t help but join the conversation, offering their opinions and advice to Miss Isabela.

“Dear, finding a boyfriend who truly cares about you is not easy these days. This handsome young man is very sincere, and he’s even willing to give up his pride to win you back. If my boyfriend were half as good as him, I’d be waking up with a smile every day.”

“Yeah, couples argue all the time. No matter what happened, if he has genuinely realized his mistake, it’s a good thing.”

Isabela, while maintaining her stern attitude, couldn’t help but be slightly moved by the atmosphere and Owen’s heartfelt apologies. However, she pretended to remain unmoved.

“Humph! Now you realize you were wrong? Where were you all this time? Let me tell you, I will never forgive you, you scoundrel!”

As Owen continued to plead, Isabela remained firm. She was hesitant to trust his sincerity fully.

“Isabela, forgive me, please?”

“I swear, I will love you wholeheartedly from now on. If I ever betray you, may the heavens strike me with thunder!”

Owen knelt on the ground, raising his arm, extending three fingers, and making a solemn oath. His resolute and earnest demeanor struck a chord within Isabela.

However, she maintained her act of anger, saying, "Owen, you're too late now. I gave you a chance, but you didn't cherish it. Now, Dustin is my boyfriend."

With that declaration, she held Dustin's arm to emphasize her point.

Owen's expression turned even more serious, and he said, "Dustin? Isabela, how can this guy compare to me? Look at him, he has no status, no abilities. He's just a swindler, a small-time gigolo at best. Why should you compare me to him?"

"Shut up!" Isabela snapped. "I won't allow you to insult Dustin!"

"Isabela, I'm thinking about your future. You should know that we are the perfect match, and we truly love each other. Besides, we're already engaged, so we're practically a married couple. What is Dustin compared to me? Why should you compare me to him?" Owen argued.

"Ugh! Who says we're married? You're shameless!" Isabela retorted.

"Isabela, it may not be now, but it will be in the future. I genuinely love you. Please, will you marry me?" Owen said and, from his pocket, produced a jewelry box, slowly opening it.

Inside was a large, stunning pink diamond ring that sparkled brilliantly in the sunlight, capturing the attention of many women nearby. A pink diamond of this size and beauty was worth millions and not easily obtainable.

"Humph! Do you think you can buy me with a diamond ring? Dream on!" Isabela sneaked a glance at the ring and immediately turned her head away, maintaining her façade of indifference.

"Isabela, what will it take for you to forgive me? Is this guy sabotaging us by saying bad things about me?" Owen inquired, suspecting that Dustin had played a part in their discord.

Owen's resentful gaze suddenly turned towards Dustin as he angrily shouted, "You, with the last name Rhys! How dare you steal my woman? You're going too far! I challenge you to a duel!"

"It's none of my business. You have your own guilt to bear," Dustin replied calmly.

“Quit the nonsense! If you’re a man, fight me. Whoever wins gets to be with Isabela. Do you dare?” Owen raised his head, intentionally provoking a confrontation.

“Not interested,” Dustin shook his head.

“Humph! Looks like you’re scared, huh? Coward!” Owen sneered. “For Isabela, I’m willing to risk my life. What about you? You won’t even fight. Why do you think you deserve Isabela? If you know what’s good for you, you better leave now. Otherwise, don’t blame me if my fist accidentally lands on your face!”

“Owen, you’ve gone too far!” Isabela exclaimed.

This guy was acting like a maniac!

“Willing to risk your life, huh?” Dustin raised an eyebrow slightly and then nodded. “Fine, since you enjoy fighting so much, I’ll play along.”

“Good! Let’s see who’s the coward here!” Owen grinned with a sense of accomplishment after his scheme succeeded.

Chapter 1379: Battle Between Men

“Dustin, don’t be impulsive. You can’t beat him!” Isabela hurriedly tried to dissuade him.

Seeing the situation turning unfavorable, Isabela quickly intervened.

Owen had been practicing martial arts since childhood, and he was physically strong, easily handling multiple opponents. In contrast, Dustin was just a doctor, and challenging a martial artist like Owen was undoubtedly suicidal.

“Don’t worry; I haven’t put trash like him in my eyes,” Dustin replied calmly.

Owen was merely an internal martial artist, decent against ordinary people but no match for skilled fighters.

“Kid! You can act arrogant all you want. Soon, you’ll realize just how big the gap is between us,” Owen sneered, taking off his suit jacket to reveal a white shirt underneath. His muscles were well-defined, showcasing his strength.

“Owen! I warn you not to mess around!” Isabela stepped in, attempting to stop the confrontation.

“Isabela, this is a battle between men. Don’t interfere. I’ll prove how much I love you,” Owen said solemnly.

“You... you’re absolutely unreasonable!” Isabela exclaimed.

Although she knew Owen’s behavior was inappropriate, she couldn’t help but feel a sense of anticipation. Two men were fighting over her, a unique experience she had never encountered before, and it oddly satisfied her vanity.

“Dustin, don’t accuse me of bullying you. I’ll give you three moves first,” Owen said arrogantly.

“Stop the nonsense and just make your move. I’m in a hurry; the sooner we finish, the sooner I can eat,” Dustin extended his hand, beckoning.

This contemptuous gesture infuriated Owen.

“You’re asking for death!” Owen coldly harrumphed and immediately lunged forward with a powerful punch aimed at Dustin’s face.

This punch was fierce, carrying tremendous force, capable of breaking through solid wood.

“Crack!”

Just as Owen’s punch seemed about to land, his face was suddenly slapped hard, causing him to stumble.

“Huh?”

Owen was baffled, feeling the burning pain on his face as he reached up to touch it. He couldn’t quite process what had just happened. What happened?

Why is my face hurting so much?

“Crack!”

Before Owen could fully grasp the situation, Dustin delivered another powerful slap to his face. This time, the force was even greater, sending Owen flying and causing him to crash to the ground.

“Ah?”

Isabela stood there in shock, her face filled with disbelief. She had initially thought Owen would win, but Dustin turned out to be more formidable, defeating him with just two slaps.

Fast and fierce.

“You... how dare you hit me?”

Owen struggled to get up, shaking his head to clear his dizziness. Once he regained some clarity, he was furious, his eyes burning like they could shoot flames.

“You have the audacity to challenge me with this little skill?” Dustin shook his head.

His words were calm, but to Owen’s ears, they were infuriating, pushing him over the edge.

“You son of a bitch! I’ll fucking kill you!”

With a fierce expression, Owen pulled out a knife and thrust it aggressively toward Dustin’s chest. If their previous exchange had been a duel, this was now an attempt at murder.

“Seeking death!”

Dustin’s eyes turned cold. He swiftly grabbed Owen’s wrist and, with a crisp sound, snapped it in half.

“Ahhhhh!”

Chapter 1380: Clown Looking In The Mirror

In the midst of the chaos, Owen let out a piercing scream. However, his cries were abruptly stifled as Dustin’s iron grip closed around his throat.

Owen's breath was cut short, his face turning red, and veins bulging on his neck. His futile attempts to kick and struggle were in vain.

The fear of imminent death overwhelmed him.

"Let... let go of me..."

Owen's voice emerged hoarse as he managed to squeeze out a few words.

"Resorting to a knife when you can't win? Are you willing to sacrifice your face?"

Dustin's fingertips exerted more pressure, silencing Owen's cries.

Owen's face contorted, his legs flailed helplessly, but it was all futile.

The fear of death was palpable, and his vision started to blur.

"Don't... hurt him!"

A shrill scream came from behind Dustin, followed by a loud "thud" as a bottle suddenly struck the back of Dustin's head.

In an instant, glass shards flew and alcohol splashed.

"Hmm?"

Dustin furrowed his brow slightly and turned to look.

He saw Isabela, holding the broken half of a bottle, staring at him with a panicked expression.

After a moment of confusion, Isabela suddenly realized what she had done. With a cry of "Ah," she threw away the broken bottle and said with guilt, "Dustin... Dustin, I'm sorry, I didn't mean it. I was afraid you'd hurt Owen and get yourself into big trouble."

"Owen is the young master of the Stratford family, with a powerful background. You can't afford to provoke him. I... I was just concerned about you."

Isabela's eyes dodged, and she offered various explanations. But the more she tried to explain, the guiltier she appeared.

After touching the residue of alcohol on the back of his head, Dustin's brow furrowed even more.

Isabela's attack with the broken bottle had come so suddenly, without any warning. Moreover, it had targeted the back of his head.

If he were an ordinary person, he might have been lying on the ground by now.

Although her actions were driven by urgency, it was clear that in Isabela's mind, Dustin's status was far below that of Owen. She was even willing to sacrifice Dustin to save Owen.

Thinking of this, Dustin suddenly felt a bit foolish.

He regarded Isabela as a friend, willingly lent a helping hand multiple times, and even acted as a shield to help her escape from a scumbag boyfriend.

And the result? Not only did he not receive any gratitude, but he also got hit on the head with a wine bottle by Isabela as payback.

Now, he could be compared to clown looking in the mirror, inside and out.

Well, let's just chalk it up to a poor choice in friends.

Dustin shook his head in disappointment, and with a loose grip of his hand, he let Owen fall to the ground.

"Owen! Are you okay?"

Isabela rushed forward, her face filled with concern, as she carefully examined his injuries.

She didn't truly hate Owen; she had simply been angered and jealous. Seeing him injured now, her face displayed nothing but distress.

"Cough, cough..."

Owen coughed and massaged his neck. Once his breathing had returned to normal, he forced a smile. "I'm fine, these minor injuries are nothing. As long as you can forgive me, I'm willing to risk my life for you!"

This was a perfect opportunity to play the martyr, and he wasn't about to let it slip away.

"You're such a fool!"

Isabela alternated between joy and moved emotions.

It appeared that Owen had genuinely turned over a new leaf for her, even going so far as to risk his life in a duel for her sake. Such sincere feelings were truly rare.

She decided to forgive him.

After all, who among us is without flaws?

"Hehe... after all this fuss, it turns out that the clown was me all along?"

Watching the two of them, filled with affection for each other, Dustin couldn't help but smile with self-mockery.

After a series of ups and downs, the once-conflicted Isabela and Owen had chosen to reconcile. However, in his attempt to help, he had unwittingly become the sacrificial scapegoat and the villain of the story.

The irony of it all!