

## **An understated Dominance – Dahlia and Dustin Chapter 1421**

### **Chapter 1421: Eighty Lashes**

In the midst of a wailing crowd, Carlos and Roselyn were arrested.

No matter how they tried to explain or beg for mercy, it was of no use.

Silas had already been irritated, and now, two fools who didn't know their place had jumped into the fray. Naturally, he needed to vent his anger properly.

Blame it on Carlos and Roselyn for running into trouble.

When nothing was really happening, they insisted on sowing discord and making trouble, clearly bringing it upon themselves.

In the military, the punishment of eighty lashes was no joke.

Even a strong and robust martial artist would need to lie down for ten days to half a month after receiving such punishment.

For ordinary people without training, the result would be even worse – they could end up beaten to death or crippled.

“Husband, those two who were just taken away seem to really dislike you. Have you offended them?” Natasha couldn't help but ask out of curiosity as she watched the two being dragged away.

“They're just two rabid dogs, not worth bothering about,” Dustin shook his head.

Roselyn and Carlos were typical bullies who groveled to those in power and looked down on others.

On one hand, they flattered and fawned over important figures, while on the other, they acted arrogantly and disdainfully towards others.

Perhaps in their eyes, he was just a poor bumpkin from the countryside, destined to be stepped on and never rise above his station.

But whenever he achieved something, they couldn't stand it, and they would use all sorts of tricks, both overt and covert, to hinder and mock him.

In short, they couldn't stand to see him succeed.

The hearts of such people were too dark, too contradictory, and too despicable.

Their current situation was purely of their own making.

"Husband, the Bryant family is a military aristocracy, and their family members have been practicing martial arts since childhood. There are many experts among them. It might be risky to challenge them in a duel," Natasha expressed her concern.

She knew Dustin was very talented, but Stonia was different from the Southern Province. It was a place full of hidden dragons and crouching tigers, with strong individuals aplenty.

One small mistake could lead to a disadvantage.

"Don't worry. If I dare to challenge them, I'm sure of my abilities. The Bryant family won't be able to do anything to me," Dustin confidently smiled.

"A fair and open duel is one thing, but I'm afraid the Bryant family might resort to trickery."

Natasha raised her delicate eyebrows. "How about this? On the day of the duel, I'll invite my grandfather to oversee it. With him there, the Bryant family won't dare to play any tricks."

"No need for that, right? It's just a small matter. Why involve the Duke?" Dustin politely declined.

"It concerns your safety. How can you call it a small matter?" Natasha's pretty face turned serious. "Listen to me, it's settled. If my grandfather disagrees, I'll drag him over by force!"

Dustin couldn't help but chuckle.

With Natasha's personality, she would definitely follow through with her words.

However, her approach was a bit too forceful.

“Oh, by the way, there’s something I’m not sure if I should tell you,” Natasha changed the subject.

“What is it? Just say it, it’s fine,” Dustin smiled.

“A few days ago, I saw Dahlia in Stonia,” Natasha suddenly said.

“Dahlia?” Dustin’s smile faded. “What is she doing in Stonia?”

“I don’t know,” Natasha shook her head. “But I saw her mingling quite well. She had a group of high-ranking officials and nobles around her, all flattering her. Her status and position seem to have changed.”

“Perhaps she had some other stroke of luck. Anyway, it has nothing to do with me,” Dustin shrugged.

“What about it? Don’t you want to see her?” Natasha asked with a sly smile.

“Why would I want to see her? It would only add unnecessary complications. Now, she’s on her own path, and I’m on mine. Going our separate ways is the best outcome,” Dustin replied calmly.

“Well, that’s true. After all, she has lost her memory, so she probably won’t bother you anymore,” Natasha commented.

## **Chapter 1422: Unfathomable Heart**

Natasha smiled and gently took Dustin’s arm. “Let’s go, I’ll take you around and show you our United Group.”

In a spacious and well-lit room in the Stratford family’s estate in the southern city.

Owen and Isabela sat facing each other, chatting and enjoying some snacks.

“Owen, why hasn’t Master Hudson arrived yet? He better not stand us up,” Isabela said, looking at the time, her expression somewhat impatient.

She had been waiting for nearly an hour, and he still hadn’t shown up.

“Don’t be impatient, Isabela. Master Hudson is a busy man. Let’s wait a bit longer; I believe he’ll be here soon,” Owen said, trying to appease her with a flattering smile.

As he spoke, the room’s door suddenly opened with a click, and a cold, elderly man dressed in black robes entered.

The old man walked in with his hands behind his back, his expression icy, his gaze arrogant. He exuded an aura of profound mystery from head to toe.

“Master Hudson, you’ve finally arrived,” Owen’s eyes lit up, and he quickly stood up to greet him.

“Do you have what I asked for?” the elderly man in black robes asked, his voice deep and mysterious.

“Everything is ready,” Owen nodded and then placed a piece of clothing on the table. “This is the clothing worn by Dustin. I had someone steal it back.”

“Very good. With this, that kid won’t escape even if he grows wings,” the elderly man in black robes said, nodding in satisfaction.

Dustin’s actions at the Wang family’s residence had made him lose face, and now, Owen was paying handsomely to hire him. This was a chance for him to exact some personal revenge.

“Master Hudson, it’s just a piece of clothing. Can it really be of any use?” Isabela questioned, unimpressed.

“What’s the matter? Are you doubting my abilities?” the elderly man in black robes responded with some irritation.

“Don’t misunderstand, Master Hudson. Isabela is just curious. We’ve never seen something like this before,” Owen quickly tried to smooth things over with a smile.

“To be honest, there will be a lingering scent on the clothing that belongs to a person, one we can’t detect but something else can. Even from a hundred miles away, it can accurately track that person,” the elderly man in black robes explained.

“Oh? What’s this thing that’s so powerful?” Isabela suddenly became interested.

“It’s related to our sect’s secret arts, and I can’t disclose it,” the elderly man in black robes said calmly.

Isabela frowned, a bit displeased, but she ultimately restrained herself.

“Master Hudson, shall we begin?” Owen changed the subject.

“Yes.”

The elderly man in black robes nodded and took out two sealed bamboo tubes from his bag.

On the left bamboo tube, there was a green cloth covering, and on the right one, there was a red cloth covering.

“The green bamboo tube contains a poison. Those bitten by it will experience excruciating pain, as if being gnawed by countless ants, seeking survival but finding only suffering.”

“The red bamboo tube contains a deadly creature. Anyone bitten by it will bleed from all seven orifices and die within three minutes.”

“Now, it’s up to you to choose. Do you want him to suffer immensely or meet his end right here?”

The elderly man in black robes explained and handed the choice to the two individuals before him.

“Isabela, what do you think we should choose?” Owen asked, turning his head.

“Just killing him like this would be too merciful,” Isabela said with a cold expression, her eyes flashing with malice. “Anyone who dares to oppose me will experience unbearable agony. I want him to regret his choices, kneel before me, beg for mercy, and admit his mistakes!”

Upon hearing this, Owen couldn’t help but raise an eyebrow.

Damn, she truly lives up to the saying that a woman’s heart is as deep and unfathomable as the ocean!

## Chapter 1423: Poison Creature

Isabela's menacing demeanor sent shivers down Owen's spine.

He had expected her to hesitate a bit, but she immediately demanded that Dustin suffer greatly.

After all, Dustin had helped her in the past. Wasn't this punishment a bit too severe?

Thinking back to his own actions, Owen felt a bit uneasy.

Fortunately, he had the backing of the Stratford family. Otherwise, in the hands of this crazy woman, he didn't even want to think about his miserable fate.

"Owen, is there a problem?" Isabela smiled again, displaying an innocent appearance, a complete contrast to her previous maliciousness.

It was like two completely different extremes.

"No, no problem!" Owen laughed heartily. "This kid deserves it. He offended my precious one and should pay the price!"

"Indeed, Owen, you always care about me," Isabela said sweetly, pointing to the green bamboo tube. "Master Hudson, let's use the poison in this one to teach that arrogant fool a lesson!"

"When you take someone's money, you help them resolve their problems. Your call," the man in black robes nodded without saying much.

He then cut off a piece of fabric from the clothing, dripped some blood onto it, and tossed it into the green bamboo tube. After completing these actions, he chanted a mysterious incantation with an air of mystery.

After his dramatic performance, he suddenly lifted the green cloth and said sharply, "Go!"

"Buzz!"

The moment the green cloth was lifted, a black poisonous insect shot out instantly, flying out of the room at an incredible speed.

“All done. We’ll have results within an hour,” the man in black robes said, shaking his sleeves before sitting back down to enjoy some tea and snacks.

“Thank you for your efforts, Master Hudson.”

Owen smiled slightly and waved his hand. “Bring in the wine!”

With his command, a sumptuous feast of food and wine was quickly brought in.

Along with the gold bars, there was also an exquisite wooden box.

Opening it revealed that it was filled with gold bars.

“Master Hudson, please accept this as a token of our appreciation,” Owen pushed the wooden box filled with gold bars forward.

“No problem. It’s my honor to assist Young Master Owen,” the man in black robes said, showing a rare smile as he naturally accepted the gold bars. Compared to paper money, he preferred these shining gold items.

“Master Hudson, I’ll raise a toast to you, wishing for a pleasant future cooperation between us.”

Owen poured three glasses of wine, one for each of them.

After clinking glasses and taking a sip, they began to enjoy their drinks, and their spirits gradually lifted.

Owen was quite interested in occult knowledge, so he asked about it, and the man in black robes was willing to share his knowledge in return for the gold bars.

After some conversation, Owen learned that Master Hudson had come from the Witchcraft sect.

So-called occult knowledge was essentially witchcraft, just with a more appealing name.

Owen and the man in black robes were engaged in a lively discussion, while Isabela, sitting beside them, was feeling gloomy.

The topics the two men were discussing didn't interest her at all, and she felt left out.

After three rounds of drinks and a satisfying meal, Isabela couldn't hold back any longer and spoke up, "Master Hudson, you mentioned that we would see results within an hour. It's been quite some time, and there hasn't been any movement. Did your plan fail? The creature you released, could it have failed?"

"Hmm?"

Hearing this, the man in black robes suppressed his smile. "What's this, Miss Isabela? Do you doubt my abilities?"

"I just find it strange and wanted to make sure there were no unexpected incidents," Isabela furrowed her brow slightly.

"What kind of unexpected incident could there be? My poison creatures are carefully cultivated and have never failed. As long as they target their prey, even if the prey flees to the ends of the earth, it's useless!" the man in black robes said confidently.

"If that's the case, why is there still no sign of success? How can you be sure it worked?" Isabela persisted with her questions.

## **Chapter 1424: Backlash**

"The creatures I raise require regular feeding with the owner's essence blood. Over time, a certain connection is established. Once they succeed, I can immediately sense it," the man in black robes explained.

"That's quite mystical," Isabela raised an eyebrow.

"This is occult knowledge. Someone like you, a young lady from a wealthy family, naturally wouldn't understand its mysteries," the man in black robes said, feigning profundity.

"If there's a successful connection, what if it fails?" Isabela asked again.

“Hmm?”

Hearing this, the man in black robes furrowed his brow slightly.

Was this woman deliberately looking for trouble?

“How could that be?” Owen quickly intervened, sensing the tension. “Isabela, don’t overthink it. Master Hudson’s occult knowledge is exceptional, and his methods are foolproof. There’s no way he could fail.”

“Just in case. I mean, what if,” Isabela immediately added.

“Hmph! There’s no ‘what if!’” The man in black robes’ expression darkened, and he said coldly, “As long as that kid isn’t made of metal and has no spiritual protection, he’s destined for a calamity!”

“I don’t understand all these things. I just want to know if there would be a response in case of failure,” Isabela persisted.

“You...”

The man in black robes was getting a bit annoyed.

Was she made of wood? Couldn’t she understand plain language?

He had already said it wouldn’t fail, yet she kept digging for details.

“Don’t get angry, Master Hudson. Isabela is just curious,” Owen tried to defuse the situation.

She’s truly a pampered young lady, completely lacking in insight.

“Hmph!”

The man in black robes picked up his wine glass, drained it in one gulp, and then slammed it onto the table. He said coldly, “If, by some chance, it really fails, then it’s my lack of skill, and I’ll deserve any backlash!”

“Backlash? What kind of backlash?” Isabela continued to inquire.

“It could range from dizziness to weakness for three days,” the man in black robes said with a deep voice.

“I see,” Isabela nodded, suddenly understanding.

It was confirmed that there would indeed be a response in case of failure.

“Miss Isabela, are you satisfied now?” The man in black robes’ face looked a bit unpleasant.

“Master Hudson, please don’t misunderstand. I was just asking casually,” Isabela smiled.

“Wait...”

The man in black robes was about to say something when his expression suddenly froze. “I sense it now. The poison creature is becoming restless. It should be getting close to its target.”

“Really?”

Hearing this, Isabela and Owen immediately became alert, staring intently, awaiting further information.

“It’s getting closer... It’s almost succeeding!”

The man in black robes closed his eyes, carefully sensing, and his emotions became somewhat excited.

“Come on... just a little more.”

The man in black robes muttered to himself.

Isabela and Owen had their hearts in their throats.

“Ha... it’s done...”

Suddenly, the man in black robes opened his eyes, about to share the good news, when his body suddenly trembled violently as if struck by lightning!

The next moment, the man in black robes “puh” and spewed a mouthful of blood.

His whole body rolled over, collapsing to the ground.

Unconscious.

“Ah?”

Seeing this scene, Isabela and Owen were left dumbfounded.

They stared at each other, wide-eyed and puzzled.

What just happened? Weren't they on the verge of success? Why did he start vomiting blood?

### **Chapter 1425: venomous creatures**

“Master Hudson!”

Realizing the situation, Owen immediately helped him up.

They called for help and even tried acupuncture techniques, but the man in black robes didn't wake up. Instead, he started convulsing violently, with blood streaming from his nose, making the scene especially frightening.

“What's wrong with Master Hudson? Could it be that he's possessed by an evil spirit?” Isabela widened her eyes.

He had been perfectly fine just a moment ago, and suddenly he collapsed, exhibiting bizarre convulsions. It was truly inexplicable.

“Quick! Get him to the hospital!”

Owen grew frantic and quickly ordered the servants to carry the man out of the house. They rushed him to the hospital for emergency treatment.

Master Hudson wasn't an ordinary person; he came from the Witchcraft Sect. If he were to die in the Stratford family's care, it would undoubtedly lead to enormous trouble.

...

As the night deepened, inside a hospital room in South City:

After a round of emergency treatment, the man in black robes finally stabilized.

Owen paced back and forth in the room, looking somewhat anxious.

On the other hand, Isabela leisurely enjoyed a banana, appearing completely uninterested in the fate of Master Hudson.

She couldn't care less about whether Master Hudson lived or died; her primary concern was whether he had accomplished what he was supposed to.

"Owen, don't be nervous. Master Hudson is an expert; nothing serious will happen to him," Isabela said calmly.

"That's easy to say, but the situation just now was too frightening. If something were to happen to Master Hudson, we'd be in big trouble," Owen said with a furrowed brow.

"What kind of trouble could there be? He's just a sorcerer. With our two major families in control, we have nothing to fear," Isabela dismissed. In this region of South City, the Torby and Stratford families held supreme authority. While sorcerers were rare, their combined resources could easily hire multiple sorcerers for any task.

"Isabela, things aren't as simple as you think..."

Owen began to explain when suddenly, the man lying on the hospital bed began to cough a few times. Slowly, he opened his eyes.

"Master Hudson, you're finally awake!"

Owen's eyes lit up, and he eagerly approached, asking, "How are you? Are you okay?"

"Where am I? How did I end up here?" The man in black robes rubbed his temple, his mind still a bit foggy.

"Master Hudson, you fainted and coughed up blood earlier. Don't you remember?" Owen was perplexed.

"Coughed up blood? Fainted?"

Furrowing his brow, the man in black robes began to recall the events.

Then, as if he remembered something, his face suddenly changed dramatically, and a hint of fear appeared in his eyes.

"Oh my!"

The man in black robes exclaimed in terror, threw off the blanket, and bolted out of bed, stumbling all the way.

His panicked behavior seemed as if he had seen a ghost.

“What?”

Watching the man’s strange actions, Owen was momentarily stunned. He quickly followed and blocked his path, asking, “Master Hudson, what’s going on? Why are you running like this?”

“If I don’t run, am I waiting to die?”

The man in black robes turned and shouted, “Owen, oh, Owen, you’ve gotten me into big trouble this time! Do you know who we’re dealing with? It’s an incredibly powerful entity! They could crush us with a flick of their finger!”

“What?”

As soon as these words were uttered, Owen stood frozen on the spot, his face filled with shock. He exclaimed, “Master Hudson, are you not kidding?”

“Do I look like I’m joking with you?” The man in black robes was visibly anxious.

He had remembered.

When he was directing the venomous creatures to attack their target, he suddenly experienced an incredibly intense backlash. He had never encountered such a situation before, and it caused him to cough up blood and lose consciousness.

## **Chapter 1426: Master of Mysticism**

“Incredible! You two have no idea of the extent of your ignorance!” The man in black robes said indignantly. “The person who caused me to cough up blood is by no means an ordinary individual. You’ve been frightened out of your wits for no reason! His power far exceeds your imagination! If I were you, I’d immediately stop what I’m doing and offer a sincere apology to that person. Otherwise, once that formidable figure becomes furious, you’ll regret it beyond words!”

He came from the Cult of Witchcraft and knew very well what such a severe backlash implied. It meant that the other person was, at the very least, a master of mysticism. Perhaps even more powerful!

“Master Hudson, don’t be so alarmist,” Isabela retorted. “Dustin is just a doctor. What could he possibly do? You’ve exaggerated this to the extreme. If this nobody managed to scare you so much, I have to question whether you have any real abilities.”

“Exactly,” Owen chimed in. “We know exactly who Dustin is, and he’s far from being as formidable as you claim.”

“A nobody like you managed to scare you to the point of coughing up blood,” Isabela continued, “and now you’re trying to scare us with your baseless stories? You’re just a charlatan who’s lost his touch.”

The man in black robes clenched his fists in frustration, his face red with anger. He had risked his life to give them a warning, and this was how they responded.

“Master Hudson, calm down. Perhaps there’s a misunderstanding,” Owen hastily tried to defuse the situation. “I believe Dustin certainly doesn’t possess such abilities. Could it be that there was a mistake on your part that led to your injury?”

“Impossible!” the man in black robes immediately refuted. “My methods have always been infallible; I’ve never made a mistake before. This time, I truly encountered an exceptional individual!”

“Hmph! Never made a mistake before? That’s laughable,” Isabela scoffed. “In just a few days, you’ve already made two mistakes. What face do you have to claim your methods are infallible? From my perspective, you’re just incompetent!”

“You... You’ve gone too far!” The man in black robes was about to erupt in anger, but his emotions got the best of him, and he coughed up blood once more, nearly falling to the ground.

“Master Hudson!”

Owen rushed to help, but the man in black robes pushed him away, saying coldly, "I've said all I needed to. If you don't believe me, you'll have to face the consequences yourselves."

With that, he stumbled out of the hospital room without looking back.

"This so-called 'Master' is nothing more than a charlatan!" Isabela sneered. "In just a few days, he's made two mistakes already. It's ridiculous. In my opinion, he's simply incompetent!"

"Hmph! What a bunch of nonsense," she continued. "He's already warned us, and if we choose not to listen, it's our own fault."

"Isabela, I have a feeling that something is a miss with this situation," Owen said, trying to be cautious.

"What's there to investigate?" Isabela replied. "He's just a countryside guy. What kind of waves can he make? If you're not willing to take action, I'll find someone myself. I won't trouble you."

"Seeing you put it that way, it's my honor to help my precious one," Owen said, wrapping his arm around her waist and smiling. "Rest assured, tomorrow I'll spare no expense to find another expert and make sure Dustin pays the price!"

"That's more like it," Isabela replied with a smile.

Any man who had rejected her would never have a good ending

## **Chapter 1427: Business World**

At midnight, Dustin bid farewell to Natasha and returned to his villa in the southern part of the city.

Although they felt reluctant to part, they couldn't afford to draw too much attention to their relationship. Dustin's mission was too dangerous, and he didn't want Natasha to be implicated.

So, from now on, they could either meet in secret or keep their encounters to a minimum. As the granddaughter of the Duke of Duncan, Natasha was too

conspicuous. Spending too much time together would risk exposing their relationship.

The night passed quickly.

The next day, in the early morning, Dustin got up and headed to the Imperial Tower to meet with Hazel.

At the same time, same place, and same private room, they sat facing each other, sipping tea and chatting.

“Young man, regarding our cooperation, I have obtained the support of my family. In the time to come, the Lancaster Clan will invest its full strength in jointly developing and promoting the Jade Dew Cream,” Hazel said.

“That’s a wise choice,” Dustin replied with a slight smile, unsurprised by the decision. Given such an excellent opportunity, any family with ambition wouldn’t easily let it slip away.

“In addition, I’ve already arranged the pharmaceutical factory, medicinal herbs, and pharmacists. We can officially begin production today. However, we still have two challenges to overcome,” Hazel continued.

“Oh? What challenges are those?” Dustin asked.

“First, the prescription you provided is too difficult for ordinary pharmacists. The success rate is low, and the quality is hard to guarantee,” Hazel brought up the issue.

“That’s simple. Select a group of pharmacists with good comprehension and trustworthiness, and I’ll personally teach them. It will only take three days, and they’ll be capable of working independently,” Dustin replied with confidence.

“That would be ideal,” Hazel nodded. “Now, let’s talk about the second challenge. In the Southern City area, the pharmaceutical business is dominated by the Stratford family. They have a monopoly on reputation, connections, influence, and resources. Our Lancaster Clan is significantly weaker in comparison. Especially after collaborating with the Torby family, the Stratford family’s dominance is even more unshakeable. With our Jade Dew Cream having superior effects and lower prices, it won’t matter. If we release the product, dealers won’t buy from us if the Stratford family simply hints that they shouldn’t.”

The business world heavily values personal relationships and connections.

“The Stratford family has a firm foothold in the pharmaceutical market, and with the influence of the Torby family, it’s unrealistic for us to compete directly with them,” Hazel explained. “Right now, we need to find an alternative approach.”

“So, do you have any suggestions?” Dustin didn’t answer directly but asked another question.

“My suggestion is to start with the other three major districts and cooperate with other prominent families,” Hazel replied. “This way, we can share the pressure with multiple allies, and our future development will be smoother.”

She understood that Jade Dew Cream, a top-tier external wound medicine, was a huge opportunity. It was a piece of cake too big for the Lancaster Clan to swallow alone. Sharing it with others would be the wisest choice.

“That’s a good idea. I’ve also considered that approach. We should start with other districts, find a powerful ally, open up the market, and then move on to encircle the Stratford and Torby families,” Dustin nodded in agreement.

“Hehe... it seems we think alike!” Hazel playfully blinked her eyes.

“Do you have any suitable candidates?” Dustin acted as if he hadn’t noticed.

“Among the Eight Great Clans, the only family that can compete with the Stratford family in the field of medicine and is relatively reliable is the Thompson family in the East District,” Hazel provided the answer.

“The Thompson family? One of the Top Four Clans?” Dustin raised an eyebrow.

“That’s right.”

### **Chapter 1428: A Strong Preference for Men**

Hazel smiled and said, “Among the Eight Great Clans, the Langford, Thompson, Green, and Turner families are at the forefront, with the Torby, Stratford, Parker, and Sterling families slightly behind. As long as we can form

an alliance with the Thompson family, dealing with the Torby and Stratford families will be much easier.”

“Very well, let’s go with the Thompson family,” Dustin nodded and praised her, “It seems you’ve done your homework. Have you already contacted someone in the Thompson family?”

“You’re indeed sharp,” Hazel playfully smiled. “You guessed it right. I’ve already found a target in the Thompson family. As long as we convince him, cooperation won’t be a problem.”

“Oh? Who is this person?” Dustin was curious.

“He is the youngest son of the Thompson family’s patriarch, Samuel Thompson!” Hazel said.

“Samuel Thompson?” Dustin raised an eyebrow. “That name is quite unique.”

“Young man, don’t underestimate him,” Hazel said with a smirk. “Samuel Thompson is the apple of the Thompson family’s eye. He is pampered by every member of the family from top to bottom.”

“So impressive? Does Mr. Samuel have any exceptional qualities?” Dustin became even more curious.

“Of course!” Hazel smiled. “Mr. Samuel’s exceptional quality is that he was born into the right family. The patriarch of the Thompson family had more than a dozen daughters before finally having Samuel Thompson when he was old enough to know his destiny. As the only son of the Thompson family, Mr. Samuel has been showered with love and attention since the day he was born. He’s treated like a precious gem, carried carefully and handled delicately. Grandparents, parents, uncles, aunts, and even his more than a dozen sisters all dote on him immensely. Just think about it, what kind of weight does such a person carry in the Thompson family?”

Listening to the description, Dustin couldn’t help but look intrigued. Having more than a dozen daughters and finally getting a son was indeed an unusual situation, especially in a prominent family. Samuel seemed to have hit the jackpot from the moment he was born.

With such a status and upbringing, he didn't need to compete or connive with others. Starting from his birth, he became the heir of a prestigious family and the object of everyone's affection.

His position and status were even more comfortable than being born into royalty.

"So, are you satisfied with the choice I made?" Hazel asked with a smile.

"Nobody is more suitable than him," Dustin raised his thumb.

As long as he convinced Samuel, the Thompson family's side would naturally not be a problem.

"Young man, don't get too excited too soon. Samuel has been pampered since childhood, and his personality is a bit unique, difficult for ordinary people to understand, so I'm not confident," Hazel shook her head.

"Regardless, we have to give it a try. Cater to his preferences, and perhaps we can make some progress," Dustin said.

"It will depend on your abilities," Hazel said with a meaningful smile. "I've already inquired. Samuel is coming to Emperor's Pavilion for breakfast today. It should be almost time. Show your best."

"Me?" Dustin was taken aback.

"Of course," Hazel smirked. "Samuel has a unique personality and unique interests. I've heard he dislikes women but has a strong preference for men. You look so handsome, with such a good physique. As long as you make a little sacrifice, I believe there shouldn't be a problem."

Dustin's eye twitched, and he almost couldn't hold back a curse.

This woman, she must be doing this on purpose.

"Well... he's here now. Good luck," Hazel said.

## **Chapter 1429: Client's Father Happy**

“Here... the person has arrived. Good luck to you,” Hazel suddenly grinned mischievously and pointed in a certain direction with her delicate chin.

Dustin followed her gaze and saw a young man dressed in elegant attire, with clear eyebrows and bright eyes, gracefully ascending to the second floor like the center of the universe.

The man had long hair, held a folding fan, and walked with a confident stride. He exuded the charm of a classic handsome hero from ancient times.

Around him, a group of bodyguards and servants followed closely, providing constant protection. Anyone attempting to get close was blocked.

If anyone made any suspicious moves, they might be dealt with on the spot.

“How is he? Doesn’t he look good? If you really go for it, you won’t lose out,” Hazel said, stifling a laugh with her hand.

Her excitement couldn’t be concealed.

A showdown between two men, how thrilling.

She had to find an opportunity to sneakily take some pictures and enjoy them later.

“Miss Hazel, could you please be more serious?” Dustin said irritably.

What was this woman thinking?

“I’m being serious! It’s business, after all. We need to make the client’s father happy,” Hazel winked playfully.

“Let me make it clear in advance, I won’t sell my body,” Dustin said firmly.

“Well, that will depend on your abilities. If you can convince Samuel, there won’t be a need to sacrifice your looks,” Hazel chuckled.

“Why do I feel like you’re deliberately setting a trap for me to fall into?” Dustin looked at her strangely.

“Don’t talk nonsense. I’m a serious woman and don’t enjoy looking at such lewd things,” Hazel said seriously, but her eyes curved into crescent moons as she smiled.

“Alright, I’ll go over and test the waters.”

Dustin took a deep breath, finished his tea in one gulp, and then stood up, walking towards the private room on the opposite side.

Inside Samuel’s private room at that moment, a group of bodyguards stood guard both inside and outside, not allowing any strangers to get close. Even the waitstaff who delivered tea and dishes could only stop at the door, where Samuel’s servants would inspect the items for poison before bringing them inside personally.

The entire process was very meticulous and smooth, eliminating any risks.

“Halt! Who are you?!”

Dustin had just approached when he was blocked by several bodyguards at the door.

Burly figures, like solid doors, obstructed Dustin’s view, making it difficult for him to see the situation inside the room.

“May I ask if the young master of the Thompson family is inside?” Dustin asked politely.

“Even if he is, what’s it to you? Our young master doesn’t see outsiders. Please leave immediately!”

The guards at the door were vigilant, their tone stern.

As they spoke, their hands moved to their waists, showing a high level of alertness. If Dustin made any sudden movements, they would draw their guns to eliminate the threat.

“There’s no need to be nervous, gentlemen. I mean no harm.”

Dustin raised his hand slowly, indicating that he posed no threat, and said, “I came here today out of curiosity, mainly to discuss a business opportunity with Mr. Samuel. I believe he would be very interested.”

“Business?”

The guards exchanged glances and then started to size up Dustin.

He did look good, the type their young master liked.

However, his background was unclear, and that didn't matter how good-looking he was.

"If you want to see our young master, you need to submit a written request, state your identity, and wait for our verification. Only then will our young master decide whether to meet with you," one of the bodyguards replied.

"Is it that complicated?" Dustin furrowed his brow slightly.

"Complicated?"

The bodyguard snorted, "There are countless people who want to meet our young master every day. If you think it's too complicated, then don't bother!"

Who did he think he was kidding?

The Thompson family was a top-tier aristocratic clan, and their young master was the sole heir. It wasn't easy to just request a meeting.

"Gentlemen, I have urgent matters to discuss with Mr. Samuel. I kindly request that you inform him," Dustin said, bowing slightly.

### **Chapter 1430: A Business Opportunity**

"Regardless of the matter, it must be done according to the rules!" The bodyguard refused firmly.

"Very well, I'll speak directly with Mr. Samuel."

"Gentlemen, my apologies."

Dustin said sorry and then raised one hand.

"Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh..."

A row of silver needles shot out, accurately hitting the necks of several bodyguards.

The bodyguards immediately stiffened, immobilized, unable to move or even make a sound, their eyes the only things they could move.

Their expressions were filled with astonishment.

“A necessary measure, please understand.”

Dustin bowed slightly, then pushed past the two immobilized guards and stepped into the room.

As he entered the private room, a sharp gaze immediately locked onto him, accompanied by a chilling aura.

“Swoosh!”

In the next moment, a black steel knife, carrying a fierce blade aura, viciously slashed toward Dustin’s neck.

Dustin raised an eyebrow and instinctively took a step back.

The blade narrowly missed his throat, sending a bone-chilling sensation that made his hair stand on end.

“Bang!”

The open room door was cut into pieces by the blade, and even the wall behind it bore a long, deep gash.

This swift and fierce strike was nearly impossible to defend against for anyone below the level of a Grandmaster.

“Hmm?”

The person wielding the blade let out a puzzled sound, seemingly surprised that Dustin had managed to evade the lethal strike.

Just as she was about to deliver a second strike, Dustin quickly spoke up, “Wait! I have business to discuss with Mr. Samuel.”

“Swoosh!”

Without any hesitation, the person swung the blade for a second time.

This strike was even faster, fiercer, and more ruthless, clearly possessing the strength of a Martial Grandmaster!

“Wait...”

A lazy voice sounded.

The black steel knife suddenly stopped mid-air with a “buzz,” its blade, as sharp as cutting iron like mud, less than ten centimeters away from Dustin’s neck.

Dustin let out a sigh of relief.

If they continued like this, someone might get hurt, and it wouldn’t end well.

“Clang!”

The long knife was sheathed.

Dustin could now see clearly that the person wielding the blade was actually a young woman in her twenties.

She was dressed in martial attire, with a stern expression and sharp eyes.

Her entire body exuded a chilling aura.

Most importantly, despite her young age, she was a Martial Grandmaster.

At her age, with such innate talent and strength, even in the competitive city of Stonia, she would be considered among the very best.

To have a gifted Martial Grandmaster as a personal bodyguard indicated how much the Thompson family valued Samuel.

“To evade Anna’s strike is proof enough that you’re not an ordinary person,” Samuel said calmly, sitting in his chair, holding a fan and gently swaying it. He looked Dustin up and down, clearly showing increased interest. “Risking your life to see me, tell me, what is it that you want?”

“I came here today uninvited, mainly to discuss a business opportunity with you,” Dustin replied with a slight smile.

“Business?” Samuel asked. “It’s not another investment scheme, is it? I may have a lot of money, but I’m not foolish.”

“You misunderstand, Mr. Samuel,” Dustin explained. “The business I want to discuss doesn’t require you to invest a single cent. It only requires access to the Thompson family’s connections to open up a market.”

“Oh? What makes you think I would help you?” Samuel raised an eyebrow, his interest piqued. “Or is there something special about you that can attract my attention?”