

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 15 -

Chapter 15

Never in Dustin's wildest dreams would he think that was how Dahlia viewed him. She had no faith in him at all. As it turned out, three years of marriage meant nothing when compared to an outsider.

"You're right. I'm despicable, while Chris is a hero. I slandered him. Are you happy now?" Dustin said self-mockingly. It was pointless to defend himself when there was no trust to begin with.

"What's with your attitude? Are you saying I'm accusing you?" Dahlia frowned.

"Not at all. I'm the one to blame for badmouthing a good person," Dustin replied curtly.

"You're so stubborn!" His words angered Dahlia. She never knew that Dustin would act like this out of spite and refuse to admit his mistake. Was he finally showing his true colors after their divorce?

"It's all right, Dahlia. Don't get too worked up." At this time, Chris put up a pretentious act of kindness and said, "Dustin must be doing this because he doesn't like that I'm too close to you. I don't blame him. Everyone makes mistakes."

"Do you see how forgiving Chris is? This is the difference between you and him!" Dahlia spat, disgusted.

"I'm not even going to try arguing with you if that's what you think," Dustin replied in a clipped tone.

"Hmph, I bet it's because you feel guilty," Lyra commented disdainfully.

"People like you are detestable. Why do you insist on putting on an act when you don't have what it takes?"

"I don't care about what you think of me." Tired of bickering with them, Dustin stood up and left.

Just then, a man with curly hair appeared at the hall entrance. He had on a pair of sunglasses and was smoking a cigar.

“Damn, what a lively atmosphere!” Edward grinned as he looked around. As soon as his eyes landed on Dahlia, he was momentarily dazed. Then the look in his eyes quickly turned fiery.

“Tsk, tsk. I wasn’t expecting today to be my lucky day. I’ve met another stunning woman!” Edward licked his lips and approached Dahlia right away. He smiled and said, “Hey, beautiful. You look familiar. Have we met before?”

Dahlia threw him a glance and ignored him.

“Our meeting must be fated. Why don’t you come and get a drink with me?” Edward invited.

“I’m not interested,” Dahlia rejected without hesitation.

“Money can buy your interest,” Edward stroked his chin and uttered slyly. “Let me get straight to the point then. If you sleep with me for one night, I’ll pay you any amount you like.”

“Get lost,” Dahlia growled.

“Oh, dear. How feisty. I like it!” Edward laughed gleefully. While speaking, he reached out his hand to touch her.

A loud slap sounded when Dahlia struck his face with her palm. Clear, red fingerprints were imprinted on his cheek within seconds.

“You... you dare to slap me?” Edward touched his burning cheek, his gaze darkening.

“What are you going to do about it? What an uneducated prick,” Dahlia said impassively.

“Bitch! You’re asking for trouble!” Edward’s blood boiled and he lifted his hand to hit Dahlia, but he was suddenly shoved away by Chris.

“Fucker, you dare to act out at this kind of occasion? Are you asking for a beating?” Chris glared at Edward. How dare that bastard flirt with his woman in front of his face?

“You rascal, you’d better stay out of this or face the consequences!” Edward bellowed.

“Ha! Are you threatening me? Bring it on. Show me what you got!” Chris provocatively waved his hand.

“Go to hell!” Without another word, Edward threw a punch at Chris. The latter swiftly dodged his fist and countered his attack, landing a blow on his face. Edward staggered backward with blood tricking down his nose.

“You want to fight? Too bad you picked the wrong person!” Chris scoffed.

“Mr. Nolan, you’re awesome! This thug deserves to be beaten up!” Lyra praised loudly.

“Yeah! Good one!” The guests at the scene followed suit and applauded, which stroke Chris’ ego. At last, his time to shine had arrived. It felt incredible!

“Bastard, do you know who I am? You dare to hit me?” Edward seethed through gritted teeth. If looks could kill, Chris would have been six feet under.

“I couldn’t care less about who you are. Get out of here if you want to live!” Chris barked fiercely.

“You’ve got guts, I’ll give you that. You’d better not have run away when I return!” After that, Edward quickly left the place. Chris sneered.

“What a fool. How dare he act all mighty in front of me?”

“Mr. Nolan, I didn’t know you were so strong. You beat him with just a punch!” Lyra complimented him, her eyes glowing with admiration after witnessing the fight.

“Haha, I can beat ten weaklings like him!” Chris laughed. It seemed like his workout routine had paid off.

“Thankfully, you are here to stop him. Or else, we would’ve been in trouble.”

“Fret not. If you reencounter such situations, give me a call and I’ll protect you.” Chris patted his chest confidently. Naturally, he wouldn’t let an opportunity to show off slip by.

“Ms. Nicholson, this is what a real man looks like!” Lyra said while glancing at Dustin with sarcasm, “Not someone who runs away like a scaredy cat whenever he faces small hurdles. How useless.”

Although Dahlia was quiet, she was filled with even more disappointment. When she was in trouble just now, Dustin had stood idly and watched without any sign of wanting to help. Putting their past relationship aside, any other ordinary person would've stepped in to help out even if they were strangers. She might not have noticed this before, but now, Dustin's uselessness was apparent as day. Compared to Chris, he was far from being on par.

"Quick, seal off the exits!" All of a sudden, a burst of commotion sounded. It was none other than Edward, who'd stormed out earlier. This time, he was back with even more malice.

"What? Do you want to get another beating?" Chris stepped forward like a heroic person. However, his vanity eventually faded away upon seeing the group of burly bodyguards following behind Edward.