

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 361 -

Chapter 361

As the battle raged on, Albert held his ground firmly against the four major gods' attacks. The five figures moved around so fast that they seemed to be intertwined, and it was impossible to tell them apart. It was quite an overwhelming sight to behold. Everywhere they passed by, trees would fall and houses would collapse. The entire place was in ruins.

Dustin stood at the entrance to the medical center, blocking out the occasional stray bursts of true energy that went their way. It was a good thing that Albert had the sense to lead the fight away from them or the medical center would also have been destroyed.

"Dustin, who would have thought that you had such a powerful elder in your family! Even the four major gods cannot defeat him!" Maximus stared straight ahead at the five figures who were engaged in a tight battle. They moved so fast that he could not even make out who each person

was.

"He's not an elder," Dustin said coldly,

"He's not? Then why is he with your father?" Maximus was intrigued.

"He's just a servant working for the Rhys family," Dustin answered aloofly. He didn't particularly like Albert.

"A servant?" Maximus could not believe his ears. He was awe-struck, to say the least.

"You have such a powerful person as a servant? Are you royalty, Dustin?" Maximus wondered to himself.

"We've got trouble." Suddenly, Dustin seemed to detect something. His head whipped up, and he stared intently down the street. The lights along the street briefly dimmed before they started to flicker.

In the blurriness, a figure could be seen coming towards them. When the lights came on, the figure disappeared, and when the lights went out, the figure materialized again. He approached closer each time the lights flickered, and in just a matter of seconds, the person appeared before the crowd. It was an old man with a black beard who wore a dark cloak. He was shrouded in a dark mist and emanated an air of demise.

“|—|—

I... I know him! He's Hades, God of the Underworld from the Hall of Gods!” So someone from the crowd exclaimed all of a sudden.

Chaos broke out instantly!

“Good heavens! Even Hades, God of the Underworld is here! What on earth is going on today?” The three Williams men were scared out of their wits and reduced to a flustered state.

The reason behind their shock was that Hades, God of the Underworld, was a royal god! His status and power far exceeded those of major gods like Athena and Ares. They were on two completely different levels. There was no mistake in saying that his presence in the Hall of Gods was unparalleled.

If the strongest of major gods were comparable to grandmasters in Dragonmarsh, then a royal god would be equivalent to the most superior of ultimate grandmasters. There were only a handful of

ultimate grandmasters in Dragonmarsh, and each of them was regarded as a national treasure. They usually busied themselves with protecting the country's borders or guarding the palace grounds, and they rarely ever made public appearances.

The same could be said for the royal gods of the Hall of Gods. They were never deployed unless their nation's security was at risk of being breached. Akin to nuclear weapons, they were more often used to intimidate and deter enemies rather than to engage in actual battles.

But today, it was truly beyond anyone's imagination that the most elite person in Streuqua, a royal god from the Hall of Gods, would actually make an appearance here in Dragonmarsh! Were they here to initiate war?

"It's been a long time, Mr. Rhys." Hades took off his cloak and nodded at Rufus like he was greeting an old friend.

"The Hall of Gods has truly gone all out this time around! Even a royal god has been deployed! Wouldn't it be a calamity if your nation lost you here?" Rufus raised a brow, looking as calm as ever.

"Mr. Rhys, if you were in West Lucozia, it goes without saying that I would not act rashly. Unfortunately, you have chosen to leave your own safe zone, so don't be surprised that we're taking action," Hades said with a smirk.

"Oh, so do you think that you're able to kill me?" Rufus asked lightly.

"We've done our investigation. You only have a grandmaster guarding you now. Athena and the rest of them will be able to keep him busy. And that would leave me to deal with you alone, and I'm fairly certain I can take your life." Hades was very confident in their plan.

There was an ace in the West Lucozian army who was extremely accomplished in his swordsmanship, and Hades knew that he was no match against that person. But luckily for them, that person was not here today, so this was the best chance for the Hall of Gods to launch an attack on them.

that

As long as Rufus died, West Lucozia would be left without a leader, and Streuqua could boldly invade them, and they wouldn't stand a chance. This was a vital step for them, and they would not allow themselves to fail!

"Since you already have everything planned out, come on then," Rufus invited impassively. "Have your last look at the mortal realm, Mr. Rhys!"

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 362 -

Hades mimicked a courteous Dragonmarshian gesture before he raised a hand and swiftly brought it downward. As a loud thunder boomed around them, the dark shadow of a palm the size of a hill materialized out of nowhere, and with the downward motion of Hades' hand, it too slammed down upon Rufus.

Under the enormous shadow, Rufus looked as tiny as an ant. Had the impact been brought down anywhere else, it would have reduced the entire medical center to a pile of rubble, much less any human.

"Boom!" Even from a great distance away, most of the Boulderthorn members fell to their knees and threw up blood from the remnant of the force. Vulnerable bystanders were always the ones who bore the brunt of the consequences whenever there were conflicts between those of greater power.

Ultimate grandmasters were basically nuclear weapons in human form! Just one move from them was enough to bring down mountains and cause the earth beneath their feet to part! Of course, these mere mortals would not be able to withstand it.

"Huh?" Dustin's brows furrowed when he saw the huge shadow of a palm overhead. Just as he was hesitating on whether he should go ahead and make a move, an old man dressed in white emerged and pulled Rufus behind him.

At the same time, the old man emitted dazzling golden rays from his body, and a golden giant about 15 feet tall arose from behind him. In one swift motion, the giant's fist made contact with the enormous palm-shaped shadow. With a reverberating bang, the shadow, which was about the size of a hill, instantly shattered into fine shards. The golden giant stood motionless and steady behind the old man, looking very much like a golden statue.

"Who are you?" Hades demanded maliciously. He had thought that they had their assassination plan down to a tee. It had never occurred to them that there would be a secret master hidden under their nose.

"You may call me Wilkins. I'm just a regular attendant in Aylka." Though the old man had white hair, he had a childlike appearance. When he spoke, his gaze was cast downward to the ground, showing extreme humility and submission, and he lacked any sort of authority.

“Mr. Wilkins?” Hades squinted as he studied the man in front of him.

Then, it suddenly seemed to dawn on him. “Oh! I remember now. So you’re Nestor Wilkins? The legendary, unrivaled master within the palace gates?”

“That’s just a rumor. Nothing of the sort.” Still, the old man hung his head low, as if embarrassed.

“I do not care if that’s a rumor. I need you to get lost right now, or I’ll make sure you never get to see the next sunrise!” Hades ordered haughtily. They were in Dragonmarsh territory now, so he needed to get things done as fast as possible. The longer things dragged on, the higher their chances of failing were.

“I can’t.” Nestor shook his head. “I’ve come bearing two orders, and the first one is to protect the prince.”

1/2

“Oh? And what of the second one?” Hades asked nonchalantly.

“To annihilate the gods of Streuqua.” And as he spoke, Nestor suddenly disappeared into thin air. When he took form again, he stood right in front of Hades with less than three feet between them.

“Huh?” Hades blanched. He felt like he had fallen into an icy stream. His scalp crawled, and all his hair stood on end.

Just as he was about to make a move, Nestor grabbed him by the throat and lifted him up over his head. Hades stiffened all over, and he could not feel his limbs. He could not even lift a finger. Gasps of astonishment broke out all around as they saw how weak Hades was in this person’s hands.

“We have laws here. And when you’re in our territory, you’ve got to obey our laws. It doesn’t matter if you’re a human, a demon, or a god; if you break our laws, you will pay for it. Oh, and I forgot to mention, no gods allowed in Dragonmarsh!” And with that, Nestor’s grip on Hades’ throat

tightened, and with a deafening crack, his neck was snapped in two. Hades ceased to exist right then and there.

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 363 -

Chapter 363

A deathly silence fell over the crowd. Even the fierce battle that raged on between Albert and the four major gods came to a standstill. Everyone gaped with disbelief as they watched on. Hades, the God of the Underworld, a royal god of the Hall of Gods, had died just like that? With just one move? By a mere mortal? How the hell was that possible?

He possessed powers no less than those of ultimate grandmasters and was a supreme expert in Streuqua! His level of destruction was supposed to be on the same level as nuclear weapons! But such an impressive person just had his neck snapped by an old man! How horrifying!

After a short moment of eerie silence, a commotion broke out.

“I wasn’t hallucinating, was I? A royal god from the Hall of Gods had just been killed in one move?” “Oh goodness! What’s going on? Am I dreaming?”

“An impressive fight! An impressive fight indeed!”

The members of Boulderthorn watched everything with their hearts in their mouths. From the Williams men to the guildmaster, Sir Lincoln, every one of them was gripped by fear. Who would have thought that an attendant was so mighty? Was this truly the power of the unrivaled master in the palace? He was fearsome!

“Lord Hades died?” Athena and the rest of the major gods were horrified by the sight before them. Their original plan had been to let the four of them hold the West Lucozian army back while Lord Hades delivered the fatal blow to Rufus.

They had predicted every possibility that could happen during the assassination, rehearsed a million times, and had a success rate of over 99%. But in all of their predictions, they had never expected Nestor to arrive so soon, and that even Lord Hades was no match for him. As much as they were unwilling to accept defeat, they had no means of denying it. They were utterly and completely defeated!

“Ares! Get out of here!” Athena hissed through clenched teeth as she made a dash for it.

“Damn it! We were so close!” Ares roared defiantly. However, he had no other choice but to escape along with his comrades. If the person was able to kill Lord Hades, then they clearly weren’t a match for him.

“Do you think that you can escape?” Nestor’s eyes narrowed before he disappeared once again. When he appeared again five minutes later, he held four heads in his hands.

Athena, Ares, Apollo, and Heracles... The four major gods from the Hall of Gods. Not a single one of them escaped. All four of them died at the hands of Nestor Wilkins.

The crowd inhaled sharply at the grotesque sight of four bloody heads hanging from his hands. To even have the chance of escaping was a luxury in and of itself in the face of true power. At that moment, Nestor was a person who was many times more daunting than any God they ever believed in.

With a dull thud, Nestor chucked the heads aside. Then, under the disbelieving gaze of the crowd, he got on one knee before Rufus and Dustin. “Nestor Wilkins at your service, Your Highness,

Prince of Theswe! And at your service, Your Grace!” With that, he bowed deeply with such humility towards them.

“What?” The crowd felt as if they had been struck by lightning and were all shocked silly. They had not even gotten over the fact that four major gods and a royal god had been killed today, and now they had even more surprising news to digest.

Never in their dreams had they ever imagined that the unrivaled master from the palace, someone who had killed Hades with just a single move, would get on his knees and bow to another person. in public.

How the hell was that possible? They had always known that only the strong were respected. The old man, Nestor, seemed almost invincible! He was definitely the most superior person in all of Dragonmarsh!

Chapter 364

A person as mighty as him should have been respected and admired by all, no matter where he went. His presence alone should be worshiped like that of a god, so why was he behaving so humbly?

“Prince of Theswe? Your Grace?” Clement stared dully, first at Rufus and then at Dustin. He felt an immense fear that he had never experienced before creep up on him and spread throughout his entire being.

There was only one person in the whole world who was known as the Prince of Theswe, and that person was the ruler of West Lucozia, the person who had total control over the Rhys household, and the one person who reigned Dragonmarsh. It was the remarkable Rufus Rhys. Could it be possible that the ugly and hunched old man was the indestructible Prince of Theswe?

At the thought of that, Clement was so terrified that he broke out in a cold sweat and looked as white as a sheet.

And if the hunched old man was the Prince of Theswe, then wouldn't Dustin, who was addressed as “Your Grace”, be the son of the Prince of Theswe? Which would make him... the renowned Kirin, Logan Rhys?

Clement's knees buckled, and he fell heavily to the ground on his backside. His face was ashen, and his gaze was full of despair. He wasn't the only one reduced to such a state. By then, all three of the Williams men were also trembling and shaking in fear.

Brody, especially, quivered like a leaf, and his pants were dripping wet. He was so scared that he had wet himself! None of them had ever thought that the person they had assumed to be just a small fry would turn out to be the son of the Prince of Theswe! And they had offended him!

“Get up, Mr. Wilkins. What's a grown man doing staying on his knees everywhere he goes? Oh, wait. I nearly forgot. You're not a man, are you?” Rufus mocked with the hint of a smile teasing on his lips.

“Thank you, Your Highness.” Nestor's eyes narrowed ever so slightly before he resumed his humble and submissive facade.

“You’ve come just in time today. You must have followed me the entire way here?” Rufus asked intentionally.

“The master was worried about your safety, Your Highness, so he sent me to secretly protect you along the way. I beg for your pardon ” Nestor lowered his head.

“To protect me? I’m sure you meant he sent you to spy on me?” Rufus smiled ambiguously.

“Please do not get the wrong idea, Sir. You are of esteemed status, and your identity dictates the destiny of the whole of Dragonmarsh. Even the slightest scratch or injury on you would threaten the fate of the nation,” Nestor explained humbly.

“Hah! What a good attendant you are!” Rufus reached out to give Nestor a pat on the back.

“Thank you, Your Highness.” Nestor nodded.

“We shouldn’t stay here any longer, Sir. Please return to West Lucozia immediately to ensure that you face no mishap.”

“Oh? Are you telling me what to do now?” Rufus’ expression darkened.

“I would never dare to.” Nestor held his head low.

“If you’re a servant, then act as a servant should. Don’t you ever dare tell me what to do, or you’ll be sorry,” Rufus warned.

“Yes, Your Highness.” Nestor remained submissive and kept his gaze fixed on the ground.

“Well, why are you still here? Get lost!” Rufus waved his hand impatiently.

“Yes, Sir,” Nestor answered.

Just as he was about to take his leave, he was stopped by Dustin. “Hold up! Did I say you could leave?”

“Do you have any orders, Your Grace?” Once again, Nestor kept his head low

“Tell me, were you involved in the incident ten years ago?” Dustin asked coldly.

“I do not understand what you’re referring to, Your Grace.”

“Do you not understand, or are you feigning ignorance?” Dustin’s gaze was frosty, and killing intent was starting to surface.

“I’ll ask you one last time. Did you have anything to do with my mother’s death?”

“You must have been mistaken, Your Grace. I know nothing about it.” Nestor shook his head. “Who, in the whole of Aylka, could stop my mother, if not for you, an ultimate grandmaster?” Dustin clenched his fists, and fury burned within him.

“From what I know, the princess consort had passed on due to an ailment.” Nestor sidestepped.

“F*ck you and your ailments! Go to hell, vermin!” Dustin pulled out his sword and charged head-on toward him.

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 365 -

Chapter 365

With a whoosh, Dustin’s sword immediately emitted blinding rays. Swift as the wind and with such immense strength, he drove his sword toward Nestor’s chest.

Out of nowhere, an enormous and translucent golden bell came down out of the sky and landed around Nestor with a dull thud, shielding him from Dustin’s attack. As the tip of Dustin’s sword made contact with the golden bell, rings of ripples spread out from the point of contact as they would on the surface of the water.

There weren't any sounds produced, no explosion, and not even so much as a tiny clang from the impact. The true energy that Dustin channeled was completely absorbed by the bell and did not harm Nestor at all.

"What are you doing, Your Grace?" Nestor's expression remained unchanged.

"I'm doing away with you!" Dustin kicked himself off the ground and propelled himself forward, stabbing the golden bell forcefully. Strong ripples spread out across the bell once again, but still, it remained intact and did not even budge an inch from its position.

"Your Grace, I came bearing orders from the master. Do you think this is a good idea?" Nestor asked calmly.

Dustin did not say a word and merely drove his sword against the bell continuously. With his ceaseless effort, the bell gradually started to vibrate, and the ripples on it grew more violent.

After another ten stabs or so, Dustin's sword suddenly snapped with a clang and fell to the ground noisily. It was just an ordinary sword that could not withstand the constant surges of true energy channeled from Dustin.

"That's enough!" Rufus stopped Dustin when he saw that Dustin was still intent on attacking Nestor.

"You're no match for him. There's no point carrying on."

"Who's to say I'm no match for him? We'll never know until we end this!" Dustin retorted defiantly. "He came under orders, and he has someone behind him. If anything were to happen to him here, you wouldn't be able to bear the consequences!" Rufus warned him.

"So? Are you telling me that I should stand idly by and watch as my mother's murderer walks away without doing anything?" Dustin's eyes were bloodshot, and he looked much like a bloodthirsty beast.

"Hear me out, Logan. Now's not the time yet." Rufus shook his head. Nestor was the King's most trusted guard. If, for any reason, he happened to die in their hands, it would have many repercussions.

He did not wish for his son to be entangled in the mess that took place all those years ago. At least, not yet; it was still not the time yet.

“Rufus Rhys, if you do not wish to be implicated, then just back off! I will take full responsibility and bear all the consequences of my actions today. This has nothing to do with the Rhys family!” Dustin roared menacingly before once again charging toward Nestor with his broken sword.

This time, Nestor no longer played the part of the defensive party. He removed the golden bell that shielded him from Dustin’s attacks and let Dustin do as he wished.

Just as Dustin was about to make contact with his target, a dragon cane parried his sword, blocking his advances.

“Mr. Logan! Please calm down! Many will die if you harm him!” Albert warned gravely.

“How dare you block me!” Dustin’s expression darkened even more. He looked feral and seemed intent on murdering anyone who dared stop him from achieving his goal of killing Nestor.

“Quit messing around, lad!” Gregory, who stood a little way to the back, called out to him.

“All this fighting is meaningless. If you really have a mind to get revenge, you might as well just march right up to Stonia and launch an attack on Aylka!”

Dustin clenched his jaws and took a deep breath when he heard that. Finally, he suppressed his urge to kill and backed off. Of course, he knew that Nestor was nothing more than a puppet and that there was someone else behind the scenes.

Gregory was right. If he really wanted revenge, he would have to go up to them with his head held high and kill openly without any restraints. He would make those who were in power in Aylka tremble with fear!

“What are you still standing around here for, scum? Get the hell out of here now!” Rufus struck Nestor harshly with his foot.

“I shall take my leave now,” Nestor said humbly before he nodded at them and turned to leave. But before he left, he deliberately turned back and shot Dustin a challenging glance.

“Listen up, Wilkins! I will personally go to Aylka for you in a year! I will fight you to the death at the highest fort in Aylka!” Dustin’s fury was overwhelming and unbridled.

“I await for your presence, Your Grace.” Nestor smiled curtly before quickly disappearing into the darkness.

“You acted too rashly, young man! Even though he’s just an attendant, he’s an unrivaled master in Aylka! The Sword Whisperer is the only person in the whole of West Lucozia who can put up a fight against him! Did you really think that it would be so easy to kill him?” Gregory asked huffily.

His words seemed to have more effect on Dustin than Rufus’.

“Of course, I know that it wouldn’t be easy to kill him off. I was just putting on a show.” The resentful and feral expression on his face had completely dissolved away and was instead replaced by his usual calmness and nonchalance.

“Putting on a show?” Gregory did not understand what he meant.

“A decade ago, he designed such an intricate scheme just to do away with me. I do not believe that his desire to get rid of me will change after a decade. If I did not make a move earlier on, he’d still find a means of assessing me. If that were the case, I’d much rather make the first move and show him what a vengeful and aggressive young rascal I am,” Dustin said aloofly.

“Have you been acting the whole time, lad?” Gregory quickly caught on to what he meant.

“Not exactly acting. I was dead serious about wanting to do him in. I simply made myself seem more impulsive and quick-tempered, and I also showed him how little progress I’ve made over the years so that they would not be too wary and guarded against me.” Dustin looked up

calmly into the sky with bright eyes. He had ten years of practice that allowed him to mask his emotions and not let anyone see past his true feelings.

“The strong show weakness to their enemies, whereas the weak show strength. Well done, young man! You truly have some tricks up your sleeves!” Gregory laughed heartily.

“Hah! He takes after his father!” Rufus lifted his chin proudly.

Dustin paid him no heed and raised his sword. With a quick swish, he brought his sword down in an arc, and Clement, who had been secretly attempting to escape, was sliced in half.

“Please—please don’t kill me... I’m begging you, please don’t—” Luther and his two sons were begging on their knees as tears ran down their faces. But before they could even finish their words, Dustin brought his sword down on them, and all three of them were beheaded.

“I gave you lots of chances, but you never treasured them.” And then, he turned around and walked into the center as though nothing had ever happened.

“Albert, spare no one,” Rufus ordered impassively.

“Yes, Sir.” Albert nodded. Then, a murderous glint flashed in his eyes as he turned to face the members of Royal Valor. He looked like a ravenous beast who had spotted a flock of lambs. They were going to pay with their lives for angering Rufus!

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 366 -

Chapter 366

After he left Peaceful Medical Center, Nestor quickly got into a car. The driver was a pale young man with handsome features who had a layer of thick makeup and bright red lipstick. It was hard to identify his gender at first glance.

“Who would have thought that Logan Rhys would have gone into hiding in such a pathetic medical center for the past ten years that he’d been missing, Mr. Wilkins? And it seems like he’s still very much hung up on the incident back then. Should I put an end to him when the opportunity arises so that we won’t get into any trouble

with him in the future?” The pale man had a shrill voice that carried a hint of malice.

“We can’t kill him yet,” Nestor said calmly with his eyes closed. “So long as Rufus is still in power, nobody will be able to harm him.”

“Every mortal goes through life and death, Sir. I promise I’ll make his death look so natural that nobody will suspect anything amiss.” The pale man chuckled venomously.

“Don’t be silly. Things aren’t as simple as you make them out to be.” Nestor shook his head. “Do you know why Rufus willingly stayed cooped up in West Lucozia serving our master when he has such impressive skills and a troop of 50,000 men at his disposal?”

“Of course, it’s because he’s intimidated by our majestic and powerful master!” The pale man declared proudly.

“It’s partially true that he’s intimidated, but more importantly, it’s because he’s worried about the potential consequences.” Nestor gave a slight smile. “As long as the so-called Kirin is around, Rufus will never take action, no matter how ambitious he is. On the contrary, Rufus would be an uncontrollable beast with nothing left to lose once his son was dead. And when that day comes, Stonia’s destiny will be rewritten.”

When the Princess Consort of West Lucozia died a decade ago, Rufus had attempted to deploy his armies from the borders several times. But in the end, he always held back.

Was the reason behind it because he feared death? Or was it because he feared the King? What a joke! The true reason behind his retreat was to protect Logan. Simply put, the influential and great Prince of Theswe only had one last precious treasure left, and that was his son, Logan. If anything were to happen to him, maybe he would break out in Stonia.

“Sir, I’m just worried that when Logan returns to West Lucozia and inherits the throne, it’ll bring great disaster upon us!” The pale man reminded Nestor.

“Hah! The so-called Kirin that people claimed to be an unrivaled genius is just a rascal who’s still wet behind the ears. He’s impulsive and easily angered; he’s utterly transparent. Even if a person like him inherits the throne, he’d just be a reckless man who does not warrant our fear. I’m certain. that once Rufus Rhys dies, the entire Rhys family, and even the whole of West Lucozia, will fall apart and end up in a mess!” Nestor smiled vilely.

“But Rufus is only in his fifties. What if he still has a long life ahead of him? Will we continue living in fear for another twenty or thirty years to come?” The pale man frowned.

“It wouldn’t take so long. Just wait. Things will soon come to an end.” A meaningful smirk crept

1/2

Chapter 366

up on Nestor’s face. The master had waited for ten years; it was ten years’ worth of laying out their tactics. It was almost time to carry out their plan and reap the fruits of their labor.

When Dustin woke up the next morning, the medical center had been thoroughly cleaned, both inside and out. All traces of the fight that took place the night prior had vanished, and all relevant information had been hidden away.

Everything was as calm and peaceful as before..

“Lad, your father has returned to West Lucozia.” Gregory walked down the stairs toward him. As opposed to his usual drunken state, he seemed exceptionally sober today.

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 367 -

Chapter 367

“He should have left long ago. He’s only going to bring us trouble if he stays here,” Dustin said frostily.

“Before your father left, he asked me to talk you into returning to the Rhys family. I refused.” Gregory sat down on a chair and poured himself a cup of tea.

“I told him that the Rhys household is a dangerous place to be in. I’d much rather see you do what you love and live your best life out here than be constantly caught in power struggles and deceitful manipulations back there. Surprisingly, he agreed. He told me that all he wants is for you to be happy, and that the Rhys family will always be there to back you up. His only wish is for you to make time to go back and visit your mother’s grave to pay her respect.”

Dustin stood there, frozen in place, when he heard that. He felt a prick on his chest, right above his heart. He reached up to find that it was the crystal necklace that his mother had left him.

Taking in a deep breath, he said, “I’ll go back. But now’s not the time. The day the murderer pays with his life will be the day I return!”

Because how could he visit his mother’s grave now knowing that her death has yet to be avenged?

“Alright then, I’ve said all that’s left to be said. You make your own decision.” Then Gregory downed the cup of tea and went upstairs, ready to go back to bed again. As for Dustin, he sat on a chair and started to ponder over his great vengeance scheme.

“What’s on your mind?” Dahlia walked in and waved a hand in front of Dustin’s face.

“Hey, when did you come in?” Dustin was surprised to see her.

“You didn’t even see me coming in? What are you so lost in thought over? Is it me you’re thinking about, or is it Natasha that’s occupying your thoughts?” Dahlia probed inquisitively.

“Neither.” Dustin shook his head. That was a trick question, and he knew better than to answer it. “Oh? Is there someone else that you’ve got your mind on?” Dahlia asked, looking at him questioningly.

“Of course not!” Dustin was amused by Dahlia’s question.

Then, he quickly changed the topic. “Did you come here so early in the morning to ask me about this?”

“Hah! Do you think I have nothing better to do with my time?” Dahlia rolled her eyes at him. “I’ve come to share some good news! The Nicholson family in Glenstead has finally accepted our family again! We’ll be reunified. From now on, we’ll be scions of a prestigious family!”

“Oh? Is that so? Well, congratulations!” Dustin chuckled.

“That’s not all!” Dahlia smiled proudly. “Not only have we been accepted to return, but the patriarch of the family, Regulus Nicholson, has also listed me as a potential successor! I’ll stand a chance of competing against the rest of his offspring as the future head of the household!”

“So what you mean, is that as long as you perform well, you stand a chance of becoming the head of a prominent family?” Dustin was quick to catch on.

Chapter 367

“Precisely!” Dahlia snapped her fingers and giggled excitedly. “So many people dream about being listed as potential successors of the family. I never would have guessed that the patriarch would choose me! What a pleasant surprise!”

Truth be told, she hadn’t held high hopes of being reunited with the Nicholson family of Glenstead. She knew that even if she were to return to the prestigious family, she would not be properly recognized or appreciated as she wasn’t part of the direct lineage.

But things were different now. To be selected as a potential successor was a big deal.. It put her at a different standing and status from all the other descendants who weren’t on the list. This was her one chance to take control of her destiny and break free from the oppression of her family. All she needed to do was prove her worth and defeat her competitors, and she’d be able to emerge as a successor and rise above them all.

“Congratulations! Seems like the patriarch is placing great importance on your family!” Dustin

smiled.

“Well, of course!” Dahlia lifted her chin confidently. “Now that the chance presents itself, you better butter me up nice and well or you’ll be sorry you missed the opportunity to do so when I become the successor!”

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 368 -

Chapter 368

Amused by Dahlia's antics, Dustin chuckled and nodded furiously in a joking manner. "Ah, yes! All hail, Ms. Nicholson! The ever-capable and talented Ms. Nicholson is bound to be the leader of a prominent household one day!" Then, he even went so far as to pump his fist in the air dramatically to entertain her.

"Hey! Quit fooling around! I'm being serious here! As long as I become the matriarch of the Nicholson family, I'll be even more influential than Natasha Harmon! And when the time comes, I'll take good care of you!" Dahlia raised her chin and declared confidently.

Anyone could tell that she was full of hope and determination. In the past, Dahlia had always felt inferior compared to Natasha due to their differences in background and social status. But now that she was a potential successor to the Nicholson family, she was on par with her, and they would have to vie for Dustin according to their abilities.

Right then, Dahlia's phone rang. She answered the call and quickly heard Florence's voice. "Honey, where are you? Come back immediately. Madam Gloria from the Nicholson family in Glenstead is here to see you."

"

"Madam Gloria? Why is she here?" Dahlia tried to gather more information to grasp the situation over at Florence's.

Regulus Nicholson, the patriarch of the family, had been a remarkably outstanding man in his youth, and he had married three wives. His first wife was over 70 years old, and both his second and third wives were more than 60 years old. Gloria Gustav was his third wife.

"Haven't you been selected as a potential successor of the family? I'm sure Madam Gloria is here to cozy up to you. You're in luck!" Florence exclaimed excitedly.

"Okay. I'll head home right away." Dahlia ended the call, and without saying anything else, she led Dustin out the door with her.

“What? I’m going too?” Dustin was caught off guard.

“You’re part of the family too, aren’t you? So why not?” Dahlia retorted.

“But…”

“Alright, cut the chit–chat! This is your chance to gain favor from an influential person!” And with that, Dahlia dragged Dustin along with her and got into the car. One had to be assertive and dominant with men occasionally. At least that’s what she read.

Half an hour later, they pulled up at the entrance to the Nicholson villa. When they got out of the car and went in, they found that there was already quite a crowd in the living room. An old lady with thick makeup who was heavily adorned with all sorts of jewelry sat at the center of the crowd. She even had a serpent–head cane clutched in one of her hands.

Dakota and Jane sat to either side of her, regarding her with such reverence and respect, while Florence and James only stood by the side, appearing exceptionally meek. They looked like household staff who were waiting on her when they were, in fact, the rightful owners of the place. “Honey, you’re finally home!” Florence quickly went up to Dahlia when she saw her. However, just

as she was about to continue, she caught sight of Dustin following in behind Dahlia. Her expression immediately darkened as she hissed, “Who asked for you to be here, Rhys! I haven’t made you pay for the fake gemstone your father gave me yesterday! How dare you show your face here today?”

“Fake gemstone?” Dustin raised a brow at that. “Are you mistaken? Rufus might be a degenerate, but he’d never stoop so low as to fool others with fake goods.”

“Hah! How dare you make excuses! I sent Julie to have the gemstone appraised, and they confirmed that it was a synthetic gemstone! I’m warning you, you better pay for my loss! I won’t back off without at least 5 million dollars!” Florence demanded meanly.

“Mom, there might be some misunderstanding going on.” Dahlia tried to smoothen things over between them.

“Hah! What misunderstanding could there be? We have already proven that it’s a fake gemstone! His entire family is full of swindlers!” Florence spat angrily.

“Hey! What are you bunch bickering about? Don’t you see that my grandma is here? Get over here and pay your respects!” Dakota barked impatiently from the couch. How dare they whisper and chat among themselves when her grandmother was right there in the center of the living room? Didn’t they know that they should greet her and pay their respects to her first? How rude!

“Hmph! I’m not done with you yet!” Florence glared at Dustin angrily. But when she turned towards Gloria, there was a bright smile on her face once again. Dustin shook his head at her subservient attitude.

“Dahlia, this is Madam Gloria. She’s an important person in the Nicholson family!” Florence gestured towards the heavily made-up old lady fawningly.

“It is an honor to meet you, Madam Gloria.” Dahlia nodded at Gloria respectfully. From the looks of it, Gloria did not look like someone who was nice to be around.

“Tea.” Gloria sat in the middle of the living room with her hands on her cane, looking

condescending and arrogant.

“Quick! Serve Madam Gloria some tea!” Florence immediately signaled Dahlia.

Dahlia nodded, poured a cup of tea, and handed it to Gloria respectfully.

“Is this how you serve tea? Have you no manners?” Gloria asked darkly.

“What?” Dahlia did not understand what she meant by that.

“Grandma, this is just how uncultured people behave. They do not know how to conduct themselves befitting of elite families like ours.” Dakota smirked.

“Dahlia Nicholson, don’t you know that in the Nicholson family, it’s customary for one to stand behind their elders and serve them tea with both hands from behind? That’s how you show your respect and sincerity.”

“Standing behind them and serving tea from behind?” Dahlia frowned. Does anyone still do that these days? She wasn’t a maid-in-waiting, for goodness’ sake!

“What? You’re not willing to do so? It looks like you’re being disrespectful to my grandma!” Dakota remarked snidely.

“No, no! That’s definitely not the case!” Florence waved her hands quickly.

“Dahlia’s just not used to these customs. Please do not get angry, Madam Gloria. I’ll serve you tea.” Flustered, Florence took the tea from Dahlia and went a round to stand behind Gloria, serving her tea respectfully with both hands.

“Who do you think you are? Do you think you’re even fit to serve me tea?” Gloria looked at Florence with such contempt, clearly having no intention to take the cup of tea from her.

“Well...” Florence’s smile stiffened as she stood there awkwardly. In the end, she had no choice but to turn to Dahlia. “Honey, quick, serve Madam Gloria her tea. It makes perfect sense for you to serve your elders tea.”

Dahlia’s brows knitted together tightly as she looked at Florence pleadingly. Finally, she gave in. She took a cup of tea and stood behind Gloria, and then served it to her with both hands in the most respectful manner.

“Hmph! We should have done this right from the start to save us all the hassle!” Dakota gloated with a smirk on her face.

“Don’t you always behave like you’re all that? Where’s the proud act you always got? But after all that, you still have to humble yourself and serve my grandma tea!” Dakota thought to herself gleefully.

As Dahlia stood behind Gloria and served her the tea, Gloria did not take it immediately. Instead, she let Dahlia stand there for some time before she slowly reached out to take the cup of tea. She took a small sip, turned around, and spat it all on Dahlia’s face.

“Hey! Are you trying to scald me with such hot tea?” Gloria slammed her hand furiously on the table and shot to her feet, accusing Dahlia nastily.

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 369 -

Chapter 369

At the sight of the cold glare Gloria shot her, Dahlia frowned, and her expression darkened too. This was no longer about paying respect or following customary practices. When Gloria spat the tea on her face, she made it clear that she was blatantly insulting her. She was here to flex her authority over Dahlia and exert dominance over them all!

“What’s wrong with you, Dahlia? Grandma asked for tea, and you served it to her boiling hot? Did you do it on purpose?” Dakota started to pin the blame relentlessly on Dahlia once she saw the opportunity.

“I think someone’s just not happy with us and is deliberately trying to make things difficult!” Jane echoed.

“No, no, no! Dahlia did not do it on purpose! Besides, I’ve had the tea too, it isn’t boiling hot!” Florence quickly tried to salvage the situation.

“Oh, so what you’re saying is that I’m lying?” Gloria’s expression was as cold as ice.

“N—no! I—

I must have been mistaken. I’m sure the problem is with me,” Florence said apologetically with an awkward laugh. She dared not refute Gloria’s words.

Gloria, Jane, and Dakota were secretly pleased by her response. After all, their main purpose there was to flaunt their dominance so that Dahlia and her family would learn to submit to them.

“Why

are you still standing there, Dahlia? Pour Grandma another cup of tea!” Dakota ordered huffily. She really could not fathom why the patriarch would pick this woman to be a potential successor to the family. Even Dakota herself did not have such privilege, so she was both livid and green with envy.

“Sure, sure! I’ll pour another cup right away.” Not daring to stall any longer, Florence immediately brought a fresh cup of tea over and handed it to Dahlia, beckoning for her to serve Gloria the tea again. Dahlia, however, did not take the cup of tea. She could tell

from their actions that they were intentionally being difficult and finding fault with her.

“What? Do you think that you’re above all of us?” Gloria shot her a nasty side-eye. “If you can’t even perform these basic practices, then I think you’re really unfit to be the successor of the family!”

As she said that, she pulled out a document and slapped it on the table. “Have you any idea what this is? This is your letter of authorization. The family has a conglomerate with a market value of over 10 billion in the southern province. You have initially been nominated as president to further expand the group, but from what I’ve seen today, you do not seem worthy of the position.” Gloria looked down on Dahlia dismissively.

“A conglomerate worth over 10 billion?” Florence’s breathing became erratic when she heard that. If her daughter were to become president of a conglomerate worth over 10 billion dollars, it would drastically improve the family’s status and lifestyle!

“Dahlia! Quick! Serve Madam Gloria her tea now!” Florence urged, signaling to Dahlia as best she could. This was the opportunity of a lifetime! She’d never let her pass it up! So what if she was humiliated? What did it matter anyway when there were 10 billion dollars involved?

“Dahlia, keep your eyes on the prize!” James urged her too. If he were to be known as the brother

1/2

of the president of a 10 billion dollar conglomerate, all the beautiful women out there would eagerly flock to him in a heartbeat!

When Dahlia saw the expectant look in her mother’s and brother’s eyes, she drew a deep breath and finally picked up the cup of tea and served it to Gloria. And then, beyond everyone’s expectations, she took a sip and spat it all on Dahlia’s face once again.

“It’s tepid,” she said impassively.

By then, even Florence and James could tell that something was amiss. First, she said that it scalded her, and now, she complained that it was tepid. Was it

really tea that she was after? It was obvious to everyone that she was deliberately putting on a show to put Dahlia in a difficult position.

“Well, why are you idling? Get Grandma another cup!” Dakota commanded haughtily with a subtle smile.

“So what if you’re chosen as a potential successor? We still have you under our thumb!” Dakota thought to herself smugly.

“Fine,” Dahlia said nonchalantly.

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 370 -

Chapter 370

Dahlia seemed adamant about getting things over and done with. But just as she picked up the third cup

of tea and was about to serve it, someone’s hand stopped her. She turned around and found that it was Dustin. With a frosty expression, he said, “Let me do it this time.”

“You?” Dahlia did not understand what he was playing at. Knowing him, he wasn’t one to bow down to others’ wishes easily. Could he be doing this for her?

“Who do you think you are? Do you think you are even fit to serve Grandma tea?” Dakota questioned arrogantly. She was here to shame Dahlia, not this good-for-nothing scumbag. “Hmph! You uncultured folks! How dare you speak in my presence?” Gloria lifted her chin, obviously dissatisfied.

“It’s just a cup of tea, what difference does it make who serves you? I’m in an absolutely brilliant mood today, so I’ll personally serve you your tea. Here.” Dustin picked up the cup and walked up to Gloria.

Then, under everyone’s disbelieving gaze, he emptied the entire cup over Gloria’s head. Everything rained down on her—tea, leaves, and all. Her whole face was wet, with tea leaves sticking all over.

For a moment, there was pin-drop silence in the living room. Nobody had expected Dustin to pull such a reckless move. This was one of the most influential members of the Nicholson family. She was Regulus' third wife! Wherever she went, she was admired and respected by all. When had she ever been disgraced as such?

"Dustin! How dare you!" Dakota was the first to react. "You must be out of your goddamn mind! How dare you humiliate Grandma like this!"

"You! Dimwitted swine! Have you any idea what a grave mistake you've committed?" Gloria glared at him with such vengeance. Her body shook with anger. Having been in authority in such a prominent family for so long, she was used to humiliating others, never the other way around. "My, such a fiery temper. I guess one cup isn't enough to do the job. Here, have another." Dustin smiled mirthlessly and poured a glass of piping hot water before splashing it on Gloria's face.

"Ah-!" Gloria shrieked in agony as the water scalded her. The effect was almost immediate, and one side of her face soon became red and swollen. In hindsight, it looked pretty ridiculous and amusing.

"Do you see this? This is what I call boiling hot water," Dustin said condescendingly as if educating them.

"Rhys! Have you gone mad? How dare you harm them?" Florence exclaimed in a state of shock and anger. It was bad enough that he had poured the first cup of tea on her. To pour a second cup, which was boiling hot, was simply too much!

"When did I ever harm anyone? I'm merely serving an elder her tea." Dustin shrugged.

Every family had its own rules. He understood that. If she only made Dahlia serve her tea as was customary in the family's practices, he could let that slip. But it was plain for all to see that Gloria

had shamed Dahlia on purpose by spitting the tea on Dahlia, and he damn well wasn't going to sit by and watch her do as she pleased.

“Guards! Where are my guards?” Gloria roared in a seething rage. Within seconds, two of her bodyguards, who stood guard outside the door, rushed in.

“How dare this insolent brat touch me? Guards, beat him up! He needs a good beating to teach him some manners!” Gloria roared.

“Yes, Ma’am!” The two bodyguards received their orders from Gloria and were ready to bring Dustin down. But they had barely approached him when Dustin gave them each a strong slap and sent them flying across the room, passed out on the spot.

“It isn’t good practice to use your age as leverage. Dahlia is a potential successor of the family. What good will it do you to disgrace her in public like this? Have you ever considered what consequences you’ll face if she ever becomes the next matriarch? Everyone gets old one day, but it’s important to maintain your clarity and make wise choices. If you insist on being unreasonable and making things difficult, don’t be surprised when I take action.”