

An understated Dominance – Dahlia and Dustin Chapter 1069

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Chapter 1069: The Horse Race

“Oh, I’m here to visit General Murray,” Dustin replied with a faint smile.

“Hmph! What a joke!” Vivian curled her lips with a disdainful look.

Ever since the band-aid incident, she had been holding a grudge against Dustin. But she had to admit that he indeed had some abilities.

On that day, when she was hospitalized with a gunshot wound, she had just discovered that she had lung cancer. Fortunately, it was detected in time, and under the influence of a generous compensation, her condition was stabilized.

“Grandpa has gone out for a bit and won’t be back for a while. Why don’t you come in, have some tea, and sit down? I have a few questions I’d like to consult with you,” Shiela Murray said without giving Dustin a chance to decline. She grabbed his arm and led him toward the entrance of the general’s residence.

“Shiela, didn’t we agree to go practice horse riding at the racetrack?” Vivian reminded.

“Oh, right! I got a little too excited just now and almost forgot,” Shiela replied.

She looked at Dustin and tentatively asked, “Dustin, how about we go to our family’s racetrack? When my grandpa comes back, I bring you to him. What do you think?”

“No problem,” Dustin agreed with a smile. He wasn’t disappointed by the change in plans.

“Great! Let’s go to the racetrack!”

Shiela Murray smiled sweetly and then led the group, including Dustin, to the back of the general’s residence.

“Chase, judging by the way Shiela looks at him, it seems she’s quite interested in this guy. You should be cautious,” Vivian whispered.

“Hmph! A martial artist without power or influence can never be worthy of Shiela,” Chase Johnson replied with disdain. “Even if she has a favorable impression of him, the Murray Family would never agree to it. They are not in the same league. No matter how hard he tries, he can’t fit into our circle.”

“That’s true,” Vivian said, nodding in agreement.

Although Dustin had decent martial arts skills and some medical knowledge, it was still far from enough.

As the most favored granddaughter of General Murray, and as the future wife of someone important, there were three criteria that had to be met:

1. A distinguished family background.
2. Great potential.
3. Outstanding abilities.

Dustin, an unknown martial artist, clearly didn’t meet these criteria.

The Murray Family’s estate was quite extensive, encompassing the surrounding mountains and waters within a ten-mile radius, all under its jurisdiction.

After walking for about ten minutes, they arrived at a private racetrack located at the foot of the mountain behind the general’s residence.

The racetrack was home to over a hundred horses, most of which were high-quality breeds. All members of the Murray Family could come here to train or participate in horse races. Some exceptional individuals even had their own valuable steeds.

Shiela Murray was very familiar with this place. She called over the person in charge of the racetrack and led everyone into the stables to pick out horses for riding.

The stables were spacious and well-kept, with each horse housed in a separate stall. Due to regular cleaning, the stables were exceptionally clean, and there was a faint aroma of smoked wood.

“Dustin, how about this horse?” Shiela Murray led Dustin to a white horse with a height of about 1.5 meters.

The white horse had a perfect physique, with a slender neck, graceful limbs, thin skin, fine hair, elegant posture, and light and graceful strides. It was a beautiful sight to behold.

“Not bad. It’s indeed a fine horse,” Dustin nodded appreciatively.

“Hehe, this horse is named Henry. It’s my exclusive ride. Whenever I have time, I come here to see it,” Shiela Murray introduced proudly. “Dustin, you must not underestimate Henry. It’s a sweat-blood horse, and every time our family holds a horse race, it always wins the championship and has never lost.”

As soon as she finished speaking, a discordant voice suddenly rang out at the entrance of the stables.

“Never lost? Hmph! Today, I’ll make you lose for the first time!”

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“Hmm?”

Everyone turned to look in the direction of the voice and saw a group of young men and women leisurely entering the area.

Leading the group was a woman dressed in a black vest and black riding boots. She had a beautiful appearance, a slim figure, and an arrogant demeanor that made her seem aloof.

As she walked in, she held the reins of a shiny black steed, which looked powerful and majestic.

“Morgan Murray?” Seeing the newcomer, Shiela Murray couldn’t help but furrow her brows.

Morgan was the daughter of her eldest uncle and had a tendency to clash with her often. This had become even more pronounced since her father had become the head of the family, as she no longer felt the need to be considerate.

She frequently looked for trouble, making things difficult for Shiela Murray.

“Shiela, I heard you bragging just now, saying that Henry has never lost. I couldn’t help but laugh,” Morgan sneered. “In the past, you won those championships because everyone let you. Do you really think you’re that great? Don’t make me laugh!”

“You’re talking nonsense!” Shiela’s face darkened, clearly irritated.

“Nonsense?” Morgan continued to taunt. “If you don’t believe me, then let’s have a race. Let’s see if your Henry is as good as you claim or if my Black Dragon is superior.”

Shiela hesitated. While she would readily accept challenges involving money or other items, she needed to think carefully when her beloved steed was at stake.

Henry had been with her for six years, and she had come to regard it as a friend. She was naturally reluctant to part with it.

“What’s the matter? Are you scared?” Morgan continued to provoke. “If you’re too afraid, then don’t brag in the future to avoid embarrassing yourself!”

“You...” Shiela was angered, gritting her teeth. “Fine! Let’s race! I don’t believe I’ll lose to you!”

“It’s a deal! I hope you won’t regret it!” Morgan coldly smiled.

“What’s going on here?” Just then, three more people entered the stables.

There was one man and two women.

The man had an imposing appearance, a tall figure, and bore a slight resemblance to Morgan.

The other two women were both incredibly beautiful, whether it was their appearance, figures, or temperament, they were outstanding.

“Hmm?” Dustin raised an eyebrow in surprise when he saw the newcomers.

He noticed that the two women who had entered were none other than Dahlia and Victoria Sterling!

As Dustin’s gaze swept over, Dahlia’s eyes met his. Their eyes locked for a moment, but neither of them spoke.

Dahlia furrowed her brows slightly, her expression somewhat peculiar. She hadn't expected to run into the insurance salesman again.

On the other hand, Victoria had yet to notice Dustin's presence. Her gaze remained fixated on the white horse, Henry, and she appeared to be filled with longing.

As an equestrian enthusiast, she couldn't help but covet such a top-quality steed.

"Brother, you're here?" Morgan smiled as she saw the man. "I just made a bet with Shiela on a horse race, with our precious steeds as the stakes. What do you think?"

"Oh? A horse race?" Garrett Murray's eyes lit up, and he chuckled. "Since you're all so interested, I'll be the referee."

"Sounds good!" Morgan readily agreed.

"Shiela, what do you think?" Garrett turned to Shiela.

"Garrett has always been fair, so it's fine," Shiela Murray nodded.

"Great! Get ready, everyone."

Garrett smiled and said, "Friendship first, competition second. Let's not ruin our relationships over this."