

An understated Dominance – Dahlia and Dustin

Chapter 1261

Chapter 1261 The Fall from the Top

"What the heck?!"

As they watched Tyler lying heavily injured on the ground, the Grant family members were thunderstruck, frozen in disbelief.

They had thought that with the help of the Berserker Pill, they could turn the tables and change their fate.

But they didn't expect that Tyler would be defeated so quickly and so miserably with just one encounter.

One punch shattered the sword and injured the man.

It was a complete lop-sided victory!

"It's over... it's over... We're completely done for!" Thaddeus's legs went weak, and he collapsed, his face drained of color.

The rest of the family members were also filled with despair, their hopes dashed.

They had overestimated Tyler and underestimated Dustin.

The two were simply not in the same league.

The genius they were so proud of was nothing compared to Dustin, the Kirin.

Even if they went all out, it was like an ant trying to move a mountain.

"With this level of skill, you can't even defeat Adam Spanner. Why do you dare to fight me?" Dustin showed his disdain.

"Hey Dustin, that's going too far," Adam Spanner, who had been watching the fight with a smile, immediately had a stern expression and said, "You can fight, but why drag me into this? Do I not have any dignity? Besides, I make my living with my brains, unlike you warriors who only know how to fight. So what if my combat skills are weaker? It doesn't affect my ability to win battles, and..."

"Shut up!" Scarlet, Adam Spanner's sister, interrupted him with a stern voice, drawing her sword as she continued, "Keep talking, and I'll cut your tongue off!"

"..."

Adam Spanner's mouth twitched, and he dared not say another word.

He could reason with Dustin, but there was no reasoning with his sister, who was all about violence.

"Geez... This violent streak of yours (Scarlet) hasn't changed at all," muttered Thorian under his breath.

"Hmm... Are you saying something?!" Scarlet's ears perked up, and she glanced in Thorian's direction.

Terrified, Thorian quickly maintained a neutral expression, as if he had nothing to do with the comment.

"Tyler, you've lost," Dustin looked down at the scene with indifference in his eyes.

"Cough, cough, cough..." Tyler coughed violently, spitting out several mouthfuls of blood. He was barely clinging to life.

The ferocity and madness on his face had now been replaced by sheer terror.

"No... this can't be... how can you be this strong? You've been missing for ten years, and yet you can still beat me?" Tyler shook his head repeatedly, finding it hard to accept.

Ten years ago, Dustin had indeed been a top-notch genius. But after the turmoil in Stonia, he had mysteriously disappeared. In all these years, without the guidance of a renowned master and the resources of the West Lucozia King's Mansion, he should have stagnated or even regressed.

Tyler couldn't understand why, after leaving the West Lucozia King's Mansion, Dustin had made even greater progress.

To the point where he could defeat him with just one move.

Did the gap between geniuses really exist to such an extent?

"Who told you that I've been idle for ten years?" Dustin's expression remained indifferent. "I've just been in seclusion, not dead. Why should you assume that I should stop progressing?"

He had carried the deep grudge in his heart, working tirelessly for ten years to seek the truth of the past. The bitterness and hardships he had endured were known only to him.

On the path of martial arts, one had to keep advancing; there was no room for complacency.

Even for a natural talent, success required dedication and sweat.

"Why? Why is it like this? It shouldn't be... I shouldn't lose. I am Tyler, one of the top ten talents in Balermo, the Dark Panther's General Lionheart. I'm a once-in-a-century genius. How could I lose? How could I possibly lose?" Tyler murmured incessantly, his eyes losing their former vitality.

Throughout his life, he had never failed at anything he attempted, always emerged top of the crop.

Chapter 1262 Frog at the Bottom of a Well

Among his peers, he had always stood out as an extraordinary individual.

While others toiled and worked hard for years to achieve their goals, he effortlessly obtained everything he desired, free from any pressure.

He had always believed he was chosen by fate, the emperor's decree, the supreme ruler above all beings.

But now, he finally understood that there were always greater talents and greater achievements beyond his own.

The pride he had taken in his natural gifts and accomplishments meant nothing in the presence of Dustin.

"Turns out, I'm just a frog at the bottom of a well," Tyler muttered bitterly, utterly defeated.

In this moment, his heart had completely collapsed, and he had lost all his fighting spirit.

All that remained was a profound sense of despair.

He had won throughout his life, except for this one time.

But this one time had ruined his entire life.

Hand over the treasure map," Dustin walked up, looking down at him from above.

Tyler didn't utter a word. He lay on the ground, gazing up at the azure sky, his eyes gradually losing focus.

His entire being resembled a lifeless corpse, devoid of any vitality.

"Is he dead?" Dustin raised an eyebrow, quite surprised.

His previous punch hadn't been enough to kill him. Given Tyler's cultivation, he should have been able to withstand it.

But now, all signs of vitality had completely faded from his body.

He appeared to be a soulless corpse.

"He couldn't even handle such a small setback, wasting his immense talent for nothing," Dustin shook his head.

Tyler had indeed been an exceptional genius, with an unlimited future ahead of him.

But unfortunately, he had sailed through life without ever encountering any obstacles.

Now, suddenly facing a massive setback, his heart couldn't bear it, leading to his ultimate demise.

Dustin crouched down and searched Tyler's body, eventually finding a parchment made of sheepskin.

Unfolding it, he confirmed that it was indeed a treasure map.

The Harmon family's treasure map consisted of three pieces, and he had already obtained two.

If he could collect one more piece, he could assemble the complete treasure map and seek out the treasure hoard that could rival a nation's wealth.

In the past, he hadn't cared about material wealth or fame, but now his perspective had changed.

He needed wealth to build his own power, recruit soldiers, and establish his own influence because he sought revenge and justice for his mother's wrongful death.

To achieve all of that, he needed an abundance of resources.

"Tyler? Tyler!" Thaddeus stumbled over to his grandson's lifeless body, beginning to wail in heart-wrenching sorrow.

The Grant family members mourned their loss, overcome with grief.

"Brother, how should we deal with these people? Should we eliminate them completely?" Thorian approached and made a throat-slitting gesture.

"We can't kill them. However, we can invite them to visit West Lucozia, and from now on, they won't be allowed to leave West Lucozia," Dustin replied with a faint smile.

"Ah? That's a great idea, let's do that!" Thorian's eyes lit up.

West Lucozia was the territory of the Rhys family, and bringing these individuals there for house arrest would prevent future trouble.

If a war broke out, they could even send them to the frontlines as cannon fodder to reduce casualties, a human shield—an ideal solution.

"The Grant family is finished," Dustin remarked as he observed Thaddeus being taken into custody. He knew that there was no turning back for them.

The once prestigious and respected Viscount's Mansion, one of the top three, had now fallen from grace, its glory and splendor drowned in the river of time, reduced to mere specks of dust, vanishing without a trace.

Chapter 1263 People Change

After everything had settled down, Dustin returned to the Zypher Lodge with his people.

Natasha and Ruth were still unconscious, and Dustin chose not to wake them deliberately.

Hector was dead, and so were Trent and the entire Harmon family. The whole clan had become fragmented and broken.

For Natasha, this was undoubtedly a massive blow, and she would likely have a hard time coping with it.

All Dustin could do now was to take care of the aftermath of Hector's death and try to alleviate some of the pressure on Natasha.

When a father died, there was no one who could truly understand the pain except for the immediate family.

Natasha had to overcome this hurdle on her own.

"Don't make any hasty moves with the Harmon family's related industries. The Harmon family has been severely weakened this time and needs to be reorganized properly."

"As for those who were opportunistic and betrayed the Harmon family, detain them all for now. We'll deal with them separately after Natasha wakes up."

"Also, the funeral for Trent should be done with the highest standards, leaving no room for carelessness."

"Go now..."

In the conference room, Dustin issued a series of orders, and the disciples of the Kirin Gang immediately began to carry them out.

"Big Brother!"

At this moment, Thorian, along with his mother (Elara), the Princess of Theswe, entered the conference room.

The King of Theswe's wife was named Elara Crowder, the eldest princess of the Dragonmarsh, who had been married off to King of Theswe, Rufus Rhys, many years ago.

At that time, Rufus already had a wife, who was Dustin's mother.

However, Elara, as the eldest princess of Dragonmarsh, didn't mind being a concubine and forcibly arranged this marriage.

After marrying to West Lucozia, Elara behaved modestly, performed her duties as a wife, and was widely recognized as virtuous and kind. She often did charitable deeds and had an impeccable reputation.

Throughout West Lucozia, whenever Elara's name was mentioned, people would give her a thumbs-up.

However, Dustin knew very well that this woman, who appeared to have a heart of gold, was actually very cunning.

"Princess Elara."

Dustin immediately got up to greet her respectfully, with a calm expression.

Although he didn't like this woman, he couldn't say he hated her either.

"Logan we're all family, no need for such formalities," Elara smiled slightly.

"Yeah, brother, even though it's been ten years since we last saw each other, our feelings are still there. Why create such distance? Just sit down." Thorian, with his casual demeanor, sat down next to Dustin.

"Princess Elara, please."

With a gesture, Dustin invited Elara to sit down, and he returned to his seat.

"Logan, this time it's your birthday, and your father originally intended to come in person, but due to some unforeseen circumstances, he couldn't make it, so he (Thorian) and I came instead. I hope you don't mind," Elara opened the conversation.

"Princess don't mention it. It's an honor for you to come," Dustin politely replied.

"Logan it seems like you've changed a lot compared to ten years ago," Elara looked him up and down and said, "You used to be young and impetuous, full of vigor and vitality. But now, you've tempered your edges and become much more mature and stable."

"Ten years have passed, and people always change," Dustin nodded with a faint smile.

"Logan you've been away from West Lucozia for so long, when are you planning to go back?" Elara suddenly asked.

"Yeah, Big Brother, our friends from West Lucozia have been looking forward to your return," Thorian added eagerly.

"I have many things to do, so I don't plan to go back for now," Dustin shook his head.

"No matter what it is, Logan, I can solve it for you!" Thorian assured him, thumping his chest.

Chapter 1264 Deep Pain in the Heart

"Is that so? What if it's related to the turmoil in the Bayhaven City ten years ago?" Dustin suddenly asked.

"Huh?"

Upon hearing this, Thorian's face stiffened involuntarily, and he fell silent, casting an instinctive glance at his own mother.

The turmoil in the Bayhaven City ten years ago was a taboo for the West Lucozia King's Mansion and the entire Dragonmarsh.

Since then, history had been sealed, and no one dared to mention it.

Suddenly, such a statement took him by surprise.

"Dustin, what happened in the past is in the past. The events from ten years ago have already been concluded and should not be brought up again," Elara gently advised.

"Concluded?"

Dustin's eyes slowly rose, and he said in a calm tone, "My mother died under mysterious circumstances, and my personal guards died with grudges. What's concluded? My heart's grudge is still unresolved."

"Your mom's death was something I deeply regret, but the real culprits have already been executed. The people who should have been killed have been killed. It's time for you to let go of your obsession," Elara softly persuaded.

"Let go?"

Dustin's mouth curled with a touch of irony, "Blood debts are not so easily let go of. Besides, those who died were just scapegoats. The real mastermind has never been brought to justice."

"Logan, I understand that you were deeply affected by what happened back then. But if you keep clinging to the past, you'll forever be trapped in nightmares, unable to break free. Let it go. Don't torture yourself any longer. You should have a better life."

"Each one of you tells me to let go, but who among you truly understands my pain? Have you experienced death? Have you tasted despair? Have you seen your loved ones being surrounded and killed? Do you know what it feels like to watch those closest to you sacrifice themselves one by one for your safety? They all died for me! It's been ten years! Every night, I have nightmares and relive those days. Whenever I close my eyes, I see those bloody faces and hear those cries of despair. I'm in hell, burdened with countless blood debts. Princess, you tell me, how can I let go? How can I find redemption? How can I start anew?"

As he spoke, Dustin's expression turned fierce, his eyes crimson, and he exuded a murderous aura that sent chills down people's spines.

Even Thorian, who was sitting next to him, was directly frightened and trembling, with cold sweat pouring out.

Elara, who had an extremely saddened in her heart, was also speechless at this moment.

She had never expected that beneath Dustin's seemingly calm exterior, there was such a heavy resentment.

"Sorry, I lost control just now."

Realizing his own abnormality, Dustin immediately suppressed the hostility and returned to the calm and indifferent demeanor he had before.

The ferocity he displayed just now was like two completely different extremes.

The events from ten years ago had always been a deep pain in his heart, and he had difficulty controlling his emotions whenever they were mentioned.

"Alas..."

Elara sighed deeply. "It seems that your father was right. Your obsession runs too deep, and it's difficult to resolve. Instead of advising you to put down your sword, it might be better to help you untie the knot in your heart. If you insist on seeking revenge, I can help you."

Chapter 1265 The Unexpected Help

"Help me?"

Upon hearing this, Dustin couldn't help but be slightly surprised and skeptical. "Princess, with your status, it may not be appropriate for you to intervene in this matter."

The turmoil in the Bayhaven City ten years ago was something that could not have happened without the involvement of the royal authority. Elara's identity alone might not be enough to gain trust.

"What's wrong? Do you think I can't help you, or do you not trust me?" Elara said with a meaningful tone.

"I'm just worried that it might cause you trouble," Dustin replied vaguely.

"Logan, I know you have concerns, but I sincerely want to help you."

Elara's expression was sincere as she said, "I am no longer the princess but rather the King's Consort. I am your stepmother now. We share the same fate. I believe you should understand that."

"I understand, but I'm curious, how do you plan to help me?" Dustin asked.

"Regarding the events from ten years ago, the mansion has been investigating secretly for a long time and has collected a lot of information. Although we haven't yet found the real mastermind, we have some leads."

Elara said, taking out an envelope and placing it on the table. "We have been investigating for a long time, and we have discovered that in addition to you and the Wine Madman (Gregory), there was another survivor in the turmoil in the Bayhaven City ten years ago. He should be able to help identify the true culprit."

"Another survivor? Who is it?" Dustin immediately became alert.

"It's Lorenzo Daley!" Elara uttered three words.

"What? Uncle Lorenzo is still alive? Are you sure?" Dustin jumped up in surprise.

Lorenzo was his captain of the personal guard, and he was incredibly powerful. When they were ambushed back then, Lorenzo led the way, fought bravely, and was fearless of death. Dustin remembered very clearly that it was Lorenzo who disregarded his own life, led him out of the encirclement, and then stayed behind alone to delay the pursuit of the enemy. In the end, he could only watch as Lorenzo was swallowed by the sea of people.

He thought that Lorenzo was dead for sure, so hearing the news that he was still alive was incredibly exciting.

"It's absolutely true."

Elara said solemnly, "Although Lorenzo was severely injured at the time, his strong foundation saved his life. He was later rescued by someone and managed to survive."

"Uncle Lorenzo is actually still alive! This is fantastic!" Dustin showed a look of surprise, "Where is he now? Can I meet him?"

"Lorenzo is in Stonia. His specific address is in this letter, but it might not be easy to see him," Elara shook her head.

"What do you mean? Is Uncle Lorenzo being held captive?" Dustin frowned.

"He hasn't been captured, but after that great battle, Lorenzo was severely injured. Although he survived, he has been in a vegetative state and hasn't awakened," Elara explained.

"In a vegetative state?" Dustin's face turned unsightly.

For ten years, he had been bedridden, conscious but unable to move. This kind of torment was beyond what an ordinary person could bear.

"This is unacceptable, I will definitely cure Uncle Lorenzo. No matter what it takes, I will make him wake up!" Dustin clenched his fists, and his eyes were unusually determined.

"Logan, Stonia is not our territory, and it will be difficult for our forces to grow there. The information we can obtain is limited. Therefore, I won't be able to help you much in the future. It will depend on your own efforts," Elara said with deep meaning.

"If he cannot be awakened, then we can only leave it to fate," Thorian interjected.

"No! I will definitely cure Uncle Lorenzo, no matter the cost. I won't give up on him!" Dustin's determination was resolute.

"Logan, after all these years, I believe you have grown stronger and wiser. I hope that you can find the answers you seek and resolve the knots in your heart," Elara said with a gentle expression.

Dustin nodded, and a faint sense of determination filled his eyes. The memories of the past ten years and the desire for revenge still haunted him, but now, he had a new hope to cling to.

Chapter 1266 The Quest for Revenge Goes On

Despite the power of the West Lucozia Mansion, it couldn't act arbitrarily under the Emperor's jurisdiction. Moreover, this matter was a taboo, and the mansion couldn't get involved openly.

"I understand, thank you, Aunt Elara, for your help."

Dustin stood up and bowed respectfully.

The information provided by Elara was extremely important to him. It wasn't just about uncovering the truth; the most important reason was that he had gained another relative.

"We're all family; there's no need to be so polite."

Elara quickly extended her hand to help Dustin up and earnestly advised, "Logan, I won't stop you from seeking revenge, but I hope you can understand that one thought can lead to either becoming a devil or attaining enlightenment. Don't lose sight of your original intention, and don't let down the people around you."

"I will always remember Aunt Elara's advice," Dustin nodded.

"Big Brother Logan, if there's anything you need in the future, just ask. I promise to help you get it done!" Thorian patted his chest, looking very generous.

From addressing her as Princess to Aunt Elara, the change in their titles indicated that they had grown closer.

"It's okay, you don't need to worry about my matters. Focus on taking care of yourself, and don't make your mother worry," Dustin reminded him.

"Brother, you underestimate me. After all these years, I'm no longer a child. I can handle things on my own now!" Thorian put his hands on his hips, looking confident.

"Alright, alright, don't show off in front of me. Do you think I don't know what kind of person you are?" Dustin rolled his eyes.

"Heh! Underestimate me? One day, I'll achieve something great and make you proud!" Thorian raised his head proudly, displaying an air of arrogance.

"Sure, sure, I'm already proud of you."

Dustin nodded dismissively, then turned his gaze to Elara and said, "Aunt Elara, you've traveled a long way, and I'm sure you're tired. I've already arranged the guest rooms. Please rest for a while."

"Now that you mention it, I am a bit tired. I'll go back to my room and lie down for a while. You can focus on your tasks," Elara smiled and nodded, then took her leave with Thorian.

After leaving the meeting room, Thorian suddenly stopped and his smile faded.

"What's wrong?" Elara turned back, feeling curious.

"Mom, why did you tell my brother about Lorenzo's information?" Thorian asked.

"Isn't that what Logan wanted?" Elara said.

"Do you know about my brother's obsession? By giving him this information, you're encouraging him to go to Stonia. What is your purpose in doing this?" Thorian questioned.

"Thorian, what nonsense are you talking about? I don't quite understand," Elara said with a puzzled expression.

"Why would you want to harm my brother?" Thorian's tone became sharp.

"What do you mean, I want to harm your brother?" Elara frowned.

"Thorian, I'm not just the Princess, but also Logan's stepmother. We're all one family, and we should help each other. How could I harm him? Where did that idea come from?" Elara questioned.

"It's probably just some baseless rumors," Thorian replied, then gave his mother a deep look and said, "Mom, I'm a bit tired. I'm going back to my room to rest. See you tomorrow."

With that, he walked away.

"This kid..."

Watching Thorian's retreating figure, Elara couldn't help but raise an eyebrow, "What could he be thinking?"

Chapter 1267 Pill for Everyone

At dusk, after bidding farewell to various associates, Dustin once again summoned all the hall masters of the Kirin Gang to convene a high-level meeting in the conference room.

"It's been a busy day for everyone," Dustin said as he took his seat at the head of the table. He gestured for everyone to sit down and continued, "I've called you all here on short notice because there are two announcements I need to make. First, I intend to appoint Elder Cornelius as the Deputy Gang Leader of the Kirin Gang, responsible for managing all internal affairs of the gang."

Upon hearing this, the hall masters stood up and bowed to Elder Cornelius, saying, "Congratulations, Deputy Leader Cornelius! Congratulations, Deputy Leader Cornelius!"

Elder Cornelius was not only powerful and senior in rank, but also deeply loyal to the Kirin Gang. He was known for his efficiency and was Dustin's right-hand man. His appointment as Deputy Leader was met with unanimous approval.

"Thank you for your trust, Dustin! I will dedicate myself to the role!" Elder Cornelius said with a serious expression, his hands clasped together.

Dustin had not only saved his life but also given him a new lease on life, and he was eternally grateful. Now, being given such an important position, he felt a deep sense of duty.

"Very well, now for the second announcement," Dustin said with a slight smile. "In a few days, I plan to leave Millsburg to take care of some business. During my absence, Elder Cornelius will be in charge of all matters within the gang."

"What? Leaving Millsburg?" Elder Cornelius was taken aback. He asked, "Dustin, if you have any tasks, you can simply instruct us to handle them. There's no need for you to personally make the trip."

"There's something I must handle in person, and you can't help me with it. I have to go," Dustin replied with a shake of his head.

Ever since he had received news about Lorenzo, he couldn't contain his inner turmoil. He planned to assist Natasha in organizing Hector's funeral and then immediately head to Stonia. He wanted to save someone and uncover the truth about what happened in the past.

"Dustin, you are the backbone of our gang. What will we do without you?" the hall master, suddenly spoke up.

"The Kirin Gang is now on the right track, and my absence won't have a significant impact. Moreover, if we encounter any major issues, Elder Cornelius is fully capable of handling them," Dustin assured them.

As Dustin spoke, he pulled out a pill and handed it to Elder Cornelius.

"This is a Concentration Pill (Spirit-Gathering Pill) I've refined. It will help

you rapidly advance your cultivation. With this pill, you'll have a great chance of breaking through to the Grandmaster level."

"A Concentration Pill?!" Elder Cornelius's eyes lit up as he looked at the blue pill in front of him. His breathing became rapid. The Concentration Pill was a rare treasure sought after by countless martial artists. It was said that by taking this pill, there was a high probability of directly breaking through to a higher realm.

In this world, there were many Half-Grandmaster level experts, but Martial Grandmasters were extremely rare. The main reason for this rarity was the formidable barrier to becoming a Grandmaster, which was exceedingly difficult to break through.

Elder Cornelius had been stuck at this bottleneck for over a decade, and it had become his obsession. Now, with this Concentration Pill, he had at least a fifty percent chance of reaching the Martial Grandmaster realm, a feat that would be like ascending to the heavens.

"Forget about the formalities. It's for you, so take it," Dustin said as he pushed the pill towards Elder Cornelius. "In the future, the Kirin Gang will rely on your dedication. The stronger you become, the more assistance you'll provide to me and to yourself."

"Deputy Leader, Dustin has a kind heart. You should accept it," another hall master chimed in. "If you become a Martial Grandmaster, the rest of us in the Kirin Gang will also benefit."

"Thank you for your generosity, Dustin!" Elder Cornelius finally accepted the pill and knelt down on the ground, clasping his hands together with a solemn expression. "I am willing to go through fire and water for you, even to the point of death!"

"Enough, get up quickly. Speaking like this is unnecessary," Dustin said as he helped Elder Cornelius to his feet. While the Concentration Pill was invaluable, it was well worth it when used for one's own comrades.

"It's not just for Elder Cornelius; the rest of you will receive a Concentration Pill when your strength reaches a bottleneck," Dustin announced with a smile.

"What? One Concentration Pill for each of us?!"

Chapter 1268 The Pain of Losing

As soon as these words left Dustin's mouth, the entire room erupted in excitement. All the hall masters were thrilled beyond words.

Seeing Elder Cornelius receive the Concentration Pill, if they claimed not to be envious, it would surely be a lie. After all, such a top-tier treasure was a rare find.

However, Dustin's promise transformed their envy into sheer delight. It turned out that everyone would have their treasure, and the key word here was fairness.

This equal treatment, this sense of unity, won over everyone present.

"Thank you, Dustin!"

"From now on, we are willing to go to great lengths for Dustin!"

All the hall masters knelt down in unison and paid their respects.

"We are all brothers within the gang, no need for such formalities," Dustin said, raising his hand to signal them to rise. He continued, "I won't make any grand claims, but I can guarantee one thing: from now on, we will share our joys and sorrows together!"

A simple sentence, but it filled everyone with renewed determination. Being able to follow such a gifted, powerful, and well-connected leader was an honor for them. They were confident that under Dustin's leadership, the Kirin Gang would surely make a name for itself.

"Dustin, Miss Natasha has already awakened," a female disciple of the Kirin Gang suddenly entered and reported.

"Awakened?" Dustin's expression changed, and he immediately walked out.

"Dustin, Natasha is not in her room; she has just gone to the Hall of Spirits," the female disciple quickly added.

"So, she already knows?" Dustin's face grew serious.

"Most likely," the female disciple nodded.

"Alright, all of you can leave. There's no need to watch over her," Dustin said. He took a deep breath and then headed towards the Hall of Spirits.

Hector's body was lying inside the Hall of Spirits, and he wasn't sure if Natasha could handle the shock when she saw it.

When Dustin entered the Hall of Spirits, he found Natasha kneeling silently in front of the coffin. She seemed frozen, motionless.

There were no loud wails or mournful cries. The entire Hall of Spirits was silent as the grave.

"Natasha?" Dustin's expression changed, and he hurriedly approached.

Natasha had tear streaks on her face, her expression vacant, and her eyes lifeless. At first glance, it seemed as though she had lost her soul.

"Natasha! What's wrong?" Dustin suddenly felt anxious.

When something unusual happened, there was usually a reason behind it. If Natasha had been weeping and wailing, he could have accepted it. However, this soulless appearance indicated that something was amiss.

"Natasha! Please don't scare me. Look up and see who I am!" Dustin knelt in front of Natasha, cradling her face in his hands, and called her name repeatedly.

"Dustin?" After a long moment, Natasha seemed to come back to her senses. Her gaze slowly focused.

Once she saw Dustin's face clearly, it was as if she had just awakened from a dream, and she suddenly broke down.

She threw herself into Dustin's arms, sobbing uncontrollably, tears flowing like a river.

Until this moment, she had been suppressing her emotions, and now they were pouring out.

"Cry, it's okay to cry... it might make you feel a little better," Dustin said softly as he held Natasha tightly, gently patting her back.

At this moment, any comforting words were meaningless. The pain of losing a father was something no one could fully understand. All Dustin could do now was to be there for her.

She had to overcome this emotional hurdle on her own.

Chapter 1269 The Most Capable Harmon

Three days had passed in the blink of an eye.

Hector's funeral had been concluded, and his ashes were now enshrined in the Harmon family ancestral hall, where they would receive the offerings of future generations.

During this time, the Harmon family had suffered a series of unfortunate events, with troubles arising one after another. The once-mighty family had been torn apart.

After the funeral, the Old Harmon, who had already stepped out of the spotlight, convened a family meeting that all Harmon family members were required to attend.

In the conference room of the Harmon family.

Harmon's grandfather sat at the head of the table, his hands gripping a cane, wearing a solemn expression.

On his left and right, the core members of the Harmon family were seated.

Hector had passed away, Trent had also perished, and Jacob had gone missing. Three sons had died or disappeared, and with internal and external troubles plaguing the family, the entire Harmon family was now without a leader and in its lowest ebb.

Old Harmon had no choice but to step forward and take charge of the situation.

"I believe you are all aware that the Harmon family has experienced many recent hardships and lost many members," Old Harmon began. "But the deceased are gone, and the living remain. We must quickly regain our composure."

"The Harmon family is now at a critical juncture of life and death."

"If we do not unite and work together, the entire Harmon family will be on the brink of destruction!"

As soon as Old Harmon spoke, he silenced everyone in the room.

"Grandfather, we all understand the principle of 'one's honor is everyone's honor, one's disgrace is everyone's disgrace,' but now the Harmon family is leaderless, and we have been repeatedly attacked. It's incredibly difficult for us to make a comeback," someone said.

"Yes, in recent times, many traitors have fled with the family's wealth, and many external forces have taken advantage of the situation. The Harmon family is beyond salvation," another person added.

"You're right! In my opinion, we should divide the remaining family assets and go our separate ways. This might actually be a way out," others chimed in, with a few even advocating for splitting the family.

The room erupted in discussion, with most people expressing pessimism and a complete lack of fighting spirit. A small minority were even suggesting the dissolution of the family.

"Calm down! Calm down!" Old Harmon slammed his cane on the ground, finally quieting the noisy room. He continued, "Although the

Harmon family is facing difficulties, we have not reached a point of no return. As long as we unite, there is a way to resolve our issues."

"Father, what solution do you have in mind? Please tell us," someone asked.

"Right now, we need to choose a new family head to lead the entire Harmon family. With a capable leader, we can gradually recover our strength," Old Harmon explained.

"A new family head?" The members of the Harmon family exchanged glances, wondering who would be qualified to take on the role.

Trent and Hector were both deceased, and Jacob was missing. The second-generation heir of the Harmon family had been wiped out.

"Father, who do you think would be the most suitable candidate for the new family head?" someone inquired.

"At present, the only person with the ability to lead the entire family is Natasha!" Old Harmon declared confidently.

"Natasha?" As soon as this statement was made, everyone's gaze turned to Natasha.

Compared to her past radiant self, Natasha now sat quietly at her seat, seemingly indifferent to the discussion.

"As you all know, Natasha is exceptionally capable and possesses great business acumen. Over the years, the companies she founded have all thrived and accumulated substantial wealth. With her leadership, the Harmon family will undoubtedly be in good hands," Old Harmon said with full confidence.

"Natasha is indeed capable, but she is still quite young, and there is a slight difference in seniority. Suddenly promoting her to the position of family head, I'm afraid some people may not accept it," a senior member raised a question.

"In our current situation, we must have a leader who can take decisive action. In this regard, Natasha is the most suitable. As for matters of tradition and seniority, they are secondary concerns. We are in dire straits, and we can't afford to be bothered by these details," Old Harmon insisted.

Chapter 1270 Elder Man's Appearance

"That's right! I support Natasha! Her Beauty Pill (Immortunol) is incredibly profitable, and it's our hope for the resurgence of the Harmon family!"

At this moment, a prominent member of the Harmon family suddenly stood up.

"In extraordinary times, we must take extraordinary measures. No one is more suitable than Natasha to be our family head. I support her."

"Natasha is exceptionally intelligent and has outstanding business acumen. Over the years, the companies she founded have all flourished and earned significant profits. With her leading the way, the Harmon family will undoubtedly succeed."

"Grandfather's right. We all support her!"

At this moment, nearly all members of the Harmon family agreed with the proposal. The few who had doubts were quickly drowned out.

Without any surprises, Natasha was directly elected as the family head.

"Natasha, everyone is enthusiastic and supports you as the family head. What do you think?" Old Harmon asked.

"Grandfather, I haven't thought about it yet," Natasha shook her head. She had not even considered such a role since her father's recent passing.

"Natasha, I understand that this might be challenging for you at this time, but we must regain our composure," Old Harmon said with a serious tone. "With greater abilities come greater responsibilities. Your father, in the realm of spirits, surely wouldn't want to see the Harmon family fall apart. Now is the time for you to shoulder this heavy responsibility."

"I..." Natasha opened her mouth but didn't know what to say.

"Talk of greater abilities coming with greater responsibilities is nonsense!" At this moment, a dignified voice suddenly echoed at the door.

Everyone turned their heads in the direction of the voice, only to see an elderly man in luxurious attire, his hair silver-white, walking in with his hands behind his back. Behind him, a group of aristocrats followed.

"Humph! If the Harmon family is in decline, that's your own business, but don't drag my granddaughter into it, or don't blame me for not being polite!"

As soon as the elderly man appeared, he exuded a domineering aura and an intimidating presence.

This attitude provoked discontent among many in the room.

One young member of the Harmon family even slammed the table and shouted, "Hey! Who is this old man? How dare he act arrogantly in our Harmon family? Is he tired of living?!"

Before he could finish his sentence, the elderly man in luxurious attire took a step forward, and in an instant, a hunchbacked elderly servant accompanying him swiftly moved forward and slapped the young man's face with a resounding "crack!"

The young man was sent flying and landed on the ground like a dead dog, unconscious.

"Daring!"

"Outrageous!"

Seeing this, the Harmon family members were furious and couldn't contain their anger.

While the Harmon family might have fallen on hard times, they were not to be trifled with by just anyone.

"Capture them all!" one of the Harmon family elders angrily ordered.

"Stop! Everyone, stop!" Witnessing this, Old Harmon was shocked and immediately stopped the impulsive Harmon family members. He then rushed over to the elderly man in luxurious attire, bowed deeply, and said with a loud voice, "I am humble servant Herbert Harmon, paying my respects to Duke Roberts!"

"What?! A duke?!"

As soon as this statement was made, the entire room erupted in shock and disbelief.