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Chapter 206

“D—

Dustin Rhys? How could it be him?!” After learning the truth, Florence and the others looked at each other

for a while, disbelief written on their faces.

Never in a million years had they considered that it wasn't Matt who saved Julie, but the person they had

dubbed ungrateful.

This was simply a slap in the face!

*So Dustin never framed Julie in the first place, and it was you guys... purposely slinging mud at him?” Dahlia stood rooted to the ground, expressionless.

Her face **was** as white as a sheet.

“W—

who slung mud **at** him? I bet he's feeling guilty because he **knows** what he did wrong, so he's trying to

make things up to us!” Florence insisted stubbornly.

She was used to

bossing people around; of course, she would never admit that she had gotten the wrong idea

about Dustin.

That would be too humiliating.

“Mom, things have already come to this, and you still want to justify yourself?” Dahlia bit her lip. Even her heart was clenching.

“How am I justifying myself? If that Rhys bastard hadn’t framed Julie, why would he have saved her? In the end, he **was** just feeling guilty for **doing** something wrong!” Florence insisted indignantly.

“That’s right! If he didn’t do it, why did he save her?” James echoed.

“I’ve really had enough of you guys!” Dahlia’s emotions finally exploded.

“Why? Why do you always have to pick on Dustin? What exactly did he do to you? Must you purposely pick fights with him? In our three years of marriage, he has always been honest and agreeable, but you **have**

always had a prejudice against him. Even though he had never done anything wrong, you kept pushing blame on him again and again. Could you really be so blinded to how good he **is?**”

She

was basically roaring by the end of her **tirade**.

Everyone was scared stiff.

After that spiel, Dahlia couldn’t stand it anymore. She threw the door open and left.

She got in her car and sped down the **road**.

Her tears, however, couldn’t stop falling.

She regretted it.

She really regretted it.

She regretted being so **impulsive**; she regretted believing her mother’s **words**; and she regretted misunderstanding Dustin.

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She felt distraught and confused.

She didn’t know whether they could go back to the way things were before.

At the Peaceful Medical Center, Dustin took a deep breath. He quickly calmed down after hanging up the phone.

After all it wasn't the first time something like this **happened**.

Hence, he wasn't much bothered by it right now.

"Beep beep!" At that moment, a Maybach with a Millsburg license plate stopped at the entrance.

Soon after, a middle-aged man in a flashy, red suit strutted over with his head held high.

Next to him was a stocky bodyguard.

"Are you Dustin Rhys?" The moment the man in the **red** suit entered, he began to eye Dustin up and down, acting all high and mighty.

"And who are you?" Dustin raised his head, sparing the man a glance.

"My name is Laney, Phineas Laney. I am from the Laney family of Millsburg."

Phineas picked up his handkerchief and wiped down the chair before taking a seat of his own accord.

Dustin quickly made the connection. "The Laney family? What's your relationship to Matt Laney?"

"Matt Laney is my son and the heir of the Laney family." Phineas pushed his **glasses** up his nose and continued indifferently. "Of course, I didn't come here to your doorstep to tell you these things, but to offer you riches."

"Oh? What do you mean?" Dustin raised his eyebrows.

"I heard that you have the Immortunol formula in your hands. It's something I am very interested in." As Phineas spoke, he took out a check and slid it onto the table. "This is a check for 30 million dollars. If you give me the formula, then the money is yours. For people like you, this amount is enough for you to live without worry for the rest of your life!"

"Sorry, I'm not interested." Dustin rejected it immediately.

“Why? Is it too little?” **Phineas** narrowed **his** eyes slightly. “I didn’t peg you for someone **with** a big appetite. Alright, why don’t I **add on** another 20 million dollars, which makes it 50 million dollars in total? **Give** me the formula.”

“Like I said, I’m not interested,” Dustin repeated indifferently.

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“Young man, I advise you to consider this carefully. I do not like to be rejected. If something catches my eye. I’ll do anything to get it.” Phineas began to ramp things up.

“If you agree, then not only will you get the money, you’ll also become a friend of the Laney family. If you ever run into trouble, our family will help you. Conversely, if you turn me down, you’ll become an enemy of the Laney family. You have to decide for yourself whether you want to be our friend or foe.”

Dustin couldn’t help but laugh when he heard that. “I don’t like to be threatened. If you’re going to speak like that, then we can only be enemies.”

“Hm?” Phineas’ face darkened.

“Punk, are you sure you want to do this?”

“Of course.” Dustin nodded.

“Hmph! Don’t think you can go around fearlessly because you have the Harmons backing you. To tell you the truth, I have a hundred ways to deal with small fry like you. If you’re going to remain stubborn, I don’t mind playing this game with you,” Phineas threatened with a nasty expression.

“I’ll play with you to the end.” Dustin was not the least bit afraid.

“Good. I hope you won’t regret it!” Phineas snorted, got up, and left.

A country bumpkin actually had the guts to go against him?

He must have a death wish!

The night went by uneventfully, but the next morning

“Ah!”

Dustin was rudely awoken by a scream.

When he opened his door, he found Caitlyn collapsed on the floor, her face white with fear.

“Mr. Rhys, Dusty is dead!”

Caitlyn pointed at the door with tears in her eyes.

Dustin looked over to find a dead gray cat **hanging** from the top **of** the entrance of the medical center.

The cat had been disemboweled, its blood dripping onto the floor. It was a **grisly** sight.

This was the cat that Caitlyn brought back yesterday.

“Hmm?”

Dustin frowned.

When he stepped outside to take a look, he discovered that dog blood had been splashed all over both sides

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of the main entrance, including the medical center’s sign.

Hanging a cat and splashing dog blood—this was no longer just humiliation.

This was a blatant threat and provocation!

“Beep beep! At that moment, the Maybach from yesterday slowly pulled over at the side of the road.

The window rolled down to reveal Phineas’ and Matt’s faces.

Both father and son had the same arrogant smirk on their faces.

“Did you do **this**?!” Dustin’s face turned stormy.

“Congratulations! You’ve got the right answer!” Matt grinned. “Dustin, oh, Dustin, we have already given you a chance. You didn’t appreciate it then, so don’t blame us for pulling some tricks!”

“You insist on fighting me?” Dustin’s eyes were icy.

“Fight? Heh Are you worthy of fighting us? You need to know that we’re still playing right now.” Matt

sneered.

“Of course, all this is just a taste. The main event will come later! Aren’t you always on your high horse? I have plenty of time to play with you! Of course, I’m not just going to play with you but also with your woman. I know you still have feelings for Dahlia, but don’t **worry**. Once I get her in my **bed**. I’ll film a video for you to enjoy. I want you to watch me defile your woman! Tsk just the thought of it is wonderful!” At the end of the sentence, he even licked his lips.

“You’re asking for death!” Dustin was seeing red.

“Asking for death? Heh Are you capable of killing me? Do you think the Harmons would turn against the Laney’s for you? Without Natasha’s protection, you’re f*cking nothing! I’ll give you three **days** to think. Either you hand over the Immortunol formula, or you start shopping for your **own** coffin!” After Matt finished speaking, he wound up the car window and left.

With a dark expression, Dustin took out his phone and dialed a certain number. “Hey, I need a favor

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After hanging up, Dustin began to clean the medical center with Caitlyn.

Although she didn't let out a word of complaint, Dustin could tell that the death of her pet cat had taken a huge toll on her.

Her eyes were constantly red, and she was trying her hardest to cry without making a sound.

This young woman had had such a tough life that she lived so pitifully and carefully that she didn't even dare **to** cry.

She was such a good kid that it tugged at Dustin's heartstrings.

The two of them worked together for a long time before the medical center **was** finally clean.

After a few moments, a silver Bentley pulled up at the entrance.

The door opened, and Natasha got out of the car, dressed in a red **dress**.

"Ms. Harmon?" When Caitlyn spotted Natasha, she immediately greeted her.

"Come on, Caitlyn, I've told you many times that you don't need to be so formal with me. You can just treat me

as your sister." Natasha smiled, patting Caitlyn's head.

"Okay." Caitlyn nodded obediently, but it would take some time for her to act casually with Natasha.

"Ms. Harmon, what can I do for you?"

Dustin walked over to Natasha from inside the medical center.

"Can't I come to see you without a reason?" Natasha raised **her** eyebrows.

"Of course not. You can come whenever you like, and I'll always welcome you." Dustin smiled.

"Hehe... That's more like it." Natasha smiled gently. "Come on, let's have lunch together today. I'll introduce

you to a big shot."

"A big shot? Who is it?" Dustin was curious.

“You’ll **know** if you come.” Then, Natasha called out, “Caitlyn, come, let’s go eat together.”

“I won’t go this time. I want to stay and take care of Mr. Jones.” Caitlyn shook her head.

“In that case, that’s fine. I’ll have Dustin bring some food back for you.”

o the car.

Natasha didn’t force Caitlyn to tag along. Instead, she just **tugged** Dustin into the car. 20 minutes later, the car pulled to a stop in front of the entrance to A’roma.

A’roma was a high-class Stonian **restaurant** that **was** also **one** of the Harmon family’s businesses,

Natasha would usually choose this place **whenever** she invited important guests for a meal.

The two of them walked up to the second floor and sat down at a table by the window.

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Through the window, they had an amazing view of the garden outside.

“Ms. Harmon, I think you can tell me who we’re meeting now, right?” Dustin asked again.

“Roderick Brooks of Millsburg. Have you heard of him?” Natasha said, smiling lightly.

“Roderick Brooks? He sounds familiar.” Dustin gave it some thought.

“Roderick is the chairman of the Riversouth Bank and a renowned tycoon in Millsburg. Apparently, he controls one-third of the cash flow in Millsburg. That’s how he got his nickname. Big Bucks Brooks,” Natasha explained.

“Oh, so it’s him...” Dustin nodded. He was getting a rough idea of this person.

“It’s not known to others, but Big Bucks Brooks is actually suffering from an illness. He’s seen many doctors. but none of them could cure him. I heard that you’re an excellent healer, so I invited you here to meet him. I think he’ll be here soon,” Natasha explained.

As the two were talking, a female voice suddenly sounded from behind them. “Why, isn’t it Ms. Harmon?”

Turning her head, Natasha saw an elegant woman dressed up to the nines in an extravagant custom-made evening gown walking toward her, carrying a Hermes handbag.

“Oh, it’s you, Mrs. Brooks. Where’s Mr. Brooks?” Natasha glanced left and right.

“What, do you miss my Roderick that much? Ever since the last time you saw him, your heart is still set on him, huh?” Chloe Marshall said sarcastically.

She had never liked Natasha.

On the one hand, it was because they were business competitors.

On the other hand, it **was** because Natasha was an outstanding individual.

Not only was she born into a wealthy family, but she **was** also gorgeous, and her business was booming.

This made her very jealous.

Especially after she learned that Natasha had frequent contact with her **husband**, she felt even more

threatened.

Hence, she had to establish dominance!

“Mrs. Brooks, you must have misunderstood me. Mr. Brooks and I only talk about business,” Natasha said

indifferently.

“Oh, talking about business, are **you**? **You** want to talk about business in his bed, don't you?” Chloe's smile

turned cold.

“Ms. Harmon, it's not a good habit to constantly be lusting after the next best thing. You're **already** keeping a **gigolo**, so why are you still thinking about my Roderick? Everyone **says** you're as pure as the driven **snow**, but I don't think so. If I remember right, Ms. Harmon, you're almost 28 years old, right? This gigolo looks to be in his

early twenties. In that case, aren't you a cougar?”

She deliberately raised her voice to draw the attention of the people around her, letting them hear her words.

She was trying to damage Natasha's reputation.

Natasha merely frowned lightly in response.

If she didn't have a good relationship with Roderick, she would have gone up there and given her two tight slaps.

“Where did this witch come from? Are you sick in the head?” At that moment, Dustin couldn't stop himself from speaking up. “If you are, then walk out the door, turn left, and go to the hospital to get your head checked. Don't bother those of us eating here.”

“You gigolo, do you know who I am? How dare you talk to me like that?!” Chloe whipped her head to glare at him furiously.

“Does it matter who you are?” Dustin scanned her up and down. “You're dressed like a person, yet you bark like a dog. Whenever you open your mouth, shit comes out. Your mouth stinks. You should go and brush your teeth, not make us gag here!”

“You

How dare you insult me?!” Chloe widened her eyes, shocked and enraged.

She was the wife of Big Bucks Brooks!

Everyone kissed the ground she walked on.

However, this gigolo had the guts to insult her to her face. He really had huge balls!

“So what if I insult you? If you keep humiliating Natasha, I’ll slap you. You’d better believe it!” At that moment, Dustin had a domineering expression.

Meanwhile, Natasha looked at the scene with a tender gaze, cupping her cheek with one hand. There was a blissful smile on her face.

“Gigolo, I demand you get on your knees and apologize at once! Or else, there will be consequences!” Chloe was steaming out of her ears.

“Get on my knees and apologize? Are you worthy?” Dustin snickered.

“Also, don’t say I didn’t warn you, but you really should head to the hospital for a check-up. You’re really sick!”

“You’re the sick one! Your entire family is sick!” Chloe gritted her teeth..

“Don’t believe me? Then let me ask you this—have you been experiencing headaches, fever, weakness in the limbs, occasional nausea, and difficulty breathing these days?” Dustin asked indifferently.

“Yes, but so what? I just have a cold!” At first, Chloe **was** stunned, but she quickly stuck her nose in the air again.

“A cold? Heh... You’re quite the optimistic person.” Dustin shook his **head**. “I can see that you **have** shortness of breath, the lymph nodes in your neck **are** swollen, **you look** lethargic, and you have a **rash** on your body. If my guess isn’t wrong, then I think you have Acquired Immunodeficiency Syndrome.”

“The what syndrome?” Chloe was dumbfounded.

“Acquired Immunodeficiency Syndrome, or AIDS for short.”

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As soon as he said that, Chloe turned to stone.

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“A–AIDS?”

Chloe **was** frozen in place, at a loss.

She was truly shocked.

Not only because Dustin hit the nail on the head for all the symptoms she was experiencing, but **mainly** because she had gotten a new boy toy a while back

.

When they were intimate, they hadn't used protection..

Now, hearing his words, she couldn't help but panic a little.

“Dustin, are you sure?” Natasha also looked surprised.

AIDS was not a trivial matter.

Could it be that this was Roderick's secret illness?

“Although I can't be a hundred percent sure, I'm sure I'm not too far off,” Dustin replied.

“You. You're bullshitting me!” Chloe shrieked. “I just had a medical checkup at the hospital this morning.

How can I have AIDS? Stop trying to scare me!

“It's up to you whether you want to believe me.” Dustin shrugged his shoulders.

“Bastard, you're scaremongering and humiliating me in public. I've **got** to teach you a lesson! Wally, beat him up!” Chloe flew into a rage and ordered the young bodyguard standing behind her to hit Dustin.

However, the bodyguard named Wally **was** rooted to the floor, his face pale. Cold sweat dripped down his face.

“Wally, what are you still standing there for? Do something!” Chloe shouted.

“What’s going on?!”

At that moment, a tan, obese middle-aged man suddenly walked in.

Two burly bodyguards trailed behind him.

“Huh Isn’t that Big Bucks **Brooks** of Millsburg? What is he doing **here**?”

“That seems to be his wife, Chloe Marshall. A good **show** is about to go down!”

“Big Bucks Brooks is known for spoiling his wife. It seems like that punk is going to get it today!”

The restaurant broke into a heated discussion when the middle-aged man appeared.

“Honey, you’re finally here!” The moment Chloe **saw** him, she immediately ran into his **arms** and started to sob. “That guy kept bullying me earlier. You have to help me!”

“Who’s the ballsy asshole brave enough to bully my wille?!” Roderick’s eyes turned fiery with anger.

Even though he knew his wife could be rather unruly, he still chose to dote on her unconditionally.

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“It’s that gigolo next to Natasha!” Chloe turned around to point at Dustin.

“Hm?” Roderick narrowed his eyes, displeased, “Ms. Harmon, is that man your friend?”

“This is Dustin, my boyfriend.” Natasha threw out straightforwardly.

These words shocked Roderick.

Wasn’t Natasha’s man Tyler?

How come there’s another one now?

And judging from her expression, it didn't seem like she was joking.

"Honey, not only did that gigolo call me a shrew, but he also humiliated me and said that I have a disease. If you don't stand up for me, I will be too ashamed to leave the house ever again!" Chloe put on a pitiful look.

As she spoke, tears spilled from her eyes.

It was like she **was** now a completely different person than **her** unruly self earlier.

She was a drama queen, plain and simple.

"Okay, calm down. I will definitely get justice for you." After comforting his wife, he turned back to Natasha.

Ms. Harmon, I need an explanation."

"What explanation? Your wife was the one spitting ugly words first. Dustin was just having a normal

conversation with her," Natasha responded indifferently.

Even though Roderick's family was filthy rich, she wasn't scared of it. If they could talk it out, then they would.

If they couldn't, then she'd let things get ugly. It was no big deal.

"You're talking nonsense! It's obvious that you're the ones ganging up to bully me!" Chloe shouted.

"You have to speak from your conscience. I was just kindly letting you know that you're sick," Dustin said in a

serious manner.

"See, honey! You heard it, right? He said I'm sick! He's clearly insulting me!" Chloe was furious.

"I'm only speaking the truth when I say you're sick. How is that insulting you?" Dustin asked back.

“Punk, you’re pretty arrogant, huh? Then I must ask—**what** disease **does** my wife **have**?” Roderick narrowed his eyes, his **expression** was livid.

“AIDS.” Dustin uttered casually.

“Bullshit!” Roderick’s face darkened. “I’ve always been clean, and I’ve never fooled around with anyone else. How could I possibly **have** contracted AIDS?”

“I know you haven’t, but your wife has,” **Dustin** said.

“What do you **mean**?” Roderick’s gaze was steely.

“It’s simple. Your wife **is having** an affair,” Dustin uttered those shocking words.

The entire room broke out into pandemonium.

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All of them pointed at Dustin as if they were looking **at** an idiot.

He’d just told Big Bucks Brooks to his face that his wife was having an affair. Wasn’t this just asking for death?

Everyone knew that Big Bucks Brooks was known for covering up his wife’s mistakes.

“Punk, do you know what you are **saying**?” Roderick gritted his teeth, his eyes ferocious.

If it wasn’t for Natasha, he would have shot this man in front of him already.

“Of course I know what I’m saying.” Dustin said, his expression remaining unchanging. “Mr. Brooks, your wife just hired that bodyguard, Wally, a few months ago, right?”

“So what? Roderick frowned.

“Based on my observation, his symptoms are much more severe than your wife’s. Hence, my guess is that he was the one who gave your wife AIDS,” Dustin said.

Hearing these words, Chloe and the young bodyguard could not help but tremble in fear.

Panic flickered across their faces.

Roderick also caught this strange reaction.

“You

That’s bullshit! By the time she returned to her senses, Chloe’s shame had transformed into rage.” You dog, you’re smearing my innocence! I’m going to beat you into a bloody pulp today!”

With that, she got ready to pounce on him and attack him.

At that moment, Roderick’s cell phone suddenly vibrated.

A message arrived.

It was the result of the medical checkup this morning.

Roderick perused it, and his face instantly turned stormy.

Veins popped on his forehead.

“Honey, what’s wrong?” Chloe was feeling a little uneasy.

Suddenly, a sharp **slap** rang out.

Roderick, who was known for being overbearingly protective **of** his wife, slapped Chloe with so much force that she staggered backward.

The blow caused her to bleed from her nose and mouth, and her cheeks began to swell.

The entire room was shocked!

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“Honey, why did you hit me?” Chloe cupped her face, looking hurt.

The others also looked at each other, unable to comprehend what had just unfolded.

No one expected that Big Bucks Brooks, the man who had always covered for his wife’s behavior, would

smack her with **his** own hand.

“See for yourself!” With a dark look, he threw the phone straight at Chloe.

Chloe picked up the phone and took a look. Suddenly, her face turned ashen, as if she’d been struck by

lightning.

It was the medical checkup report from the hospital, and the diagnosis was indeed AIDS!

“How could this happen? No, it can’t be!” Chloe shook her head frantically in utter disbelief.

“This medical report must have been falsified! Honey, I don’t have AIDS. I really don’t!”

“Are you still trying to defend yourself at this point?!” Roderick roared, his blood was boiling.

Any man would not be able to stomach finding out they were cheated on.

Even worse, his wife had contracted AIDS because of it.

This was simply humiliating!

“Honey, I’m sorry! I was just momentarily confused. I’m begging you, please forgive me!” With a thud, Chloe fell to her knees. Then, she pointed at the young

bodyguard next to her and bellowed, "It's all his fault! It's all because he seduced me! It's not me; I'm innocent!"

"Mrs. Brooks, you have to speak from your conscience. You were the one who came onto me, so how could you push the blame all on me?" Wally was a bit upset.

If he were to carry the blame for seducing a married woman, considering Big Bucks Brooks's power, his life

may be in danger.

Naturally, he didn't want to be the scapegoat.

"S— shut up! It was you! You seduced me! Not only that, but you also gave me AIDS, you animal!" Furious. Chloe stormed over to Wally and **gave** him a few huge slaps.

Afterward, she returned to her position on her knees in front of Roderick and begged, "Honey, I know I made a mistake. I won't do it again. I'm begging you, we're husband and wife, so please forgive me this time!"

Roderick was unmoved, his face icy.

He loved his wife, but only on the condition that she was faithful to him.

If she couldn't do the basics and remained loyal to him, then who was she to deserve his love?

"It's all your fault! It's all because of you two pieces of shit. I'm going to kill you!" Seeing Roderick's lack of response, Chloe became infuriated and lunged straight toward Natasha.

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She also purposely smeared her hand with the blood from her nose, intending to give Natasha a taste of AIDS.

"Get lost!" Dustin stepped forward and launched a kick straight at Chloe.

After getting sick, she still wanted to pass it on to others. She really deserved a beating.

“Honey, he—he hit me... Chloe held her stomach with a look of agony.

“Take Chloe home and keep an eye on her. Don’t let her leave the room for even a moment!” Roderick ordered with a cold expression.

“Roger!” Without another word, the two sturdy bodyguards immediately hauled Chloe up and left.

No matter how much the latter wailed and apologized, it was to no avail.

After the noise died down, Roderick couldn’t help but take a deep breath, Soon enough, he managed to

suppress his anger.

He was far more adept at controlling his emotions than the average person.

“Ms. Harmon, I’m sorry for my wife’s poor behavior. I’m sure you were frightened,” Roderick apologized.

“What happened today was nothing but an accident.” Natasha smiled politely.