

An Understated Dominance (Dustin Rhys)

Chapter 833

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“Run, Ms. Harmon!”

Gritting his teeth, Nelson grabbed his sword and cleared a path for Natasha to escape.

Natasha immediately ran out of the meeting room.

When she turned around, Nelson and his men were already lying in pools of blood.

“Grab her! Don’t let her escape!” Felix yelled, knowing that Natasha was Dustin’s weakness. He planned to use Natasha as a hostage if Dustin was still alive.

“After her!”

As Charging Tiger Guild’s disciples charged after her, Nelson sprung up. He was bleeding but pushed past the men and dashed to close the doors.

“Run, Ms. Harmon!” he yelled as he locked the doors.

“You motherfucker! You’re doomed!” Felix was pissed.

He grabbed one of his subordinates' swords and slashed Nelson multiple times. Despite his injuries, Nelson didn't budge from the door, and his grip never loosened.

"Just die!" Felix was furious and brought the sword down on Nelson nonstop. Even Felix's subordinates frowned at the gruesome sight.

After dozens of strikes, Nelson finally went limp and sank to the floor. Blood was everywhere.

"Open the damn door!" Felix ordered and finally yanked open the doors.

However, just as he was leaving, a bloody hand grabbed his ankle.

"R-run..." Nelson wheezed weakly, his grip on Felix surprisingly strong.

"Fuck! Kill him!" Felix's face twisted in rage.

He began another series of attacks on Nelson. Still, Nelson's grip refused to loosen.

"He's fucking crazy!" Felix gritted his teeth. He decided to chop Nelson's hand off and run with it still attached to his leg.

He saw a row of cars heading in his direction when he reached the gates.

It turned out that the Kirin Gang disciples had returned.

"Sir, things aren't looking too good. We should retreat!" One of his men yelled.

“Damn it! We were so close! It’s all that fucker’s fault!” Felix snapped, looking displeased. He reluctantly left with his men.

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Soon, the roars of engines could be heard as the cars arrived.

When Dustin exited the car, he spotted the trail of blood from the door.

A bad feeling arose, and he rushed into the manor.

The sight of the meeting room devastated him.

Nelson was lying in a pool of blood, his flesh a mangled mess with no clean skin

visible. Still, his faint cries could be heard.

“Run... Hurry...”

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