

An Understated Dominance by Marina Chapter 681 -

Chapter 681

“Hurry! Let’s head over to the banquet hall!” Hector ordered immediately.

“No need. I’ve taken care of it.” Dustin emerged from the darkness. His white clothes were stained red as some murderous air lingered on him.

“That’s good.” Hector sighed in relief before asking, “Dustin, did you catch sight of the Dark Lord?”

“Not yet?” Dustin shook his head..

“As long as the Dark Lord is alive, our family will be in danger. All members of the Harmon 1

family, listen up! Split yourself into groups of five and root him out!” Hector commanded.

“There’s no need for that. I’m already here.” Just then, a sinister voice spoke out.

Everyone turned and saw a man standing proudly on the gazebo nearby. He wore a black cape and a mask that covered half of his face. The air surrounding the man was so poisonous that the ring. of plants around him had already withered. Even the snow that fell on his body turned black.

“The Dark Lord?” The Harmon family instantly had their guards up and their weapons drawn. The past few years have traumatized them. They couldn’t see or catch him, so they had to be constantly on guard against him since his methods were always baffling. He was skilled in poison, curses, and witchcraft and could easily kill someone undetected. His skills made it extremely difficult to anticipate his next move.

The Harmon family couldn’t help but feel a little scared. They could finally meet this nightmare

in person.

“You’ve finally shown yourself.” Hector narrowed his eyes, his expression grim. Knowing the Dark Lord’s personality, the man must have something up his sleeve if he was willing to show himself

today.

“We should end things now. It’s been a long time coming, after all.” The Dark Lord sniggered. “You have two choices right now. You either hand over your treasure, or your entire family will perish!”

“Our family will perish? Because of you?” Hector humphed. He prepared well just to fight against the Dark Lord. However, dealing with the man would have been difficult if he had been hiding in

the dark. Now that the Dark Lord had shown himself, they could finally take him down!

“I can deal with all of you myself!” The Dark Lord clasped his hands behind his back, his clothes dancing in the air.

“How dare you!”

“Insolent bastard!”

The Harmon family cried out angrily. The Dark Lord was feared for his mystic arts. So, the Harmon family had nothing to fear as long as everything came down to a battle of the fists.

“Move out of the way! I’ll deal with him!” Dylan stood forward and swore, “You’ve harmed our family for years, Dark Lord! Today, you will pay for your sins with your blood!”

“Foolish brat.” The Dark Lord humphed disdainfully

“How dare you look down on me! Go to hell!” Dylan drew his blade and leaped into the air. With a powerful swing, he brought his sword down with all his might.

There was a whistle as the force melted the snow in its path and headed toward the Dark Lord,

“What a powerful swing!” The Harmon family watched the battle animatedly. As the genius of the family, the time Dylan spent on the battlefield completely changed him. His sword was much more powerful than it once was.

“Oh, my genius boy!” Jacob watched his son proudly. Defeating the Dark Lord would make Dylan the family’s hero.

“Tree Flicker.” With a snicker, the Dark Lord struck out with his palm. A shadow phased through Dylan’s sword and planted itself into the young man’s chest.

“Aargh!” Dylan wailed as he collapsed onto the ground. He spurted blood everywhere.

An Understated Dominance by Marina Chapter 682 -

Chapter 682

“What?” Everyone was shocked as they watched Dylan land on the ground. The way he had leaped into the air tricked everyone into thinking that he had a winning chance against the Dark Lord. However, his opponent was able to get rid of him effortlessly, shocking the crowd.

“Dylan!” Jacob paled. He rushed over to hold his son up.

“I slipped, Dad...” Dylan forced out before his head fell to one side as he passed out. Jacob was tongue-tied. He couldn’t believe how stubborn his son was.

“How could he act so foolishly when he’s so weak? Does the Harmon family have no one else to send?” At the gazebo, the Dark Lord sneered at them scornfully.

“Don’t be cocky. We’ll deal with you!” A voice was heard as nine people emerged from the group of people. There was a mix of men and women, as each of them were powerful fighters well-known in the martial world. Without doing much, they gave off immense pressure on those around them.

“To tell you the truth, these are skilled martial artists we hired. With them around, you’ll meet your end no matter what tricks you use!” Trent declared, pleased.

“You better surrender if you don’t want to die!” Hector shouted.

The Harmon family called upon many martial artists for help, but most of them were nothing but smokescreens. Their true trump card was actually these nine fighters.

“Pfft! I can get rid of these nine pests easily.” The Dark Lord sniggered, unfazed.

“Insolent bastard!” His answer pissed off the nine fighters.

They were well-known fighters in the martial world and were confident they could each take on the Dark Lord by themselves, much less as a team

“Guys, on my mark, let’s get rid of this evil man!” An elderly man shouted as he sprung toward the Dark Lord, sword first. “Kill him!”

The remaining eight fighters followed closely behind, each using their best skills to fight the Dark Lord. Blades glinted, and gusts of wind rippled through the air as the trees and bushes around them were sliced down. Even the freshly laid snow had evaporated.

“With those skills, no wonder they’re the best fighters around.”

“With those nine people attacking him at the same time, there’s no way he can avoid their assault!”

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“Since he dared to invade our house, let’s make sure he never leaves!”

The Harmon family watched intently as the nine fighters surrounded the Dark Lord, eagerly waiting for the latter to be shredded into pieces.

“What a bunch of losers.” The Dark Lord chuckled before striking outward with both palms. There was a loud rumble as the two fighters closest to him were flattened into human pancakes. The Dark Lord then spun around and did the same to the two fighters behind him, killing them instantly.

Within seconds, nearly half of the nine fighters were dead.

While the Dark Lord was busy with the four fighters, the remaining five rushed toward the Dark Lord and swung their swords fiercely.

Sharp clangs rang out as their weapons hit the Dark Lord's body. As if they had hit solid steel, sparks flew from the points of contact.

"What?"

The five fighters' eyes widened in shock, and they paled. When they tried to jump backward, they realized that the true energy surrounding the Dark Lord's frame had glued their weapons to his body like a magnet.

"Who gave you the courage to fight me with those measly skills? You guys must have a death wish!" The Dark Lord's body shook, and a gust of terrifying true energy burst forth.

An Understated Dominance by Marina Chapter 683 -

Chapter 683

As if they had been struck by a train, the remaining five fighters were brutally thrown backward and landed in a pile of snow.

Some died, while others were severely injured, and none of them were able to stand up again.

"What? The nine fighters lost?" The Harmon family was devastated to see that the skilled fighters they spent a hefty amount to hire hadn't even been able to touch a hair on the Dark Lord's head.

"Who's up next?" The Dark Lord stood at the same gazebo, and he peered down at those useless fools.

"Even those nine fighters lost to him. There's no way anyone could win against him." The Harmon family exchanged fearful glances, none of them daring to step forward. Was this the end of the Harmon family?

"The two of us will have some fun with you, Dark Lord." Suddenly, a grave voice broke the silence.

Everyone turned to see two shadows emerging from the sky, nimbly making their way toward them. They moved as stealthily as a cat, making it hard for others to spot them.

“They’re awesome!” Everyone was amazed by the two men, who moved past the trees and toward the Dark Lord.

As they approached, everyone finally realized who the two elderly men were.

“Master Herman! Sir Leon!” Caelus was overjoyed to see them.

“They’re finally here!” Ivy and Maria cheered at the new arrivals, who were none other than the leader and assistant leader of the Invincible Guardians, Herman, and Leon Delgado.

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“You’re finally here.” Hector and the rest of the Harmon family heaved sighs of relief. Now that the leader of the Invincible Guardians was here, the Dark Lord couldn’t do too much damage. After all, these two men were martial artists who were close to becoming grandmasters.

“I hope you can forgive us for arriving late, Hector. Herman lowered his head respectfully.

“Of course. Having you two here is already a godsend.” Hector smiled. Things had seemed quite bad earlier, but fortunately, there hadn’t been much real damage.

“Let’s not waste time. We’ll take care of things from here.” Herman turned around to face the gazebo. “Dark Lord, you’ve committed grave sins Bold of-you to not surrender yourself now that the two of us are here!”

“No wonder you guys weren’t afraid. You had the Invincible Guardians protecting you.” The Dark Lord narrowed his eyes.

“If you’re scared, you better kneel and apologize right now. We might spare your life that way.” Leon bellowed.

“Scared? Pfft! Guilds like yours always like to bully people with numbers. How strong can you be? I challenge you to a one-on-one fight!” The Dark Lord taunted.

“Why would I need Herman’s help to deal with the likes of you?” Leon snorted.

“You better remember what you just said.” The Dark Lord’s gaze darkened, a sinister smile on his face.

“Hold on!” Dustin suddenly called out. “Sir Leon, you’re no match for him on your own. You have to work together if you want to have a winning chance”

“Nonsense!” Leon glared at him. “I’m nearly a Grandmaster martial artist. I can take care of this fat Divine-level bastard easily!”

“I’m just giving you a piece of advice. Even animals give it their all when catching prey much weaker than them, so there’s no need to risk it,” Dustin responded.

“Shut up! How dare a stupid brat like you tell me what to do! Step aside!” Leon was pissed that Dustin would question his capabilities.

“What?” Dustin frowned, and his expression turned cold. “If you insist on doing things your way, forget I said anything.”

He only gave that piece of advice because of the Harmon family, but since Leon refused to listen to him and even insulted him, he might as well just turn a blind eye.

An Understated Dominance by Marina Chapter 684 -

Chapter 684

“Hmph, foolish brat!” Caelus glanced at Dustin and sneered. “What would a stupid pig like you know about Sir Leon’s strength? You could never even hope to reach his level!”

“Dustin, Sir Leon is a semi-Grandmaster. You shouldn’t talk about things you don’t know. Others might laugh at you,” Ivy grumbled in displeasure.

“She’s right. You should watch how Sit Leon takes his opponent down!” Maria echoed. All of them saw Dustin as someone who liked to talk others down to make himself feel good. The Dark Lord might be a powerful person, but he was still a Divine-level martial artist, which was nowhere near the level of a semi-Grandmaster.

“Let’s hope things turn out the way you’re hoping they will,” Dustin simply responded. He’s said everything he needed to say. If he said anymore, he would just make a fool of himself.

“Sir Leon, I think he’s right. If you’re too scared to fight me alone, you can ask your leader to join the battle. Otherwise, you might suffer an embarrassing loss,” The Dark Lord taunted, aware that guilds like these cared more about their pride than anything else.

As he expected, Leon was furious at his words. “Yeah, right! Killing you is a piece of cake. I don’t need anyone’s help! Here I come!” He jumped into the air and unsheathed the long sword behind his back. Clutching the sword with one hand, he thrust it toward the Dark Lord at an incredible speed.

“His sword is so fast and powerful!”

“No wonder he’s a semi-Grandmaster. He’s so strong!”

The crowd marveled at his strength. They had never seen someone as strong as Leon.

“You’re doomed!” Leon bellowed, and his sword shone as his attack increased in power.

“Foolish bastard.” The Dark Lord chuckled coldly before swinging his hand, which was curled into a claw

This caused Leon’s blade, which was less than twenty inches away, to stop mid-air. The sword trembled violently but didn’t move at all.

“How is that possible?” Leon was shocked. Before he had time to react, the Dark Lord reached out and struck Leon’s chest with his palm. Immediately, blood spewed from Leon’s mouth, and he flew backward.

“Go to hell!” The Dark Lord took advantage of this opportunity and struck again. A huge shadow in the shape of a palm hit Leon hard.

“Leon!” Herman paled. He quickly drew his sword to counter the Dark Lord’s attack. There was a loud bang as the two attacks clashed before the shadow palm disappeared.

Herman reached out to catch Leon when the Dark Lord suddenly fused with the shadows and slammed into him.

“You must have a death wish!” Furious, Herman brandished his sword. Instantly, thousands of shadow swords appeared. They trapped the Dark Lord from all directions and then flew in the Dark Lord’s direction. However, they didn’t seem to affect the Dark Lord, who was able to phase

Chapter 684

through the shadows and counter with another strike.

“Oh no!” Herman’s eyes widened, and he instinctively raised his sword to block the oncoming onslaught. The blade shattered on impact, and the Dark Lord quickly followed up with another strike to Herman’s chest, crushing the man’s bones and causing him to cough up blood. Herman flew in the air before crashing into the ground, head-first.

[An Understated Dominance by Marina Chapter 685 -](#)

Chapter 685

It had only taken the Dark Lord two seconds to defeat Herman and Leon.

“What?” Everyone exclaimed, flabbergasted. No one had expected the two semi-Grandmasters to lose so terribly to the Dark Lord.

“Master Herman!” Terrified, Caelus, Ivy, and Maria dashed toward their mentor. Herman and Leon were severely injured; they bled profusely from their noses, and they couldn’t get back onto their feet

“How is this possible? The leader of the Invincible Guardians actually lost?” The Harmon family couldn’t believe their eyes. The two semi-Grandmasters had been their final trump card, and they’d thought they’d have a winning chance against the Dark Lord, yet the latter had eventually won, which begged the question: if the Dark Lord was stronger than Herman and Leon, which Harmon family member would stand a chance against him?

“If the two of you had come at me together, you could have won against me. Unfortunately, your confidence and pride blinded you.” The Dark Lord peered down at them.

“Aren't you just a fully developed Divine-level martial artist?” Herman gasped, clutching his chest.

“How was I going to lure you out if I didn't hide my true strength?” The Dark Lord chuckled. Although he had been confident that things would turn out in his favor, he still didn't want to take any risks.

“You treacherous and shameless bastard!” Jacob swore.

“Nothing matters as long as I can win.” The Dark Lord grinned. “Also, aren't you curious as to why I finally decided to show myself after all this time hiding?”

“Why?” Hector asked uneasily.

“I've been biding my time and building my strength” The Dark Lord puffed out his chest. “Actually, I've already evolved into a Grandmaster martial artist!”

His words shocked everyone, causing them to break out in a cold sweat. There were many skilled fighters in the martial world. However, it was rare to find anyone so strong. Countless geniuses spent all their lives trying to break that barrier and evolve.

Herman and Leon were the perfect examples. Although they were semi-Grandmasters who were halfway to becoming Grandmasters, the gap they had yet to fill was so profound that they'd been stuck at their current level for the past decade and still hadn't seen any improvements. Therefore, it wasn't an exaggeration to say that becoming a Grandmaster was near impossible.

Everyone finally understood why Herman and Leon had lost. Their opponent was a Grandmaster! “Shit! We're doomed!”

“How are we supposed to fight against such a strong opponent?”

“That's the end of our family!”

The Harmon family wore devastated expressions. The opponent they were facing was a

Grandmaster, which meant they had no chance of winning and could only let the Dark Lord do as he pleased.

“You’ve lost, Hector. I’ll let you guys live if you hand over the treasure.” The Dark Lord

commanded. He was powerful enough to crush the entire family.

“Knowing you, you won’t let us go even if we hand over the treasure.” Hector shook his head.

“You don’t have a choice in this matter.” The Dark Lord smiled coldly. It was true that he hadn’t been planning to let any of them go since obtaining the treasure map and getting rid of the Harmon family had been his target from the start.

“Since we’ll die no matter what, we might as well die honorably.” Hector took a deep breath. He suddenly raised his hand and shouted, “All Harmon family members, listen up! Draw your weapons and fight!”

This kind of events will not be posted on the current date

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