

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 806 -

Chapter 806

“Oh no... There goes our chance of winning.”

“How did things turn out this way? How could we have lost every single round?”

“The Knighthood Society tournament this year is an embarrassment for all of us martial artists from Balerno!”

Jared’s defeat sent the Balerno martial arts alliance into low spirits. There was anger,

disappointment, helplessness, and also resentment.

Both sides had always been on the same level in the previous Knighthood Society tournaments, making it an exciting event for everyone. No matter the outcome, they always gave their all and gained the audience’s respect.

But the tournament today was unexpectedly depressing for the Balerno martial arts alliance. They had been crushed in the first three rounds, and there wasn’t anything worth watching.

Things seemed to look up for them in the fourth round. In the end, they still lost. They have now consecutively lost for four matches and were utterly humiliated. It was truly shameful.

“No... That’s impossible! My senior is the best fighter out there! How could he be defeated?”

“It was obvious that Jared had hit Oscar first. What a shame that he was thrown off the platform!”

The Boulderthorn disciples found it hard to accept the outcome. Jared’s abilities were considered/ the best among the younger generation of Boulderthorn disciples. It was a pity that he lost.

“I guess we don’t have a chance of winning the tournament this year, sir.” Ronald sighed helplessly.

If Jared had won, there was still hope of turning the table. But now that Jared had lost, there was no way they'd be able to win anymore.

"We still have one more person left. We haven't lost yet," Paul said seriously.

"But sir, we have only Rhys left. How can he possibly defeat the five aces of Glenstead alone?"

Ronald shook his head.

"Well, now that Oscar is wounded, only four of them are left." Paul corrected.

"Sir, even if Oscar can't fight anymore, Glenstead still has four more contestants. And all four of

them are stronger than Oscar! Rhys doesn't stand a chance against all four of them!" Ronald smiled wryly.

It was tough enough to fight against Oscar, who was ranked 11th out of the Heavenly Immortals. But the remaining four were experts in the top ten ranking of the Heavenly Immortals.

It was true that Dustin had defeated Terry Doyle, who had ranked 13th. But his chances of winning against those in the top ten rankings were low. Now he was going up against four of them by himself. It was impossible for him.

"Let's just give it a try. We have no other options now." Paul sighed. Deep down, he knew that with just Dustin alone, it would take a miracle for him to turn the tables.

He hoped that Dustin would win just one round. At least then, they wouldn't be so embarrassed. It would make them the greatest joke ever if they were to lose five consecutive rounds.

When the wounded Jared was helped out of the lake, he was soaked from head to toe. His expression was dark.

It made him even more embarrassed, especially with everyone looking at him. He had gone up so confidently but ended up losing. It was humiliating.

"Jared! Are you alright?" A group of disciples from the Steeljaws Fellowship hurriedly rushed over to him.

“Just some minor injuries. It’s not a big deal,” Jared forced himself to say.

“Hah! Still acting tough when he can’t even stand straight.” Azalea, who stood behind Dustin, couldn’t resist mocking.

“Shut up! Had Oscar not thrown a surprise attack, do you think he’d be able to beat Jared?” Devon glared at her.

“That’s right! Oscar would have died had Jared not spared him some mercy!” others added.

“You should learn to admit your defeats. It’s embarrassing to make excuses when you’ve lost. Azalea rolled her eyes.

“You-!” Jared was so flustered, and with his internal injuries, he coughed up blood.

“Wow! Are you even coughing up blood now? You better hurry to a hospital or something. We’d hate to see you die here,” Azalea taunted.

“You b*tch! You’re asking for it!” Devon’s temper flared. But as he was about to get violent, he noticed a snake’s head poking from the collar of Azalea’s shirt.

He immediately pulled his hand back in fear when the venomous snake hissed. If he were to be bitten by the snake, he might lose his arm on the spot, just as his fellow guild member had.

“If you’re so good, why don’t you go up there and fight?” Desmond challenged.

“I’m not. But my man is.” Azalea linked her arm with Dustin’s, a boastful expression on her face.

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Chapter 807

Dustin glanced at Azalea and pulled his arm away from her grasp.

“Him? How strong do you think he is? He isn’t even fit to be compared to Jared!” Desmond mocked.

“Exactly! Jared’s ranked 12th among the Heavenly Immortals! This bastard isn’t even worthy to be near him!” Devon exclaimed.

“If Jared’s so great, why did he lose earlier?” Dustin countered. That simple question silenced

everyone.

“Hmph! I’ve indeed lost, but do you think that you’d be able to win? With your level of skills, you won’t even withstand three hits!” Jared forced through clenched jaws.

“Is that so? Let’s wait and see then.” Dustin smiled faintly, not saying another word. He would much rather prove himself with his abilities than participate in meaningless arguments.

Right then, someone exclaimed excitedly, “Look! Someone’s replacing Oscar in the arena!”

Everyone looked toward the middle of the lake, only to see Oscar leave the platform.

Another graceful and elegant man in white made his way toward the platform on a boat.

“Hey, isn’t that Joel Finch, ranked tenth among the Heavenly Immortals?”

“Oh, my God! It is Joel Finch! We’re in trouble!”

“Even Oscar seemed invincible. Now we’ve got Joel, who’s even better than Oscar. What’s the point in continuing? We might as well just admit defeat already!”

After they confirmed the identity of the man in white, the Balerno martial arts alliance cried out and panicked.

“It’s him?” Dustin raised a brow, finding it rather unexpected.

“Haha! It seems like you’re out of luck, bastard! You’re in trouble, going up against Joel!” Jared smirked, laughing at Dustin’s misfortune.

He had already embarrassed himself. He didn't mind seeing more people end up in the same situation as him.

"Jared, is Joel really that great?" Devon asked curiously.

"Great doesn't even begin to explain what he's capable of! He ranks tenth among the Heavenly

Immortals! That means he's one of the top ten best divine-level martial artists! Even I'd be defeated in a second if I ever went up against him!" Jared said earnestly.

"Gosh! That's amazing!" Everyone was shocked. The fact that Jared would praise him as such, showed how strong Joel's abilities were.

"Hey, bastard! Weren't you all high and mighty just a while ago? Why don't you give it a try in the arena?" Jared taunted.

"Haha! Look at him! I bet he's feeling weak in the knees right now. How would he even dare to go into the arena?" Desmond ridiculed.

"No way! Don't tell me that you don't even dare to try and fight? How cowardly!" Devon jeered.

In their eyes, Dustin was bound to lose. The only question was, how bad was his defeat going to be?

"What are you yapping on about? Joel Finch? I'm not afraid of him."

Dustin walked forward and gave the boat a light kick to get it moving. Then, he jumped elegantly onto the boat and made his way toward the middle of the lake.

"Wow! Did he go? How bold of him!" Devon smirked.

"He doesn't know where he stands, We'll just wait and see how he dies!" Desmond said in contempt.

“Hah! Even I’m no match for Joel! How does this bastard dare to take up his challenge? He must really want to humiliate himself!” Jared laughed meanly.

Dustin was just a nobody. How could he stand up against someone who ranked tenth among the Heavenly Immortals?

Up in the arena, Joel stood there with his arms behind his back. He welcomed the applause and cheers from the audience with an arrogant expression.

He was determined to make a name for himself today!

“Go, Joel! Show them what the Zen Order is made of!”

“Even Oscar could go against four of them himself. Joel is even better than Oscar. It’d be a breeze for him.”

“This will be a predictable match. Let’s see how long the opponent can hold up for.”

The Glenstead martial arts alliance was confident. Disciples of the Zen Order were exceptionally proud.

“Don’t worry, everyone. I’ll finish things up quickly.” Joel gestured towards his fellow guild members by the lake and turned to face his opponent.

But when he saw the familiar face on the boat, Joel felt as if lightning struck him. A wave of fear immediately overwhelmed him.

“Mon-monster! The monster is here!” After mumbling to himself for a bit, Joel suddenly shrieked.

Then, without another word, he jumped into the lake and escaped as though his life was on the

line.

Chapter 808

With a loud splash, Joel jumped into the lake and escaped when he saw Dustin.

He splashed and thrashed wildly in the water like a fish on the verge of death. He looked terrified.

Jared and Devon were stunned. Even all the Boulderthorn disciples and the Glenstead martial arts alliance members were shocked.

Everyone gaped in disbelief.

For the most senior disciple of the Zen Order, an expert ranked tenth among the Heavenly Immortals, to be scared and flee in terror. Nobody expected this outcome!

The pure fear in his eyes made him look like he'd seen a ghost. If they had not seen it for themselves, they would not believe such a thing happened.

"Wh-what? He ran away?"

"What the f*ck? What's going on? The match hasn't even started, and he's already given up?"

"Has Joel gone crazy? Look at him. He looks like he's possessed!"

After a short silence, an uproar broke out among the crowd.

Joel's actions stunned both those from the Balerno martial arts alliance and the Glenstead martial arts alliance.

"Sir, what's the Glenstead martial arts alliance doing?" Ronald was caught off guard.

Everyone had expected an exciting match. Joel running away even before the match started was unexpected.

"Well... I'm not too sure either." Paul looked puzzled.

He had believed that Dustin would win, but he never expected it to be so easy. He had won even without fighting!

"Jared, are my eyes playing tricks on me? Did Joel run away?" Devon could not believe his eyes.

"Joel's ranked tenth among the Heavenly Immortals! How could he lose in such an undignified manner?" Desmond's eyes widened in disbelief.

"Damn it! What the heck is Joel doing?" Jared frowned. He was as confused as everyone else was.

Technically speaking, it would be a piece of cake for Joel to defeat a nobody like Dustin.

How did he end up running away in fear at just the sight of his opponent? The match hadn't even

started at all!

How could a person with such status embarrass himself like that?

"Azalea, why did that person run away when he saw Dustin?" Abigail wondered aloud.

"I guess he probably lost to him in the past, so now he's traumatized," Azalea said with a smirk.

Dustin was unbelievably powerful. She had not seen the full extent of how powerful he could be. But her guess was that he was almost as strong as the Dark Lord.

"How easy." Dustin chuckled. He never expected Joel to react like that.

Dustin hadn't even entered the arena, and Joel had already jumped into the lake. He didn't have any intention to redeem his previous humiliation at all.

Joel splashed madly in the lake, trying to reach the lake's edge as fast as he could.

By then, those from the Glenstead martial arts alliance were already complaining and looking at Joel in disdain.

It was one thing to lose in a fight. But to run away before the match even started was an act of cowardice and very much looked down upon.

"What's wrong, Joel? Why are you running away?" Brutus Grint looked at Joel with displeasure, obviously unhappy with his actions.

"Joel, are you giving up even before the match has started? This is truly shameful!" Daniel Grint grumbled.

"I wouldn't have escaped if I had a choice, master! But I don't stand a chance against that person!"

Joel looked like he was about to cry, his eyes full of fear. "He-h-he's the monster who injured me so badly two days ago!"

"What? It was him?"

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Chapter 809

Brutus frowned. Daniel and the others were also terrified by what they heard.

"Let's go back, master! I'm withdrawing from the tournament this year!" Joel sounded like he

was almost in tears. The traumatizing experience he had been through several days ago

haunted him like a nightmare.

He boasts of his exceptional talent and outstanding martial arts skills. He had never been defeated since he made a name for himself.

That night he never expected to run into two monsters.

The first monster was a lady who beat him up so badly with a teacup alone that he threw up blood.

Then, a man showed up, and he was even more terrifying. The man nearly killed him with his bare hands!

Since that night, his confidence and pride were completely ruined. He felt as if a shadow figure towered over him in his mind.

Thus, when he saw Dustin, he was scared to the point of fleeing without regard for his pride.

“Don’t worry, Joel. What happened the other night was just an accident. Maybe your eyes were just playing tricks on you!”

After Brutus reassured Joel, he turned and exchanged a glance with Daniel. “Dan, bring Joel to change into a dry set of clothes. Get him a cup of hot tea while you’re at it. That should calm his nerves.”

“Sure.” Daniel helped Joel, whose legs were still shaking, into a nearby courtyard villa.

“Mr. Grint, your disciple is quite disappointing!” Conrad Melling said with a dark expression. He did not hide his disapproval.

“I have not taught him well. Please forgive me, Sir Melling.” Brutus flashed him an awkward smile.

“Forget it. The tournament will still go on without him. Anyway, we will certainly win the tournament this year.” Conrad could not be bothered with such trivial matters.

Their three remaining candidates were all stronger and better than Joel. There was no doubt that those three would win.

“Who’s next?” Conrad’s gaze swept over to the three remaining contestants from Glenstead.

There were two men and one lady. The lady wore a mask and a strong and fit physique. She gave off a strong wildness.

The other two men consisted of one burly figure with a broadsword and the other with a pale face, bony figure. He looked sickly.

“I’ll go!” The burly man, Alan Barnes, stepped forward confidently. “I’ll get rid of that bastard with a swing of my sword!”

“That man must be powerful to come out last. I have confidence in dealing with men. Let me go.” The masked lady, Lexi Sutton, came forward too.

Then Torres Dale, the sickly man, coughed before saying, “I rank the highest out of the three of us. I should be the one going.”

They were all aware that this was the last match of the day. Whoever succeeds will receive great rewards and gain fame and reputation. So they were all fighting to be the one to fight in the last match.

“Hey, Sicko, you’re already on the brink of death. Stop fighting with us, and go get some rest.” The masked lady made a face before she continued, “And you, Big Guy, you might be strong, but you’re not agile. If he moves around a lot, you won’t be able to hit him. I’m the best candidate to go up against him!”

“Hah! Don’t you know you can subdue any opponent with brute strength? No matter what tricks he has up his sleeves, I can deflect it with my sword!” Alan boasted.

“I might be sickly, but that doesn’t mean I’m weak. I rank seventh among the Heavenly Immortals. I think that goes to prove what I said.” Torres covered his mouth with a handkerchief.

“You men can’t stand having a lady as an opponent, can you?” Lexi frowned.

“Cut the crap! It’s not every day we have the tournament. I’m here to gain fame and reputation!” Alan did not seem like he would back off.

“I haven’t got many years left to live. Please let me have my final moment of glory, you two.” Torres coughed into his handkerchief.

“No! I insist on having this match!”

“Nonsense! I should be the one going!”

“Well, it just so happens that I’m interested in having this match too.”

The three began arguing in public about who should fight the match.

The Knighthood Society tournament only took place once every three years, so it was a rare opportunity for them to show off. None of them were prepared to give up on the chance.

“Hey!” Right then, an indifferent voice suddenly came from afar.

“I say, the three of you should stop quarreling. Why don’t you join forces and fight me

together?”

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Chapter 810

The voice surprised all three of them.

They looked over to where the voice came from, only to see Dustin standing on the platform in the middle of the lake. He had his hands behind his back, looking totally composed.

“Hey, brat. What did you just say? I didn’t catch you.” Alan’s eyes narrowed, squinting at Dustin.

“I said the three of you should fight me together. That will save us a lot of time, and you won’t have to fight over who fights the match. Wouldn’t that be better?” Dustin asked calmly.

An uproar broke out among the crowd.

“Fuck! Is the bastard out of his mind? How dare he be so arrogant?”

“Does he have a death wish? How could he challenge three experts who rank among the top ten of the Heavenly Immortals?”

“Hah! He doesn’t know what he’s getting himself into!”

The crowd pointed at Dustin and commented among themselves. They looked at him like he was out of his mind.

“Jared, is the fella out of his mind? He doesn’t even stand a chance against them. How dare he challenge all three of them at once? What a joke!” A smirk tugged on Devon’s lips.

“He’s just an attention-seeking clown. He knows he can’t win against them. He’s doing this so that when he loses, he can make an excuse for himself.” Jared shot Dustin a disdainful look.

“At the end of the day, he’s just given up. No wonder he’s acting so recklessly.” Boudernthorn disciples looked at him in contempt.

Dustin had been lucky and won the previous round without having to fight. The disciples thought that Dustin probably knew there was no chance of winning this round, so he quickly gave up.

“Hey, brat, do you even know what you’re saying? You’re challenging all three of us at once.

you even capable of taking us on?” Alan’s expression was dark.

Are

He knew everyone in the top ten ranks among the Heavenly Immortals, and this bastard was obviously not one of them. How dare a nobody who wasn’t even in the top ten challenge them?

“Well, you’ll find out whether or not I’m capable when the match begins, won’t you? Or, do you not dare to take up my challenge?” Dustin stared at him from the platform, calm as always.

“What a bastard! I see you’re not one to cry until death stares you in the eye!”

Alan was riled up, and he hopped onto the boat. Then, using his broadsword as an oar, he

brought it down heavily onto the water’s surface, sending water splashing everywhere.

That pushed the boat forward, and he made his way steadily onto the platform in the middle of the lake.

“You’re taking him for yourself? Not so fast!” Seeing Alan moving toward the arena, Lexi rushed forward and jumped into the boat.

“This is truly unbecoming of a martial artist!” Torres rushed to catch up with them as the boat was already quite far from the lake’s edge.

He jumped, landed on the lake’s surface, and swiftly ran toward the boat. When the boat was within reach, he jumped and did a somersault, landing breezily onto the boat.

Thus, the three of them went to the arena on the same boat.

“No way! Is he really going to go up against all three at once?”

“He asked for it. Who’s to be blamed? Even if he lost, he would deserve it.”

“He must be crazy! He’s risking the honor of the alliance just for his personal gain!”

Those from the Balerno martial arts alliance were infuriated to see Dustin going up against all three opponents simultaneously.

He might have a slight chance of winning if he went up against them individually. But going up against all three at one go was a death wish!

“Oi, brat! It’s not too late for you to take your words back yet. If you pick me as your opponent, I’ll let you have three moves first!” Alan was the first to speak when he reached the

stage.

“Three moves? I’ll give you five!” Lexi held out a hand and showed five fingers.

“Haha! I guess I’ll have to take a step back then. I’ll let you have ten moves first as a head start.

Torres smiled slyly.

The three behaved like bargaining peddlers, negotiating with Dustin to give him their best

offer.

“That’s enough. Stop arguing. Just come at me together.” Dustin waved dismissively. His indifferent attitude showed that he did not consider them worthy opponents.

“Hey, brat! Are you asking for death?” Alan was annoyed

“I’m just giving you a chance. None of you stand a chance against me one on one. But if all three of you attacked at once, you might have a slight chance,” Dustin said casually.