

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori

Chapter 801

Chapter 801

A gentle breeze that carried the subtle scent of earth ruffled everywhere.

Many had gathered around Shinefield Lake, and the tension in the air was high as the two alliances faced off.

The tournament was held in the middle of the lake, where an arena 100 meters long had been built days ago.

The lake surrounded the platform, so they would need to reach it by boat.

The contestants representing the Balerno martial arts alliance had gathered inside a gazebo at the South, where Ronald got three substitutes to replace the three poisoned men.

Although these men weren't as strong as the earlier three, it was still better than nothing.

"Today's tournament is extremely important." Ronald's expression was serious as he looked at each of them.

"The Balerno martial arts alliance's reputation rests on your shoulders, so please work together. I await the good news!"

He lowered his head respectfully.

"Don't worry, Sir! We'll beat those guys up!" The new members were full of confidence.

Winning the tournament not only promised them a hefty prize but would also give them fame, so they would do their best.

"This is a tag team competition, so you four better follow my instructions and not act alone," Jared said coolly. His arrogant attitude caused others to frown.

"Who the hell do you think you are? Why should we listen to you?" A round-faced contestant demanded.

Jared sneered, "Because I'm the first disciple of Steeljaws Fellowship and the rank twelfth on The Heavenly Immortals. Does that answer your question?"

"The twelfth?" The other contestant immediately shut his mouth. The other two contestants fell

silent as well.

Although they were also on The Heavenly Immortals, their ranking was below thirty, which was way lower than Jared's.

It was challenging to advance even a single rank on The Heavenly Immortals, much less two ranks. So, if someone ranked 20 places higher than them, there was no way they'd be any match

for them.

"Any other objections?" Jared snorted.

"N-no. You can give orders since you're the strongest." The round-faced contestant smiled apologetically.

"What about you guys?" Jared turned his head.

"We chose a leader so that we could communicate better. I have no objections."

"Neither do I."

The other two nodded frantically.

The martial world followed the rule that the strongest person would be in charge.

"I like quick learners, unlike someone who has decided to be stubborn!" Jared jeered, shooting Dustin a glare.

Dustin ignored the other man and stared at the arena in the middle of the lake.

"You seem quite strong, Fatty. You'll go first." Jared pointed at the round-faced contestant. Remember, you have to win no matter what it takes!"

"Of course!" Fatty patted his chest confidently.

"Alright. Get onto the boat." Jared nodded, pleased.

"The boat? You underestimate me, Jared." Fatty smiled. "I'm not that weak. Watch as I skim across the water!"

With that, Fatty shot forward with a leap. Then he landed on the water's surface and ran with incredible speed, causing countless ripples.

"Good job!" Jared praised.

Almost immediately, Fatty ran out of true energy. He sent water splashing everywhere as he fell facefirst into the lake.

Chapter 802

"Uh..." Those from the Balerno martial arts alliance were stunned to see Fatty fall into the lake.

It would have been fine if he wanted to show off, but how could he fall in? This was a tournament, for goodness' sake, not a circus performance!

This was utterly embarrassing for the Balerno martial arts alliance.

"That f*cking loser!" Jared seethed, ashamed since he had just praised Fatty for his skills.

"Pfft! Why would he embarrass himself when he's such a weakling?"

"Fuck off if you're a loser. Stop humiliating yourself!"

"Are all Balerno martial artists so weak? Is this even a competition?"

Glenstead martial artists burst out in laughter and mocked.

"He was too proud." Even Ronald was embarrassed by the sight.

After all, martial artists that were hastily chosen were no good.

"It'll be hard to win the first match." Paul shook his head.

Why did Fatty have to waste his true energy to show off? In the end, he embarrassed himself and depleted more than half of his true energy. How was he going to fight later?

Finally, bubbles emerged from the water, and a round face reappeared.

Embarrassed by all the laughter, Fatty forced himself to swim to the arena. He got onto the platform, drenched in lake water.

"Damn it! I should have taken the boat!" he muttered to himself.

He'd managed to cross rivers with the same technique before, so he thought he could do the same with the lake. He didn't expect himself to run out of true energy halfway due to the lake's size.

"A weakling shouldn't show off. That's just embarrassing!" A man in red sneered as he arrived at the arena by boat, a spear in his hand.

"How dare you laugh at me! I'll kill you!" Fatty roared.

"As if you could do that." The man in red jumped onto the platform.

"I'll make you regret underestimating me!" Fatty gritted his teeth.

The man in red humphed disdainfully, unfazed by Fatty's threat. In his opinion, showoffs like Fatty weren't worthy of stepping into this arena.

He'd be disappointed if all Balerno martial artists were like this.

Just then, a bell rang from afar to signal the start of the match.

According to the rules, the match would start when the bell rang the third time. From there onward, the fighters' life depended on their skills.

Soon, the bell rang another two times.

"You're dead meat!"

Fatty attacked as soon as the bell rang for the third time. With a wave of his arm, countless darts shot toward the man in red.

Chapter 803

Besides throwing his darts, Fatty also threw a punch toward his opponent. That way, even if his weapons failed to hit the target, his punch would still be able to hit the man in red.

"Such useless tricks!" The man in red sneered before whipping his spear around to slap the darts away.

Immediately after sweeping the final dart aside, the man thrust his spear forward at an incredible speed. Before Fatty had time to reach, the

backward.

"You-!"

Sor had impaled his shoulder, throwing him

Fatty tried to get up, but the spear's tip was already resting against his throat. He'd be killed if he made any sudden movements now.

"You've lost," The man in red said condescendingly.

"W-who on earth are you?" Fatty was terrified.

He never imagined that he'd be beaten so quickly and effortlessly.

"Listen well. I'm Oscar Winston, and I'm the eleventh on The Heavenly Immortals," the man in

red announced proudly.

"Eleventh on The Heavenly Immortals?" Fatty was shocked. No wonder his opponent was so strong.

Curse his rotten luck!

"What are you waiting for? Scram!" Oscar used his spear to flip Fatty back into the lake, and the

latter had no choice but to swim back to shore.

Ultimately, the Balerno martial arts alliance lost the first round terribly.

"Sir Reeds, your men seem quite weak. Can't you choose someone stronger?" A bearded man chuckled from inside the Glenstead martial arts alliance's gazebo.

This man was the leader of the Glenstead martial arts alliance, Conrad Melling. Next to him was

Brutus Grint, Zen Order's guildmaster.

"You shouldn't celebrate so early, Sir Melling. No one can tell what will happen for sure," Ronald

responded.

-Although they weren't speaking very loudly, their voices could still be heard from across the

lake.

"Sure. Let's keep watching!" Conrad laughed louder.

"Who'll go next?" Jared turned to look at the remaining three contestants and pointed at the man

in black next to him. "You're up!"

"But Oscar Winston is eleventh on The Heavenly Immortals, I'm no match for him!" The man in

black exclaimed.

"I'm not asking you to defeat him. You just have to make him use up his true energy. If you exhaust his true energy, I'll be able to defeat him easily!" Jared humphed.

"What? Doesn't that mean that you're just going to use me as your stepping stone?" The man in black was displeased

"This is the best solution. I'll give you some credit once I win the tournament," Jared persuaded.

Jared ranked lower than Oscar on The Heavenly Immortals, so his chances of winning the battle head-on were only fifty percent.

Thus, he had to use others to exhaust Oscar's true energy if he wanted a winning chance.

"Alright. I'll fight to the death for our alliance!" The man in black steeled himself and promised.

It was a matter of honor, so he had no other choice

"Remember, hold him back for as long as possible," Jared reminded.

"Don't worry, Jared. I might not be able to defeat him, but I can still slow him down. Just wait and see!"

The man in black leaped onto the boat and glided toward the arena.

Three minutes later, there was a pained wail as he was thrown off the platform and into the lake.

Chapter 804

The man in black hadn't even landed three hits on Oscar before he was thrown into the lake.

Those from the Balerno martial arts alliance couldn't help feeling pissed at how poorly their contestants performed.

Since the first match, they hadn't even fended off any of Oscar's attacks. Forget slowing him down; they weren't even challenging enough to be his warm-up.

"What the hell? How could the alliance send such shitty contestants? It's so humiliating!"

"Ugh, I can't stand how easily those from Glenstead are beating us!"

"I wouldn't have come if I knew they would be so weak. It just pisses me off!"

Many people in the audience began to curse.

It would have been fine if it was one terrible match, but there was no way they could stand still after seeing how Balerno lost two matches in a row.

After all, the match took place in Balerno's territory, and most of the audience were Balerno martial artists. They weren't happy to see their men losing to Glenstead on their land.

"Those losers!" Jared swore softly, angry at the first two contestants.

Although Ronald remained quiet, he was displeased as well. The three substitutes he found were clearly lacking compared to the initial three contestants.

"You're up next!" Jared turned his attention to the third contestant, a man in gray.

"Your mission is the same as the guy earlier. Try your best to tire Oscar out instead of facing him head-on. Got it?"

"I-I'll try." The man in gray gulped nervously.

He knew there was no way he could beat Oscar, so all that was left to see was just how long he

could hold the other man back.

Anxiously, he climbed into the boat and headed toward the arena.

Three minutes later, there was a scream as the man in gray was tossed into the lake after less

than ten strikes.

Water splashed everywhere before bubbles slowly rose to the surface of the water.

"Balerno martial artists are so weak! How could they lose three matches consecutively?"

"I didn't expect them to be so weak. I thought it was going to be a fantastic battle."

"Well, Oscar can take care of all five by himself!"

Those from the Glenstead martial arts alliance laughed while those from Balerno struggled to rein in their anger.

Some even left in disappointment since there was no point watching anymore.

"What's going on, Sir Reeds? Aren't we winning too easily? This is getting boring." Conrad smiled

mockingly. His words were like knives to the heart.

"That's odd. Why are the Balerno martial artists so weak?" Brutus was puzzled.

He had participated in the last tournament, and both sides had been evenly matched. But

Glenstead was winning too easily today.

"I heard that three of their contestants were poisoned, so they just grabbed three fighters to fill in the empty seats," Conrad answered with a smile.

"They were poisoned? Who was the culprit?" Brutus was surprised.

"Who knows? It wasn't me, at least." Conrad shrugged.

Although he wanted to win, he couldn't resort to such despicable tricks.

Meanwhile, in the Balerno gazebo, Ronald turned to look at Dustin and Jared: "We can't afford

to lose again. Which one of you is confident enough to win?"

"I'll do it." Jared volunteered before Dustin could.

"Are you sure?" Ronald raised an eyebrow.

"We'll be doomed if we rely on him. I'm the only one with a winning chance against Oscar now!" Jared sneered at Dustin.

He realized that relying on the substitutes to tire Oscar out had wasted time. He had to face Oscar himself.

"Alright. We're counting on you." Ronald patted Jared's shoulder.

"I'll definitely win!" Jared leaped onto the boat and headed straight toward the arena.

"Hey, look! It's Jared!"

"Good luck, Jared! Make us proud!"

"Jared will be able to defeat that arrogant bastard!"

Boulderthorn disciples perked up when they saw Jared-even the martial artists who had been leaving stopped in their tracks.

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 805 -

Chapter 805

Now that their strongest fighter had appeared, they hoped he could save Balerno's reputation.

"Who are you?"

As Jared stepped onto the platform, Oscar swung his spear and pointed its head toward him.

“Jared Yancy. Twelfth on The Heavenly Immortals.” Jared glared at Oscar.

“I see.” Oscar narrowed his eyes, his expression turning serious.

They were outstanding individuals on The Heavenly Immortals and were only one rank apart. In other words, their skills were more or less on par. There was a chance of losing if they underestimated their enemy.

“I’ll win this match! Once I do, I’ll use you as my stepping stone to make my way up the top ten of the list!” Jared drew his sword.

“Really? Let’s see about that.” Oscar chuckled icily.

He gripped his spear with both hands firmly and got into position.

Soon, the bell rang three times.

They shot toward each other and began attacking.

Instantly, metal clanged, and sparks flew as they countered each others’ attacks. A crazy amount of true energy burst forth and whirled around the two fighters. It caused ripples in the lake and, the wind to soar.

Jared’s sword skills relied on pure strength, while Oscar’s spear skills relied on his agility and fluidity. The battle was exciting since the two of them were evenly matched.

“Take him down, Jared!”

“You can do it, Jared! Show him who’s boss!”

The Boulderthorn disciples shouted animatedly. Jared wasn’t just representing the Balerno martial arts alliance anymore. He was also representing Boulderthorn.

In the gazebo, Patrick asked, “Who do you think will win, Grandpa?”

“I can’t tell since they’re evenly matched.” Paul narrowed his eyes.

“I hope Jared wins, or Dustin’s responsibility will be huge.” Patrick sighed.

“You’ve got to win!”

Everyone’s eyes were glued to the tense battle. They’d still have a winning chance if Jared won, but if he lost, it would be game over.

As time ticked by, they began to fight more aggressively. They had practically exhausted their true energy, so they relied on sheer willpower and could lose at any moment.

“Go to hell!”

With a loud cry, the two mustered their remaining strength for the last attack to determine the

winner.

Jared swung his sword and sliced Oscar’s spear in half before driving the blade into Oscar’s shoulder. At the same time, Oscar thrust the remaining half of his spear into Jared’s chest.

In the end, Oscar collapsed onto the ground, throwing up blood, while Jared flew backward from the momentum and fell into the lake with a splash.

Both of them were severely wounded. However, according to the rules, Oscar won!

“He lost?” The Balerno martial artists were devastated by the result.

This was the first time they had ever lost four times in a row, leaving all of them disheartened.

They only had one contestant left. There was no way they could expect Dustin to perform a miracle and turn the table.