

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 811 -

Chapter 811

“Hah! What a bold statement! I’d like to see what you’re capable of!”

Alan couldn’t hold back any longer. He took a step forward, raising his broadsword high. Then, he brought it down at full force, slashing mercilessly at Dustin.

It was a powerful strike, almost possessing a force capable of splitting the earth. As the broadsword slashed toward Dustin, the lake surrounding the platform rippled from the force.

“Impressive swordplay!”

The onlookers were surprised. The Heavenly Immortals lived up to their name. It was amazing how just a casual move had such terrifying power.

Dustin shook his head. Instead of backing off, he pressed forward. While dodging the strike, he threw a heavy punch at Alan.

“That was quick!”

Alan’s eyes narrowed as he reflexively blocked the punch with the back of his broadsword. Dustin’s fist landed heavily on the sword, making a dull thud.

Instantly, Alan was sent flying several feet away, his sword still in hand. When he landed, he needed a few moments to steady himself.

“How is that possible?” Alan paled.

He felt numb along the length of his arm, and his blood boiled. The back of his broadsword, made of darksteel, had bent from the force of Dustin’s punch.

He no longer dared to underestimate his opponent and took the fight seriously.

The punch had taught him a lesson. He might have been seriously injured on the spot if he had not deflected the blow with the back of his sword.

His opponent's strength was truly terrifying!

"My gosh! That bastard has actually gained the upper hand?"

"No wonder he can afford to act so arrogantly. He does indeed have several tricks up his sleeves!"

The crowd was astonished to see Alan pushed backward by Dustin.

"Damn it! Who would expect the bastard to actually have some real skills?" Devon was astounded.

"Hah! What's so great about him? He got lucky because his opponent underestimated him!" Jared wasn't happy to see Dustin gaining the upper hand over his opponent.

The better Dustin performed, the more it made Jared look bad. As someone regarded as a genius, he refused to accept that.

"He's holding up well with one opponent. But if all three of them came at him, he still wouldn't stand a chance." Ronald looked at the arena regretfully.

He had to admit that Dustin was good and had excellent skills. He was good enough to be among the top ten Heavenly Immortals.

But he had been too arrogant and had acted irrationally. And that would ultimately cause him

to lose.

"Lexi, Torres, that person is powerful. It seems like we really need to join forces." Alan flexed his numb arm, eyes darting around alertly.

"It might seem a little unfair to go up on him together. But since he was the one who requested it, we haven't got anything to feel sorry for." Lexi eyed Alan's bent darksteel broadsword and flinched involuntarily.

Alan had always had ungodly strength and defeated his opponents with brute strength. But he had lost in the battle of strength just a while ago.

That showed just how strong the person they were going up against was.

“Both of you go on ahead. I’ll cover the rear.” Torres took two steps back, a cold glint flashing in his eyes.

As an assassin, he had always disliked hand-to-hand combat.

“Alright. We’ll have some fun first, then!” Alan and Lexi exchanged a glance and nodded at each other.

“Come on, then.” Dustin beckoned for them to come forward with a curl of his finger.

“Charge!” Without another word, two of them charged towa

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Alan attacked straight on while Lexi supported him from the side. They worked in perfect unison, each move aiming to kill.

In a match between experts, the outcome was never certain. Hence, they needed to gain the upper hand.

Dustin remained impassive and focused on dodging the oncoming attacks from both sides.

His focus was on Torres. The cold and murderous intent radiating from him was impossible to ignore.

For an assassin to be ranked among the top ten Heavenly Immortals proved that he was far from normal.

Though he appeared weak and sickly, that was a front to deceive his enemies. He would strike mercilessly once there was an opportunity, making even grandmasters wary.

Alan’s broadsword slashed wildly in the arena, making loud whooshing sounds.

Attacks came relentlessly at Dustin from both sides. Their movements disturbed the water around them so much that the fishes leaped up in alarm.

Dustin moved swiftly, dodging left and right to escape their attacks. But in the eyes of the crowd, it looked like he was being chased around.

"Get him! Kill him!"

Devon clenched his fists, fixing his gaze on Dustin. The more danger Dustin was in, the more excited he was.

"Hah! He can't even handle two of them. How dare he challenge the three of them to attack together? He doesn't know where he stands!" Jared laughed mirthlessly.

There were few people who were yet grandmasters and could hold up against the joint attack of two Heavenly Immortals.

To the crowd, it looked like Dustin was already cowering and fleeing in panic when the match had just started.

"Azalea, Dustin wouldn't lose, would he?" Abigail watched the match, looking anxious.

"Don't worry. It's too early to know who'll end up the last man standing." Azalea twirled her hair with her finger, smiling.

"He has pretty impressive footwork. I wonder how long he'll last." Ronald watched on keenly, his expression grave.

Facing two opponents was already the limit. But an expert ranked seventh among the

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The highly anticipated showdown finally started.

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Chapter 813

"I-" Joel started but stopped himself. In the end, he just sighed.

If he had not experienced it, he would have found it hard to believe that Balerno had such a fearful talent too.

Over in the arena, the match got heated.

Alan and Lexi gave everything they had. They initially started out attacking full-on, pursuing Dustin relentlessly.

But as time went on, they began to feel something was amiss. They couldn't reach Dustin, no matter how they attacked or surrounded him.

He moved around like a ghost, and they could not touch him. He would evade their fatal strikes whenever they thought they would hit him..

They could pin it on luck if it happened only once or twice. But it was different when it happened multiple times.

It was as if the two of them were not attacking but rather being led on. It felt terrible, and the two began to panic.

They knew that if that went on, they would exhaust their true energy. And when that happened, they would be entirely at Dustin's mercy.

"Torres! We can't hold on any longer! You better help us out!" Seeing how things weren't going great for them, Lexi turned to shout at Torres.

Before she could react, a black, spherical object fell from above. Then, with a loud bang, it exploded at their feet.

As the sphere exploded, thick black smoke surged out, engulfing them instantly. The smoke did not stop pouring out, eventually spreading out to cover the whole platform.

The audience could not see what was happening in the arena for a moment.

And then, the most terrifying thing happened.

When the smoke came into contact with the lake's water, hundreds of fishes within a 100-yard

radius floated to the surface with their bellies up. The smoke was highly poisonous!

Engulfed by the smoke, Alan and Lexi began coughing, their expressions filled with agony. Their skin also started turning black quickly, as if they were being burned.

They instinctively channeled their energy from within to force the toxic out of their body. But the moment they did that, they spat out black blood and collapsed.

“Torres! You poisoned us? Have you gone out of your f*cking mind?” Lexi asked weakly.

Heavenly Immortals was observing from the side.

In such an unfair match, there could only be one outcome.

“Rhys, you’ve put yourself on the spot this time.” Paul frowned.

He had expected Dustin to turn the tables and save the day. But from how things were going now, that no longer seemed possible.

“Joel, look at him. He doesn’t look like he’s all that great. Why are you so terrified of him?”

At the Glenstead martial arts alliance’s side, Joel had changed into clean clothes. Then, accompanied by Daniel, they reentered the gazebo to watch the match.

“No! You don’t understand!” Joel shook his head, fear written on his face.

“He hasn’t unleashed his full powers yet. He’s just toying with them!”

This was not the full extent of the powers of someone who had wounded him badly with his bare hands.

“Say, Mr. Grint, has your disciple been scared, silly? How could he spout such nonsense?” Conrad was displeased.

It was one thing to be scared and run away from the match. But worse, he was spreading foolish lies and ruining their spirits. That was an act that deserved to be punished.

“I’m speaking the truth, Sir Melling! That person’s strength is immeasurable; I wouldn’t be surprised if he has already reached the level of a grandmaster! We shouldn’t underestimate him!” Joel said seriously.

“The level of a grandmaster? Haha!” Conrad chuckled.

“Young man, you’re sounding more and more outrageous with each passing second! There are only a few who have reached the level of grandmaster in the whole of Balerno! And I’ve never heard of a grandmaster as young as him!”

“Sir Melling=”

“That’s enough!”

Joel wanted to continue speaking, but Brutus cut him off curtly. “Joel, you should rest up if you’re feeling unwell. Stop embarrassing us!”

“Joel, that rascal is almost losing it. Why are you still praising the enemy and putting our side down? What’s the point?” Daniel frowned.

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Lexi was shocked when she saw Alan beheaded.

Torres’ ruthlessness was beyond her expectations. Who would have thought that he’d kill someone on a whim?

They didn’t even have any serious conflicts beforehand. The only conflict of interest they shared was who would compete in the match first.

They had no grudge between them and were on the same side. Lexi could not comprehend why Torres would do such a thing.

“It’s your turn now.” Torres smirked, sticking his tongue out to lick the blood off his knife.

He looked like a psychopath!

“Why are you doing this? We haven’t got any grudges between us. Why can’t you show us some mercy?” Lexi was terrified.

She struggled with all her might, but as she was paralyzed by the poison, she could not escape.

“I do not need a reason to wipe out you Dragonmarshians, especially talents like you! The more of the likes of you that die, the better! Now, go to hell!” With that, he aimed the knife at Lexi.

Suddenly, a silver needle flew toward Torres from amidst the smoke and accurately hit the blade. The impact sent the knife flying from Torres' hand and clattering to the ground.

He frowned and looked in the direction where the needle came from. Before him, amidst the smoke, emerged a figure.

It was Dustin!

"Hey, brat! You're not dead yet?" Torres' eyes widened, surprised.

After all, the poison he had carefully concocted was one that few could withstand, apart from grandmasters. It was strange to see the man before him unaffected by the poison.

"To be honest, I am immune to all poisons. Your poison does not affect me at all," Dustin said

casually.

"No wonder. It seems like I've met a fellow practitioner."

Torres reached behind his back and pulled out two daggers.

"Buddy! Save me... Quick!" Lexi wailed in agony as black blood flowed out from her nose continuously.

Dustin sent an antidote pill flying straight into her mouth with a flick.

Lexi swallowed the pill. Soon, she was no longer in pain. Her skin, which had previously turned black from the poison, gradually returned to normal.

"Thank you! Thank you!" Lexi wept in relief and gratitude at being saved.

"Impressive! You do have some tricks up your sleeves, I see!"

Torres frowned slightly. No regular person could have the antidote to the poison he came up with.

"From what you just said, it sounded like you're not Dragonmarshian, are you? Tell me, exactly are you?" Dustin suddenly asked.

who

Judging from how he could easily kill his companions, he clearly wasn't a good person.

"Hah! You're going to die soon. Why do you need to know so much?" Torres' expression darkened.

"You better come clean, or you will die a miserable death." Dustin looked at him indifferently.

"You're just a nobody! How dare you speak to me so arrogantly? Die!"

Without another word, Torres vanished from sight. When he reappeared again, he was already behind Dustin. He aimed a dagger toward Dustin's throat, which emitted a dark glint.

Without even turning around, Dustin reached a hand out and blocked the side of his neck. The dagger slashed across his palm, making a metallic clang. But he wasn't injured at all.

Torres' expression darkened. Then his dagger changed course, and instead of slashing, he stabbed it straight at Dustin's back.

Again, another metallic clang rang.

To Torres' astonishment, his strike failed to harm Dustin, and his dagger broke. "How is this possible?" Torres was alarmed.

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Torres' dagger was made of darksteel, which was virtually indestructible.

Stabbing someone with the dagger should have been like a knife cutting through butter. Then, why had he not been able to harm Dustin? Who exactly was he?

"Are you still going to put up a fight?" Dustin slowly turned around to face him, his gaze sharp.

"Go to hell!"

Torres took a step back, creating distance between them. At the same time, he threw a volley of poisoned darts at Dustin. They rained down on him instantly.

With a cold expression, Dustin simply brushed them away with a wave of his hand.

With a whoosh, Dustin reflected all the darts at Torres.

Unable to dodge in time, most of the poisoned darts hit Torres. He fell to the ground on the spot.

As he tried to get up, Dustin placed his foot on Torres' chest, pinning him. Torres could not

move.

"Spill! Who on earth are you?" Dustin looked down at him, an impassive look in his eyes.

"I'm someone you cannot afford to cross. So get the hell off me and let me go, or you'll regret the day you were born!" Torres threatened fiercely, despite the disadvantageous position he

was in.

"Oh? Is that so?"

Dustin put force on his foot, cracking Torres' ribs one by one. Torres bled from his nose and mouth. A deathly fear gripped him.

"Alright! I'll speak!" Seeing how his chest was about to collapse from the pressure, Torres lost

his cool.

"I'm a Shadowslayer assassin from Kimboku. I've been hiding in Dragonmarsh all this time, collecting information on all of you."

"Kimboku? Shadowslayer?" Dustin widened his eyes in surprise.

Kimboku was Dragonmarsh's nemesis. Both countries had always had ongoing friction and disagreements.

As for Shadowslayer, it was one of the top three sects in Kimboku. It produced many assassins who specialized in collecting intelligence and carrying out secret operations.

Shadowslayer assassins were a mystery. They rarely ever made an appearance and were always in hiding.

Dustin never expected to meet one of them here.

And most importantly, one who had managed to make his way among the Heavenly Immortals, becoming an expert martial artist respected by all.

“I believe you’ve heard of Shadowslayer. If you do not wish to get into trouble, let me go right this instant. Or you’ll regret it!” Torres threatened once again.

“You Shadowslayers have been wreaking havoc in Dragonmarsh. Do you think you can make it out alive today?” Dustin asked frostily.

“I’m warning you, you better not act recklessly. If you dare harm me, you will undoubtedly face the relentless pursuit of the Shadowslayers. You-!”

Before he could finish his sentence, Dustin shifted his full weight on his foot. A dull cracking sound was heard, and Torres’ chest exploded. His eyes popped out of their sockets, and he died on the spot.

At the same time, the crowd was in confusion.

“What’s going on? Which side has won?”

“Do you need to ask? Of course, the Glenstead martial arts alliance won! They fought three to

one! It would have been a breeze for them!”

“Damn it! We missed out on the best part of the show because of the smoke! I can’t see shit!”

The thick, black smoke enveloped the arena. The crowd couldn’t help but complain.

“Jared, the smoke looks like it’s extremely poisonous. Do you think the bastard died from the poison yet?” Devon asked warily.

“Hah! He went up against three of them, and there was poison in the smoke. No matter how great he is, he’s bound to die today!” Jared smiled coldly.

“Jared, look! The smoke is clearing up!” a Boulderthorn disciple exclaimed.

As everyone focused on the arena, they saw the smoke gradually clearing up after a gust of wind blew it away.

At the same time, a figure stood with hands behind his back, gradually revealing himself before their eyes.

But everyone was shocked once they got a clear view of the person on the platform.

The smile on Jared and the Boulderthorn disciples froze completely. They gaped, tongue-tied,

with an expression of disbelief.