

An Understated Dominance Chapter 2391 - 2395

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Chapter 2391

The sturdy man's attack was fierce, and his two swords swung out with a force of tens of thousands of pounds, enough to break monuments and crack rocks.

Upon witnessing this scene, Sullivan's gaze remained fixed, and instead of retreating, he advanced. His body suddenly fell forward, and his hair almost brushed against the sturdy man's two swords.

The sturdy man's two swords missed, but Sullivan had already swung out his own.

"Swish!"

There was only a crisp sound.

Sullivan took advantage of the inertia of the forward rush, and the sword fiercely slashed between the sturdy man's chest and abdomen, then brushed past him.

This sword tore the sturdy man's clothes, revealing the soft armor inside.

There was a shallow white mark on the soft armor's surface.

"Huh?"

Sullivan frowned, slightly surprised. The angle of his sword just now was very tricky, but it was fast, accurate, and unexpected.

He thought he could make the sturdy man lose his combat effectiveness instantly, but he didn't expect that the other party was still wearing soft armor and blocked the key attack.

It's really men who propose; God disposes.

"Kid, I have to admit that you are really good at fighting." The sturdy man looked down at his torn clothes, and his face became more serious, "If I hadn't been prepared, I would have been defeated by you just now. It's a pity that you only have this one chance to sneak an attack. Next, I will crush you with my absolute strength!"

At the beginning, The sturdy man didn't take Sullivan seriously, so he underestimated the enemy. However, just now, Sullivan's strange and tricky sword had made him alert.

It was truly extraordinary to be a Sword Union disciple.

It seemed that he must go all out to be foolproof.

“Crush me? Humph! It depends on whether you have the ability!” Sullivan slowly raised his sword, his eyes sparkling.

Although the sturdy man has soft armor to protect himself, with his swordsmanship, he can defeat the opponent even without hitting the vital points.

It was nothing more than spending a little more effort.

“Come again!” The sturdy man didn’t say any nonsense; he shouted directly and rushed up again. The heavy double swords in his hands were like feathers, swinging in various ways.

Countless sword shadows burst out and rolled towards Sullivan. These sword shadows made it difficult to tell the real from the fake.

Some were transformed by the true energy, and some were afterimages.

Sullivan narrowed his eyes slightly, and the sword in his hand danced quickly, creating sword shadows all around him.

A strong wind rolled up, causing his hair to stand upright and his robes to rustle.

The power of Sullivan’s sword shadow was no less powerful than the sword shadow of the sturdy man.

After a short sprint, the two of them collided with each other. “Clang clang clang clang...”

There was only a sudden clash of metal. In an instant, sparks flew all over the two individuals, their energy raging and the fight extremely fierce.

The sturdy man launched a ferocious attack, wielding a sword with immense force that proved challenging to withstand.

As for Sullivan, he was mainly agile, with fierce attacks and mysterious body movements.

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Chapter 2392

Both tried their best to play to their strengths and pressure their opponents.

The two matched each other evenly for a while.

The two had similar cultivation levels, but Sullivan was better at swordsmanship and fighting skills.

Normally, Sullivan should have a greater chance of winning. However, the sturdy man was very smart. He relied on his soft armor to protect himself, and he fought desperately.

Sullivan refrained from trading one injury for another, often forfeiting the chance to continue.

This way, the two sides entered the stage of entanglement.

Next, it tested not only the depth of cultivation but also endurance and perseverance.

Whoever could hold on longer had a chance to win.

However, once exhausted or unable to hold on, he could only passively take the beating.

The two individuals in the ring were fighting in full swing.

The atmosphere under the ring was also extremely intense.

Many g*mbler had placed heavy bets on Sullivan and the sturdy man. The winner or loser would determine the gamblers' interests.

This was no longer just a game, but the spiritual sustenance of the G*mbler.

All the g*mbler were enthusiastically cheering for their favorite players, their faces and ears flushed, their voices hoarse.

"No. 12! Come on!"

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The people around Noemi and Cassidy in the audience had already infected them, causing them to shout involuntarily. At first, their voices were still small and slightly shy. However, as the atmosphere heated up, their voices became louder and louder, and they naturally blended into the environment.

Fenley, who was standing next to them, shook his head. He struggled to comprehend the emotions of these individuals. It was just a game, so why were they so excited?

Dustin gave the same performance as Fenley. He sat on a chair, drinking tea while watching the game, without any emotional fluctuations.

Regardless of their level of cultivation or mental state, Dustin and Fenley had already honed their toughness. Even if a mountain collapsed in front of them, they would remain calm and composed.

“Brother Sullivan! Beat him up hard for me! Don’t be soft!” Halle’s voice was the loudest in the crowd. She, as a fellow disciple, had a strong sense of substitution.

Sullivan’s victory or defeat would affect both her and the face of the Sword Union.

Halle naturally had to do her best to cheer the other party up.

Rivka asked, “Mr. Ethier, who do you think will win between them?”

She stared intently, her face slightly serious. She had excellent eyesight, and she saw all the fighting scenes between Sullivan and his opponent clearly.

She knew in her heart that this would be a tough battle for Sullivan.

“It’s difficult to say. Sullivan is better at cultivation, but his fighting style is at a disadvantage. If you don’t have the courage to fight to the death, it won’t be easy to win over the opponent.” Briggs Ethier gently shook his folding fan and offered his personal judgment.

Rivka didn’t say anything but just nodded in agreement.

Briggs Ethier stated that for Sullivan to achieve victory, he must possess the bravery to sacrifice his own life; otherwise, his opponent would constantly limit him. If they continued to fight like this, the situation would be extremely unfavorable.

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Chapter 2393

“Strange! No. 12 is obviously stronger than No. 34; why can’t he win?” Looking at the two individuals fighting fiercely on the ring, Cassidy couldn’t help but ask.

“Of course, he is afraid of the consequences.” Noemi narrowed her beautiful eyes slightly and explained, “Look carefully at No. 34! His fighting style is fierce. His offensive style is fierce, and his desperation is palpable. Even if No. 12 is more skilled, he still has no better way to face such a desperate person. This is the so-called victory of the brave when they meet on a narrow road.”

When the ring battle becomes a life-and-death struggle, the meaning completely changes. It’s inevitable to have some concerns during a ring battle.

Natural preference is to win, but losing is no loss.

In this state of mind, it is difficult for ordinary warriors to risk their lives to fight to the death. But the battle of life and death is completely different. If you win, you live, and if you lose, you die. Both sides will emerge with extraordinary combat power, and they will win by any means.

No. 34 had already prepared for a life-and-death battle, but No. 12 was still a little bit lacking. The fight restrained him, preventing him from exerting his full strength.

“Sister, if the situation continues like this, won’t No. 12, whom we bet on, lose?” Cassidy frowned slightly.

Even though gambling is fun, no one wants to lose, including her.

Noemi said meaningfully, “Whether he wins or loses depends entirely on No. 12 himself. If he wakes up in time and dares to fight before his strength exhausts, he still has a huge chance of winning. If he is always so timid, he will definitely lose!”

Kassidy sighed. “It seems that it is not enough to be strong, but also to have the courage to sacrifice one’s life.”

Under the ring, the audience cheered in a variety of ways.

The battle on the ring was particularly fierce and turbulent.

The sturdy man, No. 34, became more and more fierce as he fought. He was full of momentum and fully exerted his own strength.

On the other hand, No. 12, Sullivan, facing the sturdy man’s attack method of exchanging injuries for injuries and lives for lives, seemed a little stretched and restricted everywhere.

A warrior’s strength will significantly decrease once he loses his momentum and turns timid. As one side gained strength while the other lost it, the sturdy man nearly suppressed Sullivan.

“Hahaha... It seems that you, the disciples of the Sword Union, are just like this. I really overestimated you before!” The sturdy man attacked fiercely and mocked Sullivan: “A weakling like you, in my opinion, you should admit defeat as soon as possible; at least you can save your life; otherwise, if you continue to fight, you will only die!”

Seeing that the sturdy man was unable to defeat Sullivan after a long time, he began to ridicule him in an attempt to incite anger.

Old martial artists all know that the most taboo in fighting is impetuosity. Anger can completely deform all movements and skills.

At that point, some imperfections will become apparent.

Therefore, the sturdy man could exploit Sullivan's weaknesses and easily defeat him.

"What? Are you still going to fight to the death? I am giving you a chance to live now. It is your honor to face defeat in this life. Be a gentleman!" The sturdy man continued to taunt.

Those harsh words made Sullivan's blood pressure soar, and he gritted his teeth. A burst of anger rushed to his forehead.

"You are looking for death!" At this moment, Sullivan was finally angry.

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Sullivan's courage doubled after anger, and he was no longer timid, in contrast to the sturdy man's predicted loss of reason.

His attack became extremely fierce as he gained enormous momentum.

Facing the sturdy man's injury-for-injury style of fighting, he completely threw away his worries and started to fight head-on.

If you chop my head, I will stab your neck.

If you chop my chest, I'll cut your head off.

Before, the sturdy man relied on the soft armor to protect himself and exchanged injuries, but back then, Sullivan was exchanging his life for his life, a completely dead-end style of fighting.

As a result, the sturdy man was unable to harm him and had to defend himself.

"F*ck! Is this kid going to die?"

The sturdy man's eyelids twitched, and he was secretly shocked. He had to restrain his offensiveness and switch to defense.

He thought that by angering Sullivan, he could make him show his flaws. But the flaws he revealed were too big—so big that he was completely desperate.

Sullivan's attacks targeted either his neck or his head, leaving no room for the soft armor to protect most of his vital parts.

He just wanted to win the game and never thought about really risking his life.

Now that Sullivan had done this, the sturdy man was a little overwhelmed.

“Aren’t you going to fight for your life? Come on! At worst, we will die together.”
Sullivan’s eyes were full of blood, and he kept roaring.

His attacks were fatal, but he completely ignored his own defense. The sturdy man was unable to withstand defeat for some time.

Sullivan’s strength was initially greater than that of the sturdy man. Previously, he lacked courage and was reluctant to suffer harm. Now that he was angry, he had no worries.

Sullivan was completely desperate to clear his name and that of the Sword Union.

He transformed into a desperate man and turned the situation around.

“D*mn it! You are a lunatic!”

“Referee! I don’t want to fight anymore! I give up!”

The sturdy man was frightened by Sullivan’s crazy energy. Seeing that he was no match for his opponent, he jumped off the ring without hesitation and chose to give up.

If the fight continued, he would really die under Sullivan’s sword if he was not careful.

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The sturdy man admitted defeat so decisively that he jumped off the ring.

Sullivan, who was so angry, was still a little unresponsive. He raised his sword and attacked him. He looked like he was going to cut the sturdy man into pieces.

“Hey! What are you doing? I have already admitted defeat; what else do you want?!”
The sturdy man was frightened and dodged repeatedly.

Who would have thought that Sullivan would be so brave when he went crazy and looked like they were going to die together?

If the sturdy man had known this would happen, he should not have provoked him with words before.

The sturdy man’s words did not stop Sullivan from attacking.

The sword in his hand still stabbed the sturdy man's throat fiercely, and each move was fatal.

"Clang!"

Seeing that the sturdy man was in danger, the referee finally took action.

With just two fingers, he easily clamped Sullivan's sword.

"Contestant No. 34 admits defeat; the battle is over; please do not fight privately under the ring." The referee spoke lightly.

His voice was deafening, and it immediately woke up Sullivan, who was overwhelmed by anger.

The bloodshot in Sullivan's eyes gradually faded, and he regained his composure.

"Sorry, I got a little carried away just now."

Sullivan quickly put away his sword, bowed to apologize, and was secretly shocked.

The referee in front of him looked ordinary, but he turned out to be a hidden master. He only used two fingers to clamp the sword, which he thrust with all his strength, demonstrating his immense strength.

As expected, the Taoist priests of Sacred Wyrms Summit were not ordinary people.

"D*mn it! How could I run into a lunatic like you? I won't fight anymore; it's really a bummer!"

The sturdy man cursed and quickly left.

"I declare that contestant No. 12 wins!" The referee loudly announced the game's outcome.

In an instant, the whole scene burst into warm cheers.

All the gamblers who bet on Sullivan were excited and ecstatic.

"Hahaha... I won! Brother Sullivan won!"

When the referee announced it, Halle jumped up excitedly, indescribably happy.

Sullivan's victory was not only a personal honor but also represented the reputation of the Sword Union. He didn't have to win first place as a disciple of the Sword Union, but at least he couldn't fool himself.

Sullivan's performance just now was considered to have won glory for the Sword Union.

"I didn't expect Mr. Sullivan to be so brave. It's really a cause for celebration." Briggs, next to him, shook his folding fan with a smile on his face.

He had already determined that as long as Sullivan dared to fight, he would have a huge chance of winning.

It all depended on the other party's courage to fight to the end.

Although Briggs didn't know what happened during the process, Sullivan's sudden outburst made him look up to him.

If you lack the courage to sacrifice your life as a warrior, you will not succeed.

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