

An Understated Dominance Chapter 2396 – 2400

Chapter 2396

“Junior Brother Sullivan, you have finally broken through yourself. In the future, you will improve both your state of mind and cultivation.” Rivka rarely showed a smile.

Sullivan’s victory also made Rivka, a senior sister, look proud.

“This No. 12 is excellent. I thought he was going to lose just now, but I didn’t expect it to turn around and successfully win the game. It’s really impressive!”

Noemi in the audience smiled and gave praise.

Betting on No. 12, she naturally hoped to win.

Although the process was a bit tortuous, fortunately the result was good.

“It’s true that the brave win when they meet on a narrow road. Once you start to fight hard, the whole situation will be different.” Cassidy nodded in agreement.

Although strength is important, courage is also indispensable. That day, Cassidy learned it.

“D*mn it! What the h-e-l-l? Didn’t you fight fiercely before? Why did you give in all of a sudden? You’re such a coward!”

“D*mn it! I shouldn’t have bet on No. 34! I’ve lost everything now!”

“F*k! Give me back!”

“...”

In a game, some people were joyful and some were sad.

Those who bet on the right number were naturally happy, while those who didn’t are cursing and regretting their decision.

However, the outcome was predetermined and unchangeable.

The situation on the ring was changing rapidly. The person who was sure to win in the last second might lose directly in the next second.

And this was the charm of the game.

Amid applause, Sullivan returned to his seat, although he was exhausted and out of breath. But his performance had also earned him a certain reputation.

If he can keep up the excellent work, win a few games in a row, and finally make it to Group A, then it will be a real blockbuster!

Soon after Sullivan's game, a new round began.

This time, the referee has drawn players No. 5 and No. 19.

Player No. 5 was a bald monk wearing a torn cassock, a headband, a rosary around his neck, and a sword in his hand.

These individuals were known as ascetics, in contrast to regular monks.

Ascetics were a special kind of people who madly tempered their spirit and body and advocated asceticism.

This type of person was very rare but extremely powerful.

They could endure pain that ordinary people couldn't endure, and they could suffer suffering that ordinary people couldn't endure.

They could maintain their composure even under extreme torture and with a butcher's knife hanging around their necks.

This terrifying willpower had exceeded the scope of mortals and reached an awe-inspiring level.

Ascetics only practiced asceticism for fame and fortune, having never wanted either. They didn't expect that they would appear on the ring that day.

Such an abnormal phenomenon made everyone start whispering.

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Chapter 2397

"What's going on? Isn't this person an ascetic monk? Why is he here to participate in the martial arts competition?"

"Ascetic monks are known for their disregard for power, status, money, and fame. Now he is openly on stage to compete. It's really strange."

“Wait! I know this person. He is the ascetic monk who broke the precepts, Master Sawyer!”

“What? Master Sawyer? Could it be the evil star who slaughtered the entire family in a rage eight years ago?”

The entire scene erupted upon hearing the name Sawyer.

The number of ascetic monks was extremely rare, and Sawyer was undoubtedly an outlier among them.

No one knew what happened to him. Only eight years ago, Sawyer massacred the 17-member family of the Jiyin Sect leader in a single night.

Since then, Sawyer has completely broken the precepts. He was involved in everything, including wine, s-e-x, money, and anger, and had a very violent personality. When he disagreed with anything, he shouted for fighting and killing.

Consequently, he gained notoriety during that era.

However, Sawyer came from an ascetic background and his strength was so strong that no one dared to provoke him.

This time, Sawyer stepped onto the martial arts arena, obviously intending to overpower the other heroes and make a name for himself.

When Sawyer stepped onto the arena, he took off the wine pot from his waist without any scruples about his image and began to drink in big gulps. He drank so happily.

Just as Sawyer was drinking happily, a young man holding a folding fan, with a graceful demeanor and handsome appearance, also slowly walked onto the arena. There was a sign with the number . 19 hanging around his waist.

Upon witnessing the handsome man’s appearance, Dustin, who was in the audience, couldn’t help but raise his eyebrows slightly and become more energetic. He discovered that Briggs, the handsome man, was indeed more beautiful than a woman!

Briggs not only had a beautiful face, but he also had a profound cultivation that made people unpredictable.

As the young master of the Yam Palace, Briggs had been hidden by the Yam Palace before, and he didn’t show his talent.

This time, he went to the Sacred Wyrms Summit to fight on the arena, naturally thinking of taking this opportunity to make a splash.

“Wow! No. 19 is so handsome! I like him so much!”

“He is indeed a very handsome man. It would be wonderful if I could marry him!”

“It’s over; it’s over. I’ve fallen in love!”

“...”

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Briggs’s appearance excited the female audience members.

Those pairs of eyes seemed to glow, staring at Briggs.

Some of the brave ones even ran to the edge of the ring and began to express their love in various ways.

At this moment, the so-called reserve and the so-called ladylike image have completely disappeared.

When a man is too handsome, he doesn’t need any expression. Just a smile or a look can make countless beauties fall for him.

This was the lethality of the face value. Numerous women liked him, and at the same time, more men were envious and jealous. Some of them hadn’t seen him before.

“This person is the young master of Yam Palace, Briggs Ethier.”

At this moment, Grace unexpectedly spoke up. Grace’s global intelligence network encompassed everyone with strength and potential.

“Young master of Yam Palace?”

Noemi and Cassidy looked at each other with a little more curiosity on their faces.

Yam Palace was a complex sect that encompassed both good and evil aspects. Although its power was not as strong as that of the that of the Celestial Alliance, it was also dominant.

However, this sect had a reputation for being corrupt. It primarily engaged in illicit activities, with the majority of its members being known as killers.

Of course, if anyone can afford it, he can also ask the masters of Yam Palace to be bodyguards.

Although the reputation of Yam Palace was poor, no one dared to question its strength.

After all, the experience was akin to eating blood on a knife's edge. Without genuine skills, it's impossible to gauge the number of times you've faced destruction.

"One is the young master of Yam Palace, and the other is a powerful ascetic monk. Who should we bet on to win?" Cassidy couldn't help asking.

Since Cassidy only bet on No. 12 Sullivan to win, she has begun to slowly feel the fun of gambling.

"The young master of the Yam Palace is indeed very handsome, but in a ring battle, it is not enough to just be good-looking; he has to be strong enough. If you want to win, I think you should bet on the ascetic monk No. 5." Noemi said it thoughtfully.

If it were a beauty pageant, Briggs would be far better than Sawyer; there was no comparison at all.

But it was a ring battle, so the ascetic monk was naturally more powerful.

"My personal suggestion is to place a bet on contestant No.

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Chapter 2399

"Bet on contestant No. 19?" Noemi looked at Dustin and asked in confusion, "Dr. Rhys, why do you think No. 19 can win?"

"Yes, Dr. Rhys, contestant No. 5, is an ascetic monk. At the same level, he is almost invincible. Although contestant No. 19 is the young master of the Yam Palace, he is too young. From all aspects, he is ineligible to compete against No. 5." Cassidy followed up.

It was undeniable that Briggs's appearance was extremely outstanding, but in terms of strength, Sawyer was more powerful.

They were very puzzled as to why Dustin's opinion was contrary to theirs.

"I know contestant No. 19. Don't look at him as a weak and timid person. In fact, his cultivation is unfathomable. It shouldn't be difficult to defeat that ascetic monk." Dustin gave a simple response.

"Oh? Really?"

Noemi raised her eyebrows, quite surprised.

She didn't expect Dustin to know Briggs, and after seeing the other party's calm appearance, he should be very sure of what he said.

"Since Dr. Rhys thinks No. 19 can win, then we'll bet on No. 19!" Noemi decided without any hesitation.

Regardless of whether what Dustin said was true or false, or whether there was any problem in her judgment, as long as the other party spoke, she had to face him.

Even if she ended up losing, she wouldn't have any complaints.

After all, compared to gaining Dustin's favor, losing some spirit stones was nothing.

"For Dr. Rhys to value him so much, No. 19 must be very exceptional, so let's bet on him!" Cassidy quickly understood Noemi's intention and chose to speak out in support.

"In that case, I'll join you." Grace also joined in on the fun.

Soon, the three women bet all the spirit stones in their hands on No. 19, Briggs, expressing their full trust in Dustin.

But their actions did not resonate with the gamblers around them.

According to the gamblers, although these three women were very beautiful, their brains were not very good.

Regardless of the circumstances, betting all the spirit stones was simply stupid.

Anyone with a bit of insight knew that this match was a complete one-sided crush.

Even a martial arts master-level strongman, let alone a little white face, may not be able to get an advantage in front of Sawyer, the ascetic monk.

Betting on the little white face to win was simply giving away money.

Only betting on Sawyer to win was the real wise move.

"Senior sister, should we bet on Master Ethier or the ascetic monk?"

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Sullivan, a gambling addict in the audience, felt compelled to question Rivka. If the situation had been different, he would not have asked and would have made the decision himself.

However, over the last two days, he has suffered significant losses and accrued substantial foreign debt. On the contrary, Rivka had a sharp eye and always won.

Sullivan had to admit it.

“Although we should support Master Ethier, the chance of winning ascetic monk No. 5 should be greater, right? If we are more rational, we should bet on No. 5.” Halle touched her chin, looking thoughtful.

“The ascetic monk is powerful, but Master Ethier is not an ordinary person. So far, I’m unable to see through Master Ethier’s depth. If you must bet, I suggest betting on Master Ethier.” Rivka gave her own opinion.

“Senior sister, you’re not on Master Ethier’s side because of his face, are you?” Sullivan asked tentatively.

“Do you think I am that kind of person?” Rivka glanced sideways, her face as serious as ever.

“Of course not.” Sullivan smiled embarrassingly. “Since Senior Sister said so, let’s bet on Master Ethier?”

As Sullivan said that, his eyes turned to Halle again.

“Let’s give it a try!” Halle gritted her teeth and finally nodded.

So, the two of them took out a few spirit stones and placed a bet on Briggs.

They bet, but not much, so even if they really lose, they won’t feel bad. In the final analysis, they still lacked some confidence in Briggs, and most of the reason was because of his face and Rivka’s words.

After all, they rarely saw Briggs take action, and they didn’t know much about his strength.

“Come on! The game is about to start! Everyone, hurry up and place your bets! Bet on it!”

At this point, Abigail, the dealer, resumed her shouting, and she, along with a few others she had invited, initiated a stirring atmosphere.

“I’m betting on Master Sawyer, No. 5!”

“I also bet on No. 5!”

“Get out of the way! You are hindering my fortune! I bet everything! I don’t believe that a pretty boy can be the opponent of the ascetic monk?”

“ ... ”

At this moment, the gamblers began to scramble to place their bets.

Most of them chose No. 5 (Sawyer), and only a tiny number of people bet on No. 19 (Briggs) to win.

Among this group of people, 80% were young women.

Although they know that Briggs would most likely lose, they would still support him wholeheartedly. Even if they lose, they are willing to do so.

This was the lethality of attractive looks.

“Are both players ready?”

The referee walked to the middle of Briggs and Sawyer, glanced left and right, and after the two nodded, he slowly raised his hand and then waved it down fiercely: “The game! Officially begin!”