

## An Understated Dominance Chapter 621 - 630

### Chapter 621

“Let’s see what you’re made of, kid.” A burly man wielding a broadsword was the first to jump into the ring. His sword, which weighed well over 200 pounds, looked as light as a feather because of his muscular physique.

“Who are you? Do you have a death wish?” The man in green pointed his spear toward the burly man. A look of disdain on his face.

“I’m Toby Hunt, leader of Hollowblades!” In a smooth motion, the man slammed the tip of his blade into the ground, a murderous aura enveloping him,

“Oh, it’s Sir Hunt. No wonder he seemed familiar.”

“Hollowblades is quite a famous guild, and Sir Hunt is known for his sword skills. I’ve heard that he’s so strong he can even cut boulders apart!”

“With Sir Hunt around, that guy’s dead meat!”

“Sir Hunt, please teach that arrogant bastard a lesson and protect Balerno martial artists’ reputation!”

Everyone showed their support for Toby.

“Hollowblades? What’s that? I’ve never even heard of that name.” The man in green sneered, unfazed by his opponent.

“Cocky brat! I’ll make you realize that there’s always someone stronger than you!” Toby bellowed, and grabbed his sword.

The tip of his blade gouged a path along the platform’s surface as he charged toward the man in green, sparks flying from the point of contact.

“Here I come!” Toby lifted his sword and brought it down heavily, causing a whistling noise as the blade cut through the air. The force he exerted was enough to take down an elephant, much less a human.

“Fool!” Instead of sidestepping, the man in green grabbed his spear and thrust it forward. There was a loud clang as the two weapons collided with each other. Then Toby’s sword flew out of his hands, and he staggered backward from the impact.

Before Toby could process what was going on, the man in green delivered his second blow by jabbing his spear into Toby’s shoulder, and then he flicked Toby off the platform. This meant that with merely two strikes, the man in green managed to subdue Toby Hunt, the leader of Hollowblades.

“Holy shit! Even Sir Hunt is no match for him. He’s a beast!”

Everyone was aghast by what they just witnessed. Toby was a famous martial artist in the martial world; he was especially skilled with his sword, so no one expected him to lose to a young man. “Pathetic!” The man in green humphed. “Are all Balerno martial artists so weak?”

“Arrogant bastard! I’ll teach you a lesson!” Just then, a man in his twilight years jumped into the ring. His movements were swift as he lunged toward the man in green with a pair of twin swords.

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“Bang!” Three seconds later, the old man was also sent flying off the platform, blood splattering everywhere.

The crowd fell into stunned silence once more. Weren’t his opponents losing way too quickly?

“Get out of my way! I’ll fight him!”

“And me!”

“Fuck this shit. I’m in too!”

More people clambered to challenge the man in green, either out of anger or to defend their reputations as martial artists.

Still, no matter how many people tried attacking, none of them were a match for the man in green. In fact, most of them were easily swiped off the platform as soon as they got on. It was completely a one-sided battle.

After a while, everyone fell silent as shock and somberness replaced the arrogant shouts earlier.

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If the man had only defeated one opponent, others might have considered it was due to his luck. However, defeating several dozen opponents nonstop could only mean that he was an incredibly powerful individual.

Thanks to that, the man finally earned some recognition from the crowd.

“Who is this guy? He’s so strong!”

“A man dressed in green and good at using a spear? Don’t tell me he’s the person who rose to fame in the martial world recently by challenging strong fighters—Verdant Phantom?”

“What? Verdant Phantom? I heard that even Geoffrey Vaughn, who’s in the top twenty of The Heavenly Immortals, lost to him!”

“He defeated someone as strong as Geoffrey Vaughn? He’s a monster!”

Everyone was shocked to hear his nickname. After all, the name Verdant Phantom had been gathering attention, especially after the man defeated Geoffrey Vaughn. However, since he never appeared in public, few knew what he looked like.

Everyone was surprised to learn that he would show up. They were even more shocked to see him challenging Balerno’s martial arts so openly.

“It’s your turn now, Terry Doyle!” Verdant Phantom lifted his spear and pointed its tip in Terry’s direction, turning everyone’s attention to the latter.

“Verdant Phantom is so strong. I wonder if Terry will win.”

“Terry Doyle is ranked thirteenth on The Heavenly Immortals, while Verdant Phantom was able to defeat someone who’s on the top twenty of the same list. It’s hard to guess who might win.”

“It seems like Terry Doyle finally met his match!”

The crowd gossiped nervously.

“Why? Aren’t you going to accept my challenge? Or do you plan to run away and hide?” Verdant Phantom taunted.

“How interesting.” Terry chuckled and gradually approached the platform. “I don’t know where you’re from, but you should at least let me warm up, right?”

“Warm up?” Verdant Phantom snorted. “You sure talk big for someone who’s about to meet their demise.”

“Because of you? As if.” Terry calmly stood up with his hands clasped behind his back.

“Hmph! I’ve already defeated countless martial artists on The Heavenly Immortals. You’re

nothing more than a stepping stone for my journey to reach the top of the list!” Verdant Phantom declared confidently.

No one rebutted his arrogant words after they had witnessed his strength earlier.

“Don’t tell me you think you’re on par with me just because you defeated Geoffrey Vaughn?” Terry smirked condescendingly. “The gap between each rank on The Heavenly Immortals is like a river. Compared to me, those that you defeated are about seven ranks lower than me, and that makes the gap between the two of us as vast as the ocean.”

“Those standards don’t apply to me. With my spear alone, I’ll defeat every single one of you!” Verdant Phantom smirked.

“You sure are a reckless fellow. Well, I hope you don’t disappoint me later,” Terry responded calmly.

“Enough with the chit–chat. Choose your weapon!” Verdant Phantom swung around, exuding a fierce aura.

his

spear

“My weapon? Pfft. I don’t need one against you.” Terry’s hands remained behind his back, and his nonchalant attitude showed how little he cared about his opponent.

“Since you seem keen to die, why don’t I give you a hand?” With a stomp, Verdant Phantom shot toward Terry with his spear in his grasp.

There was a glint as the spear thrust forward, its movements charged with power thanks to the true energy supplied to it. The unmatched speed and power left everyone in awe.

The tip of the spear tore through the air, leaving a shadow behind. There was even a long gouge on the ground from where the blade had been dragged past.

“What terrifying skills!”

“Terry Dole is in danger now!”

Everyone silently feared for Terry. They also realized that Verdant Phantom had been holding back against them earlier.

In the blink of an eye, the tip of the man’s spear made contact with Terry’s chest. However, to everyone’s astonishment, despite being struck, Terry stood his ground without flinching, enduring the ferocious attack with his body!

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“What?” The scene before the crowd caused their eyes to widen and their jaws to drop in shock.

All of them had witnessed Verdant Phantom's strength firsthand and saw how ferocious his last attack was, yet Terry had used nothing but his chest to block the blow. Was that even humanly possible?

"How can this be?" Verdant Phantom was shocked. He staggered backward, his face full of

disbelief.

He had spent years perfecting that last attack, and no one had ever managed to stop it. Even Geoffrey Vaughn had lost to that attack, so he thought that he'd be able to defeat Terry with the same attack. However, Terry had stopped his attack, which should be strong enough to pierce through armor and cripple someone, with nothing but his body. And Terry was terrifyingly calm

about it.

"Is this all you've got? How disappointing." Terry shook his head.

"Don't be so full of yourself. I don't believe you're immune to all physical attacks!" Verdant Phantom gritted his teeth before stabbing Terry with full force.

A mighty stream of true energy flowed out of his body and into his spear, turning its tip bright red.

"Rot in hell!" Verdant Phantom yelled before driving his spear into Terry's chest.

A loud clang rang out instantly.

Terry seemed unfazed by the attack. On the contrary, the other man's spear had bent under the

force.

"That's it?" Terry smirked. He grabbed hold of the spearhead and clenched his fist. Metal creaked under his grip as he broke the other man's spear.

"What?" Verdant Phantom was appalled. He never imagined that Terry would be unscathed after receiving his strongest attack. Their power difference was too great!

“You’re too weak. Go back and practice for a few more years.” Terry threw the bent spear aside and planted a foot into the abdomen of Verdant Phantom, who groaned as his body flew backward before slamming into a wall and passing out on impact.

In the end, Verdant Phantom lost!

“Well done!”

“Woo-hoo!”

After a pause, applause and roars of approval rang out. Terry’s strength had earned him the audience’s respect.

Verdant Phantom? So what? And what if that man defeated Geoffrey Vaughn? He had still lost to Terry.

“As expected of Terry Doyle. He got rid of Verdant Phantom so easily.”

“No wonder he’s ranked thirteenth on The Heavenly Immortals.”

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How were they going to win against a monster like Terry?

“What do you think of Terry’s performance, Sir Paul?” Phil was beaming from ear to ear after witnessing his son’s outstanding show.

“Not bad. He’s a talented one indeed.” Paul gave a small smile. “I have a feeling that he will become a Grandmaster martial artist in the next decade.”

Paul’s words shocked everyone. Grandmaster martial artists were extremely rare. Even in Balerno, where several hundred million people resided, there had only ever been five Grandmaster martial artists. And each of them had made a name for themselves with their strength.

Terry's talent must be truly incredible if Paul was willing to give such high praise.

"You flatter him, Sir Paul. My son might be talented, but he still needs work." Phil's words may

seem modest, but he failed to hide the grin on his face.

As long as his son became a Grandmaster martial artist within the next decade, the Doyle family would be invincible! In fact, they might very well become a part of the Tremendous Three-no, the

Tremendous Four.

"As they say, the apple doesn't fall far from the tree. Congratulations, Mr. Doyle."

Hector, who was

sitting beside them, congratulated them.

Other influential figures clambered to sing their praises, well aware of how strong a Grandmaster martial artist was. After all, the Hill family was only so influential because of Paul, and that was what it meant to be a Grandmaster martial artist.

"Sis, if Terry is so strong, doesn't that guarantee that Dustin will lose?" Ruth asked worriedly. Terry's performance earlier had wiped away whatever hope she held.

"If I remember correctly, someone was going to challenge me to a duel today." Just then, Terry spoke. He surveyed the room, looking for his target.

"Challenge him? After seeing what happened to Verdant Phantom, there's no way that gang leader would show up."



“Pfft! Seeing how that guy hasn’t appeared yet, I’m sure he’s retreated with his tail between his legs.”

“If he’s already here, he might as well show his face, right? Rather than hiding like a coward.”

The crowd smirked and began bad-mouthing Dustin, assuming that he hadn’t appeared due to fear.

“Dustin, didn’t you say that you were the leader of the Flame Dragon Gang? Why haven’t you gone up yet?” Gordon’s eyes shot to Dustin, a smirk hanging off his lips.

“Hey, you were talking big earlier. Why are you keeping silent now?” Zoey crossed her arms, sneering.

“Hey, Rhys. Someone’s calling you. You should get up there.” Zeke taunted.

“That’s none of your business!” Nelson shouted with a glare.

“What a bunch of losers! You guys are all bark and no bite. How disappointing.” Zeke ridiculed.

“Where did you find the balls to pretend to be the leader of the Flame Dragon Gang?” Zoey sniggered,

“Don’t tell me you’re scared, Dustin. Where did your courage go? Don’t you have dignity as a man?” Gordon taunted.

“Since you guys seem hell-bent on provoking me, I might as well do as you wish.” Dustin nodded. and turned toward the ring.

“Is that guy really going to go up there?” Zoey was astonished.

Gordon scoffed. “He’s just putting on a show. I bet he’s going to walk into the crowd and then run away.”

“Exactly. If he goes up there, I’ll eat my own shit while doing a handstand!” Zeke smirked. Soon, their smiles dropped when they realized that Dustin had gotten into the ring.

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“No way. He went up?” Zoey and the others stopped smiling as they watched Dustin get onto the arena, their faces frozen in shock.

They never expected Dustin to actually go into the ring, thinking that he was merely bluffing. Still, did he have a death wish?

“Hey, you! Weren’t you going to eat your shit while doing a handstand? Go ahead.” Nelson suddenly

spoke.

Zeke stiffened awkwardly. It had merely been an offhanded comment. He never imagined that

Dustin would be so bold, so his words were coming back to bite him in the ass.

Zoey suddenly thought of something. “Hang on. Dustin isn’t the Flame Dragon Gang’s leader, is he?

Besides the leader of the Flame Dragon Gang, who else would dare to challenge Terry?

“Impossible! There’s no way a loser like him can be Flame Dragon Gang’s leader.” Gordon immediately protested.

I guess you're going to keep being stubborn, eh? Well, let me show you." Nelson sneered before fishing out a badge and slapping it against Gordon's face.

"You" Just as Gordon was about to start cursing, he took a closer look at the badge and was startled into silence..

The badge belonged to none other than the Flame Dragon Gang!

"Have you finally opened your eyes, you piece of shit? What more do you have to say?" Nelson raised his chin defiantly, rendering Gordon and his friends speechless.

The Flame Dragon Emblem was more than enough evidence, and Dustin's bold actions only further solidified the fact. However, it was hard for them to accept that the man they had been praising for defeating Maniac was the boy toy they despised.

"Hey, kid. Didn't you say you were friends with our leader? So, do you know him well?" Nelson sniggered.

Gordon's face instantly reddened from embarrassment. When his friends turned their gazes toward him, he was so humiliated that he wanted to run and hide. After all, there was nothing more embarrassing than having your lie exposed in public.

"Cat got your tongue? Weren't you so full of yourself earlier? Say, how does it feel to be exposed?" Nelson taunted.

"You "Gordon gritted his teeth and swallowed his words since he knew that he would only further embarrass himself if he spoke more.

"So what if Dustin is the leader of the Flame Dragon Gang? He's still going to lose to Terry Doyle!" Zeke humphed disdainfully.

"He's right. Only an idiot would challenge Terry Dole!" Zoey echoed, finding any reason to retort Nelson.

Gordon smirked. "His biggest mistake was trying to show off. Let's see how he meets his end later!"

Although he still felt humiliated, the thought of Dustin beaten into a pulp pleased him greatly.

Meanwhile, in the ring, Dustin's appearance had drawn much attention, and people were eager to see how the show would unfold.

"Are you Dustin Rhys, leader of the Flame Dragon Gang?" Terry's hands were clasped behind his back as he gave Dustin a scornful look over.

"I am." Dustin nodded.

"I can't tell if you're brave or stupid for challenging me."

## Chapter 626

Terry shook his head with a smile. "Don't tell me you're trying to use me to make a name for yourself."

It wouldn't be the first time someone did something like that. Terry had encountered many who challenged him in hopes of using their victory to boost their reputation, just like Vardant Phantom. Still, all those people eventually lost to him.

"Let me make this clear. I'm not interested in making a name for myself. I decided to challenge you to save myself the trouble by settling things with your family once and for all," Dustin answered calmly.

"Settle things with us? And how do you intend to do that?" Terry had a small smile.

"Simple. If I defeat you today, you and your family have to stop meddling in my life," Dustin answered straightforwardly.

"Defeat me? Pfft!" Terry was surprised by Dustin's words and burst out laughing. The audience also laughed mockingly along with Terry.

It would be a miracle if Dustin could come out of this battle alive, but to think he could defeat

Terry? What an idiot!

"He's an interesting fellow, but he's too arrogant." Phil was unbothered by Dustin's words.

“Insolent fool. Even Verdant Phantom was easily defeated, so what makes him think that he stood a chance against Terry?” Maggie humphed scornfully.

“I’ve done what I could to stop you, but you wouldn’t listen.” Claudia shook her head. She had only advised Dustin because of Sheila, but Dustin refused to listen and even dared to see his challenge through after watching what happened to Verdant Phantom, so he must be an idiot.

“Sir Paul, do you think Dustin has a winning chance?” Hector asked out of the blue.

“We’ll find out soon.” Paul smiled but didn’t give a straight answer.

“Mr. Harmon, you must be joking. That brat is just a nobody. There’s no way he could win.” Phil

smirked.

“Just because he’s not famous doesn’t mean he’s not capable. Since he dared to challenge your son, I’m sure he’s confident in his skills.” Hector protested.

“Since you seem to have faith in him, why don’t we have a bet?” Phil wore a smile.

“What are we betting with?” Hector didn’t refuse.

“I’ve been eyeing your antique pottery for some time now. Let’s go with that.” Phil got straight to the point.

“I must say, you’re quite greedy, my friend. The treasure you picked is worth over three billion dollars. But what will you put on the line?”

“I’m not a narrow-minded person. Even since our family’s founding, we’ve kept an ancient manuscript called the Tempest of the Eighteen Swords’. I’ll bet that. What do you think?”

“But that’s your family heirloom. Are you sure?” Hector was astonished.

“Tempest of the Eighteen Swords” was a book that contained information about a top-grade martial arts sword technique and has existed ever since the Doyle family was established. Usually, only the leader and his heir had the right to read it, while others in

the family couldn't even catch a glimpse of it. In fact, an internal conflict had happened before just because of this book, so it was easy to guess how valuable it was.

"Of course. So, do you agree to the bet?" Phil smiled. He had dared to bet his family heirloom since he was confident that his son would win. And since the winner was certain, he didn't mind betting on something so valuable when there was no way it would fall into Hector's hands.

"Since you put such a precious item into the bet, I'll agree to it. Let's see who wins." Hector agreed. readily.

If Dustin lost the battle, Hector would merely lose an antique. However, if Dustin did win, Hector would finally get his hands on a rare sword technique manuscript that could vastly strengthen the shadow guards, thus fueling his entire family's overall martial arts force.

There was no way Hector was going to let this opportunity slip through his fingers.

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Both Terry and the audience sniggered at what Dustin had said. Everyone assumed that Dustin wouldn't even be able to withstand three blows, much less defeat Terry.

"What are you laughing at? Is it that funny?" Dustin asked calmly, unbothered by the audience's

attitude.

"What do you think?" Terry's smile didn't falter. "Do you really think you'll win?"

"Why not? Do you think you're better than everyone else? Why are you naturally assuming that you won't lose?" Dustin retorted.

"Pfft! I don't know where you found the balls to ask me that, but it's fine. I'll show you how different we are!" Terry beckoned Dustin with a finger and smirked. "Come on. I'll let you have three shots at me. Let's see what you've got."

“You better not do that. Last time, Bennet Malcom said the same thing, and he’s still stuck in bed. right now.” Dustin reminded.

“Bennet is merely my subordinate. As if he’s a match for me.” Terry feigned a smile.

“Both of you are the same to me since the outcome won’t be any different,” Dustin answered frankly.

“What?” Terry’s smile gradually fell. He had seen many arrogant people like Verdant Phantom, but Dustin was different from them. Dustin wasn’t only reckless and arrogant; he was also looking down on Terry. Dustin’s calm expression and unbothered attitude were infuriating.

Terry couldn’t help feeling like he was being humiliated. How dare a nobody like Dustin looked

down on him!

“That idiot! There’s no way Bennet’s skills are anywhere near Terry’s.” Maggie snorted from where she sat.

“He’s too naive if he thinks he can defeat Terry just because he defeated Bennet.” Next to Maggie, Claudia shook her head. If she had to say, Terry was ten times stronger than Bennet, and the difference between Dustin and the former was as clear as day.

“Ha, that bastard is still as arrogant as usual! He still has no idea what he’s gotten himself into.” Gordon jeered.

“The more he pisses Terry off, the worse his outcome will be. He’s just digging his own grave at this point.” Zeke smirked.

“Dustin is not as astute as he needs to be, so it serves him right if he dies today!” Zoey crossed her

arms.

Although they finally discovered Dustin’s identity, none of them thought that he had a chance of winning.

“I’ve already given you a chance. Since you don’t seem to appreciate it, don’t blame me for whatever happens!” Terry’s face darkened, and his aura turned murderous.

“Go ahead. I’m curious to see how strong the person ranked thirteenth on The Heavenly Immortals

now is.” Dustin beckoned.

When Dustin fought his way to the top of The Heavenly Immortals ten years ago, all of his

opponents had been talented and skilled individuals, so he wondered if those on the current list were just as strong.

“You seem eager to die, so I’ll do you a favor!” Terry drew his right hand back and curled his fingers into a claw. Air whirled around and gathered in his palm as his true energy was condensed to form an energy bullet. When the energy bullet finally reached the size of an apple, Terry leaped forward, and there was a loud explosion as the white energy bullet was flung toward Dustin.

Usually, one could gauge a martial artist’s strength based on the size of their energy bullets, and Terry’s happened to be unbelievably sturdy and held massive destructive power.

Dustin’s feet didn’t move an inch despite the incoming attack. Instead, he tilted his head to the side. The energy bullet missed his cheek by a hair’s breadth and slammed into the tree trunk. behind him. The force of the attack sent shivers down the audience’s spine.

“Hmm?”

Terry narrowed his eyes when he saw Dustin escape his attack, and he struck out once more.

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There was a loud whoosh as a larger and quicker energy bullet blasted in the direction of Dustin’s



chest.

Dustin kept his feet firmly planted on the ground and leaned backward, his back arched. The energy bullet flew over his face and slammed into the same tree. He pushed himself off the ground with one hand and stood back up, unharmed.

Terry frowned. He had thought he'd be able to end this battle easily, yet Dustin had surprised him by dodging his attacks twice.

"If this is all you've got, then I have to say, I'm disappointed," Dustin said nonchalantly..

Hearing this, Terry's expression hardened in anger. No one has ever treated him with such disrespect and condescension.

"No way. He's looking down on Terry Doyle?"

"He managed to dodge those two attacks thanks to luck. And Mr. Terry went easy on him, or he

would be dead by now!"

"Mr. Terry, don't go easy on him!"

The audience shouted in indignation.

"I was going to let you live, but it seems like that's unnecessary now." Terry put one foot in front of the other before springing toward Dustin.

The true energy that burst forth was enough to easily kill those weaker than him without having

to touch them. However, there was a flaw in this move. If a person's opponent is on the same level as them, the attack's effects were greatly reduced. And since it was impossible to change the trajectory of the blow, their opponents could easily predict their moves and jump out of the way.

Therefore, a battle between Divine-level martial artists meant that fighters must use their bodies to defeat their opponents. In these cases, factors like weapons, skills, and true energy were pivotal

to one's success.

“You’re dead meat!” As soon as Terry got closer to Dustin, he gathered his true energy and threw out a punch. There was a thunderous boom as the air around them started flowing, and a vortex of true energy enveloped Terry’s fist.

The terrifying pressure caused the audience to shudder as they struggled to breathe.

“What a powerful strike!”

“Now that Terry is getting serious, that guy’s doomed for sure!”

“No way! Is that guy going to take Terry Doyle’s attack just like that?”

Just as Terry’s fist was about to land, Dustin finally made a move. Under the crowd’s disbelieving gazes, he stood his ground and threw a punch against Terry’s fist.

“Ignorant fool!” Maggie smirked, pleased.

“He might still have a chance if he ducks, but if he’s going to face the attack head-on, then he’s at

dead man.” Claudia shook her head, sure that the winner was Terry.

“Let’s see what happens to you now!” Gordon and his friends gloated and eagerly waited for Dustin

to be blown away.

“Mr. Harmon, I’m afraid your guy is doomed.” Phil sniggered.

Hector seemed unbothered by Phil’s words. However, Natasha had gone as white as a sheet. Her fists were tightly clenched as her eyes remained glued to the ring. Would Dustin be able to withstand Terry’s attack at full force?

Finally, the two fists collided with each other. There was an ear-splitting bang as the entire place began to shake. A blast of true energy burst out and spread throughout the place, whipping up

shrill winds.

After the onslaught, Dustin seemed completely unscathed, while Terry staggered backward, nearly falling off the stage, shocking everyone.

## Chapter 629

Terry staggered back from the impact, his heavy stomps leaving footprints on the solid ground. By the time he managed to stabilize himself, his face was completely pale, despite his rapid heartbeat. Sweat had formed on his forehead, and the edges of his shirt were frayed. There was even blood dripping from his fist. What a miserable sight.

“What?” The crowd had been stunned into silence. None of them could have imagined that Terry might be at a disadvantage when it came to physical fights. This was unbelievable!

“N-no way! Terry got pushed back?” Maggie was flabbergasted.

Claudia was shocked as well. “I didn’t know Dustin was so strong.” If she hadn’t seen it for herself, she would have never believed that someone managed to withstand Terry’s attack and even came out somewhat victorious.

“I-impossible! How can someone like him be so powerful?” Gordon and the other two were

dumbfounded. The scenario they had in their minds was Dustin being destroyed with one punch, so why was he winning against Terry?

“What?” Phil sat up straight, and his expression fell. There was no way his genius son was losing to a nobody. What would become of their family if Terry were to lose? Worse, Phil had made a bet with Hector using “Tempest of the Eighteen Swords, so the consequences would be devastating.

“As expected.” Hector smiled, pleasantly surprised. He knew that there was no way Dustin would recklessly challenge Terry if he wasn’t confident in himself.

Things are getting interesting.” Paul stroked his beard, fascinated. For Dustin to be so skilled at medicine and martial arts at such a young age, Paul was sure that there was more to Dustin than

meets the eye.

“Did you see that, Sis? Dustin is winning!” Ruth jumped up excitedly.

“Of course, I saw. I’m not blind.” Natasha heaved a sigh of relief, the smile returning to her face. “I told you he’d win, but you wouldn’t believe me.”

“When did you say that? I can’t remember anymore.” Ruth stared at Natasha quizzically.

“It doesn’t matter.” Natasha glared at her sister, who pouted.

Ruth mumbled to herself, “Are all women like this? Their moods are so unpredictable.”

Back in the arena, Terry coughed as he tried to suppress the energy churning within his body. His expression was terrifying. He felt sorry for himself as the audience criticized him. Ever since he became famous, no one has ever successfully hurt him. Today, however, an accident occurred, and it was a blow to both his dignity and skills.

His reputation would be ruined if he didn’t get rid of Dustin completely.

Abruptly, Terry burst out laughing wildly. “You’re strong; I’ll give you that. I underestimated you earlier. With your capabilities, you could easily make your way into the top twenty of The Heavenly Immortals. Unfortunately, your opponent is me. To tell you the truth, I’ve been hiding my true strength since three years ago as I underwent all sorts of training. So far, none of my opponents have been strong enough for me to want to take off these shackles and use my full

## Chapter 630

“Today, I’ll show you how terrifying the power I’ve been saving up for the past three years is!” Terry began removing his clothes, revealing the dark steel weights underneath that covered his body like armor. There were even a few attached to his limbs.

Under everyone’s disbelieving gazes, Terry gradually took off those weights, which landed on the ground with solid thuds that made people shudder.

“Holy smokes, he’s a beast! Who would have thought that he was moving around with several hundred pounds of weight.”

“Usually, it’s hard to even walk with those tied around one’s body, yet he’s been walking normally and even fighting! What a monster.”

“If he’s that strong with limitations, what would happen if he took them off?”

“I can only say that he’s terrifying!”

The audience gossiped, shocked at how strict Terry was with himself. No one would like to wear clothes that weighed a few hundred pounds.

“No wonder Dustin seemed to have an edge over Terry. Terry has been holding himself back. Now that his restrictions are gone, I’m sure he’ll win!” Maggie regained her confidence.

“There’s a reason he’s ranked thirteenth on The Heavenly Immortals.” Claudia couldn’t help but respect Terry. Being a genius was nothing new, but it was always harder to accept when a genius was working harder than ordinary people.

“See? There’s no way Terry would lose. He was just holding himself back.” The smiles returned to Gordon, Zeke, and Zoey’s faces when they found an excuse they could use.

“As expected of my son, he left a card up his sleeve. He’ll win now.” Phil let out a relieved sigh now that the manuscript seemed safe.

“It seems like Dustin will be in trouble again.” Natasha and Ruth’s expressions turned grave once more. They never thought that Terry might be hiding his true strength.

“Much better...” After removing his burdens, Terry began stretching, and a confident smile returned to his face. “To be able to force me to use my full strength, you should be proud to lose to me.”

It took Terry three years to get to where he was, so it was finally time to see the fruits of his labor.

“Don’t speak too soon. This doesn’t change anything.” Dustin shook his head.

“You still don’t seem to understand the situation right now. Without those weights, my speed and power will greatly increase. I’ll even let you in on a secret. Fist fights aren’t my forte-swords are!” Terry opened his palm, and a sword that a servant had been

holding onto flew into his palm, instantly strengthening his aura to the point that those standing blocks away could feel it.

“My sword is unbreakable, and today, you’ll have the honor of dying from it. You should be proud!” Terry tightened his grip on the hilt before he sprang toward Dustin, his speed so fast that the naked eye couldn’t follow up and left an after-image.

“He’s so quick!” The audience was startled.

The average martial artist could no longer catch sight of his blade due to its speed, but its murderous quality was enough to frighten them.

“You’re dead meat!” With the aid of his sword, Terry was unstoppable.

Right before the tip of the sword could piece through Dustin’s chest, two fingers reached out to pinch the blade, bringing Terry’s attack to a halt. Instantly, whatever murderous aura there was vanished.