

## An Understated Dominance Chapter 801 - 810

### 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 fucking 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.

## 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.

Chapter 806

“Oh no... There goes our chance of winning.”

“How did things turn out this way? How could we have lost every single round?”

“The Knighthood Society tournament this year is an embarrassment for all of us martial artists from Balerno!”

Jared’s defeat sent the Balerno martial arts alliance into low spirits. There was anger, disappointment, helplessness, and also resentment.

Both sides had always been on the same level in the previous Knighthood Society tournaments, making it an exciting event for everyone. No matter the outcome, they always gave their all and gained the audience's respect.

But the tournament today was unexpectedly depressing for the Balerno martial arts alliance. They had been crushed in the first three rounds, and there wasn't anything worth watching.

Things seemed to look up for them in the fourth round. In the end, they still lost. They have now consecutively lost for four matches and were utterly humiliated. It was truly shameful.

"No... That's impossible! My senior is the best fighter out there! How could he be defeated?"

"It was obvious that Jared had hit Oscar first. What a shame that he was thrown off the platform!"

The Boulderthorn disciples found it hard to accept the outcome. Jared's abilities were considered/ the best among the younger generation of Boulderthorn disciples. It was a pity that he lost.

"I guess we don't have a chance of winning the tournament this year, sir." Ronald sighed helplessly.

If Jared had won, there was still hope of turning the table. But now that Jared had lost, there was no way they'd be able to win anymore.

"We still have one more person left. We haven't lost yet," Paul said seriously.

“But sir, we have only Rhys left. How can he possibly defeat the five aces of Glenstead alone?”

Ronald shook his head.

“Well, now that Oscar is wounded, only four of them are left.” Paul corrected.

“Sir, even if Oscar can’t fight anymore, Glenstead still has four more contestants. And all four of

them are stronger than Oscar! Rhys doesn’t stand a chance against all four of them!”

Ronald smiled wryly.

It was tough enough to fight against Oscar, who was ranked 11th out of the Heavenly Immortals. But the remaining four were experts in the top ten ranking of the Heavenly Immortals.

It was true that Dustin had defeated Terry Doyle, who had ranked 13th. But his chances of winning against those in the top ten rankings were low. Now he was going up against four of them by himself. It was impossible for him.

“Let’s just give it a try. We have no other options now.” Paul sighed. Deep down, he knew that with just Dustin alone, it would take a miracle for him to turn the tables.

He hoped that Dustin would win just one round. At least then, they wouldn’t be so embarrassed. It would make them the greatest joke ever if they were to lose five consecutive rounds.

When the wounded Jared was helped out of the lake, he was soaked from head to toe. His expression was dark.

It made him even more embarrassed, especially with everyone looking at him. He had gone up so confidently but ended up losing. It was humiliating.

“Jared! Are you alright?” A group of disciples from the Steeljaws Fellowship hurriedly rushed over to him.

“Just some minor injuries. It’s not a big deal,” Jared forced himself to say.

“Hah! Still acting tough when he can’t even stand straight.” Azalea, who stood behind Dustin, couldn’t resist mocking.

“Shut up! Had Oscar not thrown a surprise attack, do you think he’d be able to beat Jared?” Devon glared at her.

“That’s right! Oscar would have died had Jared not spared him some mercy!” others added.

“You should learn to admit your defeats. It’s embarrassing to make excuses when you’ve lost. Azalea rolled her eyes.

“You-!” Jared was so flustered, and with his internal injuries, he coughed up blood.

“Wow! Are you even coughing up blood now? You better hurry to a hospital or something. We’d hate to see you die here,” Azalea taunted.

“You bitch! You’re asking for it!” Devon’s temper flared. But as he was about to get violent, he noticed a snake’s head poking from the collar of Azalea’s shirt.

He immediately pulled his hand back in fear when the venomous snake hissed. If he were to be bitten by the snake, he might lose his arm on the spot, just as his fellow guild member had.

“If you’re so good, why don’t you go up there and fight?” Desmond challenged.

“I’m not. But my man is.” Azalea linked her arm with Dustin’s, a boastful expression on her face.

## Chapter 807

Dustin glanced at Azalea and pulled his arm away from her grasp.

“Him? How strong do you think he is? He isn’t even fit to be compared to Jared!” Desmond mocked.

“Exactly! Jared’s ranked 12th among the Heavenly Immortals! This bastard isn’t even worthy to be near him!” Devon exclaimed.

“If Jared’s so great, why did he lose earlier?” Dustin countered. That simple question silenced

everyone.

“Hmph! I’ve indeed lost, but do you think that you’d be able to win? With your level of skills, you won’t even withstand three hits!” Jared forced through clenched jaws.

“Is that so? Let’s wait and see then.” Dustin smiled faintly, not saying another word. He would much rather prove himself with his abilities than participate in meaningless arguments.

Right then, someone exclaimed excitedly, “Look! Someone’s replacing Oscar in the arena!”

Everyone looked toward the middle of the lake, only to see Oscar leave the platform.

Another graceful and elegant man in white made his way toward the platform on a boat.

“Hey, isn’t that Joel Finch, ranked tenth among the Heavenly Immortals?”

“Oh, my God! It is Joel Finch! We’re in trouble!”

“Even Oscar seemed invincible. Now we’ve got Joel, who’s even better than Oscar. What’s the point in continuing? We might as well just admit defeat already!”



After they confirmed the identity of the man in white, the Balerno martial arts alliance cried out and panicked.

“It’s him?” Dustin raised a brow, finding it rather unexpected.

“Haha! It seems like you’re out of luck, bastard! You’re in trouble, going up against Joel!” Jared smirked, laughing at Dustin’s misfortune.

He had already embarrassed himself. He didn’t mind seeing more people end up in the same

situation as him.

“Jared, is Joel really that great?” Devon asked curiously.

“Great doesn’t even begin to explain what he’s capable of! He ranks tenth among the Heavenly

Immortals! That means he’s one of the top ten best divine-level martial artists! Even I’d be defeated in a second if I ever went up against him!” Jared said earnestly.

“Gosh! That’s amazing!” Everyone was shocked. The fact that Jared would praise him as such, showed how strong Joel’s abilities were.

“Hey, bastard! Weren’t you all high and mighty just a while ago? Why don’t you give it a try in the

arena?” Jared taunted.

“Haha! Look at him! I bet he’s feeling weak in the knees right now. How would he even dare to go into the arena?” Desmond ridiculed.

“No way! Don’t tell me that you don’t even dare to try and fight? How cowardly!” Devon jeered.

In their eyes, Dustin was bound to lose. The only question was, how bad was his defeat going to be?

“What are you yapping on about? Joel Finch? I’m not afraid of him.”

Dustin walked forward and gave the boat a light kick to get it moving. Then, he jumped elegantly onto the boat and made his way toward the middle of the lake.

“Wow! Did he go? How bold of him!” Devon smirked.

“He doesn’t know where he stands, We’ll just wait and see how he dies!” Desmond said in contempt.

“Hah! Even I’m no match for Joel! How does this bastard dare to take up his challenge? He must really want to humiliate himself!” Jared laughed meanly.

Dustin was just a nobody. How could he stand up against someone who ranked tenth among the Heavenly Immortals?

Up in the arena, Joel stood there with his arms behind his back. He welcomed the applause and cheers from the audience with an arrogant expression.

He was determined to make a name for himself today!

“Go, Joel! Show them what the Zen Order is made of!”

“Even Oscar could go against four of them himself. Joel is even better than Oscar. It’d be a breeze for him.”

“This will be a predictable match. Let’s see how long the opponent can hold up for.”

The Glenstead martial arts alliance was confident. Disciples of the Zen Order were exceptionally proud.

“Don’t worry, everyone. I’ll finish things up quickly.” Joel gestured towards his fellow guild members by the lake and turned to face his opponent.

But when he saw the familiar face on the boat, Joel felt as if lightning struck him. A wave of fear immediately overwhelmed him.

“Mon-monster! The monster is here!” After mumbling to himself for a bit, Joel suddenly shrieked.

Then, without another word, he jumped into the lake and escaped as though his life was on the

line.

## Chapter 808

With a loud splash, Joel jumped into the lake and escaped when he saw Dustin.

He splashed and thrashed wildly in the water like a fish on the verge of death. He looked terrified.

Jared and Devon were stunned. Even all the Boulderthorn disciples and the Glenstead martial arts alliance members were shocked.

Everyone gaped in disbelief.

For the most senior disciple of the Zen Order, an expert ranked tenth among the Heavenly Immortals, to be scared and flee in terror. Nobody expected this outcome!

The pure fear in his eyes made him look like he'd seen a ghost. If they had not seen it for themselves, they would not believe such a thing happened.

“Wh-what? He ran away?”

“What the fuck? What’s going on? The match hasn’t even started, and he’s already given up?”

“Has Joel gone crazy? Look at him. He looks like he’s possessed!”

After a short silence, an uproar broke out among the crowd.

Joel’s actions stunned both those from the Balerno martial arts alliance and the Glenstead martial arts alliance.

“Sir, what’s the Glenstead martial arts alliance doing?” Ronald was caught off guard.

Everyone had expected an exciting match. Joel running away even before the match started was unexpected.

“Well... I’m not too sure either.” Paul looked puzzled.

He had believed that Dustin would win, but he never expected it to be so easy. He had won even without fighting!

“Jared, are my eyes playing tricks on me? Did Joel run away?” Devon could not believe his eyes.

“Joel’s ranked tenth among the Heavenly Immortals! How could he lose in such an undignified manner?” Desmond’s eyes widened in disbelief.

“Damn it! What the heck is Joel doing?” Jared frowned. He was as confused as everyone else was.

Technically speaking, it would be a piece of cake for Joel to defeat a nobody like Dustin.

How did he end up running away in fear at just the sight of his opponent? The match hadn’t even

started at all!

How could a person with such status embarrass himself like that?

“Azalea, why did that person run away when he saw Dustin?” Abigail wondered aloud.

“I guess he probably lost to him in the past, so now he’s traumatized,” Azalea said with a smirk.

Dustin was unbelievably powerful. She had not seen the full extent of how powerful he could be. But her guess was that he was almost as strong as the Dark Lord.

“How easy.” Dustin chuckled. He never expected Joel to react like that.

Dustin hadn’t even entered the arena, and Joel had already jumped into the lake. He didn’t have any intention to redeem his previous humiliation at all.

Joel splashed madly in the lake, trying to reach the lake’s edge as fast as he could.

By then, those from the Glenstead martial arts alliance were already complaining and looking at Joel in disdain.

It was one thing to lose in a fight. But to run away before the match even started was an act of cowardice and very much looked down upon.

“What’s wrong, Joel? Why are you running away?” Brutus Grint looked at Joel with displeasure, obviously unhappy with his actions.

“Joel, are you giving up even before the match has started? This is truly shameful!”  
Daniel Grint grumbled.

“I wouldn’t have escaped if I had a choice, master! But I don’t stand a chance against that person!”

Joel looked like he was about to cry, his eyes full of fear. “He-h-he’s the monster who injured me so badly two days ago!”

“What? It was him?”

## Chapter 809

Brutus frowned. Daniel and the others were also terrified by what they heard.

“Let’s go back, master! I’m withdrawing from the tournament this year!” Joel sounded like he

was almost in tears. The traumatizing experience he had been through several days ago haunted him like a nightmare.

He boasts of his exceptional talent and outstanding martial arts skills. He had never been defeated since he made a name for himself.

That night he never expected to run into two monsters.

The first monster was a lady who beat him up so badly with a teacup alone that he threw up blood.

Then, a man showed up, and he was even more terrifying. The man nearly killed him with his bare hands!

Since that night, his confidence and pride were completely ruined. He felt as if a shadow figure towered over him in his mind.

Thus, when he saw Dustin, he was scared to the point of fleeing without regard for his pride.

“Don’t worry, Joel. What happened the other night was just an accident. Maybe your eyes were just playing tricks on you!”

After Brutus reassured Joel, he turned and exchanged a glance with Daniel. “Dan, bring Joel to change into a dry set of clothes. Get him a cup of hot tea while you’re at it. That should calm his nerves.”

“Sure.” Daniel helped Joel, whose legs were still shaking, into a nearby courtyard villa.

“Mr. Grint, your disciple is quite disappointing!” Conrad Melling said with a dark expression. He did not hide his disapproval.

“I have not taught him well. Please forgive me, Sir Melling.” Brutus flashed him an awkward smile.

“Forget it. The tournament will still go on without him. Anyway, we will certainly win the tournament this year.” Conrad could not be bothered with such trivial matters.

Their three remaining candidates were all stronger and better than Joel. There was no doubt that those three would win.

“Who’s next?” Conrad’s gaze swept over to the three remaining contestants from Glenstead.

There were two men and one lady. The lady wore a mask and a strong and fit physique. She gave off a strong wildness.

The other two men consisted of one burly figure with a broadsword and the other with a pale face, bony figure. He looked sickly.

“I’ll go!” The burly man, Alan Barnes, stepped forward confidently. “I’ll get rid of that bastard with a swing of my sword!”

“That man must be powerful to come out last. I have confidence in dealing with men. Let me go.” The masked lady, Lexi Sutton, came forward too.

Then Torres Dale, the sickly man, coughed before saying, “I rank the highest out of the three of us. I should be the one going.”

They were all aware that this was the last match of the day. Whoever succeeds will receive great rewards and gain fame and reputation. So they were all fighting to be the one to fight in the last match.

“Hey, Sicko, you’re already on the brink of death. Stop fighting with us, and go get some rest.” The masked lady made a face before she continued, “And you, Big Guy, you might be strong, but you’re not agile. If he moves around a lot, you won’t be able to hit him. I’m the best candidate to go up against him!”

“Hah! Don’t you know you can subdue any opponent with brute strength? No matter what tricks he has up his sleeves, I can deflect it with my sword!” Alan boasted.

“I might be sickly, but that doesn’t mean I’m weak. I rank seventh among the Heavenly Immortals. I think that goes to prove what I said.” Torres covered his mouth with a handkerchief.

“You men can’t stand having a lady as an opponent, can you?” Lexi frowned.

“Cut the crap! It’s not every day we have the tournament. I’m here to gain fame and reputation!” Alan did not seem like he would back off.

“I haven’t got many years left to live. Please let me have my final moment of glory, you two.” Torres coughed into his handkerchief.

“No! I insist on having this match!”

“Nonsense! I should be the one going!”

“Well, it just so happens that I’m interested in having this match too.”

The three began arguing in public about who should fight the match.

The Knighthood Society tournament only took place once every three years, so it was a rare opportunity for them to show off. None of them were prepared to give up on the chance.

“Hey!” Right then, an indifferent voice suddenly came from afar.

“I say, the three of you should stop quarreling. Why don’t you join forces and fight me together?”

Chapter 810

The voice surprised all three of them.

They looked over to where the voice came from, only to see Dustin standing on the platform in the middle of the lake. He had his hands behind his back, looking totally composed.

“Hey, brat. What did you just say? I didn’t catch you.” Alan’s eyes narrowed, squinting at Dustin.

“I said the three of you should fight me together. That will save us a lot of time, and you won’t have to fight over who fights the match. Wouldn’t that be better?” Dustin asked calmly.



An uproar broke out among the crowd.

“Fuck! Is the bastard out of his mind? How dare he be so arrogant?”

“Does he have a death wish? How could he challenge three experts who rank among the top ten of the Heavenly Immortals?”

“Hah! He doesn’t know what he’s getting himself into!”

The crowd pointed at Dustin and commented among themselves. They looked at him like he was out of his mind.

“Jared, is the fella out of his mind? He doesn’t even stand a chance against them. How dare he challenge all three of them at once? What a joke!” A smirk tugged on Devon’s lips.

“He’s just an attention-seeking clown. He knows he can’t win against them. He’s doing this so that when he loses, he can make an excuse for himself.” Jared shot Dustin a disdainful look.

“At the end of the day, he’s just given up. No wonder he’s acting so recklessly.” Boudershorn disciples looked at him in contempt.

Dustin had been lucky and won the previous round without having to fight. The disciples thought that Dustin probably knew there was no chance of winning this round, so he quickly gave up.

“Hey, brat, do you even know what you’re saying? You’re challenging all three of us at once.

you even capable of taking us on?” Alan’s expression was dark.

Are

He knew everyone in the top ten ranks among the Heavenly Immortals, and this bastard was obviously not one of them. How dare a nobody who wasn’t even in the top ten challenge them?

“Well, you’ll find out whether or not I’m capable when the match begins, won’t you? Or, do you not dare to take up my challenge?” Dustin stared at him from the platform, calm as always.

“What a bastard! I see you’re not one to cry until death stares you in the eye!”

Alan was riled up, and he hopped onto the boat. Then, using his broadsword as an oar, he brought it down heavily onto the water’s surface, sending water splashing everywhere.

That pushed the boat forward, and he made his way steadily onto the platform in the middle of the lake.

“You’re taking him for yourself? Not so fast!” Seeing Alan moving toward the arena, Lexi rushed forward and jumped into the boat.

“This is truly unbecoming of a martial artist!” Torres rushed to catch up with them as the boat was already quite far from the lake’s edge.

He jumped, landed on the lake’s surface, and swiftly ran toward the boat. When the boat was within reach, he jumped and did a somersault, landing breezily onto the boat.

Thus, the three of them went to the arena on the same boat.

“No way! Is he really going to go up against all three at once?”

“He asked for it. Who’s to be blamed? Even if he lost, he would deserve it.”

“He must be crazy! He’s risking the honor of the alliance just for his personal gain!”

Those from the Balerno martial arts alliance were infuriated to see Dustin going up against all three opponents simultaneously.

He might have a slight chance of winning if he went up against them individually. But going up against all three at one go was a death wish!

“Oi, brat! It’s not too late for you to take your words back yet. If you pick me as your opponent, I’ll let you have three moves first!” Alan was the first to speak when he reached the

stage.

“Three moves? I’ll give you five!” Lexi held out a hand and showed five fingers.

“Haha! I guess I’ll have to take a step back then. I’ll let you have ten moves first as a head start.

Torres smiled slyly.

The three behaved like bargaining peddlers, negotiating with Dustin to give him their best offer.

“That’s enough. Stop arguing. Just come at me together.” Dustin waved dismissively. His indifferent attitude showed that he did not consider them worthy opponents.

“Hey, brat! Are you asking for death?” Alan was annoyed

“I’m just giving you a chance. None of you stand a chance against me one on one. But if all three of you attacked at once, you might have a slight chance,” Dustin said casually.