

# An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 2301

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The entire living room was quiet, and they could hear a needle drop.

Everyone was stunned, and their faces were full of disbelief.

They first looked at the man in white, who was seriously injured and vomiting blood, and then cast their shocked eyes on the drunken man, who was swaying and unable to walk steadily.

Their hearts were in turmoil.

They had just noticed that the one who took the initiative to attack was clearly Thunderbolt Iron Fist, and his fist hit the drunken man firmly in the face.

Why did Thunderbolt sustain serious injuries while the drunken man remained unharmed?

“What’s going on? Why was Thunderbolt Iron Fist suddenly deflected?”

“Yes, it’s the body-protecting energy. “The Thunderbolt Iron Fist just hit the body-protecting energy!”

“What? Body-protecting energy? Could it be? Is this beggar still a martial arts master?”

After a brief silence, the scene was in an uproar.

No one expected that this sloppy, stinking drunk man would actually be a top-notch strongman.

They knew that Thunderbolt Iron Fist was also a well-known figure on the road. One punch could weigh tens of thousands of kilograms.

It could resist a punch without being hurt and even seriously injure its opponent.

Except for those who were at the master level, it was impossible for an innate warrior to do it.

“Who are you? How dare you act so arrogantly here?”

Seeing that the man in white was seriously injured, Damien Holmes couldn't help but darken his face.

“Hahaha, good wine! Good wine!”

The drunk man ignored Damien Holmes at all and continued to drink his wine as if nothing had happened.

“I'm asking you something!” Did you hear it?!”

Damien Holmes activated true energy, instantly increasing his volume.

In an instant, thunder exploded in the entire living room, making everyone deafened and dizzy.

Weak warriors had to cover their ears to mitigate the impact of sound waves.

“Hiccup~!”

Damien Holmes shouted, and the drunk man seemed to have sobered up a little. He reluctantly opened his hazy eyes, looked Damien Holmes up and down, and then pointed at himself: “Were you talking to me just now?”

“N\*nsense! Who else could it be if it wasn't you?” Damien Holmes almost couldn't stand it anymore and shouted again.

Covered in rags, this stinky beggar seemed not to take him seriously at all.

“Why are you shouting so loudly? I'm not deaf.” The drunk man dug his ears with his little fingers and said, “Oh, by the way, what did you just say?”

“I...”

Damien Holmes was about to open his mouth, but was interrupted by the drunk man waving his hand. “Forget it; it doesn't matter what you say, as long as you don't disturb me while drinking.”

After uttering those words, the inebriated man settled into the chair and began to relax. After consuming alcohol, it appeared that Damien Holmes had no further involvement in the matter.

“Kakaka...”