

## **An Understated Dominance Chapter 2487-2488**

Chapter 2487

Seeing this scene, Father Adam suddenly laughed.

A powerful desire gleamed in his eyes, like a hunter spotting the perfect prey.

Father Adam didn't say much; he simply kicked off and transformed into a blur, hurtling towards Jeffrey with terrifying speed.

"Bold monster! You're courting your own destruction!"

Seeing Father Adam's determination, Jeffrey instantly became furious and raised his fist to strike.

Protected by the Arhat Golden Robe, Jeffrey's defense, speed, and strength were all greatly enhanced.

This punch appeared ordinary but was several times more powerful than his previous demon-subduing stick method.

Father Adam, charging forward at breakneck speed, couldn't dodge and collided directly with Jeffrey's fist.

At the same time, his sharp claws slashed at Jeffrey's chest.

"Bang!"

"Clang!"

With the sounds of explosions and metal clashing, Father Adam, struck by the Arhat Divine Fist, was hurled seven or eight meters away.

His chest was caved in, and his scales were shattered.

He looked gravely injured.

Jeffrey, too, was shocked, taking several steps back.

After two quick flashes of golden light around his body, he immediately returned to normal.

“Good! Well done!”

Seeing Father Adam being blown away, the audience erupted in excitement and applause.

The Arhat Golden Robe was indeed impeccable.

Though Father Adam could cut Jeffrey with his claws, he caused no damage to the golden robe.

However, Venerable Jeffrey’s simple punch severely injured Father Adam.

“Demon! Don’t be stubborn, or I will not be merciful!” Jeffrey warned again.

After the recent clash, anyone smart would have understood the gap between them.

“Hehehe...”

At that moment, Father Adam suddenly chuckled and stood up slowly.

His sunken chest began to heal at a visible speed.

Within moments, the wound had completely healed.

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“Huh?”

Seeing this, Jeffrey frowned.

It was one thing for Father Adam to have strong defense, but his rapid recovery was alarming.

“Interesting... This is getting more and more interesting.”

Father Adam grinned, his expression becoming increasingly crazed, his eyes full of heat: “You excite me now; I can’t control myself anymore. Come on, my prey, let me tear you to pieces!”

As soon as he finished speaking, Father Adam spread his arms, revealing sharp claws, and then charged at Jeffrey with a fanatical fervor.

At a glance, Father Adam looked like a crazed beast on the hunt, completely different from his initial gentleness.

“Stubborn!”

Jeffrey snorted coldly and, no longer holding back, turned into a golden light, rushing straight at Father Adam.

Since reasoning doesn't work, fists will have to suffice.

“Bang!”

A loud noise echoed.

As expected, the two figures, one black and one gold, collided heavily, and then engaged in a fierce battle.

They punched and kicked, fully immersed in the fight, with neither willing to concede.

“Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang...”

As the two figures fought fiercely, the explosions grew louder and more frequent, like firecrackers.

Waves of energy ripples whizzed out like ever-growing waves, one after another.

In the ring, their movements were incredibly fast, each move leaving behind trails of afterimages.

The audience below could barely make out the two figures, one black and one gold, interweaving and colliding, unable to judge the situation.

“So fast! My eyes can't keep up!”

“Damn! I didn't expect the priest to fight so fiercely. Under the relentless attacks of the calm heart, he can still hold his ground for so long.”

“Although we can't clearly see their actions, with the Arhat Golden Robe, there is a limit. With the meditation's body and supernatural power, victory is inevitable!”

The meditation of the meditation could not lose.

Suddenly, Father Adam's shoulders shook slightly, and he immediately returned to normal.

Then, as if nothing had happened, he rushed forward again with a grim smile, fighting with a desperate fervor.

“Why can’t this guy be killed?” Venerable Jeffrey frowned, his face turning grim.

He had severely injured Father Adam hundreds of times, but no matter how serious the injury, Father Adam would recover quickly, his vitality disturbingly resilient.

So far, Jeffrey hadn’t gained any advantage.

Although he was protected by the Arhat Golden Robe and remained unharmed, if the fight continued like this, the situation would only deteriorate. His physical strength and internal energy were nearing their limits.