

An Understated Dominance

Chapter 2480

"I don't want to hurt anyone, so you should admit defeat," Jeffrey said, looking at the skinny Father Adam with some disappointment.

He was here to challenge the geniuses of major sects, not an unknown priest.

"Master, there's an old saying in your Dragonmarsh: 'You can't judge a person by their appearance, nor the sea by a bucket.' The game hasn't started; how can you know who will win or lose?" Father Adam replied calmly.

"I'm doing this for your own good. Once we fight, I won't show mercy," Jeffrey said.

"Master, go ahead. I came here to witness the prowess of Dragonmarsh warriors. I hope you won't disappoint me," Father Adam responded with a serene smile.

"Alright! Since you're stubborn, don't blame me!"

Jeffrey's eyes turned cold as he raised his iron stick.

"The two contestants are ready. The match begins!" Orion Foster, the referee, announced before stepping out of the ring.

"Skinny boy, prepare yourself!" Jeffrey readied his stance.

"Master, please." Father Adam remained calm and did not initiate an attack.

The two stared at each other, and the atmosphere grew tense.

"Venerable Jeffrey! Don't hold back, start fighting!"

"If he dares to act wild in Dragonmarsh, he should be punished!"

The audience shouted eagerly, anticipating Father Adam's defeat.

"Skinny boy, be careful. I'm coming!" Jeffrey roared, charging forward like a tiger, closing the 20-meter gap in an instant.

He thrust his stick at Father Adam's chest and abdomen.

The strike, though seemingly ordinary, contained a powerful aura capable of splitting mountains.

Father Adam did not dodge.

Instead, he raised his hand and effortlessly caught the iron stick.

The powerful aura dissipated as if swallowed by something, leaving no trace.

“Huh?”

Jeffrey frowned, surprised.

Although he hadn't used his full strength, his attack was not something an ordinary warrior could withstand.

Yet, his aura vanished upon contact with Father Adam, which was highly unusual.

Without hesitation, Jeffrey twisted his wrist, withdrew the stick, spun halfway, and used his momentum to strike at Father Adam's waist.

This attack was majestic, filled with energy, and had the force to sweep away thousands.