

An Understated Dominance Chapter 2481-2483

Chapter 2481

As soon as Orion Foster finished speaking, the audience erupted into thunderous applause.

Under the watchful eyes of the crowd, contestant No. 1 stood up and walked to the ring.

He was a monk dressed in gray robes, in his thirties, with a strong physique.

He carried an iron stick, and his bald head gleamed under the sunlight.

“I didn’t expect the first contestant to be Jeffrey, the Venerable of Vajra Temple. This is going to be a good show!”

The audience quickly recognized Jeffrey, a senior monk of the Vajra Temple.

They called him the Venerable Demon Subduer.

Though Jeffrey was not very old, his cultivation was profound, especially his mastery of Vajra Kung Fu, which he had perfected to an extraordinary level.

It was said that he was impervious to swords, bullets, water, and fire.

Any attack against him barely left a mark.

Jeffrey’s defense was formidable, but his offensive skills were equally astonishing.

His demon-subduing stick techniques were exceptional, and countless masters had fallen before him.

With Jeffrey’s strength, he could easily challenge opponents of higher levels.

“I wonder who will be Master Jeffrey’s opponent?”

As the audience watched with curiosity, contestant No. 32 walked onto the stage.

He had a Western appearance, wore a priest's robe with a cross on his chest, and carried a kind expression and a smile.

He was Father Adam.

"A kind-looking priest?"

"No way! A Western priest in the ring?"

"Hmph! This priest is probably in cahoots with that stinky bat. He looks harmless, but he must have evil intentions. Don't be fooled by appearances!"

"No matter if he's human or ghost, he's nothing in front of Master Jeffrey's demon-subduing stick. One hit, and he'll be reduced to ashes!"

"This priest is out of luck. Facing Master Jeffrey, he's bound to be beaten badly."

"A foreigner daring to provoke in our Dragonmarsh deserves to die!"

When Father Adam appeared, the audience began to murmur.

Many were against a foreigner stealing the spotlight in a Dragonmarsh competition, especially one of such scale.

They all supported Jeffrey.

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"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.

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Facing Jeffrey's powerful attack, Father Adam remained composed, calmly raising his arms to shield himself.

"Boom!" A loud bang echoed.

Jeffrey's long black iron staff struck Father Adam's arm with great force.

The anticipated scene of bones breaking and hands flying did not occur.

The iron staff, capable of splitting mountains and rocks, merely ruffled Father Adam's sleeves without causing any real damage.

Father Adam stood motionless, a smile ever-present on his face.

"Um?" Jeffrey's pupils contracted in surprise.

If the earlier thrust had been a mere test, the recent sweep was a solid, forceful strike.

It would have been understandable if Father Adam had used internal energy to block the attack, but Jeffrey sensed no such energy emanating from him.

In other words, Father Adam had relied purely on physical strength to withstand the iron staff.

Could it be that this seemingly frail priest was actually a martial arts master with a tempered body? If so, they were in for a challenging fight.

After all, Jeffrey was also a master of body tempering.

"I didn't expect that scrawny priest to be so tough, catching Master Jeffrey's iron staff like that. He's really something."

“What’s the use of great defense? It’s just a turtle shell that can take a beating. Besides, when it comes to physical strength, how can a foreigner compare to Master Jeffrey, who has an indestructible body?”

“That’s right, Master Jeffrey is just warming up. Once he gets serious, he can destroy that foreigner in minutes.”

“...”

The brief confrontation on the stage sparked intense discussion among the audience.

They all knew Master Jeffrey’s strength.

Not only did he possess a high level of cultivation, but he also had immense physical power.

Father Adam’s ability to withstand two blows without injury proved his considerable strength.

Yet, this did not change the expected outcome.

Father Adam smiled and said, “Your strength is commendable, but you’re still far from defeating me. I’ll give you three minutes to show your abilities. Use whatever skills you have, or you’ll miss your chance.”

Though his words were calm, they carried an air of arrogance, as if he was certain of his victory.

“Humph! Why would it take three minutes to defeat you? Thirty seconds is enough!”

Jeffrey snorted coldly, his expression turning serious.

He knew Father Adam was formidable, and to defeat him, he had to use his true power.

“Today, I’ll show you the magic of the Vajra Temple stick technique!”

As he spoke, Jeffrey leaped up, holding the staff with both hands, and aimed a powerful strike at Father Adam’s head.

Rumble~!

With a roar, the black iron staff glowed with golden light, its power becoming immensely terrifying.

Father Adam raised his eyebrows and instinctively dodged to the side.