

## An Understated Dominance by Marina Chapter 631 -

### Chapter 631

“What?” Terry was astounded to see that his attack had been stopped. After taking off the weights, his strength and speed would have multiplied tremendously. And to win against Dustin, he even exposed his greatest weapon, his sword. All of this was to ensure his victory against Dustin. However, despite going at Dustin at full force, the latter managed to stop his attack with nothing. but two fingers!

Was Dustin even human?

“I-impossible!” Terry’s eyes widened as he lost his mind. He began swinging his sword at Dustin nonstop, and the force whipped the air in the arena, causing dust to engulf the place.

Terry’s continuous blows brought more gouges to the ground until the floor resembled a spider web.

“Die! You have to die!” Terry roared. His attacks picked up speed and became more lethal.

Dustin, who was unfazed by the onslaught, dodged and avoided Terry’s attacks by twisting his upper body. His feet were still firmly planted on the ground. He would only block attacks with his hands when there was nowhere for him to dodge.

The battle in the ring was getting more intense, yet the audience was completely befuddled.

Due to Terry and Dustin’s high speed, all they could see were shadows and after-images of the two of them. And because of how dangerous Terry’s sword aura was to regular martial artists, the crowd had no choice but to scuttle backward and watch the battle from afar.

“Claudia, I can’t see anything. Can you?” Maggie struggled to identify the two men.

“I can’t either. They are both way stronger than me” Claudia shook her head. She was still a High- level martial artist, and although she was much stronger

than the average martial artist. She still had a long way to go compared to Divine-level martial artists. In fact, she was nothing compared.

to them.

“Terry should be the one with the upper hand, right?” Maggi asked tentatively.

“Judging from the magnitude of the destruction, it seems like it.” Claudia nodded. “Terry’s sword skill is ruthless, and he also has an ace card-Tempest of the

Eighteen Swords. If he uses that, no one would be able to stop him.”

“Great!” Maggie was thrilled to hear that. Although she didn’t have the right to learn that technique, she had heard of it before. It was the Doyle family’s greatest treasure; it had been around since the family’s foundation and was to be used as a last resort when someone had been cornered with no way of escaping.

There were rumors that the sword technique in the manuscript increased in power at each level, and so far, no one has ever withstood the last level before.

Maggi believed that as long as Terry used it, he would win the battle easily.

“Fuck. I can’t even tell who’s who anymore.” Zeke stood on tiptoes and peered over the crowd’s head. “Gordon, do you think Terry will win?”

“Of course, he will!” Gordon answered confidently. “Dustin might be skilled, but he’s still a country

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bumpkin with no power. Terry is different. As the future head of the Doyle family who’s received training from the greatest masters, I’m sure he still has a card up his sleeve that he’s hiding.”

“That’s true.” Zeke nodded his head, relieved. As a martial arts family, the Doyle family had a powerful legacy and many martial arts manuscripts that could help one easily defeat their opponent.

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### Chapter 632

As long as Terry wanted to, it shouldn't be hard for him to defeat Dustin.

"Sir Paul, who do you think will win?" Hector suddenly turned his attention to Paul, who sat in the

middle.

"The one with a ninety percent chance," Paul answered with a smile, his eyes crinkling.

"Ninety percent?" Phil smiled. "You've got a good eye, Sir Paul. You could tell that my son had an ace up his sleeve, so he should be able to win."

Phil had been getting worried that his son might lose, but Paul's words reassured him. As a Grandmaster martial artist, no one would dare question what Paul said, so if Paul said that there's a ninety percent winning chance, it must be true. Although there was ten percent left, it was more than enough for him.

Paul glanced at Phil, who was full of confidence, but didn't say anything, a knowing smile on his face.

"Tempest of the Eighteen Swords!" A voice bellowed from the platform as the air turned heavy. Instantly, the entire platform began to shake as cracks spread everywhere.

"Terry is finally going to use his best move! That's the end of that bastard!" Maggie shouted animatedly.

"One doesn't use 'Tempest of the Eighteen Swords' unless extremely necessary, but when they do, their opponents will definitely die." Claudia narrowed her eyes.

"Let's see what you'll do now!" Gordon and his friends' eyes were glued to the ring, not wanting to miss seeing Dustin get defeated.

"Are things finally going to end now?" Phil smirked. Although Dustin had surprised him several times, the man was still no match for his son.

“As long as you withstand this blow, you’ll still have a chance to turn things around. Good luck!” Hector’s fists clenched as he silently prayed for Dustin. Natasha and her sister were also waiting anxiously after hearing that Dustin only had a ten percent chance of living.

“You’ve got to hold on, Sir Rhys! We’re depending on you!” Nelson and his men were worried for Duntin. They knew that if their leader lost, the Doyle family was going to completely get rid of their gang.

“Tempest of the Eighteen Swords’! It’s time for you to die!” Terry shouted. He gathered all his strength into a single strike and swung his blade toward Dustin.

Bang!

The cracked arena began crumbling. Dust and debris flew into the air, making it hard for people to keep their eyes open.

After some time, the dust finally settled, and only one man was standing among the wreckage- Terry.

“We won!” The Doyle family was overjoyed to see this, and the audience began cheering.

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“You’re amazing, Mr. Terry!”

“No wonder he’s ranked thirteenth on The Heavenly Immortals!”

“Today’s battle was eye-opening. He is indeed a genius.”

The audience was grinning widely as they sang praises to him.

Terry smiled from where he stood atop the wreckage. Suddenly, he doubled over and spat out a mouthful of blood before collapsing to the ground.

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Chapter 633

The audible thud when Terry fell to the ground silenced everyone, effectively cutting off all laughter and cheers.

The crowd shared dismayed looks, unable to comprehend what just happened.

What was going on? Didn't Terry win? Why did he spit out blood? Had it merely been a narrow win?

Just as everyone was stuck in disbelief, a silhouette slowly walked out of the ruined arena. Even the dust in the air seemed to disperse and create a path for him.

When the person reached the top of the platform, the audience could finally see Dustin's handsome face.

Dustin stood proudly with his hands in his pocket as he studied his unconscious opponent calmly.

Meanwhile, everyone's jaw dropped. They thought that Terry had been the one who won, but things have completely changed. Terry was lying on the ground, injured. While Dustin was completely unscathed. It was obvious who the winner was.

"N-no way! Terry Doyle lost?"

"Holy smokes! Balerno's martial art genius and the thirteenth person on The Heavenly Immortals lost to a nobody?"

"Who the hell is that guy? How was he able to injure Mr. Terry? That's insane!"

There was an uproar as everyone stared at Dustin like he was a monster. Although it was hard for them to come to terms with the fact that Terry had lost, what they saw wasn't a lie. Terry had been completely destroyed!

"I-impossible! There's no way Terry would lose to that guy. My eyes must be deceiving me!" Maggie shook her head and rubbed her eyes, trying to deny what she saw. She refused to believe that a mere nobody had taken down the genius in their family.

“When did he become so strong?” Claudia’s eyes widened in shock. She thought that Dustin was just a normal Divine-level martial artist who could only defeat someone of Bennet’s caliber. Instead, he had completely triumphed over Terry. Had she been looking down on the wrong person this entire time?

“H-he won? How is that possible?” Gordon was aghast, his eyes filled with disbelief.

“He actually survived!” Zeke was sweating buckets now.

“He wasn’t bluffing.” Zoey gulped, unable to remain calm.

“Natasha wasn’t wrong. He is different.” Adriana mumbled to herself, her eyes fixed on Dustin.

“H-he won? Our leader won?” After getting over the shock, Nelson leaped up and began hugging his men. From now on, their gang was going to become more powerful than ever!

“Sis, he won! Dustin won!” Ruth cheered excitedly.

“Of course, he did. There’s no way my man would lose.” Natasha’s shock turned to pride, and she lifted her head haughtily. All she hoped for was for Dustin to come back to her safely, but she

never imagined he would give her such a big surprise.

“I knew there was more to that guy.” Hector smiled, relieved. Although he was sure that Dustin came prepared, it was still difficult to defeat Terry.

“I-impossible! How did my son lose?” Phil was devastated. He spun around and looked at Paul, “Sir Paul, didn’t you say that my son had a ninety percent chance of winning? How did things come to

this?”

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Chapter 634

“I think you misunderstood something here,” Paul responded calmly. “I said Dustin had a ninety percent chance of winning. Your son only had ten.”

“What?” Phil stiffened. It turned out that everything had been in his head. Still, he couldn’t understand or accept how a nobody like Dustin was able to defeat his son, who was a genius.

“Mr. Doyle, thank you for Tempest of the Eighteen Swords’,” Hector suddenly said, causing Phil’s

face to darken.

Phil thought that today’s battle would work in their favor by boosting their reputation. However, not only had his son lost the battle, he also lost their family heirloom. It was a devastating loss!

Dustin’s victory also taught everyone something. There was always someone far stronger than you, even if you were the strongest person around. Also, from today onward, Balerno martial arts. would see a dark horse, someone more talented and stronger than Terry.

“Useless fools!” Tyler Grant, who stood amidst the audience wearing a mask, humphed and walked away. He hid his identity because he thought he’d get to see an amusing show, yet Terry had been. useless and couldn’t even defeat a pretty boy like Dustin. It was such a waste of time!

Back at the wreckage, Dustin looked at Terry below him and reminded, “You’ve lost. Remember what I said earlier? Your family better stay out of my way from now on.” He turned to walk off the

stage.

“No! I haven’t lost yet!” Gritting his teeth, Terry clambered to his feet wildly.

“Go to hell!” Locking his eyes on Dustin’s back, Terry grabbed his sword and thrust it toward

Dustin.

“Watch out!” Natasha cried out, but it was too late.

Terry's attack was too quick and silent, making it hard to detect. So, before anyone realized what was going on, the tip of Terry's sword was already pressing into Dustin's back.

"Haha, I'm still the winner in the end!" Terry cackled.

Quickly, his laughter stopped and his smile froze when he realized that his sturdy blade hadn't even hurt Dustin. It didn't even impale the man's flesh.

Terry wanted to turn things around? What a joke.

"What do you think you're doing?" Dustin snapped, slowly turning his head.

This was an open battle where everyone had seen the results, so how dare Terry tried to pull a fast one on him! Were all Doyle family members so shameless?

"Die! Die! Rot in hell!" True energy burst forth from Terry and into his sword as he tried to piece through Dustin's body, and the blade eventually bent under the force.

Still, no matter how hard Terry tried, he just couldn't injure Dustin.

"Fool!" Dustin humphed. He stopped going easy on Terry and planted his fist into Terry's abdomen.

There was a bang at Terry's abdomen, and his core shattered to pieces. Terry flew backward from

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the force like a ragdoll, blood spurting everywhere. It caused an uproar among the crowd when his body landed in the audience zone, and the Doyle family's blood started boiling after seeing how Terry's core was destroyed.

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### Chapter 635

After failing to sneak up on Dustin, Terry was thrown into the air, where he landed right beside Phil, who was infuriated to see his son injured and bleeding uncontrollably. "You piece of shit! How dare you hurt my son!"

“Are you blind or something? He snuck up on me, so I merely defended myself,” Dustin answered.

“Nonsense!” Phil yelled. “The winner hadn’t been determined yet. You were the one who left your back open to your opponent, so it was fair and just!”

Although his son had been in the wrong, there was no way he could admit that now.

“Fine. Since the winner hadn’t been determined yet, there shouldn’t be a problem since I attack him normally.” Dustin retorted.

“Of course, there is! You deliberately injured my son!” Phil seethed

“This is how the martial world works. You’re putting your life at stake when you accept a challenge. Your son got hurt because he wasn’t strong enough. Your family is a martial arts family. Don’t tell me you’re sore losers?” Dustin sneered.

“You!” Phil’s blood boiled.

“You sneaky bastard!” Maggie stood up. “Don’t waste time arguing with him, Uncle Phil! He destroyed Terry’s core. We must make him pay!”

“That’s right! There’s no way we’d let him walk out after hurting our family’s genius!”

“That brat is a danger to society. We need to get rid of him!”

The Doyle family yelled, their eyes showing their animosity toward Dustin. Terry had been their hope, and he even had a chance at becoming a Grandmaster martial artist. To learn that his core had been destroyed and he had lost all his powers was a huge blow to the family.

“It’s fine that he snuck up on me and tried to kill me, but I’m not supposed to defend myself? You guys are shameless!” Dustin jeered.

“How dare you!” The Doyle family was flustered and humiliated.

“Take that bastard down now!” Phil bellowed.

“Anyone who approaches me will die.” Dustin glanced around the room coolly. The Doyle family fighters shuddered when they met his gaze. How were they supposed to win against someone who defeated Terry Doyle?

“Why are you guys panicking? There are so many of us, and only one of him. We’ll defeat him, no matter how long it takes. Take him down!” Phil ordered once more.

“Wait!” Hector suddenly stood up. “Mr. Doyle, accidents are normal during duels. Don’t you think that you’re overreacting?”

“Precisely. A loss is a loss. How could you demand revenge? In public too! That’s awful.” Ruth was displeased.

“Aren’t you worried about what people will think when they find out that such a well-established

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family was manipulating the truth and bullying others?” Natasha humphed.

“Mr. Harmon, this is my family’s affair. It has nothing to do with you.” Phil frowned.

“Well, to tell you the truth, Dustin is an honored guest in our family. So our family wouldn’t let such unjust treatment slide,” Hector responded calmly.

“This is going to turn into a blood feud. Are you sure you want to get caught up in this mess?” Phil demanded.

“Mr. Doyle, everyone here saw what happened. If you insist on doing things your way, I’m afraid you’ll incur their wrath.” Hector tried to knock some sense into Phil.

Everyone here was either a celebrity or a well-known martial artist. If the Doyle family were to retaliate unjustly in front of everyone, their reputation would be ruined.

“Alright, that’s enough.”