

An Understated Dominance Chapter 971

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Chapter 971

Dustin charged toward where the voices came from.

“Hurry up, guys! We don’t want anyone to get left behind!”

Emily yelled and quickly followed. She was worried that Dustin might be rash and jump into enemies’ traps.

After about ten minutes, they saw a vast plain.

It was a barren land that was as wide as a football field. They could only see soil and rocks;

no living thing was in sight.

Right in the middle of the barren field was a tomb that led underground.

The end of the path was black and seemed bottomless. Nobody knew what was in there .

There was a group of strong martial artists surrounding the tomb.

They guarded it carefully, looking around in alert. They were on the lookout for anyone approaching.

“Could that be Iris Meskill’s tomb?”

Nathan got excited as they spied on the dark tomb. They kept themselves hidden behind

some trees.

Lady Luck was truly smiling upon them!

They had expected to stay in the forest for at least weeks. Who would have thought they'd

find where the treasure was hidden in less than half a day?

"From the look of things, this is it. But some people have gotten here before us.

"They're the Ironfists!" Emily frowned, looking worried.

Ironfists was the largest guild in Jameston. Though it wasn't as powerful as Regalswords,

it was close to being on the same level as Regalswords.

It would do them no good to go up against them head-on.

"Emily, they seem to hold two disciples of the Jade Maiden Sisterhood hostage. I guess they're waiting to claim the treasure." Vanessa noticed something amiss.

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The disciples of Ironfists guarded the opening of the tomb with their hostages. Once the disciples of the Jade Maiden Sisterhood emerged, they would be taken by surprise.

"I've already given our mentor a heads up. Let's wait and see how things go while we wait

for backup." Emily was calm and composed.

She knew that they weren't a match for the Ironfists now. She needed her mentor there to

back them up.

"I'm afraid there won't be enough time for that." Dustin squinted.

“Look around carefully. Do you see how many groups are lying in wait?”

“What?” Emily focused on their surroundings.

As Dustin pointed out, she noticed figures hiding in the shadows around them.

That proved that other, more powerful people lurked around in places they could not see.

“Who’s sneaking around there? Get the hell out here!” one of the experts from Ironfists roared.

His booming voice scared the surrounding birds to fly away.

“Hahaha!” a loud laughter was heard as a group of men walked out from their hiding place.

A man with a messy beard was leading the group. He was muscular and had a bronze-ringed broadsword over his shoulder. He gave off a murderous aura.

“Weston Greene? The leader of the Desert Hawks?”

Emily’s brows furrowed when she saw Weston

The Desert Hawks was a gang of bandits who terrorized the area. Their leader, Weston Greene, was renowned for being merciless and strong.

Many skilled martial artists had lost their lives against him.

“You too, Sheaves! Come on out!”

“No point trying to hide now!” Weston shouted, looking at his side.

As leaves fell to the ground, a group of men emerged from the trees.

Their leader looked like a gentleman. Though he looked harmless, his gaze was cold and

sharp.

2/3

“Magnus Sheaves of Skycrane?” Emily’s expression went from bad to worse.

The Skycranes were just about as powerful as the Ironfists. Magnus Sheaves, the eldest disciple, was acknowledged as a genius swordmaster in Yuston.

“We’ve got trouble.” Vanessa swallowed dryly.

Ironfists, Desert Hawks, and Skycrane were the three major guilds who were worthy opponents of Azure Mist. It would be quite a challenge to get the treasure from them.

“Sheaves, Neeson, it seems like several rats are still lurking in the forest. Shall we wipe them out before we get down to business?”

gaze

Weston smiled sinisterly as his gaze shot over to Emily and the rest of them. His held a killing intent.

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All eyes fell on them when they heard what Weston said. Their gaze was hostile and unkind.

There were many divine-level martial artists present. They could hear everything within a 300 feet radius.

“They’ve noticed us!” Vanessa had a bad feeling.

“Nathan, Emily, what do we do now?”

“Why are you so worried? I’m here. You’ll be fine. Follow me!”

Dusting himself off, Nathan walked out with his head held high.

Though those were strong opponents, the Azure Mist wasn't to be looked down upon either. He had the confidence to take them down in a fair fight.

"Come on, let's go meet them." Emily gestured to the rest of them and graciously showed

themselves.

They had initially planned to watch on from the sidelines, but it was too bad that they were noticed so soon.

"Alright, now that everyone's here, how should we handle things?"

Weston smiled evilly with his broadsword still hoisted over his shoulder.

"I suggest we should team up for now. Once we get the treasure, we can split it evenly among us.

"That way, everyone can walk away happy!" Nathan suggested.

He wasn't greedy. Getting a portion of the treasure would be enough.

"What do you say, Sheaves?" Drake Neeson, the eldest disciple of Ironfists, asked for Magnus' opinion.

Out of everyone present, Magnus was the one person he feared the most.

"I have no problems about splitting the treasure. But, there are too many of us here now."

Magnus' gaze swept across the plain.

1/3

"It would be best if there were fewer people to split the treasure among," he said darkly.

"Less? But who should we get rid of?" Weston's eyes narrowed.

It was true that each would get a larger portion if they split the treasure three ways instead of four.

“Skycrane, Ironfists, and Azure Mist are all decent guilds.

“Only the Desert Hawks are a gang of bandits. Who do you think we should get rid of?”

Magnus smiled ever so faintly.

At that, all the disciples of the three guilds looked at the Desert Hawks. They were not even hiding their sinister looks.

“What?” Weston’s face fell.

“Sheaves, we are all part of the martial world!

“You should know that anyone who finds the treasure will have some of it! Are you sure this is what you want to do?”

“How dare despicable bandits like you claim to be one of us?”

Magnus huffed. “I’ll give you one minute to get out of here. If you do not, you will end up dead!”

“Sheaves! You’ve overstepped the line!” Weston fumed and got ready to kill.

“Neeson, Hoyles, since he insists on staying back, we will no longer hold back! Kill him!”

Without wasting another word, Magnus unsheathed his sword and charged at Weston. He

would pay with his life for not leaving when he had the chance to do so.

“Damn it! You’re dead!” Weston was furious.

He lifted his broadsword, bringing it down in a forceful slash.

A deadly fight broke out between the two. With that, a war sparked between the disciples of Skycrane and Desert Hawk.

For a moment, the flashes and glints of swords slashing could be seen in the dark. Blood splattered everywhere.

“Wipe out the Desert Hawks!” Drake was quick to react.

With a roar, he led the disciples of Ironfists into the battlefield.

There was nothing wrong with decent guilds wiping out bandit gangs. They felt no sense of guilt at what they were doing.

Even if word got out about what they did, they would only be praised for ridding of the bandits.

The Desert Hawks were few in numbers, so they weren't a match for the Skycranes. Now that the Ironfists joined the fight, it was clear that they were on the losing end.

The disciples of the Desert Hawks were killed and severely injured. They did not even have the chance to escape.

"Nathan, should we go and help out?" a disciple of the Azure Mist suddenly asked.

"There's no need for that. The two guilds can easily defeat them." Nathan shook his head, not planning to get involved in the fight.

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He wasn't one to take advantage of those who were outnumbered.

"Fuck you, Sheaves!" Weston roared.

He was ultimately defeated by a stab that Magnus delivered straight to his chest. He slumped to the ground.

Within minutes, the Desert Hawks were wiped clean. None one of them survived.

"How dare a gang of bandits challenge us? Insolent bastards!" Magnus huffed and flicked his sword to the side, raining drops of blood to the ground.

"Hey! Why didn't Azure Mist join in the fight earlier on?"

Drake turned and saw Nathan and the rest of them standing where they stood earlier.

They were clean, with not a single drop of blood on them. It was clear that they had not joined the fight.

"Two major guilds are enough to deal with the Desert Hawks. There was no need for us to get involved," Nathan explained calmly.

Though he was only stating the fact, it sounded to the rest of them like he was trying to

act nobler than them.

“You did nothing and simply watched as we killed them. Are you trying to gain an advantage out of the situation?” Drake asked sinisterly.

“You’re mistaken. I never meant to do that.”

Emily quickly stood out to explain, “The fight ended too soon. We did not even have the time to react, and the Desert Hawks were already wiped out!”

The malicious looks all around made her feel uneasy.

“Hah! Do you think that I’d buy that?” Drake looked at them with a sharp gaze.

“Neeson, it looks like the Azure Mist isn’t on our side. Why don’t we join forces for now and clear them out first?”

“Then, we can split the treasure just between us. How’s that sound?” Magnus suggested.

“Hahaha! Exactly my thoughts!” Drake laughed heartily.

It was even better to split the gains two ways than three!

“Hey! I’m warning you, you better not do anything reckless!”

Seeing that they had formed an alliance, Nathan wielded his sword and warned them. “The Azure Mist is nothing like the Desert Hawks!

“We will not let you have your way with us! If you dare mess with us, we’ll bring you down!”

“Bring us down? Haha! What a joke!” Drake laughed coldly.

“If I join forces with Sheaves, wiping out Azure Mist will be a piece of cake!”

“Neeson, don’t waste time on talking. Let’s go and kill them all!” Magnus urged. His eyes

shone with killing intent.

“Alright! Today is the day I’ll show them what the Adamantine Body Art is all about!” Drake

laughed maniacally.

Just as he was about to channel his inner energy, the sound of flesh being pierced was heard. A sword had stabbed him from behind, piercing straight from his chest.

Blood dripped off the sword.

Drake was caught off guard. He looked down in utter shock to see the sword sticking out

of his chest.

The attack was so sudden that it took him some time to understand what had happened.

He had been stabbed before his energy armor had been activated.

The question was, who did it? All those who stood behind him were his comrades!

With anger and disbelief written on his face, it took Drake a great effort to turn around. He

was met with Magnus' cold and sinister smile.

"It was you?" Drake's eyes widened in disbelief.

"Why? Haven't we agreed to work together?"

"There are no permanent enemies, only permanent interests.

"You're the biggest threat to me here. I can't be at ease with you around!" Magnus sneered.

The Azure Mist was just a second-grade guild to him. He wasn't intimidated by them at all.

The only ones that he felt threatened by were the Ironfists.

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He particularly feared Drake among them since he had perfectly honed the Adamantine Body Art. He was known to be undefeatable.

Once he unleashed his powers, he would be invincible. Had Magnus not sneaked an attack on him, it would be difficult for him to find another chance to win against him.

He had caught the exact moment when Drake had been letting out his energy and was thus totally defenseless. Hence, he chose to attack without a moment's hesitation.

“You... you wretched vermin! Curses on you! You should go die in a ditch!” Drake roared.

“You’re the one who’s going to die!” Magnus let out a cold laugh as he swung his sword down hard.

Drake was beheaded on the spot.

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Drake’s head fell to the ground with a thud.

Everyone was shocked. No one had expected Magnus to pull such a dirty trick.

He was smiling and agreeing to an alliance just seconds ago. But now, he had chopped Drake’s head off. He was plain evil!

“Drake!” After they got over the shock, the Ironfists disciples were angered.

Before they could even react, the Skycrane disciples began attacking. Following their shrieks, most of the Ironfists disciples were defeated within seconds.

As for the remaining, Magnus and his men surrounded and killed them off. They did not stand a chance against Magnus.

The Azure Mist had their guards up when they saw how ruthless the Skycrane disciples were. They pulled their swords out, waiting to see what they would do next.

“Magnus! I never thought you’d be so despicable to attack someone sneakily!” Nathan’s brows furrowed.

Skycrane was supposed to be a decent guild. How could Magnus resort to such underhanded tactics?

It was shameless!

“Haha! What does it have to do with you? As long as I laugh till the end, who cares what I do?” Magnus sneered, not feeling ashamed at all.

He seemed proud of himself.

The martial world followed the rule of the survival of the fittest. Killing a few men to get his hands on the treasure meant nothing to him.

“Hah! Do you think you’ll remain victorious till the end?”

“Don’t forget, I’m still here!” Nathan shouted at him.

“You?” Magnus looked at him in disdain.

“Who do you think you are? You are simply the lead disciple of a second–grade guild.

“How dare you challenge me?”

1/3

“You arrogant bastard!”

“How dare you look down on Nathan? You better watch your back!”

The Azure Mist disciples were angry when they heard what Magnus said.

Skycrane might be powerful, but the Azure Mist wasn’t *to* be messed with either.

Besides, with Nathan there, they had a chance of winning.

“Don’t be so proud, Sheaves! If you have the guts, fight me one–on–one.

“I’ll show you how I can beat you up!” Nathan shouted.

“A one–to–one fight? Sure. I’d like to see what you’re capable of.” Magnus smirked and gestured at Nathan to make the first move.

He had sneaked an attack on Drake because he was scared of him. But he was not afraid of

Nathan and the rest of them.

“All of you, stand back! I’ll teach him a lesson!” Nathan declared confidently.

“Be careful, Nathan! Magnus is very skilled. You shouldn’t be rash!” Emily warned.

“Don’t worry. He won’t be able to pull any of his dirty tricks with me here. Just wait and see.

“I’ll defeat him within 100 moves!” Nathan was full of confidence.

He might not be able to beat Magnus in a group fight. But he had never backed out of a one-

on–one fight.

“Cut the crap! Here I come!” Magnus didn’t bother to continue chatting.

He raised his sword and charged forward. He moved with incredible speed and attacked from an unpredictable direction.

“Another sneak attack? Shame on you!”

But Nathan was prepared for it. Wielding his sword, he leaped forward.

A fierce battle ensued.

They were both expert martial artists who had reached the divine–level. They were both also the eldest disciple of their respective guilds.

They had the best training resources and also learned directly from their masters.

2/3

The outcome of their battle was not only a matter of who would win. It was a matter of their respective guilds’ reputation, as well as a matter of life and death.

So, neither of them backed down. They both gave it their all, each attack aiming to kill their opponent.

Magnus’ sword danced about swiftly and mercilessly. His swordsmanship was exceptional, and every move was unpredictable.

His incredible footwork made it hard to keep up with.

Nathan’s techniques were powerful, and it was clear that he had a solid foundation. He looked like a strong opponent when he swung his sword around him.

But though he looked mighty, it was only a matter of time before he was defeated.

A series of metallic clangs sounded as Nathan slashed wildly. As he gradually lost his patience, his attacks got more forceful.

On the other hand, Magnus had a slight smirk. He blocked the attacks in stride, appearing

to be toying with Nathan.

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“Nathan won’t hold up for much longer.” Dustin could finally hold it in no more.

But what was meant as a warning received a lot of retorts from the Azure Mist disciples.

“That’s nonsense! Nathan is extremely skilled, and his swordsmanship is incredible! How could he possibly be defeated?”

“Exactly! Please look closely! Nathan is winning!”

“Hmph! Why are you on the opponent’s side and belittling Nathan? If you don’t know what’s happening, keep your nonsense to yourself!”

They shouted at Dustin.

Everyone could see that Nathan was overpowering Magnus! It wouldn’t take much longer

for him to win the battle!

But not only was Dustin not cheering Nathan on, he was even belittling him? How annoying!

“You probably don’t know Nathan well, Dustin.

Vanessa proudly explained, “Nathan’s so skillful that he’s considered one of the top three in the younger generation of Lester martial artists.

“He’s earned himself the nickname of the Little Dragon and has defeated many reputable martial artists. It shouldn’t be a tough battle going against Magnus.”

“That’s right! You should watch and learn! See how Nathan defeats him!”

The disciples of Azure Mist held their heads high. They were confident.

Dustin shook his head, not saying much. These people were too blind to see what was going on.

As time went on, the fight got intense. Nathan started to falter. Sweat formed on his brows

as he panted heavily.

“Azure Blade!” Nathan gritted his teeth and used his trump card.

He swung his blade even faster. For a moment, there was a flash from his sword.

The air around him swirled and sent sand and dust flying. The flash from his sword

1/3

“Look! Nathan’s using his best move!”

“Haha! Azure Blade will certainly defeat Magnus!”

“Keep your eyes open, Rhys! See for yourself just how powerful Nathan is!”

The disciples of Azure Mist were so excited, as if Nathan had already won.

But as their voices died down, they heard a scream.

Magnus had stabbed Nathan in the stomach and sent him flying. Nathan threw up blood

and lay on the ground, too weak to get up.

“Nathan?” The Azure Mist disciples were all scared and shocked by what they saw.

Didn’t Nathan have the upper hand just now? How did he suddenly get defeated? What was going on?

“You... you deflected my move?” Nathan’s eyes widened in disbelief.

He had not expected Magnus to break through his most powerful move so easily.

“Hmph! I was just playing with you. Do you think you’re all that great?”

Sneering, Magnus looked at him in contempt. “At your level, you aren’t even fit to carry my

shoes!”

“You-!” Nathan glared at Magnus as he threw up more blood.

“Since you’ve lost, it’s time you go to hell!” Magnus whipped his sword and charged forward.

“Hold it right there!”

“Protect Nathan!”

The disciples of Azure Mist rushed forward at the sight.

“You’re too full of yourself!” Magnus scoffed as he slashed his sword in an arc.

A blinding flash of light sparked from his sword and swept toward the Azure Mist disciples like a giant sickle.

They were taken aback and raised their swords to deflect the blow.

All the Azure Mist disciples were sent flying with blood spewing out their mouths. None