

## **An Understated Dominance chapter 2386-2390**

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Chapter 2386

“As long as Brother Fenley takes action, this time the champion will belong to our Celestial Alliance!” Cassidy said confidently.

All Celestial Alliance disciples greatly admired Fenley, who was considered the most evil person in the past century. His prestige was second only to Alloy Marshall in the world.

Kassidy recalled that Fenley had never lost a battle.

Fenley did not think those so-called geniuses in the world were worthy of mention.

“Kassidy, don’t be too confident.” Fenley grinned and shook his head. “This time, Sacred Wyrms Summit’s martial arts competition has nearly scared the entire world. All the major sects and geniuses from all sides have gathered here. This time, a battle between dragons and tigers looms ahead. No one can be sure who will win the championship in the end.”

Although Fenley was very confident in his strength, he was not too blind. Ultimately, his ranking on the legendary list was only fifth.

He still faced several formidable opponents, all of whom were dragons and phoenixes among humans.

Logan Rhys (Dustin Rhys) and Glenn Hadley, tying for the top spot on the legendary list and recognized as two of the world’s ten strongest individuals, particularly impressed Fenley. To be honest, Fenley didn’t feel confident around these two people.

Of course, he was not afraid of fighting. This time in seclusion, his cultivation has improved again. If he really meets Logan Rhys (Dustin Rhys) and Glenn Hadley, he will still have the strength to fight.

“Brother Fenley, you are so powerful. Looking at the whole audience, who could be your opponent?” Cassidy was still full of confidence. In her opinion, Fenley was too modest. As long as the opponent used the Four Symbols of the Gods, he could definitely crush all the geniuses.

“There are people beyond people, and there are heavens beyond heaven. At any time, you can’t be too blind.” Fenley appeared to be admonishing himself, as well as teaching Cassidy.

He had previously engaged in a significant battle with Dustin Rhys, employing all the Four Symbols of the Gods, but he failed to gain any advantage. From then on, he understood that he was not a peerless figure who could suppress all the heroes.

There were always some geniuses who could match him or even be slightly better than him. But the more this happened, the more he fought.

Before, it was lonely at the top, but back then, there was a sense of crisis, and he was full of motivation to practice.

If he thinks about it carefully, it may not be a bad thing.

“Grace, Cassidy, look over there; it’s so lively!”

At this time, Noemi, who was looking around, seemed to see something and suddenly pointed.

Several people followed her line of sight, and she saw two open-air casinos in the west.

There were people shouting and yelling all around, and it looked very lively.

“Strange, I didn’t expect there would be a casino here.” Cassidy was quite surprised.

“Casino?” Noemi’s eyes lit up, and she said, “Let’s go and take a look!”

After saying that, Noemi remained silent, grabbed Grace and Cassidy, and ran over with excitement.

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Noemi, who had always lived in seclusion, had only heard of casinos and never been there. It was particularly refreshing to see them at the competition today. With her personality, she naturally had to go there to join in the fun.

“Noemi still can’t change her reckless personality.”

Fenley shook his head helplessly, and he could only follow closely. After experiencing Conor’s incident, he became Noemi and Cassidy’s personal bodyguard, and he must always be careful about their safety.

“Come on! Everyone, place your bets quickly and buy whoever you like!”

“Buying won’t result in a loss, nor will it lead to deception.” You’ll receive the same amount as your bet. We are honest and trustworthy!”

Abigail Robinson, the saint of the Mystic Arts Order, kept shouting and personally soliciting business.

She was in charge of the VIP area, specializing in collecting some rare treasures. As for the betting chips, they were all spirit stones, just like before.

She first told people how much the treasures were worth, then traded them for spirit stones, and finally gambled and bet.

If you lose, there is no discussion. If you win, you can redeem the exchanged item again.

“Hey! Mr. Rhys! Did you bring friends here? Come on, come on; please sit down.”

When Dustin and his group approached, the sharp-eyed Abigail quickly noticed them and immediately asked people to arrange seats, appearing very enthusiastic.

Looking at the way Noemi and her friends were dressed, it was clear that they were not ordinary people.

Abigail must have treated them well.

“Your business is really getting bigger and bigger!” Dustin said it with a smile.

Two days ago, it was just a small workshop, but at that time, it had grown into a large casino with special divisions between regular and VIP sections.

The area had expanded nearly ten times more than before.

Without a doubt, Abigail emerged victorious in the Sacred Wyrms Summit martial arts competition.

“Oh! It’s just a way to make a living!”

Abigail said very modestly, “Mr. Rhys, you also know that I am now a big family with a lot of pressure. A group of people under my care depend on me for sustenance. If I don’t find some ways to make money, I can’t survive.”

“My friends seem very interested in the dishes you opened. Can you arrange some for them?” Dustin smiled.

“Of course, no problem!” Abigail said very generously, “Mr. Rhys, your friends are naturally my friends. Of course I have to treat them well.”

As Abigail said that, she snapped her fingers at the female guardian beside her and ordered, “Give these three beautiful sisters some chips so that they can have more fun.”

“Okay!”

The female guardian responded.

As bets, Grace, Noemi, and Cassidy received twenty spirit stones each.

Giving away sixty spirit stones in one breath was not a big deal.

But Abigail was rich and powerful, and sixty spirit stones were worth nothing. And she firmly believed that the things she gave away would return to her arms sooner or later.

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“Isn’t this a bit bad? Actually, we can exchange the chips ourselves.” Noemi was a little embarrassed.

The two parties, who were not related, exchanged so many spirit stones during their meeting. It was too enthusiastic. Noemi didn’t know how to give back to the other party.

“It was fate that we met. It’s just a little gift. It’s nothing. Simply enjoy yourself and approach it as an opportunity to form new friendships.” Abigail said. She still had a smiling look.

Since you want to fish, you naturally have to throw out more bait. The more bait you throw out, the bigger the fish you catch. Abigail still understands this principle.

“This...” Noemi seemed a little hesitant.

“Miss Marshall, you don’t think it’s too little, do you? Or do you not want to make friends with me?” Abigail pretended to be unhappy.

“Of course not.” Noemi shook her head repeatedly.

“Miss Robinson has a good heart; you should accept that, Miss Marshall.” Dustin helped to persuade.

“If this is the case, then we won’t be polite.” Seeing that it was hard to refuse the kindness, Noemi couldn’t refuse it again.

“A new round of competition is about to begin. Three sisters, take a closer look and see which contestant has the highest chance of winning?” Abigail said it with a smile.

Several people turned around and looked at the two large arenas in the middle.

The arenas were divided into No. 1 and No. 2. For each match, the referee would randomly draw two contestants.

In this round of competition, the contestants on the No. 1 arena were No. 5 and No. 18.

The No. 2 arena had contestants No. 12 and No. 34.

“Huh, is that him?”

Dustin, quite surprised, couldn't help but raise his eyebrows when his gaze locked on contestant No. 12. Dustin discovered that contestant No. 12 was none other than Sullivan, a Sword Union disciple.

Although Sullivan's strength was not as good as Rivka's, he was also considered to be above average among the contestants in Group B.

“Dr. Rhys, do you know that person?” Noemi glanced over and appeared a little curious.

“A friend.” Dustin nodded.

“How strong is that person?” Cassidy asked.

“Not bad among the contestants in Group B.” Dustin gave his evaluation.

“If that person is able to catch Dr. Rhys's eye, he must be good. I'll bet on No. 12!”

Noemi was very straightforward. She retrieved ten spirit stones and placed a bet on Sullivan.

“I'll bet on him too!” Cassidy followed Noemi's steps and bet ten spirit stones.

“Count me in.” Grace smiled slightly and followed suit.

Seeing this scene, Dustin's eyelids jumped, and he immediately stated, “I only said that No. 12, Sullivan, is strong, but I didn't say he will definitely win. You can't blame me if he loses.”

Sullivan's strength as a disciple of the Sword Sect was indeed excellent among his peers, but not outstanding.

It fell into the stage of not being as good as the best, but better than the worst.

Dustin had no confidence to guarantee that Sullivan could win.

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“Dr. Rhys, don’t worry. Even if No. 12 really loses, it’s not your fault.” Noemi smiled.

“Yeah, we’re just having fun. Winning or losing doesn’t really matter.” Cassidy agreed.

“That’s the best.” Dustin nodded.

G\*mbing is fine if you don’t get too excited. Once you get too excited, it’s simple to lose your mind. Therefore, it’s important to clarify matters beforehand to avoid unnecessary complications.

“Brother Fenley, do you want to play with us?” Noemi suddenly looked at Fenley, who was next to Dustin.

“No, you guys can just play. I’m not interested in these.” Fenley smiled and shook his head.

He was a martial arts fanatic. Apart from training and fighting, he had no significant interest in other things.

“Dr. Rhys, what about you?” Noemi cast her eyes on Dustin again.

“I’ll just take a look.” Dustin declined. While others were unaware, Dustin was well aware that Abigail, in her role as the dealer, had the ability to manipulate the game’s outcomes.

Most people here would eventually lose everything.

“Come on, come on! The game is about to start, everyone. Place your bets!” Abigail shouted, stimulating more g\*mbler to place bets.

When the referee on the ring yelled [Game Start], the bet officially closed.

“Brother Sullivan! Come on, come on, come on! We must defeat him and win glory for the sect!”

In the crowd, Halle shouted at the top of her voice, cheering for Sullivan on the second ring.

Rivka and Briggs sat next to them with indifferent expressions, without much fluctuation.

When Dustin heard Halle’s shout, he took the opportunity to look over there.

As if he had noticed something, Briggs immediately looked back, then nodded and smiled at Dustin as a greeting.

At this moment, on the ring.

Sullivan's face was solemn, holding the sword in one hand, and he was fighting straight like a javelin, showing extraordinary momentum.

On the other hand, his opponent was a burly, muscular man.

The sturdy man was about 1.9 meters tall and held two axes. His chest and belly were visible, and his hair was thick, making him look like a gorilla.

Compared with the sturdy man, Sullivan, who was still strong, looked a little thin.

"Boy! Tell me your name quickly; I won't kill an unknown ghost under my axe!" The sturdy man carried two axes on his shoulders with an arrogant posture.

"I'm Sullivan, a disciple of the Sword Union, and I have come to ask for your advice!" Sullivan had a cold face and simply clasped his fists.

"Oh! So you are a disciple of the Sword Union!"

The sturdy man raised his eyebrows, and his fighting spirit became stronger: "I heard that your Sword Union only accepts elites, and all the disciples are strong and can fight one hundred. I just don't know if the rumor is true or not."

He had certainly heard of the sword union's name. But he didn't expect to meet a disciple of the Sword Union so soon. If he could defeat him today, he could add another outstanding achievement to his brilliant record.

"Whether it's true or not, you'll know if you try it." Sullivan slowly raised his sword, the tip of which pointed directly at the strong man.

"Okay! "Then today, let me learn the skills of your Sword Union disciples!"

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The strong man grinned, stomped his feet on the ground, and rushed up like a tank.

Every time he stepped forward, the ring shook slightly.

"Take my axe!"

After getting close, the strong man roared, holding a mountain-splitting axe in each hand, and chopped down heavily on Sullivan's shoulders.

The strong man's terrifying explosive power, when combined with the heavy weapon, would instantly tear apart a person or even a rhinoceros.

When Sullivan saw the mountain-splitting axe falling on his head, he refused to act arrogantly. He twisted his body, and he immediately used his body skills to avoid the two axes.

"Bang!"

There was a loud bang.

The two axes chopped on the ring at the same time send sparks flying.

Two deep marks sliced the ring's initially hard surface.

"Go to h-e-l-l!"

The strong man immediately switched from chopping to slashing after the attack missed.

After his double axes dragged on the ground and slid for half a meter, they suddenly slashed upwards diagonally, with an incredibly rapid speed that was difficult to defend against.

"Huh?"

Sullivan's pupils shrank, and he immediately raised his sword to block.

"Clang!"

There was a loud bang.

Sullivan's sword firmly cut through the strong man's double axes.

As the fire splashed out, Sullivan was shocked by the strong man's huge force and retreated several steps, almost unable to stabilize his body.

"What a powerful force!" Sullivan was secretly shocked.

The hand holding the sword trembled unconsciously, and his mouth began to ache.

The strong man's strength was beyond his expectations. He couldn't get any advantage in a head-on confrontation, so he had to change his fighting style.

"Haha... It seems that your Sword Union disciples are not very good. They have no strength at all. It's really disappointing!"



With a somewhat sarcastic smile on his face, the strong man shook his head.

The tentative attack just now had already allowed him to figure out his opponent's bottom line.

He was sure to win this match!

“Strength does not mean fitness. A bull is stronger than a tiger, but it can only be food for the tiger.” Sullivan responded coldly.

“Humph! You're a sick cat, and you dare to call yourself a tiger? You are really overestimating yourself! I must teach you a lesson today! Watch this!”

The strong man didn't waste any words. He kicked his feet and rushed forward again. His two axes, one on the left and one on the right, slashed at Sullivan's head like huge crab claws.