

An Understated Dominance Chapter 2493

Chapter 2493

“Damn it! I haven’t killed enough yet!”

Cardinal Dragon Marshal was drenched in blood, his eyes burning with excitement and battle lust.

Born a warrior, he had been forced into hiding for days, bottling up his rage. Now, he was eager to unleash it all.

“General! The bigger picture matters more! If you don’t leave now, it’ll be too late!” The crew-haired man shouted, grabbing his arm.

At that moment, figures appeared at the far end of the street, charging toward them.

Though still unsatisfied, Cardinal Dragon Marshal quickly regained his composure.

“Retreat!”

With that command, he and the crew-haired man dashed through a checkpoint, fleeing to the outer city with their remaining soldiers.

Compared to the inner city, the outer city had weaker defenses due to its vast size, making it difficult to guard every area. Only a few key transport hubs were heavily fortified.

The crew-haired man had already mapped out their escape route and prepared the necessary equipment.

According to their original plan, if their identities remained undiscovered, they would quietly leave the inner city and drive away—simple, swift, and efficient.

But if they were exposed or blocked along the way, they would have no choice but to resort to Plan B—escaping through a hidden passage.

Behind the Pantheon, several secret tunnels had been dug, each leading from the inner city to the outside world. These passages were of critical importance and were only to be used as a last resort.

In the event of war, these hidden escape routes could be strategically invaluable.

As a key figure of the Temple of the Gods, the crew-haired man had never intended to use them, fearing their exposure.

But after what had just happened, there was no doubt—they had failed.

Survival came first.

Led by the crew-haired man, they sprinted non-stop. After what felt like the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, they finally reached an inconspicuous house.

Without hesitation, they cleaned off the blood and changed into fresh clothes.

After a brief rest in the safe house, the crew-haired man quietly led them out, weaving through the chaotic maze of the city's old village.

The urban village was a tangled mess of aging buildings, narrow alleys, and countless side streets. It was the perfect place to lose pursuers.

Clearly, this wasn't the crew-haired man's first time here. He navigated through the labyrinth with ease, making sharp turns and sudden detours. Cardinal Dragon Marshal, on the other hand, was soon disoriented, unable to tell which direction they were heading.

Just as he was starting to grow irritated, the crew-haired man suddenly turned a corner and entered a small Western-style house with a courtyard.

The group quickly followed.

Inside, they moved straight to the living room. The crew-haired man lifted the rug beneath the coffee table, revealing a smooth, concealed trapdoor.

Without hesitation, he slipped two fingers into the groove, pulled gently, and the hidden door swung open.

A dark tunnel stretched downward, a cool breeze wafting up from below.

“General, after you,” the crew-haired man said, gesturing forward.

“You first.”

Cardinal Dragon Marshal peered inside. The passage was pitch black, its depths impossible to see.

“Still so cautious, General?” The crew-haired man chuckled, then descended without hesitation, his men following close behind.

Cardinal Dragon Marshal trailed them, staying alert.

Though they were allies for now, trust was another matter entirely.

As the saying goes, “A small boat can carry a thousand daggers.” He wasn’t about to put his life in someone else’s hands.

Meanwhile, in the outer city...

Countless patrol teams were scouring the streets, hunting for Cardinal Dragon Marshal and his men.

Manuel, from the law enforcement unit, rushed to the battle site with his elite troops, determined to make up for past mistakes.

His brows furrowed as he surveyed the blood-soaked ground and scattered bodies. Turning to a wounded guard, he asked, “What happened? How did Cardinal Dragon Marshal end up here?”

The inner city was under strict martial law. In theory, he should’ve been trapped. It was only a matter of time before he was caught.

How had he managed to slip through and appear at the city’s outer edge?

“Alec!”

The guard gritted his teeth, eyes blazing with fury. “Alec betrayed us! He led the rebels, broke through the checkpoint, and slaughtered over half of our brothers!”

“What? Alec?” Manuel’s expression darkened. “Are you sure? You didn’t mistake him for someone else?”

“I’d recognize that two-faced bastard anywhere! No doubt about it!” the guard spat. “That man hides behind a friendly smile, but I know exactly what kind of person he is!”

Manuel felt a chill crawl up his spine.

Alec was his brother-in-law. A City Guard officer.

Ambitious, disciplined, and seemingly upstanding. He had no obvious vices.

Manuel had admired Alec’s character so much that he had allowed his sister to marry him.

Never in his worst nightmares did he expect Alec to be a traitor.

If Prince Austin heard of this, no amount of explaining would save him.