

# An Understated Dominance Chapter 2498

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Night fell quickly.

Cardinal Dragon Marshal sat in his room, attempting to steady his mind by practicing the chain technique.

Yet, for some reason, the focus that once came easily now eluded him.

A restless unease crept through his body.

Two hours passed before the scouts Alec had sent finally returned—with good news.

The smuggling route they had explored was completely safe, with no signs of an ambush.

The West Lucozia army had yet to discover this escape path.

Relieved, Alec let out a deep breath, and Cardinal Dragon Marshal's tense heart finally settled.

"If it's safe, let's move out immediately before anything changes," Cardinal Dragon Marshal declared.

He had no time to waste.

With every passing moment, the risk of being captured grew. He was wanted by all sides, and staying in West Lucozia any longer meant he could be surrounded at any time.

Only by crossing into Bohai Kingdom would he be truly safe.

"Pack up. Get ready. We're leaving."

Alec wasted no time. After a quick disguise, the group slipped out under the cover of night.

The countryside was eerily quiet. An ordinary van carried them along the dark, deserted road.

After an hour of driving, the vehicle rolled to a stop at a fork.

“There’s a narrow path ahead—too tight for the van. We’ll have to walk from here,” Alec informed them.

He stepped out first, and Cardinal Dragon Marshal followed without a word.

Moving swiftly along the rugged trail, they reached the smuggling dock in under thirty minutes.

The pier was small, with a handful of fishing boats moored along the shore. It looked like nothing more than a modest resting point for local fishermen—unremarkable, easy to overlook.

At this late hour, the place was deserted.

Only one fishing boat remained illuminated, its dim light flickering across the water.

On its deck, a man dressed as a fisherman lounged, his face hidden beneath a straw hat.

“This is the stowaway point?” Cardinal Dragon Marshal’s brows furrowed as he took in the scene. “Are you joking?”

These were nothing but small, private fishing boats. The largest barely stretched seven or eight meters—fine for calm waters but helpless against the open sea.

If a storm hit, they would be swallowed whole.

Even as a half-step grandmaster, he knew the sea was merciless. A capsized boat meant certain death.

Was Alec out of his mind? Or did he simply not care if they lived or died?

“General, be patient,” Alec said calmly. “I know these fishing boats aren’t fit for crossing the ocean. Relying on them would be suicide.”

Cardinal Dragon Marshal’s frown deepened. “Then what’s the plan?”

“I’ve already made the necessary arrangements,” Alec explained. “These boats are just for cover—to take us partway. Further out, Pantheon has prepared a luxury ship for the real journey. There’s no need to worry about safety.”

Understanding dawned on Cardinal Dragon Marshal. He exhaled slowly. "So that's how it is. I almost lost my mind for a second."

Alec was meticulous. He wouldn't make such a foolish mistake.

"If the situation wasn't so tense, I wouldn't have gone to such lengths," Alec said with a chuckle.

Small fishing boats were perfect for blending in.

A direct pickup by a large vessel would draw attention—an unnecessary risk.

To avoid detection, the main ship waited farther out at sea.

"General, I've checked the area. No signs of an ambush. It's safe. Let's move." Alec surveyed their surroundings one last time before stepping forward.

Under the cloak of night, they moved cautiously toward the boat with its light still on.

Alec climbed aboard first. "Boatman, we're all here. Let's set sail."

The fisherman, still sprawled on the deck, didn't respond.

"Hey! Boatman! Wake up!" Annoyed, Alec nudged him with his foot.

The man stirred, stretching lazily before yawning.

"Ah, finally. Took you long enough."

Alec rolled his eyes. "We've already paid. Enough with the small talk—get moving."

"Sail? To where?" the fisherman asked casually.

Alec's patience thinned. "Where else? Out to sea, of course."

The fisherman smirked. "Sorry, but this boat isn't going to the sea."

With deliberate slowness, he removed his straw hat, revealing a sharp, striking face.

His grin widened as he spoke. "I'm here to take you somewhere else... to the gates of hell. Interested?"

