

An Understated Dominance Chapter 2499

Chapter 2499

“You’re not a fisherman? Who are you?!”

Alec’s instincts kicked in the moment he saw the young man’s face.

Fishermen who work the sea usually have tanned skin, but this person’s complexion was fair and unblemished—clearly unusual.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Sensing danger, Alec’s men unsheathed their swords, eyes locked onto the stranger.

The supposed fisherman was none other than Dustin, who had been waiting patiently since morning.

Now, after hours of anticipation, his targets had finally arrived.

“I’m here to arrest you,” Dustin said calmly as he stood and stretched. “Surrender now if you don’t want to die. This is your last chance.”

“It’s a trap!”

Alec instantly drew his dagger, scanning the darkness for hidden enemies.

His men quickly formed a defensive stance, standing back-to-back, ready for an ambush.

Yet, after several tense moments, the night remained eerily quiet. No movement, no reinforcements—nothing.

They were all highly trained, their senses sharp. If there were hidden soldiers, they would have noticed.

“Relax. I’m the only one here,” Dustin said, his voice steady. **“There’s no need for an army to deal with you.”**

Alec narrowed his eyes, sizing up Dustin before scoffing. **“You’re joking, right? You think you can stop us alone? That’s insane.”**

Had Dustin brought an entire battalion, Alec would have been genuinely worried. But one man against them? Laughable.

“He’s stalling,” Cardinal Dragon Marshal said coldly from the back. **“Kill him and take the boat.”**

Something about the young man felt familiar, but he couldn’t quite place it.

Still, anyone this confident had to have something up their sleeve.

“What are you waiting for? Take him down!” Alec snapped.

His men hesitated briefly but then charged forward, blades gleaming in the dim light.

They were elite fighters of Pantheon, each capable of defeating skilled opponents one-on-one. Working together, they were nearly unstoppable.

And this young man didn’t look older than his early twenties. No matter how strong he was, he couldn’t be **that** strong.

Whoosh!

The first attacker lunged, slashing his sword downward with lightning speed.

But before the blade could land, Dustin vanished—his figure dissolving into the shadows like a ghost.

A split second later, the attacker’s stomach caved under an invisible force. He was flung backward like a ragdoll, crashing into a rock and curling up in pain.

Two others immediately flanked Dustin, swinging their swords at his neck from opposite sides.

No wasted movement. No hesitation. Just pure, lethal precision.

Clang! Clang!

Their blades should have cut clean through.

Instead, Dustin raised his hands and **pinched** the swords between his fingers.

“What?!”

The two men’s faces twisted in disbelief.

Catching a blade **barehanded** was something only an overwhelmingly powerful warrior could do.

They tried to yank their swords free, but it was like pulling against a steel vice.

“Die!”

The last man seized the opportunity, darting behind Dustin and raising his weapon high.

He gripped the sword with both hands, summoning every ounce of his strength.

With a fierce **whoosh**, the blade came crashing down toward Dustin’s head.

Alec’s eyes gleamed.

“It’s over.”

His men were well-coordinated. The first attacks were distractions—the final strike was the true kill shot.

Against an attack this strong, Dustin wouldn’t have time to react.

Clang!

Steel met flesh.

But instead of splitting open, Dustin’s head didn’t even budge.

The sword, however, **shattered** into two pieces.

“What?!”

The warriors froze, stunned.

He had taken a direct hit to the skull... and the **sword** was the one that broke?!

“How... how is this possible?!”

The swordsman stared at the useless hilt in his hands, his face pale with horror.

Their attacks had done **nothing** to him.

The young man before them wasn't human—he was a monster.

And they were hopelessly outmatched.