

An Understated Dominance Chapter 2500

Chapter 2500

“Since you can’t appreciate my kindness, don’t blame me for what comes next.”

Dustin tightened his grip on the steel bars, and with two sharp *clangs*, they snapped in an instant. Before the two Pantheon members could react, Dustin swung his arm, sending them flying several meters away. Blood poured from their mouths and noses as they hit the ground, critically injured and barely clinging to life.

Dustin then turned his gaze to the man who had attacked him from behind. The attacker stared at his shattered sword, then at Dustin, who stood unfazed. After a brief pause, the man bolted, leaping toward the sea in a desperate attempt to escape.

He knew Dustin was far stronger, and a normal escape was impossible. Jumping into the sea seemed like his only chance. But reality had other plans.

Just as he was about to hit the water, an invisible force froze him mid-air. His limbs flailed, but his body remained suspended, as if held by an unseen hand. Slowly, he watched the sea grow farther away.

“Think you can run?” Dustin muttered, pulling the man back with a single motion. As Dustin tightened his grip, the man’s body began to twist, bones cracking and organs shifting. Blood gushed from his mouth and nose.

“Please! Don’t kill me! I surrender! I surrender!” the man screamed, panic flooding his voice.

“Too late for that,” Dustin replied coldly. With a clenched fist, the man exploded mid-air, his body bursting like a watermelon hit by a cannonball. Blood and flesh rained down, staining the sea crimson.

Alec’s eyes twitched at the sight, his face darkening. He hadn’t expected the young man before him to possess such overwhelming power, dispatching his subordinates with ease. Dustin’s strength suggested he was a martial arts master, yet Alec had no record of him in West Lucozia’s intelligence files.

When did West Lucozia produce such a formidable young master? Alec wondered, his mind racing.

“Boy! Who are you? Dare to give me your name?” Alec demanded, gripping his weapon tightly. His body was tense, ready for action. Though he had recently broken through to the Grandmaster level with the help of the Pantheon’s strengthening potion, he had never faced another Grandmaster in battle. Dustin’s effortless display of power was unnerving.

“You’re Alec, right?” Dustin brushed off his clothes casually. “Someone asked me not to kill you outright—they want to deal with you personally. But if you resist, I won’t hesitate to cripple you first.”

“Arrogant!” Alec barked, his voice sharp. “Even if you’re a martial arts master, I might not lose to you. And I’m not alone!” He glanced at Cardinal Dragon Marshal behind him. “General! This guy is dangerous. Let’s join forces and eliminate him now!”

Cardinal Dragon Marshal remained silent, his eyes locked on Dustin. He frowned, a sense of familiarity nagging at him. He was sure he’d seen Dustin before, but the memory eluded him.

“General! General!” Alec raised his voice, snapping the Marshal out of his thoughts.

“Enough!” the Marshal barked. “Why should I dirty my hands with such a small fry? Handle it yourself, and I’ll step in if needed.”

Alec was stunned. *At a time like this, he’s still playing the big shot?* He thought bitterly. *Why not just end this quickly and leave? What if West Lucozia’s forces arrive?*

“Are you scared of a mere boy?” the Marshal sneered.

“Of course not,” Alec shot back, though his frustration was evident. “But dealing with him will take effort. What if—”

“Enough excuses!” the Marshal interrupted. “Do as I say!”

Alec’s expression soured. He had gone to great lengths to help the Marshal, yet at the critical moment, the man refused to lift a finger. It was infuriating.

“Alec, haven’t you realized it yet?” Dustin said with a cold smile. “He’s using you as a pawn. If you win, he’ll take credit. If you lose, he’ll abandon you and flee. You’re nothing but a sacrificial lamb to him.”

