

An Understated Dominance Chapter 2501

Chapter 2501

Dustin's words made Alec frown.

He knew all too well that the Cardinal Dragon Marshal was a man of unwavering integrity—someone who wouldn't hesitate to eliminate even his own guards, let alone a stranger.

Once the situation escalated, Alec had no doubt that the marshal would abandon him without a second thought.

If given a choice, he would never risk his life, let alone become a mere stepping stone for the Cardinal Dragon Marshal.

But now, there was no turning back.

From the moment he exposed his identity and fled with the marshal, he became West Lucozia's public enemy. His name was already listed on the red warrant.

Tonight was his best chance to escape. If he missed it, survival would become as difficult as reaching the heavens.

The only path forward was to eliminate anyone in his way and make it onto that ship.

"Enough talking, kid! Show me what you've got!"

After weighing his options, Alec clenched his teeth and made his decision—he drew his sword.

His figure flickered like a ghost, vanishing into a blur of motion. In an instant, he lunged forward, his sword gleaming with a cold, deadly light.

With the speed of a diving falcon, the blade cut through the air, howling like the wind as it slashed straight for Dustin's throat.

Dustin, however, remained calm and unshaken.

Just as the sword was about to slice through his skin, he shifted his body ever so slightly—his movement as light as a drifting willow leaf—narrowly dodging the fatal blow.

At the same time, he clenched his right fist and struck like a cannonball, aiming directly for Alec's chest.

Alec reacted swiftly, swinging his sword horizontally.

A loud *clang* rang out, echoing like a temple bell. Sparks erupted as the sword and fist collided.

The force of the impact sent a numbing shock through Alec's arm, forcing him several steps backward.

Seizing the momentum, Alec spun, his sword carving a sharp arc through the air. The blade whistled as it descended from above.

Dustin merely tapped his toes against the ground, floating back a meter with effortless grace.

Whoosh!

Alec's blade missed by a hair's breadth, slicing clean through a nearby boat.

A second later, the vessel split apart, its halves sinking into the sea.

But Alec didn't falter. Without hesitation, he continued his relentless assault.

His sword whistled through the air with a force so fierce it seemed capable of splitting boulders. Each swing carried a deadly momentum, flashing like lightning, threatening to tear through anything in its path.

Yet Dustin remained composed, moving with a grace that made him seem weightless. Like a willow swaying in the breeze, he evaded each strike with effortless precision—always a fraction of a second ahead, always just out of reach.

His eyes were sharp, seeing through Alec's every move. His footwork was light, his evasions seemingly casual, yet perfectly timed.

It was like a cat toying with a mouse.

As time passed, Alec grew more frantic. His attacks became wilder, more explosive. He abandoned all defense, focusing solely on striking, again and again.

One of his slashes even grazed Dustin's hair.

Not far away, the Cardinal Dragon Marshal—who had earlier spoken of raiding the battlefield—now watched in silence, his expression solemn. He showed no intention of interfering.

"This guy is... unusual."

A trace of shock flickered in the marshal's eyes.

Despite appearing no older than twenty, Dustin handled Alec—a seasoned martial arts master—with effortless ease.

What's more, his movements were unreadable. Not only could Alec not land a hit, but even the marshal himself couldn't gauge the depths of Dustin's true strength.

Huff... Huff...

Alec was breathing heavily now, exhaustion setting in.

He had never imagined that fighting a true master would be this overwhelming.

No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't even graze his opponent's clothing.

"Why stop? Keep going."

Dustin stood with his hands behind his back, his expression calm and composed—a stark contrast to Alec, who was drenched in sweat.

With his strength, subduing Alec would be effortless. But there was no need to rush.

On one hand, he wanted to pressure the Cardinal Dragon Marshal.

On the other, Alec was useful bait—luring out the real mastermind behind the scenes.

The Pantheon had been operating in West Lucozia for years. There was no way Alec was working alone.

He was just a pawn.

Somewhere in the shadows, a greater force was pulling the strings.

Dustin's goal was to force that person into the open—then take them down in one decisive strike.

“You forced me into this, kid!”

Alec's face twisted with rage.

Reaching into his waist pouch, he pulled out a small vial of strengthening medicine and quickly swallowed it.

This was his trump card—an elixir so expensive it had taken him years to afford. A last-resort weapon.

For a brief period, the potion would double his strength, making him nearly unstoppable.

But the cost was immense.

If he failed to eliminate his enemy before the effect wore off, he would be left completely drained—an easy kill.

Which is why Alec never used it unless he had no other choice.

But now, he had no other choice.

It was do or die.