

An Understated Dominance Chapter 2503

Chapter 2503

“Interesting.”

Dustin smirked as he looked at the dense web of sword slashes closing in on him. Then, in an instant, his figure dissolved into a wisp of smoke and vanished.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Thousands of sword strikes, powerful enough to split rivers and shake the seas, landed heavily on the fishing boat where Dustin had just been standing.

The vessel shattered instantly, breaking into countless fragments that scattered across the water, some floating, others sinking silently into the depths.

“What?! He escaped?!”

Cardinal Dragon Marshal’s eyelids twitched in shock.

Alec’s sword technique was an all-encompassing assault with no blind spots—once caught in it, dodging was impossible. The only choice was to take it head-on.

How had Dustin managed to evade it?

Could he... teleport?

“What kind of hero hides in the shadows? If you’ve got the guts, fight me head-on!”

Frustration crept into Alec’s voice.

The strengthening potion in his body wouldn’t last long—fifteen minutes at most. If he kept wasting time, exhaustion would set in, and he’d collapse before even landing a single blow. He needed to end this quickly.

But Dustin was too elusive. No matter how aggressively Alec attacked, he couldn’t even graze his opponent.

If the potion wore off, he was doomed.

“You want a fight?” Dustin’s voice rang out as he reappeared right in front of Alec, a casual wave of his hand signaling the start of his counterattack. **“Fine. I’ll give you a chance—to learn what it means to overestimate yourself.”**

Alec’s eyes blazed with fury.

“Bold words! Let’s see if you can survive this!”

He took a deep breath, gathering every ounce of strength he had left.

This was his one shot.

If this next attack failed and Dustin slipped away again, catching him would be impossible. He had to go all in.

Alec’s muscles bulged even further, his already massive frame growing larger. A dark aura swirled around him, crackling with bursts of wind and thunder.

“Raging Sea!”

With a furious roar, Alec launched himself into the air and began spinning at high speed like a violent tornado.

The sword in his grip became a blur, slashing rapidly as he spun.

The sheer force of his movement pulled in the surrounding air, forming a powerful, visible vortex.

Then, with a sudden stop, he swung his sword downward.

Boom!

A massive shockwave erupted as a blade of energy—over ten meters long—tore through the air toward Dustin.

The very earth trembled. The ocean split apart, waves surging violently to both sides. The force of the attack sent debris flying and shook nearby fishing boats.

And yet, Dustin didn't flinch. He didn't dodge. He stood completely still, watching the attack descend upon him.

Then, at the last possible moment, he calmly raised his hand.

Alec's lips curled into a vicious grin.

“You idiot. Die!”

He poured every ounce of his energy into the strike, making the blade even sharper, even deadlier.

Boom!

The devastating slash finally landed—hitting Dustin directly.

A violent shockwave erupted, surging outward in all directions.

The sea churned with towering waves. The sky darkened as dust and debris filled the air. Boats flipped over.

The battlefield was left in ruins.

As the dust settled, Cardinal Dragon Marshal's face went pale.

What he saw next sent a chill down his spine.

Dustin stood there—completely unharmed.

Not a scratch on him.

Not even a single strand of hair out of place.

And most terrifying of all—he had stopped Alec's most powerful attack with just two fingers.

“What... What the hell...?!”

Cardinal Dragon Marshal's eyes widened in sheer disbelief.

The power behind Alec's attack was monstrous. Even he, a seasoned warrior, wouldn't dare to take it head-on.

Yet Dustin had stopped it effortlessly.

With nothing but his fingers.

What kind of monster is this man?!

Alec, still gripping his sword, was frozen in place—his mind unable to process what had just happened.

He had used every last drop of his strength, every ounce of his energy, believing that even if Dustin wasn't killed outright, he'd at least be severely injured.

But the result?

It was like trying to crush a mountain with a pebble.

It was impossible.

“Clang!”

With a simple flick of his fingers, Dustin shattered Alec's sword in two and sent him flying backward.

Alec crashed onto the ground, landing hard on his back. His body trembled, his breath came in ragged gasps, and sweat drenched his pale face.

He opened his mouth to speak, but no words came out.

He had lost.

Completely.

Dustin's strength was beyond comprehension—beyond anything Alec had ever imagined.

Even if he took more of the potion...

Even if he unleashed more attacks...

It wouldn't matter.

Dustin was untouchable.

His earlier bravado now felt laughable—like an ant trying to topple a mountain.

And at last, Alec understood.

The West Lucozia Palace had sent Dustin to intercept him for a reason.

Because against an opponent like this, victory was never an option.