

# An Understated Dominance Chapter 2504

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Alec's body trembled, and suddenly, he coughed up a mouthful of blood. His energy drained in an instant, leaving him weak and sluggish.

Dustin's simple finger snap hadn't just shattered his sword—it had also damaged his internal organs.

The effects of the strengthening potion were fading fast. Alec's once-powerful physique deflated like a punctured balloon, his strength vanishing along with it. In moments, he looked years older, his body frail and unsteady.

Forget fighting—standing up was now a struggle.

“He's finished. Now it's your turn.”

Dustin turned his gaze to Cardinal Dragon Marshal.

The marshal's brow furrowed, his expression tightening. The power Dustin had just displayed made him uneasy.

If this were a straightforward fight, the outcome might still be uncertain. But right now, he was just one step away from escaping West Lucozia and starting a comfortable new life in Lecanon.

A victory here wasn't worth the risk.

People change when survival is within reach. In desperation, they'll fight with everything they have. But once they see a way out, hesitation takes over.

“Young man, you and I have no personal grudge,” Cardinal Dragon Marshal said calmly. “There's no need for a fight to the death. We can both walk away with something. If we talk this through, it'll benefit us both.”

“Oh? And what exactly do you have in mind?” Dustin smirked, amusement flickering in his eyes.

“Let’s be honest—you’re in this for the money. And I happen to have plenty of it.” The marshal leaned in slightly, his voice smooth and persuasive. “If you let me go, I’ll tell you where my treasure is. Gold, silver, and jewels—more than you could spend in eight lifetimes.”

Dustin arched an eyebrow. “Sounds tempting. But how do I know you’re not lying?”

“I’m a man of my word,” the marshal said seriously. “I have a great reputation in West Lucozia—why would I deceive you? Besides, I’m leaving for good. That wealth is useless to me now. I’d rather hand it over as a goodwill gesture. What do you say?”

Dustin rubbed his chin, pretending to consider it.

Seeing this, the marshal’s hope surged. He pressed on.

“Think about it. This is your chance to be set for life. With that treasure, you can live anywhere in luxury. No more working for others—just endless wealth.”

“You make a good point.” Dustin nodded. “So, where’s the treasure?”

The marshal’s eyes gleamed. “You agree?”

“Of course. Only a fool would turn down easy money.”

“Smart man!” The marshal finally smiled. He reached into his coat, pulled out a parchment, and tossed it to Dustin. “This is the treasure map. Follow it, and you’ll find everything.”

Dustin unrolled the parchment. It was indeed a detailed treasure map, marking a location deep in Cangla Mountain, West Lucozia.

“Clever. You hid it in the mountains.” He tucked the parchment away.

This wasn’t just treasure—it was wealth looted from the people. Now, it was being reclaimed.

“Had to be cautious,” the marshal said, chuckling.

As someone in power, he knew better than to keep all his assets in one place.

Though he had valuables stored in his residence, the real fortune was buried in Cangla Mountain.

He had planned to retrieve it later, once things had settled.

But now, for the sake of his own safety, he had to part with it—reluctantly.

Life, after all, was worth more than wealth. Money could always be earned back.

“Very well,” Dustin said with a grin. “For this treasure, I’ll give you a chance... to surrender.”

The marshal’s expression darkened.

“What?”

“Didn’t we just agree?” he snapped. “I gave you the treasure map—you were supposed to let me go! Are you going back on your word?”

Dustin spread his hands in mock innocence. “Who said that? Did I make a promise? I don’t remember.”

The marshal’s face hardened. “You’re pushing your luck, boy.”

His voice carried a warning.

“I gave you that map because I didn’t want to waste time fighting you. If you force my hand, don’t blame me for what happens next.”

He had shown sincerity. But the man before him was ungrateful.

If cornered, he would fight to the bitter end.