

An Understated Dominance Chapter 2505

Chapter

2505

“What if you push too far? What if you test your limits?” Dustin’s smile faded as he spoke coldly: “If you don’t agree, go ahead and make a move.”

When dealing with a tyrant like this, morality didn’t even enter the picture.

“Kid! Are you seriously willing to gamble your life against me? Have you thought about what happens if you lose?” Cardinal Dragon Marshal’s face darkened, his eyes burning with murderous rage.

He’d already swallowed his pride to avoid a fight, but if this punk didn’t back off, war was the only option left.

“If you want to fight, then fight. Why waste time with all this talk?”

Dustin didn’t bother with more words. He flicked his wrist.

Whoosh!

A silver needle flew out, striking Cardinal Dragon Marshal square in the forehead.

The attack was silent, barely a ripple, but it carried deadly intent.

“Hm?”

Cardinal Dragon Marshal’s brow furrowed. He quickly raised his arms to shield himself.

Clang!

Sparks flew as the needle bounced off, burying itself in the sand.

“Oh? Still relying on that Golden Bell Shield, huh?”

Dustin’s eyes narrowed as he pieced it together.

Cardinal Dragon Marshal wasn't just a half-step grandmaster—his body was freakishly tough. That test shot hadn't even scratched him.

But it made sense. This guy had ruled battlefields for years and climbed to his rank for a reason. Without real skill, he wouldn't have escaped the palace days ago, even after being dosed with Ten Fragrance Softening Powder.

"You little punk! I was ready to spare you, but you've got a death wish. Fine—die!"

Cardinal Dragon Marshal's face twisted with fury. He yanked his sword free, took a step, and launched himself like a cannonball straight at Dustin.

"So fast!"

Alec, slumped on the ground nearby, flinched as his eyes widened in shock.

Cardinal Dragon Marshal moved at a speed Alec couldn't even track—far beyond his own limits. All he caught was a blur streaking past.

No surprise there. A first-rank general didn't get that title by being average.

"Take this!"

Cardinal Dragon Marshal charged, his steel sword blurring into an afterimage as it slashed down at Dustin's head.

The strike looked simple, but it hit like a thunderbolt. The air warped around the blade, and the darkness itself seemed to split apart.

Dustin didn't meet it head-on. He twisted aside, dodging the blow with sharp agility.

Whoosh!

The sword missed, but Cardinal Dragon Marshal didn't pause. He swung again, this time a horizontal slash aimed at Dustin's waist.

The move was lightning-fast, showcasing the marshal's seasoned combat instincts.

Dustin tapped his foot and leaped back, narrowly escaping the second strike.

"Think you can keep dodging?"

Cardinal Dragon Marshal sneered, his sword flashing as he pressed the attack.

Each swing carried crushing force, blinding speed, and cunning angles—impossible to predict or block.

Dustin backpedaled, swaying left and right, teetering on the edge of disaster.

“This is Cardinal Dragon Marshal’s power? Incredible!” Alec muttered, his face grim as he watched intently.

Even with his sharp eyes, he couldn’t follow their movements. All he saw was a storm of sword strikes tearing through the air as the marshal chased Dustin down.

An expert’s skill was obvious the moment they struck.

When Alec fought Dustin earlier, he’d given everything and still couldn’t take control—Dustin had toyed with him.

But Cardinal Dragon Marshal was different. His raw strength and battle-hardened experience gave him the upper hand from the start. His relentless assault was a wall of violence—unstoppable, unyielding.

If Alec were in Dustin’s place, he doubted he’d last three moves.

He figured it right: Cardinal Dragon Marshal had already crossed into grandmaster territory.

No wonder the Pantheon’s leaders valued him so highly, sacrificing years of hidden pawns to save him. A warrior like this was worth it.

“Kid! Weren’t you tough? Stop hopping around and face me!” Cardinal Dragon Marshal roared, growing fiercer with every swing. His sword moved faster, his presence overwhelming, shredding the night as waves crashed in the distance.

“Damn it! If you’d stepped in sooner, I wouldn’t be in this mess,” Alec grumbled under his breath.

To fight Dustin, he’d burned through a thousand-gold strengthening potion and trashed his body in the process. All of that could’ve been avoided if the marshal had jumped in earlier to handle it cleanly.

Even if they won now, Alec was still the one paying the price. Resentment simmered in his chest.

“Kid! Die!”

Cardinal Dragon Marshal pursued Dustin to the wharf’s edge. One more step, and Dustin would plunge into the sea.

Seeing no escape, the marshal unleashed his finishing blow.

He leaped high, his steel sword flaring with light, stretching into a massive ten-meter blade. It crashed down on Dustin like a mountain—unstoppable, devastating.