

An Understated Dominance Chapter 2506

Chapter 2506

“What an incredible sword strike! I should win this time, right?”

From a distance, Alec watched the battle in awe. The sheer brilliance of the sword light left him stunned.

At that moment, he truly grasped the vast difference in strength between the two.

Cardinal Dragon Marshal's sword strike felt as if it could split the sky, shatter the earth, and lay waste to entire cities and seas.

Even from a hundred meters away, the immense pressure was enough to make anyone tremble in fear.

Boom!

Alec's eyes widened as he saw Cardinal Dragon Marshal's sword crash down on Dustin, engulfing him completely.

The moment their bodies made contact, a blinding, searing light exploded outward, so intense that Alec had to squint.

At the same time, a shockwave erupted like a raging tsunami, expanding outward from the point of impact.

The force flattened the waves instantly, and several fishing boats moored at the pier capsized on the spot.

Even Alec, standing a hundred meters away, was caught in the blast, tumbling across the ground in a miserable heap.

Huff... Huff...

Covered in dust, Alec struggled to his feet. But instead of checking his own injuries, his eyes darted toward the battlefield.

The scene before him hit him like a bolt of lightning.

Under the moonlight, Cardinal Dragon Marshal stood motionless. His burly figure resembled a towering mountain, exuding an overwhelming presence.

Both hands gripped his sword, still frozen in the downward strike.

Yet the blade hovered just three inches above Dustin's head.

It wasn't that Cardinal Dragon Marshal had hesitated.

He had given everything in that strike.

But it hadn't even touched Dustin.

Because Dustin had stopped it— **with one hand.**

That's right.

With a single hand, Dustin effortlessly neutralized the strongest attack Cardinal Dragon Marshal had unleashed.

And he hadn't moved an inch. He simply stood there, as if he had casually caught a falling leaf.

"H-How is this possible?!"

Alec's eyes widened in disbelief.

He had seen the strike with his own eyes.

It was unstoppable—so powerful that only a Grandmaster could possibly withstand it.

By all logic, Dustin should have been utterly crushed, left with only two possible outcomes: death or permanent disability.

This one move should have decided everything.

But against all expectations, Dustin had not only survived—he had caught the sword as if it were nothing.

If Alec hadn't witnessed it firsthand, he would never have believed it.

A young man in his early twenties... possessing such terrifying strength?

Could it be...?

Had Dustin already reached the level of a Grandmaster?

The thought sent a shudder down Alec's spine.

A Grandmaster in his twenties... and connected to West Lucozia...

Suddenly, a name flashed through his mind— **Logan Rhys**.

Two major events had shaken the kingdom a year ago.

The royal palace had crushed a rebellion and eradicated the remnants of the Dragon Guard.

Most believed Rufus Rhys was the mastermind behind both events.

But those within the inner circles knew the truth—it was the work of the Crown Prince.

It was **Logan Rhys** who helped the palace suppress the uprising.

He was the one who ambushed and eliminated Reagan Judd, a Grandmaster, resolving a major threat to West Lucozia.

After that, Logan Rhys vanished without a trace, as if he had never existed.

Alec had tried to dismiss the possibility.

But after witnessing the battle just now, he could no longer ignore the obvious.

There was no one else in West Lucozia capable of such a feat.

No one more terrifying than the legendary **Prince of West Lucozia**.

A deep fear gripped Alec.

And he wasn't the only one shaken.

Cardinal Dragon Marshal, the man who had wielded the sword, stood drenched in sweat.

His hands trembled as he stared at Dustin, who was half a head shorter than him.

Because now, he knew exactly who he was facing.

If his assumption was correct...

Then the man before him was none other than **Logan Rhys—the peerless genius.**

A prodigy who had reached the Grandmaster level at such a young age.

No wonder...

No wonder Dustin had seemed so familiar.

No wonder he had felt an odd sense of calm in his presence.

The signs had been there all along.

“You... You're Logan Rhys?!”

Cardinal Dragon Marshal's voice was hoarse, his eyes filled with terror.

More than the man's identity, what shook him to the core was his **strength.**

Without armor or protective gear, Logan Rhys had stopped a full-force strike **with his bare hand.**

It was beyond comprehension.

There was only one explanation—Logan Rhys was already a Grandmaster.

A Grandmaster in his twenties...

A true monster.