

An Understated Dominance [On-Going]

Chapter 2595

“Your Highness, what should we do now?” Milton asked anxiously.

“You’re asking me? Who am I supposed to ask?” Tristan snapped, his face pale with despair. “The two miracle doctors are dead, the plague is still spreading, and now there’s this red fog that kills everything in its path. What do you expect me to do? I’m completely at a loss!”

“Your Highness, maybe we should evacuate,” Milton urged. “If the fog keeps spreading, the whole city will be wiped out. If you stay here, you’re just putting yourself in danger.”

“Evacuate? Where would I even go?” Tristan said bitterly. “If Wugang City falls, my future is finished!”

Everyone knew this mission to contain the plague was a test from the emperor.

If Tristan succeeded, he’d be named the crown prince. If he failed, his dreams of the throne would be over.

He had worked too hard and come too far. How could he just walk away from the power that was almost within reach?

“Your Highness,” Milton said earnestly, “as long as you’re alive, there’s still a chance to turn things around. But if you die in this fog, then everything is lost.”

“That may be true, but we’re not at the end yet.” Tristan stood up and began pacing. “We can still try to fix this. There has to be a way. There must be some solution!”

As he paced back and forth, something seemed to click in his mind. “Quick! Gather everyone you can—every official, every advisor. We’ll brainstorm together. We’re not giving up yet!”

“Understood!” Milton responded immediately and rushed out of the hall.

Tristan was right. Until the very last moment, they had to fight. Maybe there really was still hope.

If they managed to contain the disaster, they wouldn't need to flee and lose everything.

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While the red fog spread through Wugang City, similar outbreaks hit **Linche City**, where Matthias was, and **Liyanche City**, under Nathaniel's command.

Nathaniel's situation mirrored Tristan's. The plague had mostly been brought under control, and the infected were receiving treatment.

Just as he began to relax, thinking the worst was over, the red mist exploded without warning.

It erupted from the plague hospital—right in the heart of the city—and no one made it out alive. Hundreds of people, wiped out instantly.

His entire medical team was annihilated.

When the report came in, Nathaniel was livid. He immediately mobilized firefighting and emergency teams to try to contain the mist.

But it was no use.

The red fog spread rapidly in all directions, without any weak points or openings.

Despite throwing in all available forces, they couldn't hold it back.

Like Tristan, Nathaniel now faced a choice: stay and keep trying, or escape and lose everything he'd worked for.

If he fled, his political career was over.

But if he stayed and failed... it might cost him his life.

Compared to the others, **Matthias** was in even worse shape.

From the beginning, he hadn't been able to get the plague under control—and he'd tried to suppress the news.

Half of **Linche City** was already in panic, with people fleeing in all directions.

Things escalated quickly into riots and break-ins.

Matthias responded with iron-fisted brutality. Anyone who tried to force their way out was jailed on the spot. If they resisted or injured others, they were shot without hesitation.

This harsh crackdown managed to temporarily suppress the chaos.

But before Matthias could catch his breath, the red fog erupted.

This time, it broke out directly among the people—right in the heart of the crowd.

Within an hour, thousands were dead.

The plague continued to spread. Now, with the red mist added to the disaster, things spiraled completely out of control.

Matthias, a seasoned general, found himself helpless. He called in every advisor, every subordinate he had—but no one had a solution.

Frustrated and out of options, he ended up executing a few corrupt officials just to vent his rage.

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Back in **Yangliu Village, Pucheng**—

Grace had just finished dealing with Penny's body when news came flooding in: red fog had broken out in **Wugang, Linche**, and **Liyanche**.

"What?! The red plague has hit all three cities?" Grace's expression hardened.

She had assumed Penny's incident was a one-off.

But clearly, the White Bone Cult had planned this whole thing out in advance.

These monsters hadn't just targeted Pucheng—they were trying to turn every major city into a graveyard.

“Boss, what do we do now?” Stevie asked, rubbing her temples. “With our manpower, we can’t even get there in time, let alone help.”

It felt like one disaster after another. Just as they managed to resolve the situation in Pucheng, the rest of the region erupted into crisis. There wasn’t even time to breathe.

“Logan,” Grace turned toward him, her voice urgent but calm. “You’re our only hope now.”

Stopping that red mist was beyond human capabilities. Only someone like Logan—at the level of an earthly immortal—had the power to intervene.

“As a citizen of Dragonmarsh, I have no right to refuse,” Logan said simply.

Then, without another word, he took a step forward.

His body rose into the air, glowing faintly, and with a flash—he shot across the sky like a streak of light.

Within seconds, he vanished from sight.