

An Understated Dominance [On-Going]

Chapter 2596

Wugang City, central district.

A thick cloud of red poisonous fog erupted from the hospital and began sweeping outward in every direction.

In just one hour, the fog had already spread six or seven kilometers—more ruthless and unstoppable than wildfire.

And wherever the fog went, it left nothing behind but devastation.

Anyone who came into contact with it would die within two minutes, their bodies reduced to pools of blood.

Even lifeless objects weren't spared—eroded into swiss cheese-like ruins by the corrosive mist.

At this rate, the entire city would be engulfed within a day, transformed into a dead zone.

At that moment, atop a tall building near the City Lord's Mansion, **Tristan** and **Milton** stood on the rooftop, watching the fog spread in the distance with despair written all over their faces.

They had exhausted every method, every resource—mobilizing personnel, using all available equipment—in a desperate attempt to contain the fog.

But nothing worked. And the cost? Countless lives.

Now, the situation was clear: unless the red fog stopped on its own, this catastrophe couldn't be stopped at all.

But would it?

Judging by how it was spreading, it was obvious—it wouldn't stop until the city was completely devoured.

"My Lord, Wugang City is finished. We need to leave," Milton urged again.

They had tried everything. It was no longer a matter of tactics or manpower. The situation had spiraled beyond human control.

“Sigh... I guess you’re right. There’s nothing more we can do,” Tristan finally admitted.

“Your Highness, you’ve already done everything possible. There’s no shame in this,” Milton said gently.

Tristan let out a bitter laugh. “It’s tragic... but maybe there’s one small consolation. I heard Linche and Liyanche are suffering from the same red fog. My brothers must be just as helpless as I am. That means we’re all back to square one.”

He didn’t say it with joy, but the truth was, he found a sliver of comfort in the shared misfortune.

At least he wasn’t the only one to fall short in the emperor’s eyes.

At least the race for the crown wasn’t over.

“You’re absolutely right,” Milton nodded. “This is a natural disaster. His Majesty will surely understand that no one could’ve predicted or stopped it.”

Tristan took one last look toward the horizon. “It’s time. Let’s go.”

He turned to leave, but out of the corner of his eye, something caught his attention—a flash in the sky.

“Huh?”

He paused and stared.

It looked like... a meteor.

It streaked across the sky, heading straight for Wugang City.

In just a few seconds, it was above the city—directly over the center of the red fog.

“Milton, look! Is that a person?” Tristan asked, unsure.

Milton squinted, then nodded. “Yes, it’s a person. I can see it clearly.”

“What is he doing? Is he going into the red fog to save people?” Tristan frowned.

Flight wasn’t impossible for masters, but even those at the master level couldn’t withstand the red fog’s corrosive power. Getting close meant almost certain death.

“It’s just a fool trying to move a mountain,” Milton said with a shake of his head. “Don’t waste your time watching.”

But just then, the figure in the distance began to move.

Suddenly, an intense light burst from his body, shooting toward the sky.

Buzz—!

With a deafening roar, a massive energy vortex opened up in the sky.

It was about ten meters in radius, swirling with lightning and thunder, wind roaring all around.

The vortex began to spin rapidly, faster and faster.

Then came the suction—powerful and terrifying.

Within a five-kilometer radius, the wind picked up sharply. The pull from the vortex was so strong, even **Tristan** and **Milton** felt their bodies being tugged from the rooftop.

“What... what kind of pressure is this?! Who is this guy?!” Tristan’s eyes widened in shock, unable to believe what he was seeing.

With just a wave of his hand, this mysterious figure had created a vortex of such power—something he’d never even heard of, let alone witnessed.

Could it be someone from **Dragonmarsh**?

Buzz—!

The vortex roared again.

And then, the impossible happened.

The massive red fog, which had already swallowed kilometers of land, began to shrink rapidly.

The scene looked like a reverse tsunami—like a dragon inhaling the sea.

As the vortex’s rotation intensified, so did the suction.

Within minutes, the entire red fog was sucked into the vortex—every last wisp gone.

Not a trace of the deadly mist remained.

And when the fog was completely gone, the vortex dissipated as well, leaving behind only a single blood-red bead floating in mid-air.

The figure in the sky reached out and grabbed the bead.

Then, with a flash, he shot off like a meteor—disappearing into the distance in the blink of an eye.

Tristan and Milton stood frozen on the rooftop, stunned into silence.

All they could do was stare at the sky, their faces still pale with disbelief.