

An Understated Dominance [On-Going]

Chapter 2597

“Milton! Who was that just now? How could someone wield such terrifying power?”

After the initial shock wore off, **Tristan** was filled with excitement.

With just a lift of his hand, that man had summoned a force of nature—swallowing the red fog that had devastated the city for hours. That wasn’t just strength... it was the power of a *land immortal*.

“I couldn’t see clearly—it happened too fast,” Milton replied, eyes still wide with disbelief. He couldn’t hide the awe in his expression.

That figure had radiated such overwhelming power that it felt like witnessing a deity descend from the heavens.

Who would’ve imagined a powerhouse of that level was hiding in the southern frontier?

With abilities like that, he had to be close to the level of that legendary figure from Sacred Wyrms Summit, didn’t he?

One strike had completely reversed the situation—like holding up a crumbling building with a single hand.

“Find him. I don’t care what it takes—find out who he is!” Tristan commanded, eyes burning with ambition. “If I can win over a man like that, I’ll claim the throne for sure!”

A cultivator at the level of a land immortal could bend fate itself. With that kind of power backing him, no obstacle could stop Tristan from reaching the top.

Lincheng – City Lord’s Mansion

In Lincheng, **Matthias** sat atop the central seat in the grand hall, his expression grim and murderous.

Kneeling before him were more than a dozen corrupt officials—each of them trembling in fear.

When the red mist erupted, these officials had either fled with stolen wealth or used the chaos to extort the people. Not a single one had tried to help.

Now that the fog had gotten completely out of control and the fall of Lincheng was all but certain, Matthias was seething.

These vermin had to pay—with blood.

“Your Majesty! Please spare us!”

“We’re innocent! We didn’t do anything wrong! You can’t put all the blame on us!”

“Yes! We’ve always served loyally. We’ve done our best! If you kill us now, how will you explain it to the central court?!”

The group knelt, weeping and wailing, trying to defend themselves.

Behind them, a row of soldiers stood ready, blades drawn, eyes cold and merciless.

“Innocent? Loyal?” Matthias rose from his seat and let out a chilling laugh. His eyes were sharp enough to cut glass.

“You scum have the nerve to say that? You exploited your posts, bullied the people, and when disaster struck, you lined your pockets and ran! You’re nothing but leeches—disgraces to the empire!”

His voice thundered through the hall. “You think I’ll spare you? Not only will I kill all of you, but I’ll have your entire networks dragged into prison!”

He was done holding back.

Since arriving in Lincheng, nothing had gone right. The plague spiraled out of control, the situation leaked, the people panicked, and violence broke out across the city.

These officials were supposed to help stabilize the city. Instead, they sabotaged his orders and wasted precious time.

At first, Matthias tolerated it—he needed them to maintain order.

But now? He had lost all patience.

The plague was still spreading. The red mist was wiping out entire districts. The city was a warzone. He couldn't save Lincheng anymore.

But he *could* make these cowards pay.

“Your Majesty, the plague isn't our fault!”

“We did everything we could. This is a natural disaster!”

“You're just lashing out because of your own failure. We're being scapegoated!”

Even now, the corrupt officials pleaded their case—twisting logic and denying responsibility until the bitter end.

“You're still making excuses?” Matthias sneered. “Fine. Let's see if you still have excuses when your heads roll.”

He turned to the guards. “Kill them all. Make it public—let the whole city know what happens to traitors.”

Clang—

Without hesitation, the soldiers raised their blades, expressions blank and deadly.

“No! I confess! I was wrong! Spare me!”

“If you kill us, the Emperor will strike you down!”

“Matthias, may you burn in the eighteen levels of hell!”

The pleas quickly turned to curses and despair.

But Matthias didn't flinch.

“Cut them down!”

The order echoed like thunder.

A flash of steel later, a dozen heads hit the ground, blood spraying across the hall floor.

The stench of death filled the room.

“A bunch of animals,” Matthias said coldly. “Drag the bodies out. Feed them to the dogs.”

He meant it.

He came from a military background, and when it came to treachery and incompetence—he showed no mercy.

Those who betrayed their duties and sabotaged the greater cause had no right to live.