

An Understated Dominance [On-Going]

Chapter 2600

Nathaniel knew the white figure was powerful—but he never imagined he'd be this powerful.

In just a few minutes, the figure had devoured the thick red fog like a dragon drinking water. Not a single trace remained.

The power he displayed was simply beyond anything Nathaniel could've imagined.

Hearing about it was one thing—seeing it in person was something else entirely.

As the red mist vanished, the white figure lifted his hand, and the massive energy vortex faded quickly.

A blood-red bead floated gently from the sky and landed in the figure's palm.

Sensing that the moment was right, Nathaniel gathered all his energy and called out loudly, "You've used your extraordinary power to drive away the poisonous fog and save the people of this city. On behalf of everyone, I—Nathaniel—thank you from the bottom of my heart. May I have the honor of speaking with you, so that I may express my gratitude in person?"

His words were carefully chosen. First, he publicly praised the white figure for saving the entire city. Then, he used this gratitude to bridge the distance between them—hoping it would open the door for a conversation.

From Nathaniel's perspective, he had been more than sincere.

Surely someone who just saved tens of thousands wouldn't turn down a friendly invitation—especially from a prince of the Dragon Kingdom.

It's rare for a man of his rank to lower himself like this. [Finnest]

"Swoosh~!"

No hesitation. No response.

The white figure in the sky didn't even pause. He shot off like a meteor and disappeared into the distance.

Nathaniel's smile froze on his face.

He had prepared everything—expecting that once the master showed up, he'd win him over with a warm reception.

But as the saying goes: Man proposes, God disposes.

The master clearly had no interest in talking to him. He came to do one thing—absorb the red mist—and then left without acknowledging anyone.

It was as if Nathaniel didn't exist.

“Damn it!” Nathaniel finally snapped, cursing under his breath in frustration.

Just as the words left his mouth, a flash of white light lit up the sky.

A second later, a glowing white orb came crashing down and struck the ground at Nathaniel's feet.

Boom!

With a deafening bang, the orb smashed a hole in the ground. Violent energy rippled out from the crater.

Nathaniel, who was standing too close, was blasted more than ten meters away. He hit the ground hard, coughing up blood and covered in dust.

Touching his mouth, he felt warm blood trickle out.

His expression twisted—equal parts rage and fear—but he didn't dare say another word.

That white light had been a warning—a punishment.

The master had clearly heard Nathaniel's curse despite being miles away.

As expected, someone this powerful defies all logic. From now on, it was best to stay far away.

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Meanwhile, deep underground in the southern frontier—

The bone altar suddenly began to shake violently.

The eerie green flames on the skull-shaped candles flickered and flared wildly, casting a ghostly light on the human-skin murals lining the stone walls. The twisted figures on the walls began to writhe—like they were alive.

“Impossible!”

The Elder of White Bone dug his skeletal fingers into the bronze altar, his voice hoarse with disbelief.

Black blood seeped from under his cracked nails, tracing the ancient spell grooves etched into the altar, leaving behind sizzling trails of corrosion.

The skull crown atop his head buzzed violently. The nine eyeballs embedded in the crown began to cry tears of blood, their lifeless sockets wide in horror.

“This fog was created from the resentment of a hundred thousand souls. How could it just—”

Before Elder Baigu could finish, the Soul-Calming Bell at the center of the altar exploded with a thunderous boom. Shards of bronze shot across the room like blades, carving cracks into the walls.

A mummified old man wrapped in bandages slowly stood up. His clouded eyes stared at the pool of black blood on the floor.

He reached out with a shriveled, corpse-spotted tongue and licked his fingertip.

“Look, Elder,” he croaked. “There’s golden light in the blood. That person... is no ordinary hero.”

The Elder’s pupils shrank. With trembling hands, he tore open his bone armor.

A living heart, still beating, was embedded between his ribs. It pulsed violently—and with one powerful contraction, it shot out a stream of black blood that slammed into the ceiling.

“He’s a land immortal!”

Elder Baigu let out a furious roar. His bone armor shattered.

Countless pale claws erupted from his bony chest. His spine grew in reverse, piercing through his back and turning into jagged bone spurs.

“Send word! Recall all the Blood Spider spies—immediately!” the Elder bellowed.

Just then, the sound of dragging chains echoed from deeper underground.

Twelve cultists, cloaked in stitched human skin, crawled into the room.

With every step they took, foul blood oozed from beneath their robes, leaving behind twisted, bloody trails.

The one in front removed his hood, revealing a half-rotted, half-new face. Several pale maggots squirmed in his decaying right eye.

“Elder, even if the Red Mist Plan failed,” the cultist rasped, “the corpse pupae we planted in various cities across the southern frontier can still summon the White Bone God.”

“Fool!”

With a wave of his arm, the Elder shot a bone spike straight through the cultist's chest.

The moment it pierced, the decaying flesh froze over, encased in frost from the bone's chilling energy.

“With a land immortal in play, even if the corpse pupae are activated, they won’t gather enough blood. The White Bone God will never awaken!”

“Elder,” the bandaged old man stepped forward, “I may have a plan to fix our situation.”

"Speak!" the Elder snapped, turning his bloodshot eyes toward him.

“Here’s what we do...”

The bandaged man leaned in close and began whispering in the Elder's ear.